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EVERY SATURDAY:

JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING

SELECTED FROM

FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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MAISONS DE SANTÉ.

I HAD often, whilst walking through the smaller streets of Paris, and more especially through those nearest to the *barrières* or circuit walls of the city, had my attention arrested by a class of houses as yet nondescript, and of an altogether peculiar appearance.

One of these, larger than most others of the sort, had for that reason, perhaps, more thoroughly attracted my notice. It was situated close to the Bois de Vincennes, in the Rue A——: a narrow, decrepit street, some half a mile long, dull as the catacombs, and every bit as dirty; full of houses running to seed, and of shops in the last stage of consumption, and paved, as though for the sins of its inhabitants, with those small, knobby, gritty stones that enhance the comfort of walking in the same measure as a pair of boots lined with parched peas. The house to which I have alluded stood at one of the extremities of this dismal thoroughfare. It was large, strongly built, and of four stories high. Painted from roof to floor in glaring white, its aspect was clean as compared to the dwellings which neighbored it; but—and this it was that first fixed my attention—the forty and odd windows that looked from it to the street were all hermetically closed with wooden shutters, protected in some cases by thick, perpendicular bars of iron.

There was something chill and gloomy in this arrangement, which shut out all the rays of the sun, and veiled from the passer-by every trace of the life which one felt must exist behind the cold face of this habitation. If I may say so, the house seemed blind.

It had two doors: the one, small, was apparently a private entrance; the other, large, and surmounted by a formidable row of iron spikes, seemed destined to admit carriages. Above it one could read the words, *Maison de Santé*.

I had often heard, during my stay in France, of the *maisons de santé*. They had been mentioned to me as private mad-houses; but the enormous number of them I had seen in Paris had led me to fancy, or at least to hope, that this definition might be incorrect. Accordingly, after my first sight of the establishment I have just described, I renewed my inquiries, but this time more seriously and more minutely.

A *maison de santé*, I was then told, is an asylum for people of any condition, but principally for the rich, who from bodily or mental infirmities, or from certain other causes, are deemed by society, or by the rulers thereof, better under lock and key than at large.

If a man of fortune or position go mad or become epileptic, and his family be unwilling to confine him at Charenton or Bicêtre, it sends him to a *maison de santé*; if a man be old, invalid, or paralytic, and require more care than his relations are able or disposed to give him, they will send him there too; if a young spendthrift run heavily into debt, his friends, to cure him of his extravagance, will often confine him for a year or two in one of these houses; and if a young lady draw down upon herself, by some misadventure, too marked an amount of public attention, it is generally under the roof of a *maison de santé* that her parents will eclipse her.

Again, if a debtor of some means be sent to Clichy, and find his captivity unpleasant, he will often ask, on the ground of ill-health, to be removed to a retreat of this kind; prisoners in a good social position, and under confinement for misdemeanors, such as breaches of the peace, duelling, or transgression of the press laws, will often do the same thing, and on the certificate of two doctors (providing also that they have some little interest without to second their demand at the Ministry of the Interior), their request will usually be granted.

"From these petitions to be admitted to them," added the person I was interrogating, "you may conclude that *maisons de santé* are rather agreeable places, and, indeed, some of them are; for although there are certainly a good many which are no better than private mad-houses, yet there are others—and to these it is that resort the genteel defaulters, duellists, and others I have named—which are, in point of fact, neither more nor less than boarding-houses, and very sumptuous ones too. The apartments in them are handsome, the gardens extensive and well kept, the living excellent, and the charges necessarily high, varying usually from 400 francs to 600 francs (£ 16 to £ 24) a month. The only privation of which the inmates can ever complain is that of liberty, and of this even they are seldom wholly deprived, for the directors of the *maisons de santé*, whose interest it naturally is to keep on good terms with their boarders, not unfrequently allow the latter to go and walk about the town as they please, always, however, exacting from them the pledge of their word of honor to return; for it must be borne in mind that the director, being responsible to justice for all the prisoners who are allowed to undergo in his house the term of their captivity, would, in the event of the escape of one of them, not only forfeit his license, but also subject himself to a heavy fine and possibly to a few months' imprisonment. Moreover, beside the chances—very slight, in truth—of a breach of

parole on the part of one of his inmates, the doctor of a maison de santé has to run the risk, if his boarder be a debtor, of the latter being perceived in the streets by the creditors who have incarcerated him; in which case, if it can be proved that the pretended patient has been allowed more latitude than is consistent with the state of health in which he is supposed to be by the certificate that procured his translation from prison, his creditor may not only cause him to be at once returned to jail, but may also, if he please, prosecute the too-indulgent owner of the boarding-house before the tribunal of correctional police."

A somewhat comic instance of this occurred a few years ago in the case of an Englishman, Lord B—— C——, who, being head over ears in debt, was arrested at the suit of some Parisians and sent to Clichy. Finding the sojourn within the walls of a whitewashed cell a matter of some discomfort, his Lordship, who was of an imaginative turn of mind, feigned sickness, and got a couple of obliging doctors to affirm that he would be running the gravest dangers in remaining an hour longer in prison. On the strength of this grievous certificate the Minister of the Interior allowed the noble lord to be removed to a maison de santé near the Champs Elysées; and here the leech's craft wrought such wonders with him, that a week or two later a certain tradesman, in whose books he occupied a pre-eminently conspicuous position, was not a little surprised at seeing the easy-minded nobleman, whom he imagined to be groaning behind the bars of a prison, quietly enjoying himself in a box at the opera.

"Ah, ah!" said he, with a chuckle, "I may now presume one of two things; either my Lord has paid my bill into court and been consequently let free, or he has found means to slip his cables and escape; in which case the governor of Clichy, as responsible for his person, will have to satisfy my claims. Hurrah! In either event I am safe for my money." And the exuberant shopkeeper started off, as fast as a cab could carry him, to the debtor's jail.

"Lord B—— C——?" he asked, rushing headlong into the porter's lodge. "Is he here?"

"Dangerously ill," was the reply. "Gone mad, I believe, under the rigors of his confinement, and removed, a few days ago, to a lunatic asylum under a medical certificate."

"Dangerously ill! Mad!" roared the indignant tradesman. "Why, I have just seen him clapping his hands at the theatre!"

"Ah! tant mieux," answered the official; "but then what was the good of coming to ask me if he were here?" and he banged the gate.

Foaming with rage at feeling himself fooled, the baffled creditor ran off to take counsel with the score of other purveyors of Lord B—— C—— in the same predicament as himself.

"We must take things coolly," said one; "for if we go and complain on the spot, the doctor with whom Milord is staying will not fail to say that his patient's spirits were so low that he had prescribed a little amusement as positively necessary to cheer him; if, however, we set a watch upon the Maison D——, and acquire the certain proof that our debtor's illness is a sham, and that he is allowed to run wild as he pleases, we can then come down upon him with every chance of success. Patience!"

This golden advice was followed. Turn by turn and day after day each of the creditors posted him-

self in the neighborhood of the maison de santé; and a fortnight later, the unsuspecting nobleman, who daily and nightly went to races, dinners, balls, and theatres, as though he had never owed a sixpence in his life, was unpleasantly shocked at finding himself hurried back to the Rue Clichy, whilst the doctor who had kept him was none the less so at being condemned to a fine of a thousand francs as a lesson how to modify his prescriptions better.

This example, to which one may find many similar, will serve to give you an idea of what some maisons de santé are; "but," continued my friend, "ainsi que fagot et fagot, il y a maison et maison"; and besides those houses which are mere asylums, and those which are comfortable hotels, there is another class of house, bearing the same generic name, but in which, along with idiots and lunatics, are often confined for weeks, months, years sometimes, men who are neither mad nor culprits, but whose misfortune it has been to quarrel with influential friends, or to bring themselves by a too candid expression of political feeling under the notice of the prefect of police.

In order to understand this, you must form to yourself an exact idea of the way in which we are ruled in France. Since 1852 personal security, as well as public liberty, has ceased to exist. Living in constant fear of riots and revolutions, the Government rules by means of a rod of iron. The maintenance of order, or rather of terror, is its guiding principle; and to keep the people in a state of wholesome discipline, every means, without exception, are made use of by the authorities, who all, from the Emperor down to the puniest village mayor, exercise a despotism against which it is impossible to kick or even to protest without danger.

You cannot here enounce an opinion as you would in England, independently, carelessly, freely. If discontented with or wronged by some one in power, you must be exceedingly cautious in expressing your dissatisfaction, or, to be more prudent, you had better not express it at all; for unless you be a Berryer, a Thiers, a Jules Favre, or some one whose high social position, fame, or connections will guarantee him against being molested, you can never be sure but that some night you may be driven off to the "Préfecture de Police," and thence consigned, under a certificate of two Government doctors, to a maison de santé. Instances of this revolting kind have occurred often, and will occur often again so long as France is not gifted with free institutions; for

"A sceptre snatched with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up."

Once shut up by order of the police, Heaven help you! for your chances of regaining your liberty are small indeed. There is no free press to take up your case, and stir up public indignation in your behalf. Were even your plight known to the best-disposed of newspaper editors, he could never risk a fine and the interdiction of his paper in taking up the cudgels for you. Your only chances of getting loose would therefore lie in an escape, or in the private intervention of some respectable friend nearly or distantly connected with the authorities, and who would consent to hold himself responsible for your future quiet behavior, or promise that you should immediately quit the country.

One finds in history that it was in the time of

Napoleon I. that maisons de santé first played an important part in the government as private State prisons. They replaced the Bastille and the "*lettres de cachet*," so much in honor in the last century, and were made by Fouché to serve the ends of more than one political villany. In 1802, the Prince de Polignac, afterwards so famous as Prime Minister of Charles X., was condemned for conspiracy to two years' imprisonment; but at the end of that time, instead of regaining his liberty, he was removed with his brother to a maison de santé, where they both remained incarcerated ten years, their captivity only ending, in fact, with the reign of the Emperor. Mdlle. de Narbonne Fritzlar, too, the lovely Duchess of Chevreuse, some time maid of honor to the Empress Josephine, was, in 1808, cloistered in a maison de santé, on account of the political aversion she had evinced for Bonaparte; and, again, it was from a private lunatic asylum, in which he had been many years arbitrarily confined that General Mallet escaped on the night of October 23, 1812, whilst the Grand Army was in Russia, and attempted that *coup d'état* which, ill-organized as it was, very nearly succeeded in overthrowing the Government. Under the Bourbons, up to 1880, it was the turn of the Bonapartists to fill the maisons de santé; under Louis Philippe the Republicans and the Legitimists were more or less shut up in them; and since the establishment of the Second Empire, it has been towards the persecution of political writers in country newspapers, or of too free-thinking students, that maisons de santé have been directed.

"Are there any means of visiting these houses?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer; "but it is generally difficult. Those who have friends under confinement are seldom allowed to see them except in a special parlor; and to go over the establishment, it mostly requires to be either a friend of the director or a Government inspector."

"But to me, then, as a foreigner, there are no ways open?"

"If you like, we can do this," proposed my French acquaintance: "we can go to a maison de santé, under the pretext of wishing to board a friend there; and then, although I would not vouch for it, the owner will possibly, out of politeness, allow us a glimpse of his premises."

This advice seemed feasible to me, and half an hour afterwards we were rolling along the Rue A—in a fly, that deposited us at the door of the maison de santé which had especially aroused my attention. Our ring was answered by a sharp-looking servant in a blue apron, and we found ourselves in a bright, stone-paved entrance-hall, giving view on to a garden, the very reverse, I must say, of anything I should have expected from the outward look of the house. A balmy scent of roses stole refreshingly towards us; a few spruce flower-beds, decked with smart geraniums, and bordered by alleys of clean yellow sand, greeted our eyes; and a couple of happy, chattering parrots, who were strutting about unfettered and free, gave to the place an air of cheerfulness and comfort. We handed our cards to the servant, and a few minutes after were shown into the director's study.

Dr. E— was a man of middle height, well built, and naturally powerful; but a sallow face, a circle of black round each of his eyes, and a somewhat ungainly stoop, gave him an air of premature debility. He seemed about fifty, and there was in

his manners and in his tone all the unctuous politeness of a man who has seen a great deal of life and of good society. He seldom spoke without smiling, and he smiled so pleasantly that, had it not been for an awkward trick he had of keeping his eyes on the ground, he would have enlisted one's confidence at once. In his person he was scrupulously neat; his dress was quiet and in good taste; and from his button-hole peeped the inevitable ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

He threw a rapid but shrewd glance at us as we entered, and courteously motioned to us to be seated.

I forgot the precise terms of the story we forged to excuse our visit; but I think we supposed the existence of a mutual friend suddenly attacked with insanity, and for whom we wished to find a quiet retreat other than a mere lunatic asylum. We terminated our fable by a polite request to be allowed to judge for ourselves whether the establishment could offer those comforts of which we were in search.

"Have you a certificate to prove the insanity of the person whom you wish to seclude?" asked the director.

"Yes," said my friend, coolly.

"And signed by two French doctors?"

"Yes, by two French doctors."

"I shall have great pleasure, then, in showing you over my house," said Dr. E—, rising; and after taking a large key from the top of his desk, added, hurriedly, "This, gentlemen, is not, as you know, a common mad-house; it is a house of convalescence and of retreat. I have several boarders who have come here to seek a little repose after nervous excitement, or after too hard brain-work, and who will leave me as soon as they have sufficiently rested. I must beg you, therefore, not to be astonished, if you see in the gardens men who have neither the air nor the gait of lunatics. There are others," continued the doctor, with a slight shrug of the shoulders and a pitying smile, — "there are others who may seem to you at first sight to be of sound mind, and who may even tell you that they are confined here unjustly and from infamous motives; but I need not tell you that such labor under a most deplorable hallucination, as it is quite impossible to detain here against his will any man who is not notoriously insane."

We both bowed, and, after this little preface, the doctor led the way down the staircase through the sunny garden we had admired, and stopped on the left before a small door shaded with ivy.

"My establishment," he explained, "is divided into four divisions: that into which we are about to enter is the *second*, reserved for those who are nearly cured, or for those who are sufficiently harmless in their madness to need no restraint." And so saying he threw open the door, taking care, however, to relock it well after him.

Scarcely had we entered the garden of this second section, when three inmates, who were walking side by side and smoking, stopped short and bluntly accosted the director.

"When are you going to let me out?" cried the first.

"You promised me my release a fortnight ago!" exclaimed the second.

"Have you sent off my last letter?" asked the third.

At the first moment, and judging them more from the abruptness of their tone and the exceeding shabbiness of their clothes than from their faces, I

set down these men for maniacs; but a second look showed me that I was mistaken. If mad, they were, for the time at least, in perfect possession of their senses. The sight of Dr. E—— seemed to have excited them, but there was no insanity in the irritation that gleamed in their features. They remained perfectly quiet, and the director treated them with greater respect than he would have shown to common lunatics.

"You will excuse me, gentlemen," said he, uncovering himself before them, and speaking with the most insinuating politeness,—"you will excuse me if I be unable to converse with you at this moment, for, as you see, I have visitors; but by and by—"

A contemptuous laugh cut him short. "O yes, the old story!" cried one. "You say 'by and by,' and then you never come near us once in a month." The doctor hurried on, coloring, and we followed.

A tall man, with a handsome, thoughtful face, raised his hat as we passed, but without pausing in his walk.

"Is that person mad?" I inquired of the director, who had answered the bow with a friendly wave of the hand.

"Yes," replied he, nodding; "but he has lucid intervals."

The man had seemed to me as intelligent as any one at large; but we were going too fast for me to examine him very closely, and my reflections on him were suddenly interrupted by the pell-mell arrival of three or four idiots, — genuine ones this time, — who surrounded us with demonstrations of the most exuberant delight, and insisted upon shaking hands with us. All asked to be let loose immediately; and it was only under the implicit promise that they should regain their liberty that very afternoon, that they suffered us to proceed.

"How long have you been here?" said I to one with white hair and a jovial face.

"Thirty-seven years," he answered quickly. "I came here in 1829, but my brother is coming to fetch me to-morrow, and then I shall cross the sea in a boat of my own invention, a beauty, with blue sides and a wheel in the middle." And the merry old idiot ran off laughing and rubbing his hands.

"His brother has been dead and buried these fifteen years," whispered the doctor.

The garden in which we were was about fifty yards long by thirty. There were no flowers in it, but a profusion of lilac-trees and a few acacias threw a pleasing shade over the gravel paths. An abrupt turn in one of these brought us in sight of a group of five or six patients playing at cards on a stone form. A man with a blue apron and a key in his belt sat by them reading the paper and smoking a clay pipe. This, I found, was the guardian of the division. He had nearly twenty patients under his surveillance; but it struck me that the supervision he exercised over them was none of the most watchful. Perhaps it was he knew with whom he had to deal; but certainly, had a lunatic been so minded, he would have had abundant time to slay another without the keeper interfering with him.

The players stood up, and the servant hid his pipe and his paper at our approach.

"Is any one in the drawing-room?" asked the doctor, throwing a vexed look at the servant, who was apparently breaking a regulation in smoking.

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "two gentlemen are playing at draughts there."

The apartment gratified with the euphemious

name of drawing-room looked in all points like a third-class waiting-room at a country railway-station in France. A large round table occupied its centre, and was surrounded by a score of old-fashioned chairs, covered with faded, worn-out velvet. The walls were whitewashed, and in a corner stood a large iron stove, protected by a formidable grating of wire-work, destined, no doubt, to keep the lunatics from playing with the fire. The two patients who were playing at draughts seemed quiet and inoffensive; had I met them elsewhere than in a *maison de santé*, I should never have suspected them of unsoundness of mind; and, as it was, I have nothing but the assurance of the director to guarantee me that they were indeed what they were supposed to be. I could not but remark that it was perhaps hard to subject to so complete a privation of liberty men whose insanity the doctor himself avowed to be only intermittent.

"Do you never allow your patients to go out?" I asked.

The director shook his head.

"Not even for a country walk, attended by a servant?" I inquired again. "You are so near the Bois de Vincennes that there could surely be no danger for the convalescent or for the lucid to take this little recreation. I should have thought, on the contrary, that it would accelerate their cure."

"External walks are not a part of my treatment," repeated the doctor, with dry politeness.

"And thus," exclaimed my friend, "that old man who came here in 1829 has been cooped up thirty-seven years within the limits of this tiny garden!"

The director threw a searching look at us. The sympathy we were displaying for his patients seemed to him no doubt misplaced.

"Do you wish the friend whom you desire to place in my hands to take walks out of doors?" he inquired.

"No-o," I stammered, growing red, and not knowing very well how to answer.

My French friend, in order to extricate us from the strait into which our imprudence had placed us, turned the subject, and asked the doctor what were the regulations of his establishment.

"In this division," he replied, "the boarders rise at six in the summer, and at seven in winter; at nine they take coffee, at twelve breakfast, and at five dinner. At eight in all seasons they go to bed, each in a room of his own."

"And during the daytime may they sit in their rooms to read or write?"

"No," answered the director; "we do not allow privacy in this division. In the first ward the boarders may go in and out of their apartments as they please; but here they must do what reading or writing they have in this drawing-room."

I have already described this piteous room, of which every corner bore trace of age and wear; and I tried to picture to myself what must be the sufferings of those who were convalescent, or only partially insane, at being obliged to pass their summer days and their winter evenings in this dreary, uncomfortable place, in the company of a boorish, ruffianly keeper, and of idiots who chuckled and jabbered around. How read? how write? how think under such conditions? For a man who came to seek rest after nervous irritation, must not such a life be torture? and, besides, was it not calculated to push a man who was not yet mad to become so from sheer weariness and worry? I glanced at the

two men who had stopped their game of draughts, and, certes, their looks most painfully corroborated my reflections.

"Are you content here?" I whispered to one. He threw a deep glance at me, and then let his eyes glide furtively but meaningly towards the director. This was all his answer.

I felt inexpressibly saddened. "Poor fellow!" I murmured to myself. "How unravel the secret which is wrapped up in that glance? How read in the lines of that griefful face the sad tale of which each wrinkle is a page? Those eyes, now dim with tears, must once have gleamed as brightly as mine; that heart, so dull and drooping, must once have had its hopes, its dreams, and its ambition! That hand has not always been enfevered; that brow has not always been contracted as in pain; and that voice, so faint and tired, has not always borne, as now, such a heavy burden of mystery! Poor fellow! how guess at the misfortunes, at the long series of sorrows, perhaps, that have hurried him here? . . . Ah, doctor!" I exclaimed, giving vent to my gloomy thoughts, "you must have in your mind a host of very harrowing secrets!"

The director accepted this remark as a compliment to his experience. "Yes, alas!" said he. "You have heard the proverb, 'Truth is stranger than fiction'; but it is only those who have seen much of lunatic asylums that can understand its full significance. The most heartrending of novels are not to be found at the booksellers'," he added, with a half-sigh. "They are here"; and he pointed to the garden where his patients were walking; "each of those men is a volume!"

"Bound in very poor cloth," observed a maniac, who had overheard the last words, and who displayed a coat that resembled a piece of patchwork quilting.

We all laughed, and the doctor led us towards the *first division*, which was separated from the second by a large gate painted green.

"This is for the first-class patients," he explained. "For those who are well, or nearly so?" we asked.

He colored a little. "Those who are in the *first division* pay from three hundred and fifty to eight hundred francs a month," he replied; "those in the *second* pay but two hundred and fifty."

"Ah! even in a mad-house, then, money has its castles!" I sighed.

At this moment, and just as we were about to pass through the gate, a small man, with a pale face and a bushy red beard, rushed up to us, gesticulating. At the first words he uttered, as much as by his unmistakably British countenance, I recognized him for a countryman of mine.

"Docteur! Docteur!" cried he, in broken French, and striving to make himself understood in an incomprehensible mixture of English and other languages, — "Docteur! let me out — you promised — you — you —"

"Let me be your interpreter," I said, remarking that the doctor seemed to make no meaning out of what he said.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, whilst his face became scarlet with pleasure, "are you an Englishman?" and he seized me eagerly by the hand. The director beckoned to me to come along, but my curiosity was excited, and I took no heed.

"Listen!" cried the patient. "This is my case. You can, perhaps, be of use to me. For Heaven's

sake, therefore, and out of Christian charity, do not forget what I tell you. My name is Frederick G—. I am a Scotchman, and live near Glasgow. Last January I left England to take a few days' pleasure-trip to Paris. Having scarcely ever travelled before, the fatigues of the journey from Scotland, together with my imprudence in plunging at once into sight-seeing without taking any rest, combined to make me ill. I was seized with a brain fever, and the proprietors of the Hotel de H—, where I was staying, instead of sending for a doctor and tending me as they ought to have done, fetched the police, who, on the certificate of two Government physicians, shut me up here as a madman. During ten days I was kept in the *fourth division* of this house, — that of the dangerous lunatics, confined by day in a strait-waistcoat and tied by night on to a hard iron bed, in a stone cell without a fire. How it was that I did not lose my senses altogether under such treatment I am sure I do not know. But, happily and providentially, I was cured. At the end of a fortnight I shook off my fever, and was then transferred to this *second ward*, where, notwithstanding that since February I have been perfectly fit to be released, I have been detained unjustly for nine months. I have no means of corresponding with my family, for the director suppresses all my letters; and my mother and my sister (the only relations I have), judging from my silence and from Dr. E—'s reports, think, no doubt, that I am really mad. To make matters worse, neither the doctor nor his assistant nor the keepers understand a word of English; and I am therefore totally unable to prove to them my soundness of mind —" The unhappy man paused, and seemed ready to cry.

"But," said I, astonished and shocked, "is there no inspection exercised by Government over these houses?" Do you never receive the visit of a magistrate, or of a judicial officer?"

"Yes," answered the Scotchman; "but the inspection is a mere formality. Once every six months a *procureur impérial* goes the round of the four divisions, but it is quite useless to make any complaints to him; for accustomed as he is to hear the same petitions from every lunatic he addresses, he pays no attention to them, and sets down one's prayers for symptoms of insanity. Besides," added the poor fellow, in a low voice, "the director makes the *procureur* believe exactly what he pleases; and if the latter observe, by chance, that such and such a patient looks perfectly well, the doctor can always reply that the man is merely in a lucid interval, and that in a few days he will have a relapse. The magistrate has other things to do besides finding out whether such statements be true or not. He goes away satisfied, and no more is seen of him for half a year.

"This gentleman appears to me of perfectly sound mind, Dr. E—," I exclaimed.

"Yes," answered the director, speaking with evident vexation; "but he has been very ill, and has only lately recovered. He will be released in a few days."

I translated this assurance to my fellow-countryman, and, at the same time, mentioned to him my address, promising that if he had not called upon me in a fortnight, I should conclude that he were still under confinement, and make his case known at the British Embassy.

I am happy to add that within a week of our visit the ill-fated Scotchman was liberated, and left

France with the well-settled and prudent determination never to set foot in it again.

The *first division* differed essentially from the *second* in that, although the garden was a great deal larger, there were much fewer people in it. One or two patients only were walking about: quiet, gentlemanlike men they were, who seemed rather to shun us, for they retreated to their rooms as soon as we appeared, and did not show themselves again. One old man alone, wrapped up in a long blue cloak, and with a deplorably red nose, apostrophized the doctor, and told him that he was a scoundrel. But the director laughed so good-naturedly that I saw that, with regard to this inmate at least, his conscience was perfectly at rest.

After going the round of the garden, we entered a smart one-storied pavilion, and examined the two rooms which it contained. One of these was disposable, and its price, board and private attendant included, was, the director told us, 500 francs a month, — that is, £ 240 a year, — a monstrous sum for an apartment furnished with the most rigid simplicity, and for an ordinary which, judging from the dinner I saw carried to one of the patients, was very far from sumptuous. A half-pint bowl of broth, a small slice of boiled beef upon one plate, a similar slice of roast veal upon another, a few beans, and a solitary apple of the quality worth threepence the dozen, — such was the dinner of Dr. E——'s first-class boarders on the day we visited his establishment.

There remained yet two divisions to see, the third and the fourth; and the yells and shouts I heard proceeding from the latter made me anxious to obtain a glimpse of it. But the doctor, who probably thought that we had seen enough, respectfully excused himself from showing us any more. The *third division*, he urged, was reserved entirely for aged, invalid, and epileptic patients, — the sight of it could only cause us pain. As for the *fourth*, it was peopled by raving maniacs, to whom it might be dangerous to expose one's self. There was no insisting, but I ventured hesitatingly to inquire what were the means of restraint employed in case of unruliness or mischievousness. The answer was not very straightforward, but I could gather from it that the inmates were never subjected to blows, and that in the event of insubordination they were put into strait-waistcoats, and fastened on to arm-chairs of a peculiar contrivance. If these methods failed, they were occasionally placed in a cold bath for six or eight hours, or made to undergo a series of *douches*, that is, shower-baths of uncommon violence. The doctor added that he seldom made any systematic attempt to cure his patients. He thought that the best thing to do was to leave them to themselves, on the principle that madness is a disease of which it is usually impossible to discover the organic cause, and which it is hence useless to combat methodically. "If a man," said he, "do not regain his senses by himself, he will never do so with the help of any one else."

As it was impossible for me to judge of the effects of these theories upon a mere passing sight, I am unable to form a thoroughly impartial opinion as to the system pursued with regard to lunatics in French private asylums; but, judging from what I heard told me, after his release, by Mr. Frederick G——, to whom I have above alluded, I cannot but repeat that I consider the existence of *maisons de santé*, as now regulated, to be open to many and most lamentable abuses. The supervision exer-

cised over them by Government is altogether insufficient; many men are retained in them a most unwarrantable time after their recovery, and it is much to be feared that many, confined in them unjustly, are unable to bear the depressing, melancholy life to which they are forced, and positively go mad.

The French are very proud of their great revolution of 1789, which overthrew so many blamable institutions of the past. Who knows but that it may not need the results of a new '89 to work a solid and salutary reform in the organization of *maisons de santé*, and to limit private mad-houses to their true and exclusive destination, — that of retreats for those who are really and unquestionably insane?

TOM BUTLER.

A BOY'S HERO.

IN SIX CHAPTERS. — I. THE HILL.

FOR every boy there is his hero, — a splendid, valiant, noble creature, to whom he looks up, physically. As the hero holds the smaller hand in his, and strides along, the boy admires and treasures every speech. Such a one for me was once the brave and gallant Tom Butler, *who knew the world*, which I did not; who could talk, could go anywhere and do anything. Yet there were not so many years between us. It was clear *action* that interposed the large interval. With this hero I became acquainted very early in life. He comes before me in three scenes, and the first scene was abroad in a foreign country.

At one period I see our family in France, on a hill overlooking Havre, attended by masters, watched over by that conscientious governess, Miss Simpson, while I myself was in a state of eternal protest and revolt. Never did the bright blessings — and such cheap blessings as they are! — of sun and tropical days, and balmy airs, and trees, and acres of soft grass, eddying down towards the town far below, seem so inviting. Those recollections are shaded by no dark or lowering days, no gloomy fogs, no weeks of drizzle; it was Italian, cerulean blue, pleasant green, and most inviting.

The hill, or Côte, as it was called, was an agreeable suburb, looking down on the great seaport, whose houses, docks, and stores were all clustered below, with the sea beyond. A most agreeable amphitheatre it was, and the descent was in the main by terraces and stages of steps. The ascent, under the broiling French suns, coming at the close of an important expedition to the town was a very serious and exhausting business. On the edge of the hill, I see now a sort of comb, as it were, of bright villas on the roadside, with a fine common in front. I say "fine" because adapted to boys' sport of every degree, — to fights, ball play, kite-flying, and what not. Those residences, that seem to me now like houses out of an opera, for they were always in the glare of the Havre sun, were cheerful in their yellow tone, their green jealousies, their old-fashioned air, and the luxuriant gardens behind and about them, where the apple-trees abounded, and the oranges tried to grow, but were cut off in an untimely way by organized parties of bandits. The grapes clustered about the windows so luxuriantly that they were held in low estimation as not worth pillage and inferior in quality.

More of these mansions were occupied by English

colonists, — one or two by English exiles; and I recall our immediate neighbor, seen within his chateau-like gate stooping over his flowers, a Captain Butler, one sleeve of his pepper-and-salt shooting-coat growing flat to his chest. A great family swarmed about him, and there were rumors of a struggle and sore privations.

He was a grave man, haughty and reserved, and seemed then to take that curious shape of a separate *potentate*, as I have often remarked, endowed with more mysterious power and importance, — greater than seem to invest individuals of the real influence of a later era. Our houses did not know each other, though we were not indisposed to intimacy, — a distance, however, that did not extend to the junior branches. His son, Tom Butler, a tall English lad, thin, wiry, and pale, I looked up to with a longing admiration, — he was so independent, so grand, so strong, and went where he liked. He seemed a separate potentate, too, and could “do things,” which some way I never could. Indeed, we saw that he and the one-armed captain were not on good terms, and two of us, one day, on a guilty ascent up an apple-tree in the next garden, heard below us a frightful altercation between the two men. Peeping through the branches, — and not without misgiving lest the scene might end indirectly in our own personal detection, trial, and execution, — we saw the captain’s square face glowing with a sort of mournful and suppressed fury, and caught these memorable words: —

“You disgraced me before, sir, and you have now disgraced me again!”

We had to carry this denunciation about with us for days, nearly bursting, and not daring to reveal it to mortal, save an English maid, who could be relied on, and who shook her head and said “Like enough, — like enough!”

The English complexion of the district was certainly very strong. Not very far on was Mr. Darbyshire’s house, a charming English place, with hot-houses and greenhouses, and a real Scotch gardener, who had been there ten or fifteen years, could not pass one of the roadside crosses, or meet a procession, without his features expressing open pain and hostility. They were “a peetous crew,” he said, to the last, “the pair benighted creeturs,” and the like. He would not mix with them. His master, Mr. Darbyshire, was a wealthy merchant, in the shipping way, who had shares in the steamers between Southampton and our port, and was universally known as “M. Debbisha.” A little under the hill, with its roof on a level with its crest, was Mr. Longtail’s English academy, with its highest references, to the Reverend William Short, British chaplain; to Captain Gunter, H. B. M. Consul Quai Montpensier; to the Lord Montattic; to the Honorable Mrs. Colman; to W. H. Darbyshire, Esq., The Côte, Havre; and to many more. Mrs. Longtail looked after the boys’ linen, and “was a guarantee for the comforts of a home.” This was her husband’s fond and too partial statement, loudly dissented from by the young gentlemen, who called him old “Pig-in-the-Wind,” the origin for which extraordinary sobriquet I never discovered, nor, indeed, thought of asking. “Guarantee, indeed,” said Tom, contemptuously, “yes, guarantee, — that’s all the tea we get out of her! — and fine swash it is!” The young gentlemen wore a uniform here, gilt buttons and puce-colored cuffs and collars.

Our house, as I have said, was charming to look at, with its green jalousies and vines creeping all

over, and its cool porch. The upper story took the shape of a pediment or triangle with a circular window, or hole in the middle, an apartment which I always fondly ambitioned, not for the elevation or for the view, which was fine, but for the mechanical pleasures associated with that window; for the intricacies and peculiarities were more than are usually attached to a French window. It was otherwise allotted. It commanded a full view, too, of the charming common, where all the sports went on, and where the boys of the district, pursuing their various pastimes with much cheerful noise and spirits, inflamed me — but too often detained within, as punishment for idleness — to the verge of frenzy. Then I would see — taking a furtive glance askance from the Roman history — that the gentlemanly Darbyshire boys — “young princes,” Miss Simpson held them up to us, for their genteel deportment — were playing “prisoners’ base,” or, more seductive still, flying the kite.

The advantages which residence in France was supposed to offer for educational purposes were not lost sight of. All masters available were duly “laid on,” as it were, to supplement Miss Simpson, whose very universal range of accomplishments, of course, precluded her from having a very profound acquaintance with any special branch. I think, however, she secretly rather resented this introduction, though there was an indemnity in the visits of the professors. Their variety lent a piquancy to the day’s routine.

When the young ladies received their lessons she always assisted, in right of her office. The French master’s name was M. Bernard, quite a picture semi-ecclesiastical, — with a white neckcloth, to which starch was unknown, swathed about his neck on the hottest days, and secured firmly by a hair brooch set round with imitation diamonds. I am thus particular because I had often studied him minutely. He had a long blue coat; his head was bald; he had that amiable, soft way of talking, and chirping air of general assent to everything that we see in old gentlemen on the French boards. He arrived every second day, having a few pupils on the Côte, showing the usual signs of intense heat.

To say that his knowledge of English was merely imperfect would be too indulgent a compliment, it being very much akin to the language in which the British sailor converses with the Chinese. But, with the innate gallantry of a Frenchman, he was always recognizing “Mees Seemson’s” presence, — was she not a sister, too, in his profession? — by politely taking her, as it were, into the lesson. And a favorite formula of his was, after a pinch of snuff, which he carefully brushed off the starchless neckcloth with the back of his little finger, “*Mais pour ces choses là, mon enfant, Mademoiselle Seemson, vous dira tout après.*” Miss Simpson always knew the meaning of this phrase, much as the native Sepoys pick up British words of command, and would smile and nod and murmur, “Wee. Je ferry! Now, Mary, attend to what Moosier Bernard says.” With the “petites dames,” it must be said, he got on excellently. There was that laudable emulation, which seems more found among girls, to have their “themes” ready, — “dictées” he called them, — besides a pride which I think was unaccountably wanting in myself and other contemporaries of my acquaintance. We only gave grudging measure, and any device was greedily seized to shirk work. He would at times lose temper, and make me a long impassioned, chateause discourse, as if he were in

a pulpit. He used gestures and a variety of tones, telling me that I had a "*léthargie incroyable*," and also really seemed to hint that the certain and ultimate doom in store for me was an ignominious end, — I suppose the French guillotine, if my disgraceful career terminated in *his* country. All this I gathered from his manner more than from his words, though I was picking up French in an astonishing way, from clandestine association with what were called the "low boys" of the place. Every month M. Bernard's modest stipend was paid him, with a little solemnity and circumstance which gratified him not a little, he coming in uniform, as it were, — his Sunday coat, a genuinely starched tie, and *no* hair brooch, — the absence of that ornament being, strange to say, his grandest tenue. Then he was received in the drawing-room, announced by the too familiar John as "*Meshev Bernard*," and after the interpassage of a sealed envelope, cake and English "*sherri*" were introduced, — it always made him cough and me laugh, — the whole concluding with my being abruptly hurried out to a cell. He used sometimes to moralize over me in my own presence, first blowing his nose, and then looking fixedly into the handkerchief as if remarking there something quite unusual. "*A ce que me parait, madame, cet enfant là a un naturel effréné qu'il faut tenir à main bride. Mais j'espère*" — sip from the glass of *sherri*, — "*que le bon Dieu, — qu'enfin les prières de sa bonne mère, &c., &c.*" Then seeing the consternation this denunciation caused, as it were hinting at crimes that he could not disclose, he would change his note altogether. "*Poah! We must have courage, madame. He has a brave spirit. We shall make a man of him! As for the good boys, I would not give that for them. Puer bonæ indolis. Il a de l'esprit, mais il faut seulement le faire borner!*"

Now I see Mr. John showing in another gentleman, the professor of music, M. Belcour, a handsome young man with long brown hair, which he tossed a good deal. To him Miss Simpson's manner was quite different, being curt and haughty to the last degree, as though she suspected him. We could not understand the motive of this, which was indeed only a frail guard for her unprotected heart. The handsome Belcour had, indeed, subdued it to his own. Not that he cared for *that* cheap victory, — a governess indeed! He dreamed of the great English countess, with an estate in the rich fat England, among "*ces gens de bierre et puddin*." He was full of sentiment, and made his dark eyes roll for practice. He used to play with frantic energy, "*splashing*" the notes about, as it were, with his eyes on the ceiling. He had this singularity, he would teach nothing but his own music, bringing "*them little wisps o' songs*," as Mr. John happily described them, a picture of a mournful young man on the title, following a flight of birds with an inexpressible look of depression. "*RÊVE DE BONHEUR*," it was called; and I remember the morning that he brought it, presenting it with an infinite homage and melancholy empressment to the head of the house, conveying that it had been composed expressly in her honor. He fancied, I think, that the vast estates of which he dreamed were somewhere, for there was an air of substantial comfort, not to say luxury, — wine from England, &c., — which beguiled him. Later it was discovered the *Rêve de Bonheur* had been presented, with a similar declaration of its production, to several ladies

during the last three or four years. He was too romantic for the humble sphere he moved in; actual instruction formed a very small portion of his school of teaching, the main principle of which was to ramble in a dreamy way over the chords, to play and sing "*little things of his own*." When at last he was firmly remonstrated with upon this unprofitable system, he answered haughtily that, "*as it seemed to him, there was a disposition to find fault?*" "*Well, scarcely that*" — "*Yes, yes, there was. Let it end, then; it was a mere slavery. He could not teach these children; they had no esprit, no emotion, — point d'âme!*"

This unwarrantable attack produced quite a new tone, and a quiet dismissal; on which M. Belcour quite lost his temper, behaved like an enraged one, held out a wrist that quivered as he proclaimed that he had been treated "*brutally*," and quite unconsciously revealed a not too-white shirt, with very saw-like edges. He withdrew forever, but the next day sent in a charge for two francs, fifty cents, for a piece of music, which was duly sent to him. Later a mysterious story reached the house, — brought, I believe, by M. Bernard, — and which, from the secrecy and awful looks, we concluded was nothing less than Housebreaking, or a great case of Arson; but I believe the real truth was, that the music-publisher's wife, — ahem! — "*ce pauvre Schneider!*" said M. Bernard, — which must have referred to an elopement of some description.

M. Belcour's successor was quite a different sort of man, a half German, Weimar by name, stout, red-faced, yellow-haired, and lame. He always seemed to be fragrant of cherry-brandy; not that I had made acquaintance yet with that agreeable liquor, but it seemed to have an air of familiarity. He sometimes indirectly apologized for introducing that aroma, laying it on "*the heat of the day*." He was a great professor, in heavy practice, and had the duty of teaching three times a week, at contract price, the young ladies of a convent close by. This simple fact accounted for the almost malignant hostility of Belcour, whom the thought of the various young English heiresses there pursuing their education, inflamed to madness. M. Weimar was a true anchorite, and cared only for his piano, after, of course, his well-known *Harmonies Pratiques*, a vast work, of which he had done only the first number, and in which he intended to give specimens of modulations from every known key into every other. This, on the doctrine of permutation, involved a vast amount of paper and notes, and he had only ventured on what he called "*mon premier cahier*." I confess I was delighted with this specimen of harmony; for there was in my abandoned nature this redeeming point, an intense love of music, and of harmonies and modulations. Here was a new realm; and while he showed, with skilful touch, how to pass from the key of A minor into C, by some skilful but exquisite transitions, I would steal up and listen, rapt. (We had subscribed for two copies of the work, and I am looking at them now.) He had never noticed me, as being quite out of his world, as it might be a stringless and bridgeless violin; but one day when he came, as usual very warm, and found me, all unconscious, sitting at the piano, with his *Harmonies Pratiques* open before me, and striving desperately to work from A minor into C, he entered softly, and, it may be, recognizing a blending chord, called out, "*C sharp, boy!*" He thrust one large hand over mine, and crashed down the right notes. "*What do you*

know?" he said; "have you learned? Surely that Simpson —"

"No," I said; "but, O sir, this is so beautiful!"

After that, though he did not like strangers in the room, he would often say, —

"Let him stay."

I see him now, sitting at one side, — the juvenile player he was instructing with her face anxiously put close to the music, the small hands jerking spasmodically, grasshopperlike, — his round figure, in a snuff-brown coat (and some cheap Order too), stooped inwards, while his pencil pointed laboriously, and head emphasized his movements. Of a sudden he had unconsciously pushed himself into the place, and had played it off in a bold, rattling style. With Miss Simpson he was not at all popular, for to her he was blunt and gruff in his manner, being sure, if any one came in with a message to her, to turn round and call out sharply, "Do keep silence, please! How can I teach if that is to go on?"

"Really so ungentlemanlike in his tone," Miss Simpson would protest. "I don't know where he can have been brought up."

This feeling, too, was owing to another reason; for at an early period of his tuition he had said despotically, "Tell me who is to look after these children and see that they practise all that I shall drill them in?"

"O, Miss Simpson, of course, — she plays very nicely herself."

"What does she play? Then here, mademoiselle, sit down, — let us have your cheval de bataille, please."

Miss Simpson shrank away. She had a horse of battle, *Through the Wood*, a popular air of her day, much sung at Exeter, her natal town, and arranged with variations, — six, I believe, — by the ingenious Hertz. "O, really, sir!" she began.

"Just as you please," he said, turning away; "it was for the interest of the pupils I asked."

Scandalized authority had now to intervene: "Miss Simpson, I must request you will be kind enough to let M. Weimar hear you."

She went to the instrument. It was a fine piece, no doubt, — Introduction *Maestoso*, with sixteen pages to follow. She had barely struck the first two solemn chords, and had launched into the little gallopade up the piano, which always follows, when he quietly turned away: —

"That will do," he said. "Thank you, — quite enough. I see perfectly. So you waste your time on that stuff? Now if I teach mademoiselle, and am to make a player of her, I must lay down this fixed rule: that no one interferes or touches the piano when I am absent, by way of example. Does madame agree?" Of course madame had to agree, impressed with this sort of Abernethy plainness. "After all, you know he had the interests of the child at stake." Miss Simpson never forgave.

So he came and labored, often staying three quarters beyond his stipulated hour, laboring, grinding, scolding, at times with a severity that brought tears to eyes; forcing those small fingers through the heavy loam of the great John Field's Concerto in B, still surly, still reeking of the cherry brandy, until at last he had performed his promise, and made a player of his pupil. He must be long since gathered into the Havre earth, for he was then elderly; and I dare say it troubled his last moments to think he had not got beyond the opening number of his grand work, the *Harmonies Pratiques*.

II. — THE FIGHT.

Besides our English juvenile colony, there was another class who frequented the common to pursue their pastimes. These were the usual type of blue-frocked, pale-faced French lads, who made an immense deal of noise and chattered as they pursued their rather feminine amusements. The feeling between the nations was anything but cordial, and we deeply resented their coming on the same ground with us at all. This was a little unreasonable, as their title to their own soil might — on the construction of the law of nations — be considered higher than ours. We noticed that they kissed each other when they met, — a proceeding received with shouts of derisive laughter from our side. If one of them was touched by the stroke of a ball, or fell down and scraped himself, or if, as Tom put it, "you held up your little finger," he forthwith began to cry. Tom himself protested, and there was no reason to doubt him, that when on one occasion he had slapped the face of one who had been impertinent, the creature had spat, — yes, spat, and jabbered at him like a monkey. Indeed, Tom's contempt for them knew no bounds. He despised the French, he said; "We licked them at Waterloo, and if they have the courage, sir, to give us the chance again, we'll lick 'em once more."

Once, M. Bernard was coming along across the common, reading, and passed by just as Tom was in the middle of some such declaration, "I hate the French!" M. Bernard stopped and accosted me, making me color, for I knew there was a loss of caste in thus having a "French fellow" over me.

"Well, my little friend," he said, "I will expect you by and by. Good morning, Mr. Bootlair!"

"O, good morning," said Tom, carelessly.

"So you dislike the French?"

"Well, since you put the question to me," said Tom, promptly, "I really do."

"And yet, is not that unreasonable?" said the teacher, gravely. "Your father, I know, does not. Do they not give you shelter and asylum —"

"Which we pay for," said Tom, scornfully. "Much obliged to 'em."

"Which you pay for," repeated M. Bernard, with his eyes fixed on him, — "which you pay for, as you say." There was a delicate sarcasm in his tone quite unintelligible to us. "Your father finds every one here good-natured, indulgent, patient. He does not complain of them; I will expect you, my young friend, in five minutes."

Tom did not answer till he had gone, and then did so with infinite heat and impetuosity.

"A mean, glib, beggarly pedagogue! What right has he to speak to me at all? Who wants anything of him? I'd thrash him and fifty like him one after the other!"

This was Tom's invariable test of merit; any one that he could thrash, or proclaimed he would thrash, being a poor, mean, unworthy impostor. I merely mention this incident to show that the tone of the public mind was not by any means a healthy one. On our side, we had really come to believe that we did do these "beggarly" Frenchmen — and observe the exquisite propriety of this word "beggarly," as coming from some of our community, whom it certainly fitted far more appropriately — a great honor by dwelling in their *un-English* land, and by putting up with their eccentric and, to us, unsuitable ways and habits. This was Tom Butler's favorite theme. To use his own phrase, "he

never let a point go"; and even as he passed a French youth, his head in the air, his long arms swinging, his fair face thrown back, there was this contemptuous air of challenge, and a smile of amusement, as it were, at something exquisitely ludicrous in the very *existence*—apart from dress and bearing—of a French boy.

"God bless us!" he would say, addressing us oratorically, his back against the white wooden rail which ran round the common. "What are they like at all? Half babies, half girls? Girls! Why, one of our dear English girls at home would have more spirit in her little finger than all this canaille put together. *She* would n't exactly cry if you held up your little finger!"

On what Tom founded this favorite image of his where he had so held up his little finger, and who had cried at that exhibition, we were never told. But we firmly believed that some such incident had taken place.

Now a word or two about the "rabble." Stretching to the back of our villas was a level country or table-land a good deal covered with orchards, and behind the orchards a very slender village, a dozen cottages or so. The inhabitants, of course, depended on the sale or manufacture of what Tom contemptuously styled "their eternal apples," either in the shape of cider, or, as the same authority explained to us, that "filthy mess of squash," we saw in open tubs at shop doors under the nets full of peg-tops. The boys who were our enemies were the boys of this little community. One or two of their sires were Huguenots, and I recall our Mr. John standing in easy conversation with a grim covenant-looking figure who was at the door of his cottage. Mr. John seemed to look on it as a sort of *lusus*, and often told the anecdote. It was a Sunday. He was lying against the door, *resting* himself, with the pipe in his mouth. "Vous ally Legleeze," says I. "No, no," says he, taking the pipe out; "moa Protestong." "Well, well," says I, "after that—" "Wee wee," says he, "moa Protestong!"

The boys of this district cherished the same feelings to us that we did to them. Of a Sunday was our opportunity, when their parents were away at the church, or some little fair, or junketing. Then we would repair, a small band of irregulars, cautiously and secretly, one by one, some of us creeping along on our stomachs in imitation of what we had heard was real "skirmishing practice." Then the fun began, and nothing more exciting could be conceived,—the shooting, the hitting, the "cutting out," even the roar of agony,—as a hard apple launched from Tom's unerring hand, landed on a French cheekbone, and was cloven into fragments. So the exciting sport went on, we, of course, having the best of it, and gradually driving the enemy out of cover and out of reach of ammunition. As we advanced, pouring in our shot like hail, they were pressed back into the cover, and fairly fled, while we showed ourselves and shouted. We had at least two such victories, but on the third occasion something occurred which led to a change of fortune.

There was a cooper who made casks for the apples, and this cooper had a tall son, a head, at least, over Tom, and whose name was Leah. From this circumstance, I suspect, he was connected with the old "moa Protestong" of our Mr. John, or was perhaps the actual son of the grim Huguenot. This I never learned. This Leah, the son, had only re-

turned home on the preceding Saturday, and was new to the parish. During the heat of the conflict a young recruit had been struck down by a large baking apple. He ran crying into a house, whence he emerged in a few moments with Leah. We were a little surprised at this reinforcement,—his size, apparent strength, indifference. In a moment he was at work, sending his missiles with a short, quick, and steady fire, that upset all our calculations. He advanced, too, instead of keeping under shelter. It must be owned that we were thrown into confusion, but it was all from the surprise. Some said it *was* a man. At the same time the fathers of the village, with the old Huguenot himself, began to make their appearance. It was time to retire. As one of us remarked, "We had done all we had wanted." As we drew off, Leah made a low gesture of contempt and defiance, such as an Indian would do in derision of his foes. He then walked into his hut, to renew the sleep which, I suppose, we had interrupted.

Tom was quite excited about this. "That's my man," he said. "Wait for another Sunday, my buttercups, and you shall see." That other Sunday came, but Leah did not appear. Meanwhile another event took place, which contributed a good deal to the catastrophe.

Down below in the town there was to be a little festival, or gala, associated with I know not what, but among other pastimes it was determined there should be A REGATTA. Les yachtsmen were all invited, and did not come, but some English sailors from the Southampton steamer had entered for the rowing races. International courtesies, or contests, were then not at all in fashion; there was no *entente cordiale*, or steady, jog-trot alliance, which now exists. The thing was quite a novelty, and caused a sensation. Frenchmen's eyes flashed fire as they talked of it, but they were uneasy. There would be something unfair, they were certain. No one laughed so loud as Tom. "They row!" he said, "the poor weak fools! why, one of our tars would beat them with his left hand tied behind his back!"

Without going so far as this, there was a certain impression in the colony on the hill that victory would be with our countrymen; and on the morning of the struggle the Côte was crowded with people having old glasses and telescopes, and all eagerly looking down to the blue sea below Honfleur. The blouses gathered behind, gesticulating and chattering, their eyes darting fire and hostility at the English. Tom was in a real excitement, his father's old spyglass under his arm, and striding about as if he were captain of a ship.

The race was duly rowed. We could see the four boats—four faint dots—far below on the blue sea, a Paris dot, a Rouen one, a Havre dot, and an English one,—the glorious scarlet!

"Six as fine of our tars, sir," said Tom, the glass to his eye, "with their iron muscles, as ever you saw!"

Three minutes did the work. One boat gradually drawing yards, then furlongs, ahead. At the end of the boat was a little faint patch of red. Tom actually threw his spyglass into the air.

"Old England forever, boys! Give 'em a British cheer, lads! I *knew* we'd lick 'em!"

And we all raised a shout, and from the windows of the English villas, where the ladies were, fluttered white pocket-handkerchiefs. The looks of the Frenchmen were black as night.

Mr. John, who rarely missed anything "sporting," had gone down into the town to see the race as a gentlemanly spectator. Of course he got into the best place on board an English steamer, having made an intimate acquaintance with the steward. He brought back strange stories of the excitement.

"Well, well, well! mod'ee! mod'ee!" (A shape in his dialect for "Mon Dieu!") "O the creatures! It was skandalous how they were treated; the hustlin', and then the beatin', and then the crowd,—forty-five thousand people, no less, round the creatures. O, it was shocking! A regular E-mute!"

This we did not understand for a long time, for it was a new word, and he was pleased with it, and repeated it with great satisfaction, "th' mute." More careful consideration helped us to his meaning; yet it was too gentle a name, for Tom Butler had the whole particulars, which he relates to us in boxing language. The cowardly French had made a brutal attack on our brave tars, and had beaten them,—a great mob. The "brave tars" had put their backs against a wall, and had thrashed and smashed right and left, knocking over the cowardly sneaks, and pounding and maiming them on good old English principles.

"But they were too many for them," went on Tom, in a glowing indignation. "An Englishman is a match for half a dozen Frenchmen easy; but not for a thousand. And only fancy the scoundrels,—they draw their penknives, and get behind the brave fellows, and stab them in the back. That's manly,—that's brave! Ain't it?"

Tom made many harangues that day to various audiences, and within hearing, whenever he could manage it, of various natives of the country,—a French gentleman or two, who only smiled and passed on. Once the great Leah went by, fiercely gesticulating, stooping down to his friend, and describing with infinite animation. He had been down to see the contest, and was clearly enjoying the retribution that had overtaken the vile English. Tom raised his voice, threw more scorn in, and said very proudly, and with insufferable offensiveness, "We shall have to give 'em WATERLOO over again!"

It was like galvanism. The two French youths twitched and started, their eyes became bloodshot; they turned back, and Tom, scenting battle, repeated his phrase, with the talismanic word. Leah came striding up, his eyes bloodshot, his arms going, his blouse actually trembling. There was, indeed, something going to happen, and we all held our breath. Tom waited for him, his lips curling, his breath getting a little short, his fingers unconsciously clinched into appropriate fighting shape. The two Frenchmen came on, and at once poured out a volley of ferocious vituperation utterly unintelligible, Leah swaying his arms, putting his chest close to Tom's, and his mouth close to Tom's,—("Anything like his rank garlic breath you never!" said Tom),—and chattering all the time; his head over Tom's, who remained quite calm, never stirred or retreated an inch. "But I was ready for him all the time, and at the first motion would have had my fist smash on his face." At that moment one of the gendarmes, whom I have never seen since those days, save in Robert Macaire, where I feel kindly to them, like old friends of childhood, came lounging leisurely down. He was the one peace officer of the district, and was really as resplendent as white and yellow braid could make him. This official had

reasons for being specially wary on this occasion, and came down to us, on which the crowd dispersed and Mr. Leah "drew off," talking very loud, and banging down his arm, and addressing an imaginary audience.

"I thought he meant nothing," said Tom, "all wind and froth: just like 'em all round. He's double my weight," added Tom, addressing a real audience in his impetuosity, "and a head over me; but I am to be found anywhere, at any time. And that Jack-in-the-box"—so he contemptuously alluded to the gendarme—"can tell him he knows me." Wonderful creature, Tom; so much at home in the world, brave, gallant, insolent perhaps, but certainly wonderful. "I tell you what," went on Tom, hastily, "we'll do something to take down the conceit of these frog-eaters. Let us show them what we are made of, and that we are not ashamed of our country. We'll have a procession, boys, and hoist the British flag, in honor of the day."

At the time we thought this was merely fine and figurative language, like the "nailing to the mast," which so often followed,—an operation even then familiar to us. A British flag could not be had nearer than the Southampton packet. But we did not know what Tom, as he himself assured us, could do "when he was excited." We were delighted at something coming, something to look forward to, and waited anxiously for the hour appointed.

It was one of the fine summer evenings,—cheap here from their very plenty,—soft and fragrant, with the light lasting till past ten o'clock, and no cloudy night. At nine the common re-echoed with the cheerful notes of talk and laughter; and along the roadside down to the right, where the high road joined, and the trees set in and made an avenue, and the lamps hung across from a string, various of the natives sauntered by, talking over the day. There was a pleasant lull abroad. Suddenly Tom appeared among us, emerging from the prison-like gate hurriedly.

"Another row with the governor," he said, "but I would n't fail. Here we are," and to our wondering eyes produced what seemed a little counterfeited union-jack! "I got Victorine to make it, and gave her instructions myself. Bless you! I know the colors by heart. Now, boys, fall in, I say."

Clearly some great "fun" was coming, and we did as we were bid, and fell in. We started in a sort of procession, marshalled by Tom. He walked at the head. A few loungers stopped to look, and wondered, I suppose. But when the glorious "Jack" was unfurled, carried by Tom in person, they understood perfectly. "There," he said, "there could be no mistake." At fixed points we were ordered to halt and cheer, which we did with a will. A few squibs, purchased at a sou a piece for the occasion, gave quite the air of a *feu-de-joie*. Naturally this excited attention. Suddenly a little English lad calls out,—

"But I say, Tom, the orchard fellows are coming!" And, looking in that direction, we saw about a dozen of the blouses running out from the apple-trees.

"Halt!" cried Tom. "Steady, lads!" We drew up in a line. We assumed by instinct that their errand must be hostile. Were they not our natural enemies? And, as they came on, another called out, "And, Tom, I say, there's that Leah!"

Tom looked out curiously, shading his eyes, and said, "I knew when they saw the Jack—" He

was not at all familiar with the sacred volume, or he would have said that the Lord had delivered the Frenchman into his hands. As it was, I recollect some expression answering to the sentiment came into his face.

The "fellows" came on, gesticulating and chattering, Tom at once stepping in front and waving his flag to them in cheerful encouragement. It really had the effect of scarlet on a bull, and Leah—foaming at the mouth like such a steer, sputtering awful consonants, in which the sound of "s'cray!" and "tz!" were conspicuous—strode up close, and made a grasp at our ensign.

Tom spoke French well, put his hand on Mr. Leah's chest, and said sharply, "Stand back! *Que voulez-vous!*"

The answer was unintelligible. But in a moment we heard him speaking very fast and fiercely, and Tom answered very lightly and slowly,—

"With all my heart! Make a ring, boys. I am going to thrash this fellow."

In a moment the ring was made, the blues on one side, the blacks on the other; the "gentlemen" one way, the plebeians the other. Tom would not take off his coat, though invited to do so. He merely buttoned it tight. The Frenchman threw off his blouse, and appeared in his waistcoat. He had a broad chest, a strong arm, and the usual tendency of most young Frenchmen to fullness below. Tom's was a narrow, wiry chest, slight arms, a slighter throat, and a pale, delicate face. He was a little overgrown, and surveyed his opponent smiling.

Many years later, seeing a piece called the Floating Beacon, in which a combat takes place on the deck of a vessel between the atrocious captain of the craft and a guileless passenger,—the way in which the abandoned captain prepared himself for the combat, his starts, his drawing back, his advance on one leg, his gaunt spasms of preparations,—all suggested something familiar. It soon took the shape of Mr. Leah, who tried his wrists, had them tried by others, whispered his friends, and was whispered by them. We did not know till later that Mr. Leah was a man of reputation in *le boxe*. Tom remained quite quiet, smiling, while these preparations were being made.

I never shall forget the way that Frenchman came on. It struck us with something as like horror as with astonishment. For, advancing as if on the ordinary system, he suddenly dropped his head, and, with his bullet-like os frontis, drove straight at Tom's middle. The shock was tremendous, and it sent the blood up into Tom's pale face. Then the struggle began. The savage, strong arms were wound tightly round Tom's slender limbs, Leah striving to heave him off his legs and go with him to the ground, where, as we all knew, he would bite, and kick, and stamp at his fallen foe,—all fair in the French mode of fighting. Such, at least, was our belief. But Tom, though taken by surprise, contrived a clever trip,—he was from Cumberland,—and, while the native was thus unsupported, gave him a desperate heave over to one side, and shook himself free. The savage looked wildly and thirsting for blood, as we thought, and a little scared.

"Now, boys, see how I'll match him this time and his wild Indian tricks!"

Tom waited, still with the old contemptuous smile, something out of breath, something flushed, but with his woman-like fists in a new and suspicious attitude; the other, very red, and breathing

hard from his incipient corpulence, was crouched down like a tiger about to spring. He came on as he had done before; but Tom received the bullet-head in the part he had received it before, and having got it there, we saw with delight the splendid reception it met with. He had the round, coarse head, and a shower of blows rained on it—rained on the ear, on the cheekbones—four times. The delicate fists worked as if by steam-power,—the Frenchman had unwittingly placed his own head "in Chancery," a distinction other pugilists are most anxious to avoid. We roared and cheered with delight as the combatants went round and round, Tom's fists going up and down like a piston, smashing, pounding, battering, until at last the wretched Frenchman had to abandon his strategy, and raise a blazing, flaming, mauled face, all stripes and welts, from the place into which it had been thrust. Then Tom saw his opportunity, and following the great Duke's tactics towards the close of the ever-glorious day at Waterloo, rushed at the face which was lifted and came on him with a crushing "left-hander." It was "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" now. Then he came on with the right, and Leah staggered and reeled back. The combat was virtually over. The great Leah was defeated, and defeated forever!

That splendid victory of the British arms was long remembered. The French power was utterly humiliated. They never rallied. We might turn into their orchards for challenge or even plunder, but they never showed. Alas! the hero of that glorious day had but a short time to enjoy his glory. One morning some strange men were seen at the captain's gate, striving, it would seem, to get in, and rattling it savagely. Some of the English experienced in such matters said, "Bailliffs, of course!" It was not, of course; it was the landlord of the premises. The one-armed captain had gone in the night with his family. The English steamer sailed at midnight. The French were "done," as they have been done so often since.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN POTTS.

I WAS fishing the V—one cold day in March. To stand up to one's hips in water on such a day, wielding one's rod with benumbed fingers, shows one an enthusiastic lover of the gentle art. And such I was, and for once had got hold of a good time. The water was just the right height and color, the wind was cold, but not too cold for the trout, and blowing down the stream, raising a nice curl on the water, but not strong enough to prevent my throwing my fly right in the teeth of it. I was fishing up the river from Glandwy, and at every other cast I rose a good fish and generally brought him to basket. After three o'clock they rose no more, and whip as I would I could not stir a fin. I was not sorry then, when the next reach of the river brought me in view of the handsome stone bridge which spanned the V—, and which I knew carried the high-road which led to the market town of Llanywm. Thereupon I emerged on to dry land, and taking off my wading boots and flinging them over my shoulder, lit my pipe and started at a smart pace on my way to Llanywm. I was very tired, but very happy, for I had a good basket of fish, and, my opportunities of fishing being rare, I appreciated my luck accordingly. After walking about a mile, the gloom of evening

drawing on and the hills seeming to close in upon me in mysterious shadows, I heard behind me the beat of hoofs and the rattle of wheels, and presently overtook me a spanking mare, drawing a dogcart, wherein was seated a jolly-looking man, with broad, good-humored face, wearing a brown great-coat. He pulled the mare up sharp and shouted out, "If you are going to Llanym I'll give you a lift!" Nothing loath, I scrambled into the dogcart, whilst the mare executed a *pas seul* on her hind legs, and away we went. We were soon at Llanym, a neutral-tinted Welsh village, consisting of a long straggling street of hovels, a big hotel, the Prince Llewellyn, jutting out into the middle thereof, a rugged little church, a dozen public-houses, and half a dozen dissenting chapels. At the Prince Llewellyn my friend pulled up. "Come and have some beer! The home-brewed is capital." "Dan glassiaa da cwrw, Annie, darling," to the pretty Cambrian waitress. The beer really was good; we drank to our respective healths after the kindly Celtic fashion, and struck up a friendship cemented by other two glasses of "cwrw."

We agreed to dine together at six, and whilst my friend, whose name I found was Roberts, went to transact his business, I took a stroll round the town and called upon the local flymaker, fisherman, and barber, to talk over the fishing and lay in a stock of flies. I found myself at six with an excellent appetite at the Prince Llewellyn. Mr. Roberts was punctual, and we did justice to the broiled trout, saddle of Welsh mutton, and grilled chicken, which formed our repast, washed down by famous home-brewed ale. Dinner finished, there being no other guests in the coffee-room, we lit our pipes, brewed some whiskey-punch, and began to talk of fish over the fire.

Roberts, I found, was a thorough fisherman and naturalist, and keen sportsman. We discussed the merits of "all the streams which flow in Wales, of all the flies which cock their tails," till we finished sundry tumblers of punch.

"Do you know," said Roberts, "you remind me of a friend of mine so much, I really thought you were the very man when I came up to you on the road. Potts his name was, — Captain Potts, — he was a London man; perhaps you know him?" "No, I did n't know him." "Ah! he was one of the Pottses who smashed so awfully some years ago," said my friend, indulging himself with a loud guffaw at his joke. "You remember the great failure of Potts, Pumpkins, and Cope, the bankers, of course? Well, this Potts was a nephew of old Potts, — Sir Tin Potts, you know. I knew nothing of this though, when I first met young Potts. I met him on the river fishing. He was a good fisherman; but you Englishmen don't often do much on our rivers, and then you go home and say there are no fish in them. Well, I gave him some wrinkles, which he profited by, and we got to be fast friends. We've nothing to do, so draw up to the fire, and I'll tell you a story about Potts and myself. I always call it 'the merciful dealing of Providence with John Roberts.' You shall hear: —

"I lived in this town some ten years ago. I had just married, and had lately commenced practice as a solicitor. I had been articled here, spending the last year of my time in London with Fudge and Frizzleum, of Lincoln's Inn, — a great Chancery and agency firm, as I dare say you know. My old master, John Jones, was just dead, and I thought there was a good opening here. But I did n't find

business come in so fast. You see there is n't much litigation in these parts. The big swells are in the hands of their London lawyers, and if a poor freeholder wants a bit of money, he'll borrow it on a note of hand from a neighbor, without a regular mortgage-deed, and it is n't often that any land changes hands; and then I was the only lawyer in the place, and that was against me. Still, I had all there was to be got. I was clerk to the magistrates, clerk to the highway, clerk to the commissioners of this or that; but these things, although they sound large, don't bring in much. Well, what with furnishing my house and office, and so on, I'd spent the little money I'd got, and had to borrow some; still, I knew I should come right in time, and my wife, though young, was a capital manager, and would make a crown go as far as a pound.

"However, I was very much pleased when my eighteenth cousin, Watkins Williams Watkins, a man who had always been very friendly to me in a haughty, distant sort of way, commanded my attendance at Wyddyllum Castle. He told me that Her Majesty had insisted on his accepting the onerous but dignified post of High Sheriff of the county, and that he, W. W. W., had graciously determined to appoint me his under-sheriff. He was also pleased to invite me to luncheon, and amongst the distinguished party at the Castle I found an acquaintance, Captain Potts, who, with Lady Laura Potts, his wife, was on a visit there. Potts was not one of those fellows who are devilishly friendly by the river-side and deuced cold in society. He came forward at once to claim my acquaintance, and introduced me to Lady Laura, a delightful little woman, a regular little fairy, with such tiny hands and feet, and little *nez retroussé*, and sparkling eyes, and such a smile! She made a slave of me at once (of course subject to my allegiance to my Mary Jane). I went home much pleased at my reception and at the appointment I had received; not that it was worth very much in itself, but it gave one a sort of standing, and was an opening.

My relative did n't, however, forget to call upon me to find two sureties in a thousand pounds each, to indemnify him against any action that might be brought against him. It was the usual thing. One of my sureties was my poor old father, who was then living in a little cottage near Llandolwen. He had n't much more than fifty pounds a year to live upon, so you may judge that the loss of a thousand pounds would have made a pretty good hole in his income. The other surety was an old gentleman who had always been very kind to me, and who had accumulated a little money in a long life of thrift and industry; he'd travelled for Jones and Brown, of Manchester, for thirty years. I never dreamed of such a thing as their being called upon to pay anything for me, — never. It was a mere form, I thought, and so I told them. I'd not much to do as under-sheriff for some time. There were only a few levies, which were paid out, and which put a few pounds into my pocket; but I was in great force at the assizes. I was in much request amongst the ladies to get them places in court, and when the Judge, whom I recollected as a leading Q. C. when I was finishing in London, and whom I had met at consultations sometimes, condescended to have a chat with me, and asked to be presented to Mary Jane, I felt as if I had attained to a considerable elevation. After the Spring Assizes I had a little leisure. It was one of the best fishing seasons I ever remember, and I used to be on the

river every day, and every day I would meet Potts. We became great friends, and Potts would often come up to my house and have a smoke and a glass of grog.

"I was much annoyed, then, when one Tuesday morning's post brought down a *ca. sa.* from my agent's, indorsed by the firm of Moses and Mosheim, commanding me to take the body of one Bellingham Billingsgate Potts and bring him before Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer. And I was to have met Potts this very afternoon! Duty is duty, and I could n't think of giving poor Potts any warning of the danger which threatened him. I sent for the two dumbailiffs who did the few jobs that occurred in our part of the country. I explained to them what they had to do, and they seemed pleased with the work. Had it been one of their own countrymen who was in the mess, they would have undertaken the business with reluctance, but, the victim being an Englishman, they seemed to like it. I felt like a despicable scoundrel as I sent these men out to track and make a prisoner of a man whom I had come to look upon as a friend. To my horror, five minutes after I had dismissed the men, Potts himself put in his head through my office doorway.

"'Hullo, Roberts!' he cried; 'busy as usual, old fellow! May I come in?'

"My presence of mind forsook me; I could only gasp for breath and point to the door. Potts came in, alarmed, — 'What on earth is the matter?' Just then the two bums, who had traced Potts to my office, bounced in and seized Potts on each side very roughly, almost tearing the coat off his back. But Potts was as nimble as an eel. He drove his elbow into the long man's stomach and doubled him up in an instant, and he let fly his right into the face of little Jones, sending him spinning across the room. There were two doors opening into my office: one led to the outer or clerk's office, the other, opposite, opened directly into a little back street. This latter was usually kept locked, and the key hung on a nail close to my desk. By this door Potts and I had often made our way to the Prince Llewellyn for our morning beer. Potts consequently knew well where the key was to be found, and saw in a moment the way of escape. The same idea flashed into my mind at the same instant. Ought I to have remained passive and let him escape? Should n't I have acted negligently and dishonestly in my office had I done so? I don't know now what I ought to have done; and although all the *pros* and *cons* darted through my brain whilst Potts took a single step across the room, yet I don't think it was from any conscious sense of right or wrong, but from a sort of professional instinct, a kind of spiderish feeling, that I seized the key and put it in my pocket. Potts gave me a look of scorn and reproach, and then, putting his hands into his pockets, leaned back against the mantelshelf and laughed.

"Are you all gone mad? What's the meaning of this?'

"'It means, Captain Potts,' said I, feeling smaller than I had ever done in my life before, 'that these men have a warrant for your apprehension for a debt of — how much? — a hundred and twenty pounds and costs.'

"'Why did n't you say so before,' said the Captain, 'instead of setting your ban-dogs upon me? It would have saved your red-headed friend a pain in his inside. Well, of course it's your business to do such dirty work. I'm sorry, though, I've hurt

these men of yours. Here! take a half a crown apiece, you fellows!'

"'Well, indeed!' said Jones, 'I like you very much! Diolch vawr!'

"Williams ceased to rub his damaged bread-basket, looked suspiciously at the coin, and then pocketed it with a grunt.

"'So it's Moses and Mosheim who've put me into this hole! Well, I have n't the money, and I don't know how to get it; how long can you give me?'

"'Well, you can stop at the Prince Llewellyn to-night; you'd better go on there now with the men, and I'll come up and talk matters over by and by.'

"Potts went out, attended by his keepers, and he'd hardly left the office before I received a card, — 'Mr. Braham, Moses and Mosheim.' A sallow young man, much bejewelled and with very dirty hands, was shown in to me. He had come up by the night mail to Chester, and posted on. I fancy he came to see that the *ca. sa.* was properly executed. He ascertained that the capture had been made, and lodged detainers to the amount of fifteen hundred and twenty pounds eighteen shillings and sixpence. I recollect the figures well; never shall I forget them. I sent the brute off, and had scarcely got rid of him before Lady Laura Potts was announced. Poor little thing! how lovely she looked! But in such distress! She'd brought all her jewels, bracelets, rings, gold watch, diamond necklace, lots of things, — worth two or three hundred pounds, I dare say.

"'O Mr. Roberts,' she said, 'can't you take these things as security, and let my dear husband go?'

"'Lady Laura,' I said, 'if it were only a few hundred pounds I'd take his undertaking for it in a minute, and arrange for his release, but I'm sorry to say here are detainers for fifteen hundred pounds or more.'

"Then, poor lady, she began to cry.

"Could n't I enter into some compromise? she'd £150 a year of her own; would n't I take the money in fifteen yearly instalments of £100?

"I explained to her that I had no power to make any arrangement, she must go to the creditors; but I advised her strongly not to alienate or dissipate her own property in any way, but to let her husband 'take the benefit of the Act.'

"She was a sensible little woman, and saw my advice was good; she dried her eyes, packed up her jewels, and I was just opening the door for her when I was almost knocked down by John Jones, who rushed into the office looking like a ghost.

"'He's gone!' he cried in Welch. 'We've lost him!'

"Leaving her ladyship to find her own way out, I ran bareheaded into the street and on to the Prince Llewellyn. The bird had flown indeed. Red-headed William stood at the door gaping and staring at the roof as if he thought Potts were a bird. The men had left him in his own room for a minute, mounting guard with the door half open, and when they entered it again he was gone. The window was open, and there was an iron water-pipe running down the wall close by. He must have slid down this and got away. No one had seen him; not a trace of him, not a vestige, not a fragment of a clew could we find. I set the police to work. They had no business to interfere, of course, as it was n't a criminal case, but I was Clerk to the Magistrates, and in the country the powers of the police are

elastic. Potts had lodged in a cottage near the river half a mile from the town; he might have found his way there. I set a man to watch the house at a distance, sent off a policeman on horseback to the station, some six miles off, to watch every train. But I had little hope of finding him again. He knew the country well, had a good start, and would probably strike across the mountains to Wigwille, in the adjoining county, where he might laugh at my beard.

No sooner did this thought strike me than I determined to follow that track myself, and I started off at the rate of about six miles an hour. It was a hot, breezeless May day, the first day of summer; what with the heat and the turbulence of mind in which I was, I arrived at the top of the pass, some 1,500 feet above the sea-level, quite exhausted. I flung myself down on the top of a rock, the highest point overhanging the foot-path below, and followed with my eye the track, which I could trace for miles, to where it crossed the border of the county. There was n't a living soul upon it. In the great hush and hum of that sultry summer afternoon, as I lay amongst the heather, my soul cried out with the bitterness of death upon it. I was ruined, root and branch. For every penny of those sixteen hundred odd pounds I was personally liable. No matter that Potts was n't worth a penny, and that he had only been captured as a means of extorting money from his friends. That made no difference in the eye of the law; I had done no wrong, had hardly been imprudent, and yet I was ruined, and all my people. My poor old father would probably end his days in the workhouse. My friend who had lent me his name would have to take to the road again for bare subsistence. I might become bankrupt and get a clerkship afterwards; but had I the heart to begin life again with such a load upon me? Would n't it be better for me to end my misery and perplexity by rolling off this sloping bank into the great chasm below?

"Then I thought of Mary Jane, and how she would wait and wait, and how gradually, from impatience, she would come to uneasiness, and from uneasiness to terror; and how she would spend the night in sorrow, and the morning would bring no joy; and how the whisper would go round the town 'They've found the body!' and, oh! how hard on the poor creature, only six months a wife!

"No, I could never be such a coward! God knows I could n't have done it; but in great trouble strange thoughts surge in your brain.

"I felt better after a while, and a gentle breeze sprung up and cooled my burning temples, and I heard the bleating of the lambs, and the bark of the shepherd's dog, and the call of his master far away on the hillside. At all events, I had n't to pay the sixteen hundred pounds that night; I would crawl home, and perhaps I could think of some plan for staving off ruin to-morrow.

"Well, I got home, and remember that Mary Jane pitched into me awfully because I was an hour late for dinner, and everything was spoilt, she said. I took a couple of glasses of brandy after dinner, and that steadied my nerves, and I could think.

"I would go up to London to-morrow and try to compromise with my creditors. I could, perhaps, by the sale of all I had, and by borrowing on my life policy, make up £500.

"I could offer this, and as it was five hundred times as much as they would have got out of Potts, surely they would take it and cry quits!

"Of course, Mary Jane had heard of Potts's es-

cape, and she made me very savage by expressing her delight at the event. She did n't know how nearly it concerned her, poor thing! and I did n't tell her. I only said I had business in London next day, and asked her to pack my travelling-bag. I went up by the night train, and a wretched journey I had. Next morning I went to find Moses and Mosheim, who had chambers somewhere up a little court or square out of Bishopsgate Street. 'Mr. Moses was n't in,' the clerk said. 'Did n't know if Mr. Mosheim were, would take my card and see.' — 'Yes; he was in, and would see me by and by.' I sat down and waited in the dingy office, feeling the indignity of my position in having to wait at all for such a man. Professional pride made me look upon Mosheim with the feeling a Brahmin might have for a Pariah. There are lawyers and lawyers you know. I had graduated with a high-caste firm. Fudge would never have acknowledged the existence of such a firm as Moses and Co. Frizzleum, who would sometimes have to meet such creatures on behalf of some of his great clients' sons or relatives would treat them with the coldest insolence of which he was capable.

"There I was, however, a suppliant before these Shylocks!

"Mosheim was a dark, rather gentlemanly man, very neatly dressed. But for his curly hair and big nose, you'd have thought him a Christian. He pretended to be busy writing when I entered, and looked up, and motioned me with the butt-end of his pen to a chair; but I walked up to the fireplace and stood there.

"'Mr. Mosheim?'

"'That is my name.'

"'Mine is Roberts, and I'm under-sheriff of Caerleonshire.'

"'Happy to have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of Mr. Under-Sheriff,' said Mosheim, showing his white teeth.

"'I don't come to make your acquaintance, Mr. Mosheim, but to make some arrangements with you as to an unfortunate accident which has happened to me in my official capacity.'

"Mosheim bowed grimly.

"'You are, I believe, acting on behalf of the creditors of Captain Potts?'

"'Certain clients of mine have claims against that gentleman. Well?'

"'A *ca. sa.* taken out by your firm has been with me for execution.'

"'Precisely.'

"'Well, Potts has escaped.'

"'What an excessively disagreeable incident for you!' Again gleamed the white teeth.

"'Now, what I propose to do is this: I undertake to pay you five hundred pounds, in a week, if you will give me a full release.'

"'I think, Mr. — Jones, did you say? — that the total of the detainers is rather more than that. You know the exact figure, perhaps?'

"'You know the figure as well as I do, Mr. Mosheim. Six shillings in the pound, or thereabouts, my offer would give your clients. You would n't have got 6d. in the pound out of Potts.'

"'You appear to know more of Mr. Potts than I do. In reply to your proposal, we decline it. Your sheriff is good for the whole amount.'

"'You absolutely decline it?'

"'Decidedly.'

"As I walked down Bishopsgate Street I felt more comfortable. I knew the worst. After all,

ruin is not so bad in reality as in anticipation. I had plenty of money in my pocket, and it didn't matter now how I spent it. I would stay in town that night, and go to hear Robson, who was then in great force; he might make me forget my troubles. In the mean time I would go and get a steak at a place I knew in Fleet Street, where I used to dine when I was serving out my time in London. As I walked through the City I changed my mind again; the roar of London troubled me. I would get home as speedily as possible, — home among the quiet hills, and hide my troubles. But as I passed the narrow Court in Fleet Street, accustomed but long-forgotten habit, — or was it the hand of Providence which turned me? — drew me up the Court and into the well-known precincts of the 'Stilton.' I went into a box, and ordered a rump-steak and a pint of stout.

"You know the old-fashioned room, I dare say, — its sanded floor and wooden benches, its great fireplaces, and immense kettle? One side of the room is divided into boxes. In the corner of the farthest box from the door, where I was invisible, except to a person standing by the fireplace, I took my seat, and, sitting there waiting for my steak, I heard a number of men enter the room. They made much more clatter and noise than the quiet legal men who formed the rest of the company, who talked mysteriously in half-whispers, as though within the sacred precincts of the Court of Chancery. The voices of the new-comers rose in loud and cheery tones above all the noises of the chop-house. I guessed that the two loudest talkers were military men, probably just returned from India and the Mutiny War just ended. The third, who spoke with milder drawl, I judged to be a Templar. The two heroes were asking about lots of friends; but I did n't pay any attention to their conversation till I heard the name of Potts. Then, indeed, I listened with bated breath, every nerve on the stretch.

"Where's Billy Potts now? I hear he came to grief."

"Oh! Billy's down in Wales, hard up, as usual. I have just heard from him. Such fun! The Jews found him out. He was at Clan-something, a nice little secluded Welsh town. A *ca. sa.* was issued, and poor Billy was nobbled, and the bums took him to a hotel. You know what a nimble —"

"Here the waiter slammed down my dishes and tankard with a tremendous clatter, drowning the mellifluous voice of the Templar. I ground my teeth in despair; 'trap-door' was the only word I could catch, and the next moment a loud guffaw from the military told me the story was ended.

"Capital! capital! and he's in the same house still?"

"Yes; but he'll slip away as soon as the coast is clear."

"Devilish good! Jove! Billy's a match for Moses or Taffy."

"I had heard enough. I had the clew. I remembered that there was a trap-door in the room at the Prince Llewellyn, opening probably into a loft. It was too high for any ordinary man to reach without assistance; but, of course, Potts was in the highest favor with all the lassies at the hotel. Nothing would be easier than to open the trap from above and let down a rope or ladder; and he might be there still!

"I looked at the clock; it was 2.30. I had barely time to catch the 3 express from Paddington, but it might be done. I left my steak and stout untasted

— unpaid for, had not the vigilant head-waiter intercepted me. I flung down half a crown, and without waiting for change bolted into Fleet Street. A hansom was passing, I jumped in, telling the driver he should have a sovereign if he got me in time for the train. Fortune favored me; fortune, do I say? Let me humbly and gratefully thank a kind Providence for saving me and mine from ruin. As we reached Paddington Station the clock was on the stroke of three. One of the big doors had been slammed to, and the porter was closing the second. With a howl that frightened the stolid porter, I threw myself against the closing door. I dashed through the ticket-office on to the platform. The guard had just blown his whistle, the train was gliding gently away. Policemen and porters barred my way in vain. 'Life or death!' I hoarsely roared; grasping a passing handle I flung myself into a first-class carriage. The cabman, unpaid, was running along the platform after his receding fare. I threw him a sovereign, which he caught, and his face assumed a beatific expression, as Paddington Station passed from my gaze.

"By one o'clock in the morning I had reached Llanywm. The moon was shining brightly, and Llanywm was in quiet repose. I stopped the car just outside the town, and walked to the police-station. I roused Inspector Williams, and asked him to send two constables to watch the Prince Llewellyn, and also to wake the two bailiffs and set them on guard. I walked to the Prince Llewellyn and took my stand on the doorstep till my reinforcements should arrive. I had hardly reached the top of the flight of steps when I saw a light over the fanlight, and heard the door-chain rattle. Presently the door was opened cautiously, and emerged into the moonlight, — *Captain Potts.*

"He had closed the door before he saw me, and we stood together on the topmost step of the high stone flight glaring at one another. A fight seemed imminent; we were well matched. I was the taller and heavier, but Potts was more nimble on his pins. At running, however, I could beat him hollow, and Potts knew it, and knew, therefore, that fight would be useless, unless he could previously disable me. But he was a man of presence of mind, and preferred to negotiate before fighting.

"Look here," he said rapidly; "I'm in an awful hole! We've always been good friends, and I don't see that it can harm you to keep your eyes shut for a minute while I get away."

"I had taken him by the arm as he spoke, and held him with a grip so firm, that he didn't need an answer. He drew himself together for a dash at me, but waited for an instant as I spoke.

"Potts!" I said, "your escape would be my ruin; and I'll not let you go till I'm dead."

"Potts looked at me amazed.

"What are the odds to you, if I get out of the clutches of a lot of Jew swindlers?"

"Simply I shall have to pay your debts, and be sold up stick and branch."

"On your honor, is it so?"

"On my honor, it is."

"Roberts, I had no idea of this. I'll cave in. Don't hold me so tight. I give you my word I'll not bolt."

"I took his word, and we walked up and down the street for half an hour, talking over his affairs. Presently the car arrived, and the bailiffs; and I saw him safely started for the county jail.

"Next day I resigned my office.

"After that I acted as Potts's solicitor, and had the pleasure of offering Moses and Mosheim sixpence in the pound, which they accepted, and released Potts. I don't think they lost by him either; they had plucked him pretty well before. He's coming down this week for the fishing; if you're here you'll be glad to know him, for you don't often come across a better fellow or better fisherman than Captain Potts."

THE POWER OF SULKINESS.

GREAT is the power of sulkiness. Fortunately for the world, it rarely exists in its highest and most concentrated form, for, if united to real intellectual or moral force, it would be a despotism so thorough as to be injurious to the general welfare of humanity. But in a less and more ignoble form it is not uncommon, and the deadweight and steady, choking pressure which mankind endure in consequence go to make up an almost intolerable grievance. There are people who have the gift of being sulky for an indefinite length of time, and assert that they act thus on principle; but it is almost invariably found that the principle harmonizes with the nature, for to tempers that are short and sweet, hot, inconsistent, or quickly placable, — and any of these are liable to be suddenly vexed for an hour or two, — it is always a difficulty to sulk. It is a bit of acting and not reality, even when carried out, and the assumption of it is felt to be a burden too heavy to be borne.

The capacity for steady, solid, concentrated sulkiness is a mighty power to him who possesses it; it implies many curious and varied accomplishments and gifts, among others that of the complete mastery of the five senses. It is for a man to be blind when it is desired that he should open his eyes, dumb whenever words would be acceptable, deaf to all allurements or submission, insensible to every effort at conciliation. It can create gloom, and, having created it, it can perpetuate and deepen it until it becomes a clinging atmosphere as unwholesome as a malaria. It comprehends an absolute control over the facial muscles, so that no softness or sign of yielding, not a ripple of a smile or an expression of pleasure, may replace even for a moment the sullen apathy or illumine the habitual scowl of the confirmed sulker. In a word, it is the faculty of simulation to such a degree that a person shall appear to be blind, deaf, dumb, stupid, paralyzed, ill, or dead, whenever and for as long as he chooses. Mr. Helps has truly said, "Unreason always governs. Nothing prevents you having your own way so much as being at all amenable to reason." And sulkiness neither gives reasons nor listens to them. The sulky being sometimes wears a depressed, spiritless, and utterly dejected appearance, as though crushed and heartbroken by long-continued oppression; sometimes a heavy, displeased, dragging step, and a black and lowering brow are the chief signs which indicate the disturbance within, and the form of the vengeance which is to be taken in respect of it. The latter is the masculine type: the former is, properly speaking, feminine. Mr. N. P. Willis, in one of his earlier volumes, has a clever little tale describing the power of an "injured look." By virtue of it a young American lady contrived to persuade a whole house full of boarders to regard her as a martyr, and to speak the worst and think the worst they could of her husband; and all this, without uttering one word herself, was produced

solely by the "injured look." And if there is an "injured look" there is also such a thing as a "dumb devil"; if the power of the one is great, the provocation induced by the latter is unutterable. It is a curious, and to some will appear an unaccountable circumstance that in sulkiness a woman is more often possessed with a dumb devil than is a man.

Sulkiness is visible even in the nursery, where it exists, so to speak, in the form of a bud; but it is merely an outbreak of bad temper, for at that age a child has not learned the method of using it as an instrument with which to punish his playmates. And the wisest way is to leave it entirely unnoticed, "efface" the offender, as the French say, until there is an obvious return to a more amiable disposition. But boys and girls soon learn to estimate the power of sulkiness either by practice or endurance, and a large school is the best check on a despotism of this kind. Sulkiness is not a tyranny which can be safely exercised in society at large, and it is commonly reserved for private or home exhibition. The smaller the circle the more concentrated its force; in a family, in a house, in one room, the power of sulkiness oppresses, searches, and pervades every corner of it. In love-making sulkiness is a deplorable blunder. Smile or strike, or smile and strike, too, if that seems more advisable; but no good ever follows a sullen enmity, which chills, disconcerts, and often actually destroys love. Even that simulated sulkiness, that toothless vengeance, which consists in pouting coldness, is an experiment full of danger, and in the worst possible taste. But if between lovers it is a blunder, in married life it is simply the greatest madness of which a human being can be guilty. There they are man and woman yoked together like goats, and as the countryman justly observed, "that's been a trouble to more than goats," and if either of them is endowed with the faculty of persistent sulkiness, one shudders to think of the life the other one may be made to lead. It might be reasonably urged as a cause for judicial separation, possibly even for divorce, since the practice of quietly pressing the spirit and life out of a human being, no matter how many years the operation spreads over, is not one that ought to be permitted in a Christian country: "væ victis!" the weak go to the wall, and too often the weak are the pleasantest and most lovable of earth's creatures.

Sometimes a person is seen to exhibit something which resembles and yet is not sulks. It is a silent moodiness of manner arising from a sense of failure, mortification, or secret discouragement and vexation which he cannot get over all at once. It is often seen in youth, but in reality the man is struggling with his infirmity, and a kind word or a friendly overture will almost always float him over the difficulty. But genuine sulkiness is essentially premeditated and of a forethought; it is also vindictive, sometimes even malignant, in its nature, and if much indulged in causes the manners to become habitually morose, and the face and person acquire a heavy, sudden appearance as of a substance too long steeped in unwholesome juices. Dragging the feet along the floor and slamming the doors of the house for weeks and months together are vulgar and ignoble but neither uncommon nor inexpressive modes of sulking. We all know of other ways more refined, but not less disagreeable, and remember them too well. The fashion in which the very few words which custom and convenience render abso-

lutely necessary are dropped from the lips as if they were so many leaden bullets; the steadfast, surprised stare that you or any one else should venture to ask such questions as shall require reply of any kind, the pertinacious coldness, the carefully averted glance, the steady gloom, the hand withheld, the smile unreturned, and the hardly muttered acknowledgment of the morning or evening salutation, — who that has witnessed or endured these amenities can forget the effect of them? In fact, the severity of the pressure which a really able, discriminating, and obstinate sulker can bring to bear on others for an indefinite space of time amounts to a tyranny, dumb, indeed, but sufficiently unholty of its kind; neither soft coaxing nor urgent cursing can affect it, and, though to yield is humiliating, it is wellnigh hopeless to resist it.

THE THREE NAMES.

FOR more than four years the three names painted on the doorway of No. 9 Old Inn remained unaltered. The house itself was the smallest in the Inn. All the other houses contained six sets of chambers; No. 9 — cramped up in a corner — had only three sets. They were each occupied by a single tenant, and their names, as painted on the doorway, were, "Mr. Bolt, 2d floor"; "Mr. Hay, 1st floor"; "Mr. Frith, ground-floor."

I was Mr. Hay, of the 1st floor. Mr. Bolt of the 2d floor and I were not on speaking terms. We had frequently met on the stairs and in the passage under our common roof. I knew him very well by sight. He was a tall, thin man, some years younger than I, pleasant-looking, notwithstanding a broken nose and huge red whiskers. He had a noisy, blundering way of moving about; always rushed up the stairs three at a time, kicking and banging his great boots against the woodwork. "That's Bolt!" I used to say, as his footsteps came tumbling up to my floor, and then went tumbling up to his own. I don't know whether he broke his nose over those stairs before I went to No. 9, but I always expected that he would break it again whenever I heard him return home.

Now, Mr. Frith of the ground-floor was different in every way. I knew him equally well by sight; but he and I, likewise, were not on speaking terms. He was short and inclined to be stout. He never seemed in a hurry. He never made a noise, except on his piano, and even the tone of that was soft and subdued like himself.

So we three — the noisy gentleman on the 2d floor, the musical gentleman on the ground-floor, and myself, — I don't know what the other two called me, probably the gentleman with the dog — lived for four years in the same house, and yet were strangers to one another. It seemed part of one's daily life constantly to see Mr. Frith, or to hear Mr. Bolt come tumbling up the stairs; part of one's daily care to prevent becoming acquainted with either; part of the pleasure of one's vacation to get away from them, as it was to get away from the bundles of law papers and clients' letters.

So last autumn, when I went to Switzerland, I endured the sea-passage; bore patiently the sleepless night journeys by rail, and the hot morning drive by diligence, cheered by the thought that I was adding mile after mile to the distance between me and Old Inn and everything connected with it. And all for what? For the very first person I meet at Chamouni to be Mr. Frith in tweeds, in-

stead of Mr. Frith in broadcloth. He was standing just inside the *salle-a-manger*, looking for a seat at the long table, at which the diners were already assembled.

As I enter he turns round, and we look at one another defiantly, with a sort of 'Well! I have as much right here as you,' and then face to the right and left respectively. He goes down one half of the table, and I go up the other, hoping to put the whole length of it between us. There is no vacant seat on that side, so I walk round the end to the other side, and, to my disgust, see that he has done the same. We face each other again, are obliged by necessity to converge towards the same point, and finally seat ourselves near the centre of the table, with only a little Frenchman between us.

The first two courses we eat in silence, either staring at our plates or at the wall before us. Pending the third course the Frenchman turns to Mr. Frith, but that gentleman, not wishing to look my way, tries hard to escape the proffered conversation. The Frenchman, however, who speaks English very well, has no intention of being shaken off, and common courtesy forces Mr. Frith to answer.

"Do you come from London?" again begins the little tormentor, as soon as the dessert commences.

"Yes."

"Ah! it is a fine city that London. I know it well. From what part of London do you come?"

"Old Inn."

"Indeed! Do you know a Mr. Smith at Old Inn?"

"No."

"No! At what number in Old Inn do you live?"

"Nine."

"Nine!" echoes the little gentleman; "and Mr. Smith lives at No. 10, and you do not know him."

"No."

Not over pleased, the Frenchman turns to me, and Mr. Frith, very much pleased, turns away from us both.

"And are you from London too?" he begins, as though I had taken a part in the previous conversation.

Mr. Frith's back being towards us, I don't mind answering the little fellow, seeing that he does not care whether I come from London or Timbuctoo, but that it is simply impossible for him to eat his dinner in silence. So I say, "Yes, I come from London. All Englishmen seem to live in London, don't they?"

"Oh! but it is such a large city! From what part of London do you come?"

"Old Inn."

"Again Old Inn," he says, with a smile. "Perhaps you know Mr. Smith at No. 10?"

"I only know him by sight," I answer; and then, for the fun of increasing the little gentleman's astonishment, I add, "I live at No. 9."

The words are hardly spoken when the Frenchman, with true politeness, pushes back his chair. "Then you and this gentleman," touching Mr. Frith's arm, "are travelling together, and I have separated you and prevented your talking. I am so sorry. Will you take my seat and be next your friend?"

He is just rising for us to exchange chairs, when I put my hand upon his shoulder and whisper, "Thank you. I thank you. No. I do not know that gentleman."

The little fellow nods as if he understood, and then says, also speaking in a whisper, "You have quarrelled then? I beg your pardon if I have been disagreeable to you."

"Oh! not at all. We have never spoken to each other."

"What!" he cries, forgetting now to speak in an undertone; "you two live in the same house and you do not know one another! Ah, well!" putting a hand on our arms and smiling at both of us, "you will know one another now, and be great friends for the future."

There is no help for it. "I shall have great pleasure," says Mr. Frith, with a freezing bow. And I bow likewise and in a like manner, but say nothing.

Then follows a pause, during which the diners begin to leave the table; so we three rise and stand by our chairs, still with the Frenchman in the middle.

"Come!" he says, presently, and suddenly laughing; "you two have been making fun of me. Is it not so? You are friends travelling together."

Mr. Frith immediately denies this statement, and, having done so, walks away to a window, which looks out upon Mont Blanc. After what has passed, I feel that the one who first leaves the room will be obliged to make some remark, or do some little act of courtesy to the other; and to avoid the burden of doing this being thrown upon me, I go into the recess of the window next Mr. Frith's, and likewise stare at Mont Blanc. The Frenchman wishes us both good-evening, and takes himself off.

The next minute I hear his voice again. He and somebody else have come into collision in the passage, whereupon follows a mutual asking of pardons, and he enters the room again. His companion is hidden by the screen near the door, but I hear the little fellow say, still speaking in English, —

"Ah, Monsieur! you are just too late. The diligence from Genève was behind time, I suppose? You have ordered dinner, of course? Yes. Come and look at Mont Blanc. The moonlight is on it."

From my window I hear their footsteps approaching me, — the tripping, light step of the one, and the heavy, slouching tread of the other. As I listen to the latter a cold chill comes over me. We distinguish footsteps after a time as we learn to know voices. I have a strong misgiving that I know that tread, but I listen in suspense without looking round.

"Yes, it is very grand," says a voice at my elbow, referring to Mont Blanc, which towers before us clear and distinct in the bright moonlight.

O, that voice! It realizes my worst fears. How often had I heard it calling from the second floor at No. 9 Old Inn. I feel disposed to rush out of the room, but remembering Mr. Frith at the next window, wait to see what comes of Mr. Bolt's arrival.

"Very grand," he continues. "We don't have sights like that in London. Do you know London?"

"Gently, gently, Mr. Bolt! for your own sake," I murmur. "If you could only know the trap you are falling into."

"O yes! I know London," replies the Frenchman, promptly. "What part of London do you come from?"

"Old Inn."

"Old Inn!" echoes the other, in a tone of surprise. "Do you know Mr. Smith at No. 10?"

"N—o. That is to say, I know the name. He lives next door to me."

"You live, then, at No. —?"

"No. 9," plumps out Mr. Bolt.

"Then you expect to meet a friend here," says the Frenchman, looking for Mr. Frith, seeing that Mr. Bolt does not seem to recognize my back.

"No, I don't expect to meet a friend."

"Then you will meet one; you will meet two. Look, here is one. And you were close to him, and yet you did not know him."

As I turn round in obedience to the Frenchman's pull, Mr. Bolt does know me, but not as a friend, for he looks as if he would like to punch my head for being there.

"No; I have n't the pleasure of knowing this gentleman," he says; putting on a sickly smile.

"What!" cries the other. "Ah! Then that is the friend you will meet," pointing to Mr. Frith, who at that moment unwittingly comes out of the recess of his window.

"No; I have n't the pleasure of knowing him either."

For a minute the Frenchman does not seem to understand. "But you all live in the same house," he then says slowly.

"O yes," replies Mr. Bolt, who begins to see the fun, and seems rather to enjoy it, — "all lived there, I believe, for more than four years."

"And you are all strangers?"

"Perfect strangers," again replies Mr. Bolt.

"Well, I should not have thought it possible, even in England," says the little fellow so seriously that we all smile. He looks first at one and then at another, and finally rushes off to tell his friends of the three curiosities that he has discovered.

Our smiles vanish with his presence, and the moment he is gone our black looks return. Mr. Bolt goes off to the third window; Mr. Frith returns to his recess; I remain in mine; so we all stand and stare at Mont Blanc.

"Very fine," says Mr. Frith, being obliged to pass me in leaving the room, and feeling that he ought to say something.

"Very fine," I answer; and so exits the "ground floor."

"Looks very beautiful in the moonlight," I suggest to Mr. Bolt, as I follow Mr. Frith's example.

"Very beautiful," he answers, but does not leave his window as long as I remain in the room, though his dinner is on the table and the garçon waiting to remove the cover. Then I go, and, after that, we meet no more that night.

The next morning I am not as careful of my landlord's feelings, perhaps, as I might be. I hardly proffer an excuse for leaving, but leave I do, and take up my quarters in another hotel. That settled, I go to the post-office, thence to the Bureau des Guides, and on my way thither, after a good deal of considering this and looking at that, decide upon the excursion for that day. I choose the one to "Le Jardin," arguing that it was too far for Mr. Frith, and that Mr. Bolt, who evidently had not visited Chamouni before, was not likely to do that excursion on his first day. Pretty confident, therefore, that I should not be troubled with either of them, I hire a guide and start at once to make up for lost time.

"Pity I did n't start an hour ago."

"Why?" I say to Pierre — Pierre being my guide — as we go up the zigzags of the Montanvert.

"Because Jacques went with another English

gentleman, and it would have been company for us," answers Pierre.

I express myself quite satisfied with the companionship I have, and Pierre, of course, swears that he was thinking of me only and not of himself. When we reach the glacier we see the gentleman of whom he spoke, but he is too far ahead for me to distinguish him.

Feeling sure, however, that he is neither Mr. Frith nor Mr. Bolt, I don't bother my head about him. As we go along Pierre tells me a long story about some of his comrades. He speaks villanous *patois*, and has a confused way of telling his story; and so, though I do my best to be enlightened, I am never certain whether I am supposed to be Jean or Alphonse; in fact, I can't make out whether Jean and Alphonse are two distinct men, or the two names of the same man. Jean falls down a crevasse; I understand that; but then it is Alphonse who is afterwards pulled up, so I get hopelessly muddled again. And, moreover, I can't sufficiently realize that I am either of them, for, as we near "Le Jardin," my own legs keep cruelly reminding me that I am Alfred Hay and nobody else; and I find myself panting in a way that either Jean or Alphonse would be ashamed of doing.

"Ah, voilà Jacques!" exclaims Pierre, as we step on to the grass at our journey's end, pointing to his comrade, who rises from the side of the stream over which he was stooping. I look round for the Englishman, but he is not visible. Jacques, when he comes to us, points to a great boulder of rock behind which, he says, the other is lying, rather knocked up by the walk. And there, sure enough, I see part of a pair of legs so protruding beyond the boulder as to indicate that their owner is on the broad of his back. While I am looking at them they begin to move with a wriggling sort of motion, and, the next minute, Mr. Frith's face appears, cautiously peeping beyond the rock. Completely taken by surprise, and not having time to turn away, I stare vacantly at the sky over his head; but I see, nevertheless, his face disappear again very quickly, and his legs wriggle nearly out of sight.

"Hang him!" only I say something stronger; and he, doubtless, from behind his boulder, returns the compliment. "What on earth made him come up here?" I mutter, feeling a strong temptation to send a big stone by my side at his boots.

They prevent me admiring the view; they prevent me enjoying my luncheon; they make me wish that he and they were at the bottom of the deepest crevasse in Switzerland. And, worse still, when Jacques, coming to my side, expresses his pleasure at seeing me, because I can help "Monsieur là" back to Chamouni. "Not I. I'll see 'Monsieur là' frozen to death before I will help him." And to avoid being called upon to assist him in any way, I tell Pierre that I am in a hurry to get back, and hint that we had better start at once. To this he answers, "Here are two others coming." It has nothing to do with my getting back, but, nevertheless, I ask where the others are.

"There!" And both he and Jacques point out the direction. I can't see the new-comers at first, and, when I do, I lose them again immediately afterwards. They are much nearer the next time they appear; near enough for me to discern that one of them is tall and thin, and, though he is walking quickly, has an awkward, clumsy step. That is quite enough. I am certain who he is; but after

finding Mr. Frith at "Le Jardin," I am not surprised. I take it quite philosophically at first. Then I try to look at our all meeting again in its ludicrous light, but here I miserably fail and get angry. I lean back in disgust and pull my hat over my face; and the rest of my grumbling is confided to the lining.

In due course of time Mr. Bolt reaches "Le Jardin." The guide, after handing him the haversac and receiving back his portion of the luncheon, joins the other two. Mr. Bolt scrutinizes my corpus; again fails to recognize me, but suspects me to be English, so he keeps his distance. Peeping under my hat, I see Pierre and Jacques presently compare watches and then rise. The latter, however, moves away alone and goes to the boulder. At his first words the odious boots disappear entirely, but he begins to remonstrate; shows his watch; points to the sun; and after a little while bends forward to help Mr. Frith to rise.

That gentleman then emerges from behind his friendly rock, shaking his legs and settling his coat, and, without looking my way, tries to bustle off as if he did not know I was there. Not so Jacques. He speaks to Pierre, who comes to my side, and Jacques lingers, seeing that I do not rise. Meanwhile Mr. Frith, by his crablike movement, nearly tumbles over Mr. Bolt, without seeing him. "Halloa," cries the latter, "you here!" Whereupon Mr. Frith turns round and stares, with open eyes and mouth, seeing Mr. Bolt when he expected to see me.

"I had not an idea you were here," he says, emphasizing the "you," and so criminating himself. "Fine scene, is n't it?" He then makes a second attempt to be off, but Jacques still lingers.

Pierre all this time has been nudging me in the side, and now, shaking me gently, says, quite loudly, that the other gentleman is going. Being unable to feign sleep any longer under such treatment, I remove my hat and sit up, and see that Mr. Bolt is looking at me. "By Jove! No. 9 in force," laughs that gentleman, pointing at me and then at Mr. Frith, who thereupon pretends to see me for the first time.

"Mr. Hay, too," he says, in feigned surprise. "Dear me, have you been here long?"—asking this in the most innocent tone.

"Why, nearly an hour," I answer, as if it was the strangest thing in the world that we should have been so near one another for so long and not have found it out.

The next minute we are all standing together, no one knowing how to get away first or how to stop behind. But Pierre puts an end to any manoeuvring by saying that if we wish to get to Chamouni in time for the table d'hôte, we must start at once. We can't say that we don't wish to be there in time for the table d'hôte, so we look helplessly at one another as the three guides start off together; and then we three follow, also together, but in silence.

Mr. Bolt is the first to speak. "It seems," he says, "that we are not to be separated." Well! fate is fate; and as we have, likewise, a walk of about five hours before us, it is nonsense to be snappish and surly. There is n't much conversation at first, just a remark about the scenery or a word about climbing; but it creeps on little by little. We begin to talk more freely and to say what we think. We avoid speaking about No. 9, or anything connected with it, for some time, till Mr. Bolt asks me why I did n't bring my dog.

He claims an acquaintance with it, that I was not aware of; and that makes me think better of him directly. We pass "Les Egralets," but not without Mr. Bolt nearly killing himself, and get well upon the glacier. The crevasses are nothing, and we walk abreast. I begin to think, as we go along, that Mr. Frith is not a bad fellow, and that there is a good deal of fun, after all, in Mr. Bolt. I find their conversation more pleasant than the guide's, with his interminable story about Jean and Alphonse. We actually get to laugh about the little Frenchman and about our all meeting, and, somehow, speak about the latter as if it were a fortunate occurrence. I begin to wish that I had n't changed my hotel, and, while I am thinking about it, Mr. Frith asks if I did n't think the — very full last night. "Yes, and too much dress. One does n't care for that sort of thing here, you know."

"No, you don't. In fact, I changed this morning to the —, naming one equally good, but quieter, and more frequented by regular pedestrians."

"You went there! As Mr. Bolt says, 'we are not to be separated.' I changed there this morning too."

"Simply because the other was too crowded?" he says, with a smile.

"That's the only reason why you left it, I suppose?" I answer.

Then we both laugh, but promise, nevertheless, to look out for one another at the table d'hôte.

"And I shall be left alone with the Frenchman," says Mr. Bolt, with mock seriousness.

"No, come and dine with us," replies Mr. Frith.

"And bring the Frenchman," I add. "Then we can have a rubber afterwards. He will be sure to play."

When the time for the rubber comes, we find that he does play, and a first-rate hand into the bargain. Before he leaves us he makes a little speech. We are in a room by ourselves, so he stands up and drinks our healths, and then says that it is the happiest day in his life, for he has made us friends forever.

We cannot persuade him to join us on our next day's excursion, for which the three of us start together instead of meeting half-way. That excursion is followed by another, and that by another, and so on, for a fortnight, till we reach Aosta, and are there forced to part.

Since then we have all met again at No. 9. But the three names are no longer the same on the doorway. Mr. Frith's alone remains. Mr. Bolt and I, however, often go there; and it was only the other night that we were making arrangements for starting on our next trip together.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

IF one could create an expurgated edition of history, one might put Madame de Pompadour out of sight; but alas! the eighteenth century, and even the French Revolution, cannot be understood without taking her into consideration. She was possessed of greater power in Europe than any woman of modern times, with the exception, perhaps, of Elizabeth of England, and Catharine of Russia. She was the Sultana of France for twenty years, with the Sultan in leading-strings. Therefore history, with a blush, is obliged to chronicle the doings of the Pompadour.

The President Hainault — who was one of the little coterie of friends who formed the consolation

of the deserted Marie Leckzinska — met this destructive creature first in 1742.

"I found at Madame de Montigny's," he writes to Madame du Deffaud, "one of the prettiest women I ever saw, Madame d'Etiolles; she knows music perfectly; she sings with all possible gayety and taste; she has composed a hundred songs, and acts the comedies at Etiolles on a stage as good as that of the Opera."

Destiny seems to have marked her out from her cradle and educated her for the sultana form of existence. She was, as is well known, originally a Mademoiselle Poisson by birth, Jeanne Antoinette Poisson. Her mother was beautiful, but depraved. Her nominal father, M. Poisson, was the son of a peasant. M. Poisson became chief clerk to the famous speculators, — the brothers Paris Daverney, — who, as contractors for the army, had accounts with the French War Office which were found fraudulent. M. Poisson was fixed upon as the chief culprit, and condemned to be hung, a fate which he escaped by flight, and he was hung only in effigy, and lived to get his pardon by intercession with the authorities. He was a cynical, intemperate, vulgar person, who would naturally never have attracted the notice of posterity but for the notoriety of his nominal daughter. She took care to keep him as far away from Versailles as possible; where, however, he would come sometimes, and put her elegance to the blush. On such occasions, however, she always treated him with respect, and, moreover, she paid his debts, gave him one estate, and got him another.

He took little notice of Jeanne Antoinette, however, till her strange fortune was made; but left her, and his wife, and a boy who bore his name, and became the Marquis de Marigny, to the charge of M. le Normant de Tournhem, the veritable father of Jeanne Antoinette, a rich fermier-général, who took every pains, and spared no expense, in educating the little Poisson; for Jeanne Antoinette was one of the most graceful and charming of blonde-haired children, and already full of intelligence, wit, and vivacity.

Her mother from the first styled her "un vrai morceau de roi," and was enchanted with the possession of so bewitching a daughter; and this the more, as when Jeanne was at the age of nine, a fortune-teller, one Madame Lebon prophesied that she should become mistress of Louis XV. There can be no doubt about the fact, for in Madame de Pompadour's accounts there exists the record of a pension granted to one Madame Lebon, for having predicted her future elevation. M. de Tournhem gave his protégée an education in which nothing was neglected but morality. She had the very best of masters for every accomplishment suitable to a royal Thais or Aspasias. Jelyotte, of the Opera, instructed her in singing and the harpsichord; Guibaudet, in dancing; Crébillon and Lanoue, in belles-lettres and declamation. She was taught to be a most graceful and accomplished horsewoman, and to draw and engrave on copper and stone. Her playing and singing were such, even as a girl, as to excite veritable enthusiasm; so that in society on one occasion, when Madame de Mailly, the first mistress of Louis XV., was present, the reigning favorite rushed at her and clasped her in her arms with admiration. Such are the strange contrasts which destiny loves to exhibit, — the present and the future mistress of Louis XV. embracing each other!

How beautiful she was may still be seen in her portraits by La Tour, Boucher, and others. She was tall, voluptuously and finely made, with the whitest and smoothest of skins; her eyes were brown and brilliant; her teeth were white and small; her arms round and perfect; her hands beautiful and fine; her blonde hair, which she wore only half disguised with powder, rippled beyond her white temples in the freshest of little waves; and her small mouth was closed with delicate lips, which had an infinitive cherry-like freshness and fullness, till they became pale and withered with the convulsive bitings which the never-ending affronts and agitations of her Versailles life produced. Her enemies, male and female, at Versailles, in later days, watched the daily withering of these lips, and the gradual emaciation of the round lines of her once-blooming cheek, and found comfort. We must add to these charms of person her taste for dress and for elegance of all kinds, which was exquisite for the time. In matters of this nature she was accepted as sole arbitress; for no porcelain vase, no sedan-chair, no pen, no slipper, nothing noticeable in dress or furniture comes down from those days without speaking of the Pompadour. Notice in the portrait of La Tour, at the Louvre, the serried rows of light lilac bows of ribbon, called in those days "*nœuds de parfais contentements*," which are arranged across the little low bodice over one of the most graceful of bosoms, with the lace-trimmed, flowered satin body of her dress cut and scalloped away on either side, and think of what the Pompadour must have been when she was dressed.

Such charms at nineteen were sufficient to turn the head of the nephew of M. de Tournheim, M. le Normant d'Etiolles, and he wanted to marry her; but his parents held the immoral reputation of the Poisson couple in such loathing, that they refused to hear of the match. Nevertheless, their scruples were overcome, as such scruples are too often overcome, by money. M. de Tournheim was very rich, and offered to give half his property at once to the young couple, and to settle the other half on them, and the marriage was made.

This was Mademoiselle Poisson's first promotion in life, — a step which made her subsequent elevation possible. As Mademoiselle Poisson, she could hardly hope ever to become reigning mistress of Louis XV., but as Madame le Normant d'Etiolles, with the entrée into the gilded salons of the great financial people, — her husband was a *fermier-général*, as was her uncle, — she felt sure of gaining a reputation as one of the most charming women of Paris, and of making her name reach the king's ears, — for to be royal mistress, and nothing else, was the object of her ambition. It seems strange that when so many great and beautiful ladies, constantly under the eye of the king, were aiming at this position without success, that this little bourgeoisie should have set her heart upon it, and have succeeded without much difficulty; but there seems to have been a most wonderful conspiracy of destiny, of chance, of all 'occult and evil influences, to make the Pompadour succeed, and she did succeed.

And yet, leaving morality aside, her position as Madame le Normant d'Etiolles was infinitely superior to that for which she longed. She was respected, and might have been adored, by the most distinguished men in France. Her husband was not handsome, but he was passionately devoted to her,

and was an upright, honorable man. She had a fine town house, and a splendid country house at Etiolles, near Corbeil. Diplomats and men of letters crowded to her salons. She was feted and incensed without a thought of self-interest in those days by such men as Voltaire, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, Bernis, and Maupertuis. During the three or four years that she lived with her husband she had two children; one of whom died, indeed, an infant, but the other, a daughter, was full of grace and promise. On all this her ambitious spirit looked with contempt. Without a thought for the man she had married, she was scheming to break up forever his life of domestic prosperity and happiness, and to deliver him over to the loves of opera-girls, while she herself should mount to a throne of illicit glory, — where her soul should be devoured by daily and hourly jealousy, anguish, fear, and despair, and be subject to never-ending horrible agitations, to agonizing tensions and clinchings of the nerves, to devouring of the lips and convulsions of the heart, — all in the presence of malignant, envious, and triumphant eyes.

She began to play for her stake very soon after her marriage. As often as the French king went to hunt in the forest of Sénart, near Corbeil, he was sure to be met by a ravishing creature, either on horseback or in a pony-carriage, dressed in the most fairy-like fantasies of blue and rose hunting dresses. But these were the passionate times of the royal favor of Madame de Châteauroux, with whom Louis was then too deeply engrossed to allow him to take much notice of the devices of Madame d'Etiolles. However, Madame d'Etiolles's little stratagems were not unnoticed by the Châteauroux, for one evening, in her apartments, when the Duchesse de Chevreuse asked the king if he had seen la petite d'Etiolles, Madame de Châteauroux walked up to her and stamped with her red heel so fiercely on Madame de Chevreuse's foot, that the poor duchess fell down in a faint; and shortly after, at the motion of Madame de Châteauroux, notice was sent to la petite d'Etiolles that she had better desist from appearing at the king's hunting parties at all.

Destiny, however, removed the superb Châteauroux, with her haughty graces and her domineering airs, out of the way of Madame d'Etiolles. The duchess died the tragic death we all know of in the Rue du Bac, just as she had arrived at the very zenith of her ambition. And not long after, at a grand masked opera ball, in Paris, a lady in a blue domino excited the curiosity of the king, with witty and caustic speeches, and when pressed to unmask, showed him the sprightly features of the lady of the forest of Sénart. She withdrew at once, however, into a circle of friends, contriving to let fall her handkerchief, which the king picked up and threw after her, — upon which, of course, the universal mot was, "*Le mouchoir est jété*." Madame d'Etiolles happened — destiny again! — to have a relative in the palace, one Binet, in the very handy situation of valet de chambre to the king, and through Binet's mediation, Madame d'Etiolles became very shortly lodged in the Palace of Versailles, in the very apartments of Madame de Mailly, the enthusiastic admirer of her harpsichord performances, and was supping with the king, and the Duchesse de Lauraguais, the Marquise de Bellefonds, the Ducs of Ayen, Richelieu, and Boufflers, in the little cabinets.

Before, however, Madame d'Etiolles had effected

her purpose of getting lodged in Versailles as titled mistress, there was necessarily a preliminary period of seduction and negotiation, during which she had got her husband invited away into the country, to the house of a M. de Savalette. When the poor man was about to return to Paris his uncle, M. de Tournheim, came and found him, and broke the news to him that his wife was now the mistress of the king. At this M. d'Etiolles fell down in a faint. As soon as he returned to his senses, his desperation was so great that it was feared he would commit suicide.

For some time all weapons were taken out of his way, and the inconsolable husband at last, after vainly threatening to go to Versailles and tear her away out of the arms of the king, wrote a suppliant letter, begging her to return, with all the energy of affection and despair. Madame de Pompadour, whose heart must have been made of rock-crystal, had the brutality to show this letter to the king; but Louis XV. disappointed her by saying coolly, "Madame, you have a husband of excellent principles." Nevertheless, it was thought advisable to remove M. d'Etiolles from Paris, which it was easy to do, since he was a *fermier-général*, and provincial employment in the south was given him. After being seriously ill with grief, he ultimately succeeded in entirely curing himself of all love for a heartless woman, and in a year and a half he returned to Paris. Madame de Pompadour had been a wife to him for about four years. Of their two children, the son died in infancy, and the daughter lived only to the age of eleven. Madame de Pompadour had taken the precaution of having a separation deed drawn out at the *Châtelet*, on the 15th of June, 1745, immediately after her instalment in the *château de Versailles*.

During the absence of her husband in the south, Madame d'Etiolles had become, by letters patent, the *Marquise de Pompadour*, and it was during this journey that, at one of the provincial dinner-tables to which the *fermier-général*, in consequence of his position, was a frequent guest, he was observed by a country gentleman, who had noticed the civility with which the stranger had been everywhere treated, and had asked his neighbor who he was. "Pouvez-vous l'ignorer?" said his neighbor; "c'est le mari de la *Marquise de Pompadour*." The simple country gentleman knew nothing of either M. d'Etiolles or the newly created Madame de Pompadour, but, wishing to be civil to a stranger, seized the opportunity of a moment's silence to rise, glass in hand, and address M. d'Etiolles thus: "Monsieur le *Marquis de Pompadour*, voulez-vous bien me permettre d'avoir l'honneur de saluer votre santé?"

Not, perhaps, in all history can be found an example of such a domination as that which Madame de Pompadour established over Louis XV. He was really her superior in knowledge of affairs and of men, and in capacity. For Louis XV. was by no means an ordinary man. He had great talents, and was capable of energy in emergencies. What, then, was the secret of Madame de Pompadour's power over him? It was this. He was governed by his indolence, his ennui, and his sensuality; and she undertook to govern these. If he was her superior in capacity, she was his superior in will, and he was only too happy to give up to a mistress the power he would never have confided to a minister. But to make her hold on him secure, she had to study his character, and to humor his weak-

ness, to a degree which has never, perhaps, been surpassed.

All her energies, all her quickness of perception, were watchful day and night to keep him in her bonds, and to this she sacrificed every dignity and delicacy of woman. For it was not only for the king that she had to play daily and nightly the parts of Circe and of Scheherazade. She had to defend herself day by day against the contrivances of her enemies, who were incessantly scheming to force a new mistress on the king. Many, and painful, and long were the agonies she had to endure on this score. Not that there was one pang of jealousy mixed up with such agonies! They were the mere convulsions of ambition on the brink of destruction. The beautiful Madame de Coislin gave her many a bitter hour; but her most dangerous rival was the *Duchesse de Choiseul Romanet*,—who, indeed, extracted from Louis a promise that the Pompadour should be dismissed. But Madame de Choiseul Romanet was betrayed by her own cousin, M. de Stanville, afterwards the Duc de Choiseul; for which service the Pompadour took charge of his advancement, and ultimately made him prime minister. After incalculable pangs and fears of this kind, Madame de Pompadour devised the most ignoble system for attaching the king to her, which it ever entered into the head of a woman to adopt towards a lover.

Conscious that the king's passion for herself had faded away, and that she was in no position to recall it, she determined to provide herself other mistresses for the king, but mistresses from whom she would have nothing to fear. A great lady might become a rival, and oust her from her place; but she took care that the small houses of the *Parc aux Cerfs* should not have for inmates any dangerous rivals. Yet still the Pompadour had to be on her guard. Even here a too-fascinating creature, younger than herself, and of superior beauty, might step in. And, though she was thus defended, the ladies of the court were still dangerous to her. Should a true rival turn up, adieu to all the splendors of Versailles, to her *loge grillée* at the theatre, where she sat alone with the king,—adieu to the seats for herself and suite in the royal gallery of the chapel of Versailles,—adieu to the crowd of daily worshippers, *grands seigneurs*, *duchesses*, and others who crowded to her antechamber every morning, in attendance on the goddess of fortune, whom one turn of the wheel would throw into the mire from which she sprang,—adieu to the long days with the king at la Muette, at the Trianon, at Choisy, at Marly, where, like a veritable Queen, she sat by her royal lover and talked with him for hours in face of the whole court,—adieu to the splendid gifts of New Year's Day, to ivory tablets jewelled with diamonds, marked with the arms of France, and containing notes of 50,000 francs, and to other presents, like that of the great diamond of the *Duchess of Orleans*, valued at 80,000 livres,—adieu to the gorgeous household state which she maintained,—when once the royal exchequer should be closed against her! Her groom of the chamber was a Chevalier d'Henin, a gentleman of one of the best families of Guenno, who unblushingly waited in her antechamber, and when she went out walked by the side of her sedan-chair with her mantle on his arm. Her waiting-maids were two ladies of good birth. Her steward was a lawyer who wore the cross of Saint Louis. Even the very footman who waited behind her chair at table was a chevalier de Saint Louis; and her

yearly expenses have been calculated at one million livres, at the least.

The most dangerous rivals, however, she ever had to fear at court, in her capacity of prime enchantress to the king, were the king's own daughters. The king began to find a charm in their society, which menaced the influence of Madame de Pompadour. The whole royal family naturally detested her, with the exception of the queen, who was too good-natured to detest anybody; and the daughters of Louis—Loque, Coque, Chiffe, and Graille—made a desperate attempt to be as amusing as Madame de Pompadour, and to supplant her by drinking champagne most jovially at the royal supper-tables; but Madame de Pompadour managed to render all these little stratagems nugatory by forestalling the princesses in the occupation of an apartment at Versailles, which placed her in closer communication, by a secret staircase, with those of the king.

The king, indeed, with the exception of the time he gave to hunting, and to his visits to the Parc aux Cerfs, passed nearly his whole life with his sultana. He went into her apartments early in the morning, was present at her toilet, remained with her till the hour of mass, came back with her after chapel, then took soup or a cutlet with her, and did not withdraw till six in the evening. On hunting days he was away, of course, but he supped with her. All Madame de Pompadour's talents of conversation, all the devices of an inventive mind, were put in action to amuse her sultan; all the little tittle-tattle of Paris and Versailles, all the scandal of the time, came rippling from her fluent tongue into the ears of a king who was the greatest conceivable lover of gossip, and most curious of every small detail of private life;—one of whose greatest pleasures, indeed, was the perusal of private letters, selected and unsealed for him in the cabinet noir of the Paris post-office. The king, as is well known, was so much at a loss for occupation that at one period of life he took to needlework and tapestry, at another to wood-turning with a lathe; and at Madame Pompadour's, when he had nothing better to do, he would have a delinquent domestic of his mistress's household called up before him for cross-examination, and on one occasion he cross-questioned a footman for two hours, who was accused of having stolen some lace. After talk and scandal, the marquise fell back on her musical accomplishments, and with that perfect grace she possessed, sang and played to the king on various instruments. She had especially the tact of applying herself to the royal humor, of being gay when he was gay, and being serious when he was serious. On these latter occasions it was, however, sometimes not so easy for her to go wholly with the royal caprice.

On one occasion, when the king's humor, as often was the case, took a gloomy, semi-devotional turn, he entered her apartments with a volume of Bourdaloue in his hand, and expounded to her the serious reflections which the reading of the sermon had called up, and proposed to re-read the sermon in company with her. The marquise naturally had a frightful dread of any signs of reformation in the king, and she refused to hear the discourse most energetically, and tried to change the subject of conversation, upon which Louis went off to his own apartments, saying, "Eh bien, je m'en vais donc chez moi continuer ma lecture," leaving the marquise in a state of tears and inexpressible anxiety.

The astonishing favor with which the mistress was regarded naturally created crowds of enmities and jealousies. The royal family was, of course, among those most hostile to the Pompadour. As for the queen, she had long given up all hope of reclaiming her husband, and she was as content to see her place occupied with the Pompadour as by anybody else. Indeed, Madame de Pompadour did all she could, by every kind of forethought and attention, to conciliate Marie Leckzinska, and the queen was touched by her humility, and thought that she might be better off thus than with a haughtier rival.

Marie Leckzinska's good-will was a wonderful protection for the mistress, who made use of the amiability of the queen to fortify her position as much as possible. She got permission to ride in one of the queen's carriages when the court changed its residence, which gave the favorite a position in the eyes of the public very different from that she would otherwise have held; and Marie Leckzinska made no objection to her seat at chapel in the royal gallery. In matters of religion, however, the queen's conscience did not permit her to be so lenient. She refused to allow her husband's mistress to carry one of the church vessels in the ceremony of the Cène, or to be one of the quêtesuses on Easter Sunday.

Marie Leckzinska, too, in one instance, showed some pleasant malice in her way of receiving Madame de Pompadour, which proved that she was not so resigned as she appeared to be outwardly. Madame de Pompadour entered her apartment one day, before her little court, to pay her respects. She bore a large basket of flowers in her fine hands and arms, without gloves, as etiquette required. As she stood in front of the queen, after making her obeisance, the latter, in a cool way, out loud, and with measured voice, proceeded to make a running commentary on the beauties of the marquise, as though the Pompadour were a statue or work of art, which justified the taste of the king. Her complexion, her eyes, her fine arms, were all the subject of a praise which could not be taken as flattering from the superiority of tone in which it was administered; and finally the queen requested the favorite, as she stood in that awkward attitude, with her basket on her arm, to sing something. It was vain to refuse.

The queen insisted, to the surprise of the company, Madame de Pompadour sang forth, with all the force of her fine voice, a monologue from Glück's "Armida": "Enfin il est en ma puissance." Marie Leckzinska changed color at this audacious outburst, and her whole court hardly knew what attitude to assume. But the poor queen was too used to humiliation to show any resentment; and not long after she made a visit to Madame de Pompadour at her château at Choisy, at the invitation of the king, who had never been seen to be so attentive to her as on that evening;—which so delighted Marie Leckzinska that she was heard to say, "Je ne m'en irai d'ici que quand on me chassera."

Not so pleasant, however, were the relations of the favorite with the younger members of the family. The young Dauphin, when obliged to give her the accolade of etiquette, thrust out his tongue at her on one occasion, and was banished from court for some time in consequence. All the royal children sought to mortify her as much as possible,—as on one occasion, when they rode in the same carriage to a hunting party with her, and never addressed her a

word during the whole ride. But Madame de Pompadour revenged herself fully in her quiet way; for, as the Dauphin grew up, and naturally wanted to assist in the advancement of his friends and attendants, he found Madame de Pompadour before him at every step.

She was informed of every vacancy, every office at court, in the army, or in the administration, to be given away, and when the Dauphin applied to the ministers for a protégé, he was always informed it had been already promised to a relative or dependant of Madame de Pompadour; and on one occasion, when a protégé of the Dauphin cried out at the injustice of a nomination over his head, he was, in spite of M. le Dauphin and his protestations, sent off to cool his indignation to the state prison of For l'Evêque.

Once or twice only did the Dauphin and the princesses manage to score a point against her. Madame de Pompadour had, however, to put up with an occasional checkmate from the fine spirit of railery of some of the old noblesse, who refused to pay court to this bourgeoisie mistress. The Prince de Conti and she were always at war. She hated the prince because he directed the secret diplomacy of Louis XV., into which she could gain no initiation. The Prince de Conti was, moreover, one of the most capable and honest men in the kingdom, but would do nothing to conciliate the favorite. He was obliged to visit her, nevertheless, one day on the king's business, when she omitted to offer him a seat. The interview was in her bedroom, so the prince coolly seated himself on her bed, saying, "Voilà, madame, un excellent coucher." The marquise behaved just the same to another great seigneur, M. de Beaufremont, who on the occasion tranquilly stretched himself in an arm-chair. The most audacious repartee of this kind, however, came to her from the Marquis de Souvré, one of the most witty courtiers of the time. The marquis, in an easy way, seated himself on the arm of her own chair till he had concluded his conversation.

Madame de Pompadour complained to the king, who spoke about the matter to M. de Souvré. "Sire," replied he, "j'étois diablement las, et ne sachant où m'asseoir, je me suis aidé comme j'ai pu." Louis, who was always good-natured and loved a joke, laughed loudly at the reply; and the marquise could get no redress on M. de Souvré. As for smaller people who offended her, it is well known she filled half the Bastille and other state prisons in Paris. Everybody has heard of Latude and his attempted escape from the Bastille, where he was shut up for forty years at the original motion of Madame de Pompadour; but it is not so well known that his heirs, in 1793, brought an action for damages against the family of Madame de Pompadour for the imprisonment of their father, and that they obtained a verdict in their favor, condemning their opponents to the payment of 60,000 livres, only 10,000 of which, however, were paid.

It may be said that all the world, both within Versailles and without it, were the enemies of Madame de Pompadour, — excepting only they who were attached to her by some obligation past, or the hope of some favor to come; and at the slightest cloud of disfavor her enemies raised their heads and redoubled their endeavors to oust her from her position. To retain a hold upon the king was in itself sufficient occupation for the energies of any ordinary woman, but beyond this she had to be ceaselessly on the watch to guard against the

contrivances of the world without; and when we add to all these occupations that of ruling the ministers, making foreign alliance and treaties, and governing or misgoverning the country, it must be conceded that her office was no sinecure.

It is a matter of history that no minister was, in the long run, able to hold his place against her, and she disposed of the first dignities of state and the command of armies just as it suited her caprices. Orry, the Contrôleur-Général, accustomed to the frugal administration of the Cardinal Fleury, having remonstrated against the fresh burst of prodigality of the king towards his new mistress, was replaced by M. de Machault d'Arnonville, a creature of her own, — who, however, having fallen under her suspicions at the time of the Damiens assassination, was then also dismissed. The Marquis d'Argenson, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, having put her out of patience by stammering, was sent into exile. His brother, the Comte d'Argenson, the Minister of War, a more obsequious character, having opposed the Austrian alliance, was dismissed after some years of service. But the greatest difficulties she had to encounter were in the resistance of the Comte de Maurepas, the chief minister, and the Duc de Richelieu, the first gentleman of the chamber. Maurepas, relying upon the support of the rest of the royal family, his own facilities for making work come easy to the king, and the general elasticity and caustic frivolity of his character, believed he was a match for the Pompadour, and would make no advances or concessions to secure her favor.

Indeed, she attributed to him, and apparently with reason, some of the worst Poissonades which circulated about Versailles. The king, indeed, had a real affection for the frivolous Maurepas; but the minister was soon obliged to give way, and to acknowledge the slippery nature of the ground on which he stood. Louis being all day with the Pompadour, the minister was necessarily obliged to seek the monarch in her apartment to confer with him on matters of pressing importance; but the favorite always contrived so to engross the attention of the infatuated monarch, that he barely gave M. de Maurepas the slightest sign that he was listening to him. If at any time Maurepas contrived really to interest the king, the Pompadour cried out, "Allons donc, Monsieur de Maurepas; vous faites venir à Sa Majesté la couleur jaune. Adieu, Monsieur de Maurepas." On another occasion she insisted on M. de Maurepas's annulling a certain lettre de cachet which he had signed. "Il faut, madame, que Sa Majesté l'ordonne." "Faites ce que madame veut," rejoined the king. Maurepas, in his light way, turned these unpleasant scenes into ridicule, and revenged himself by the bitter, sarcastic verses which he had an especial talent for writing; and they followed in swift succession, each one more bitter than another.

There came forth at last an epigram whose point turned on a malady of the favorite. She bounded into fury and exasperation, and went off to Maurepas herself to demand the names of the authors of the chansons. "Quand je le saurai, madame, je le dirai au roi." "Vous faites peu de cas, monsieur, des maîtresses du roi." "Je les ai toujours respectées, madame, de quelque espèce qu'elles fussent." After this the Pompadour was determined on his dismissal at any cost. She affected to believe that Maurepas intended to poison her, for there had been a silly report that Maurepas had poisoned

Madame de Châteauroux. She slept always with her physician, Quesnay, in the next room, and with antidotes near to her. She would never eat or drink at table till the dishes or wines had been previously tasted before her; and after wearying the king for some time with such affectations, the weak monarch gave way, and exiled Maurepas to Bourges. It was not so easy for her to get rid of the Duc de Richelieu, who himself, with his libertine, light, courtier air, was almost as indispensable to the king as the Pompadour. Nevertheless, on one occasion when the Duc de Richelieu, as first gentleman of the chamber, had opposed the whims of the Pompadour, the king said to him at his débotté, "M. de Richelieu, combien de fois avez-vous été à la Bastille?" "Trois fois, sire," said Richelieu, with a fallen face. She was not able to prevent Richelieu from obtaining some of the most important military commands; but whenever he met with any such success, she prevented the king from giving him the gracious reception he expected. Thus when he returned all glorious after the taking of Minorca, all that Louis said to him was, "Maréchal, vous savez la mort de ce pauvre Landemalt," — one of the royal huntsmen; and he added, "Les figues de Minorque, sont-elles bonnes?"

Madame de Pompadour, to say the truth, made the less opposition to a command being given to Richelieu, since she hoped some great failure would bring about his disgrace. "M. de Richelieu, il est assez fanfaron pour vouloir se charger de cela. Il mettra autant de légèreté à prendre une ville qu'à séduire une femme; cela serait plaisant. Il lui faudrait quelque bonne disgrâce pour lui apprendre à ne douter de rien." The miseries and reverses which the incapable creatures of Madame de Pompadour, who were made ministers and generals, brought upon France, are marked in the history of France in characters of blood and shame. The people of France and of Paris knew well enough the authoress of all these calamities, and if she could have been caught at times in the capital, they would have torn her to pieces. In the days of her parasite Machault, there were printed papers distributed about the streets of Paris, — "Rasez le Roi, pendez Pompadour, roulez Machault." And as for the Poissonades, as the bitter verses were called which were written against her, both Versailles and Paris were flooded with them.

To console her, however, somewhat for these violent pasquinades, Madame de Pompadour could have recourse to a large collection of verses of an opposite character, composed by her friends, men of letters and others. At the head of these was Voltaire, who burnt a good deal of coarse incense at her shrine, and was rewarded by being made historiographer of France, an academician, and gentleman ordinary of the chamber.

The Pompadour, indeed, never forgot the pleasant hours she had owed to men of letters before her arrival at her anomalous place of power, and she was willing to befriend any writer when she could. She would have done something for Rousseau, the Genevese owl, as she called him, had not his savage independence repelled her; though the letter which is commonly attributed to him, on the subject of a hundred louis rejected with indignation, is spurious. Marmontel, however, was her great favorite, and every Sunday he in company with the Abbé de Bernis, — afterwards Cardinal de Bernis, — and Duclos, paid her visits at her toilette at Ver-

sailles, and he was indebted to her for his seat in the Academy. She gave Piron, the author of the "Métromanie," "qui ne fut jamais rien," a pension of 1,000 francs.

Montesquieu was indebted to her for some acts of considerate kindness. Her protection of the publication of the "Encyclopédie" is well known. Musicians, sculptors, painters, architects, and artists of all kinds found in her liberal support. She was herself a clever draughtswoman, and engraved in a mediocre way on copper. On her former talent Voltaire made the best lines he ever wrote for her; they contain a "divin" or a "divine," of course: —

"Pompadour, ton crayon divin
Devrait dessiner ton visage:
Jamais une plus belle main
N'aurait fait un plus joli ouvrage."

A good many of her engravings are preserved at the Bibliothèque Impériale in Paris.

Madame de Pompadour had barely been mistress of the king for two years when she began, like Madame de Maintenon with Louis XIV., to despair of her resources for amusing an unamusable king, and called in the theatre to her assistance. She remembered the success which she had achieved on the stage at Etioilles, and she proposed to establish, and succeeded in establishing, the theatre in the château, known as the "Théâtre des Petits Cabinets." To obtain a place among the audience, was one of the great objects of ambition at Versailles. The owners of the greatest names were refused, and the Maréchal Duc de Noailles, in consequence of a refusal, retired for some time in disgust from Versailles. Naturally, therefore, the honor of playing in the troupe was still more solicited. A certain Marquis de V — gave an important place to a dependant of Madame de Pompadour, on the sole condition that he should play the part of exempt de police in one of Molière's pieces. If we may trust accounts, the acting was universally good, not only in farces, vaudevilles, pastorales, &c., but in high comedy; and finally a tragedy of Voltaire's "Alzire," was triumphantly performed.

At the inauguration of this theatre, Madame de Pompadour not only sang and played in several parts, but encountered audaciously the perils of the ballet; and at the end of the performance, on one occasion, Louis said, enraptured, "Vous êtes la femme la plus charmante qu'il y ait en France."

The cost of this theatre was something frightful! In one year the accounts of the Duc de la Vrillière reached 280,208 livres. The king — who, after the first novelty had worn off, often yawned horribly at these performances — at last suppressed the theatre at Versailles, and it was transported to the château of the marquise at Bellevue.

The effect of the accounts of the performances on the public mind raised apprehensions, and it was supposed the monarch was influenced in his decision by the following passage, in a pamphlet of satirical sketches after the fashion of Labruyère: —

"Lindor, trop gêné dans sa grandeur pour prendre une fille de centimes, se satisfait en prince de son sang, — on lui bâtit une grande maison, on y élève près un théâtre où sa maîtresse devient danseuse en titre et en office; hommes entêtés de la vanité des sauteuses lauderelles, ne pensez pas que le dernier les Gyges soit mort en Lydie."

But the theatrical extravaganzas of Madame de Pompadour were nothing in comparison with the

millions and millions she squandered away in buying estates, in altering or decorating old châteaux, in constructing new ones. Her largest château was at Crecy, but she had others at Compiègne, Fontainebleau, Saint Ouen, Montretent, La Celle Saint Cloud, at Bellevue, two at Versailles, two or three at Paris, of which one was the palace now known as the Elysée. Her last acquisition was the vast estate belonging to the Marquis de Menars, and she even contemplated purchasing the principality of Neuchâtel from the King of Prussia, as a place of retirement in case of disgrace, or the death of the king. The furniture of all these châteaux was, of course, of the most expensive kind. She was a mine of gold for the tapissiers of the time; and the fêtes she got up at her various residences for the amusement of a blasé king cost fabulous sums. Every effect that bright illuminations, fireworks, artificial water, gondolas and barges, mummeries and masquerades in silk and satin, and silver-spangled gauze and feathers, could produce, was tried upon the king, and very frequently without success.

She founded, however, two institutions, both of which have been beneficial to France. Of the first, the whole credit of invention and execution is due to herself,—the manufacture of porcelain at Sèvres. The other institution was the military school of the Champs de Mars.

The public hatred against the favorite increased with the duration of her reign, and rose to an alarming intensity during the disasters of the Seven Years' War, in spite of all the pains she took to increase the number of her partisans and flatterers. Madame de Pompadour now spoke of retiring to her estates. Even she felt overwhelmed with the public detestation. She never travelled at this time except well accompanied, and in her journey from Choisy to Versailles went in the middle of a squadron of horse-patrol. Louis himself began to feel a little. He exclaimed querulously, "On me nommait ci-devant le Bien-aimé; je suis aujourd'hui le Bien-hai." He made no attempt at reform, however, though the state of the public mind was such that he no longer ventured to cross Paris, and had a road made by which he might go to Compiègne without going through the capital. The road was called the Chemin de la Révolte, and still bears its name.

To console the marquise, she was allowed ducal honors at court, the tabouret in the presence of the queen, the ducal mantle to her coat of arms, and the velvet hampercloth to her carriage. The public execrations had their effect upon her, however; for she endeavored to change her position in respect to the king, and towards the court. She desired now to maintain only innocent relations with the sovereign, but had no thought of resigning her position as confidential friend and prime minister in petticoats, with her magnificent monopoly of state patronage. She wished, in fact, to preserve all the golden fruit of her immorality, and to have all the honor due to immaculate virtue.

She put in play an immense deal of hypocrisy and double-dealing to achieve her purpose, and, after one first great repulse, she partially succeeded. Her chief aim was to be named by the queen as one of her ladies of honor, after which the world could have nothing to say to her residence at Versailles. She made this request, but the queen naturally replied that she could not receive her, as she lived apart from her husband and never took the Com-

munion. With every protestation of repentance, and of an intention to lead a devout life in future, Madame de Pompadour applied to a confessor,—no ordinary one, but a confessor of the order from which the kings and queens of France were wont to select their spiritual advisers,—a Jesuit, le Père de Sacy. But the Père de Sacy was inflexible. He refused to give her absolution. He declared that however innocent might be her actual relations with the king, yet her very presence at Versailles was a scandal on religion and on morality. Madame de Pompadour was irritated against the confessor and his order, and dismissed him; and hence arose one of the causes of grievance which induced her to support Choiseul in the expulsion of the Jesuits from France.

However, in the end, she accomplished all she wished; for the first objection any confessor would make to her would be that she had left her husband. She contrived, by a hypocritical letter of repentance to M. d'Etiolles, and an offer to return, to extract a refusal from him to receive her. It is true she had him warned beforehand, by M. de Soubise, that the king would be much displeased if he accepted her offer; but this did not operate at all with M. le Normant d'Etiolles, who, since he had been driven by her conduct to sanction illegitimate connections, had become passionately attached to a lady of the Opera. M. d'Etiolles said he wholly forgave his wife, but could not possibly receive her back. Madame la Marquise was now a triumphant, repentant creature. She had done all she could to repair her little sins, and, with all the confidence of rejected virtue, she secured a more convenient confessor, who gave her absolution and the sacrament, and the queen was outwitted,—for the only two objections she could make to the Pompadour's request were thus answered. She was presented, consequently, to the queen, after her nomination to a place in her household, in 1756. But the next year she was in a greater danger than ever of losing her position, on the occasion of the wound received by the king from the hands of the assassin Damiens.

She expected every moment to receive orders to start, for she knew the king had a horror of dying in a state of mortal sin. She was deserted by all the world but her brother, who had become through her influence the Marquis de Marigny, Madame du Hausset her femme de chambre, and the Abbé de Bernis. Machault, the garde des sceaux, who owed his advancement entirely to her, observed that the king never mentioned her name, and took care to avoid her until he received word from the king to give commands to Madame de Pompadour to leave forthwith.

Her agitation was horrible. Orange-flower water was given her, to soothe her, in a silver cup; for her teeth clinched together so convulsively that she would have crushed a glass. Another hour, and Versailles and its splendors and the golden millions of France would exist no more for her. Her part was played out. No marvel so ambitious a nature ground her teeth in nervous desperation. Nevertheless, in this agony of grief, her trunks had to be packed up. The carriages were ordered, and the coachmen were on the boxes, when la petite maréchale,—the wily, little, unscrupulous Maréchale de Mireport,—the bosom-friend and confidante of the Pompadour,—she who is said to have taken cherry-stones from the Pompadour's mouth as she ate cherries one day in her carriage, to save the favorite's

gloves, entered, and cried, "What's all this? What do these trunks mean? . . . Qui quitte la partie la perd." And the marquise remained to triumph once more over all her enemies.

A comment on this crisis of the Pompadour's career is to be found in the correspondence of the Cardinal de Bernis with M. de Choiseul, — both her creatures, and both afterwards prime ministers by her choice. The virtuous indignation of the ecclesiastic at the enmity of the court to his patroness is edifying: —

"Le roi a été assassiné, et la cour n'a vu dans cet affreux événement qu'un moment favorable de chasser notre amie. Toutes les intrigues ont été déployées auprès du confesseur. Il y a une tribu à la cour qui attend toujours l'extrême-onction pour tâcher emprunter son crédit. Pourquoi faut-il que la dévotion soit si séparée de la vertu? *Notre amie ne peut plus scandaliser que les sots et les fripons. Il est de notoriété publique que l'amitié, depuis cinq ans, a pris la place de la galanterie. C'est une vraie cagoterie de remonter dans le passé pour l'innocence de la liaison actuelle: elle est fondée sur la nécessité d'ouvrir son âme à une amie éprouvée et sûre, et qui dans la division du ministère est le seul pont de réunion. Que d'ingrats j'ai vus, mon cher comte, et combien notre siècle est corrompu!*"

But such agonizing emotions, — the intense anxiety and watchfulness of her daily life, the never-ending fatigue and weariness which the necessity of being, at every moment, "up to the mark," which her position required, — was daily telling frightfully on the marquise. She herself said that her life was terrible, — "C'est un combat." She was, in fact, from morning to night, dancing the tight-rope over a fall to her as horrible as that of Niagara; and the rope, too, might be cut at any moment. She gave way sometimes, and sank down in floods of tears before her brother or Madame du Hausset. She was, however, resolved to die game; and if we can admire spirit and a defiant independence, minus morality, the Pompadour has a right to be admired.

The faded favorite became so ill at last that she was a pitiable object. All the fine lines of her form, the childlike roundness and softness of her limbs, the infantine freshness of her features had passed away.

She was a mere skeleton, — all elbows, and shoulder-blades, and collar-bones; and her smooth, pure cheek and forehead were channelled by care, fatigue, and pain, with hideous wrinkles, which she tried to conceal with a thick crust of artificial white and red. All that remained of her old beauty was to be found in her fine brown eyes, which grew larger and more brilliant with the decay of her person and the emaciation of her face. Alarming symptoms followed close on each other with increasing gravity. The palpitation of the heart became so violent that she had fits of suffocation, till at last her energetic will could no longer support her enfeebled, diseased form, and on a visit to Choisy she was obliged to give way and take to her bed. Louis XV., to do him justice, did not show himself unfeeling as long as she lived. On the contrary, he paid her every attention, and consulted her on public affairs up to the last; and after he had left Choisy for Versailles, the duty of the first gentleman of the chamber was to bring him news of the health of the dying favorite. It was only after she was dead that he made the unfeeling speech which has been recorded of him; and, bad as the man was, it is clear he often

said worse things than he meant out of sheer cynical bravado.

The doctors who were called in gave her a slight respite, during which stage of amelioration she was brought to her apartment at Versailles; but everybody and, with others, she herself knew that her case was hopeless. She met death with great courage, regarding it, after all, as a deliverance from a life which it was impossible to continue; while her presence of mind and her head for business never failed her up to the last. She received her friends graciously as long as she had breath; and made one of them a present of a gold snuff-box, engraved with verses she had composed a day or two before. On the very morning of her death, being warned of her approaching end, she read over her long will and codicils attentively, and dictated a fresh codicil with a number of additional legacies to friends. She had named the Prince de Soubise, her unfortunate general in the Seven Years' War and closest male friend of twenty years' standing, her executor. After this she had herself dressed, had some rouge put on her cheeks, and prepared to receive death as she would have received the king. The chief Master of the Post-Office, who daily made reports to her of secret correspondence, came and was received as usual, — "pour travailler avec elle."

On the departure of the gentleman from the Post-Office, the curé of the Madeleine de la Ville l'Evêque, at Paris, was introduced. She accounted herself his parishioner, since her hôtel was in his neighborhood. She talked cheerfully to him for some moments, and, as he was about to go, detained him with a smile, saying, "Un moment, Monsieur le Curé; nous nous en irons ensemble." She died very shortly after this pretty speech, at the age of forty-two years and six months.

As for Louis XV., the queen wrote to the President Hainault, a few days after, "Au reste, il n'est non plus question ici 'de ce qui n'est plus,' que si elle n'avait jamais existé. Voilà le monde; c'est bien la peine de l'aimer." Indeed, the king had long ceased to think of her as anything else than an encumbrance. He was tired of her, but had not had the courage to send her away, convinced that a dismissal would be to her a death-blow. He had wept himself ill for Madame de Vintunille, and had wept also for Madame de Châteauroux and Madame de Mailly; but he had not a tear for the Pompadour. Perhaps he reproached her for having made him what he was, — the most despised king in Europe; and this he certainly would not have become under the management of either of his former mistresses, — for all the Nesles had some grandeur of soul. The property of Madame de Pompadour, all with the exception of the legacies, went to her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, who was the most estimable member of her family, and who died childless; after which it went to a relative who had formerly been a drummer in the army, but for whose advancement she had provided in her lifetime. The quantity of furniture she left was so enormous that the sale of it lasted a year, and the auction-room where it was sold was the great sight of Paris during all that time. "It seemed," says a writer, "that all the regions of the earth had paid tribute to the extravagance of the marchioness."

The body of the worn-out favorite was deposited in a vault at the church of the Capuchins, in the Place Vendôme, which she had purchased from the great family De la Trémouille, where she had then

lived, to have herself buried alive if the king should leave her. She had already deposited there her mother and her daughter; and, as the Princess de Talmont said, the great bones of the La Trémouille family must have been astonished at finding themselves in company with the fish-bones — *les arêtes* — of the *Poissons*. Many pretty epitaphs were made for her, of course, and some, indeed, of a character not presentable in the present day, notwithstanding their drapery in Latin hexameters. It would be unjust, even to the memory of a light woman, to leave out of account that part of the mental agony which wore her to a skeleton, arising undoubtedly from remorse at the ill success of her political schemes, and for the calamities of the Austrian alliance, and the Seven Years' War which she brought upon her country. And it would be unjust not to state that in later years she strung the whole forces of her nature to endeavor to repair some of the mischief she had done, and to open a career of victory for France. But as she had exiled all the most capable advisers of the crown from the Government, and was served only by the servile and the incapable, her own maceration was of little use to her country. England, however, owes a great deal to Madame de Pompadour, for Chat-ham had free play over the whole world with the Pompadour as petticoat minister of France.

• THE GERMAN WÖRTERBUCH.

THE great "Wörterbuch," or dictionary of the German language, set on foot by the Brothers Grimm has now reached about the midway of its course towards completion. It is seventeen years since the first instalment appeared, and its progress has been carried on continuously and methodically ever since. The work itself forms an important era, not only in the history of German literature, but in that of other European nations also, and it is not uninteresting to glance back over some particulars of its origin and execution, as we find them stated in a recent number of the German periodical, the *Gartenlaube*.

In 1837, seven professors of Göttingen University had to give up their chairs, and quit the territories of Hanover on account of the part they took in upholding the Constitution against the arbitrary measures of King Ernest. Among these were Jacob and William Grimm, both deeply skilled students in philological lore, whose researches had led them into much curious discovery concerning the antiquities of the German language. The leisure which was now thrust upon them found them happily provided with a subject of literary interest which their professional duties would never have left them time to prosecute. At the suggestion of the publishing firm of Wiedmann, they undertook the compilation of an exhaustive dictionary, which was to embrace the history of every word used in German literature since the time of Luther inclusive, giving its origin, its derivation, and its different applications and modifications, as the individual mind of different writers or the changes of custom may have produced them, the terminus *ad quem* of the range of inquiry being fixed at the end of the third decade of the present century. Some years after their expulsion from Hanover, the King of Prussia gave the Brothers Grimm seats in the Academy of Sciences at Berlin; and the first instalment of their dictionary, which was published in 1852, had thus the advantage of appearing with

more honor than if it had issued from their comparative retirement at Cassel.

Fourteen years had been taken up with preparations for the work. The result, as seen in this first instalment, fully justified the pains with which the material had been collected and sifted. The method pursued was this. The brothers took a general survey of all known authors, great and small, who had contributed to German literature since the era of the Reformation. They then made application to a vast number of students throughout Germany, requesting them to read such or such books carefully, and annotate or extract for the purpose in hand. Many offered their services spontaneously; and it was a proof of the national interest excited by the project that among the volunteers were literary men of the most diverse opinions, provinces, professions, and tastes. Jacob Grimm, in his preface to the first published part, enumerates no less than eighty-three coadjutors in this way. Then special directions were forwarded to each. On a piece of paper of prescribed size and shape he was to set down each word which struck him as employed by his author in any way unusual, characteristic, or for any reason worthy of attention; and with it the passage, prose or verse, in which it had occurred.

After a while, a mighty mass of material poured into headquarters, from east, west, north, and south, — about a million of billets in all, it is roughly computed. To sort them was the next business, and to arrange them under alphabetical heads. Two men were thus employed during a period of six months, working from early morning to late evening, collecting for each word the various citations applicable to it, and fastening them in a bundle together, then placing the whole in two gigantic chests ready for the further process of deciding the proportion of quotations and authorities to be retained, and tracing chronologically and otherwise the shades and transitions of meaning. The genius and taste of individual writers had to be considered as influencing the value to be attached to their testimony. Of the authors in the sixteenth century, with which the range of investigation begins, the greatest weight is attached to Luther, to Hans Sachs, and to the remarkable satirist, Fischart, who, indeed, for this early period of the literature, is considered the most valuable of all. The seventeenth century, a period of stagnation, or rather of retrogression in Germany, owing to the effects of the Thirty Years' War, furnishes no more eminent authorities in the use of language than Gryphius, Opitz, and Lenau; while for the eighteenth century the foremost rank is assigned to Lessing, Jean Paul, and Schiller. On the whole, the three authors most carefully collated and analyzed for the purpose of determining the changes and legitimate uses of the written language are Fischart, Luther, and Goethe.

For a time much doubt was entertained as to the practical success of the scheme. It was thought too vast in its proportions to be carried out by men who, like Jacob Grimm and his brother, had other pressing literary avocations to occupy their time, and the appearance of the first part of it in print was something of a surprise to the sceptical. In 1854, however, a whole volume was completed and published; in 1860 a second made its appearance; in 1862 a third. Soon after this, Jacob Grimm, the chief promoter and manager of the undertaking, died; he had been preceded a short time before by

his brother, his inseparable companion throughout almost the whole of life, but had labored on with undiminished energy, till, while occupied with the word "Frucht," he, too, was called away.

Happily, the impetus given by these famous scholars did not die with them. Their undertaking was carried on with vigor by the contributors they had enlisted in the task. Hildebrand, of Leipsic, Weigand, of Giessen, and Moritz Heyne, of Halle, have had the chief hand in it since. Professor Hildebrand is now busily occupied with the letter K.

No similar work had previously existed in the literature of any other nation. The Great Dictionary of the Paris Academy came nearest to it, perhaps, in importance; but then the Paris dictionary was a record of words in legitimate use only, — a kind of statute-book of the French language. The labors of the Grimms were directed to the compilation of a historical repertory of words present and past in all their changes. But the idea has worked by example on other nations since. The Dutch literati are engaged on a "Woordenboek der Nederlandsche Taal," the tenth volume of which appeared last year; and the French Academy have published two numbers of a "Dictionnaire Historique de la Langue Française," which, however, since 1865, has stood still at the word "Actuellement." Another French dictionary, by Littré, on the same plan, is making more rapid progress, having reached its twentieth part and the word "Perdre." Of the English dictionary projected on so grand a scale by Archbishop (then Dean) Trench and the Philological Society, we fear there is nothing but an account of unfulfilled promise to be recorded.

The German "Wörterbuch" has been restricted throughout to the "High" German dialect, the "Low" German being left aside as material for a separate dictionary; but during the progress of the work a much more varied range of the High German has been included than was at first contemplated; the spoken as well as the written language has been taken into account. Moreover, the range of time has been extended backwards, many examples being now taken from the mediæval and Gothic forms. There is, consequently, a defect of symmetry in the work, and an inevitable incompleteness, for the spoken uses of the language, past and present, must needs be too manifold, too changing, and too evanescent to admit of perfectly faithful registration. These, however, are but small drawbacks to set against the eminent merits of this grand monument of German nationality.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A NEW opera by Flotow is proposed at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, in the autumn.

A COUSIN of Miss Ada Menkin is said to be a candidate for the lesseeship of Astley's Theatre, London.

A BLIND pianist, gifted with an astonishing memory, is exciting wonder, the Musical Standard states, in the musical circles of St. Petersburg.

THE English papers agree in calling the Derby this year a very dull Derby, a race on which most people lost their money, in which there was no surprise, and by which no first-class noble was hopelessly ruined. Nobody even committed a swindle big enough to be written about, and nobody was

quite killed either by the roughs or the horsemen. It must have been dull indeed!

LORD RIBBLESDALE writes to the Times stating that a picture executed by himself has been refused by the Royal Academy. Sir Francis Grant, in another letter, admits the soft impeachment, but says that the Academicians were not aware that the rejected work proceeded from his lordship's hands.

A LARGE room has been discovered at Herculaneum which must have served for a kitchen. In it was a wooden clothes-press, entirely carbonized; also 14 vases, a candelabrum, and a lamp, all in bronze, several vessels in glass and terra-cotta; a small marble statue of a fawn, and two broken tables, one in marble and the other in slate. These excavations are carried on by means of the grant of \$6,000 by King Victor Emmanuel, made for that object.

"THE Association of Dramatic Authors," says the *Gazette*, "is likely to be called on to settle a difference between Madame Rossini and M. Pacini. The lady had sold for 150,000 fr. the copyright of 160 pieces of music left by her husband, but the other, who is the author of the words belonging to the greater part of these compositions, naturally claimed a part of the money. The widow, however, refused to recognize his claim, on the ground that the words would be of no value without the music. M. Pacini is determined to maintain his rights. M. Pacini quotes from Hamlet, reiterating, —

"Words, words, words!"

FOR many months the papers have been full of suggestions as to the uses to which velocipedes could be turned, but the boldest innovators will be surprised to hear that the new-fangled vehicle has actually made its appearance in the bull-fighting ring. In the circus at Nîmes, the picadors appeared last week mounted on velocipedes instead of horses, and displayed such skill in the management of their iron steeds that the astounded bull was unable to dismount a single one of them. Should this fashion become universal in bull-fighting countries, the gain to common humanity will be undoubtedly great, but it is feared that the increased expense will prove an insurmountable obstacle to its general adoption, a single velocipede being worth, as a rule, at least half a dozen of the wretched horses yearly disembowelled by hundreds for the amusement of the fair ladies of Madrid and Seville.

THE London Examiner and Review, in a discriminating and highly eulogistic paper on Mr. Forster's biography of Walter Savage Landor, remarks: "Whoever chooses to read the book itself — and no one who has the slightest sympathy with literature or any curiosity in studying extreme developments of character will fail to do so — will see at once that we have ample guarantee for all that we mean to say in its favor. He will find the vague misrepresentations and guesses that have hitherto hung about the interpretations of Savage Landor's life and character dispelled by a clear, accurate, and remarkably frank narrative, in which one is no less struck by the largeness and interest of the theme than by the courage and honesty of the narrator. At the outset there is one circumstance that must have favored Mr. Forster in his laborious task. Not many of Savage Landor's contempora-

ries survive. Although it is but a few years since the tidings of his death came over to us from Italy, the first day of this century saw him a young man of twenty-five. He belonged to the last generation, — to the period of Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, and their fellow-men of letters, whose names and lives have already become picturesque to us. A biographer, therefore, had much liberty in writing of the personal surroundings of a man who had thus outlived his contemporaries; and, especially in the case of Landor, some such liberty was highly desirable.

A PHENOMENON of the most extraordinary nature has lately been witnessed by the inhabitants of the borders of the Caspian Sea. This huge salt lake is dotted with numerous islands which produce yearly a large quantity of naphtha, and it is no uncommon occurrence for fires to break out in the works and burn for many days before they can be extinguished. Early last month, owing to some subterraneous disturbances, enormous quantities of this inflammable substance were projected from the naphtha wells, and spread over the entire surface of the water, and, becoming ignited, notwithstanding every precaution, converted the whole sea into the semblance of a gigantic flaming punch-bowl, many thousands of square miles in extent. The fire burnt itself out in about forty-eight hours, leaving the surface strewn with the dead bodies of innumerable fishes. Herodotus mentions a tradition that the same phenomenon was once before observed by the tribes inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea.

THE right for women to vote is possessed more extensively than is commonly supposed. In Austria women can vote as nobles, in their corporate capacity as nuns, and as taxpayers. In some cases, however, they vote by proxy. In Hungary, up to 1848, widows and single women who were landed proprietors possessed the right to vote. They were deprived of it by the revolutionary government, and are now petitioning for the restoration of this right. In Canada, as in several of our own States, women are allowed to vote for and serve as school trustees. In the British Australian colony of Victoria women universally assumed the right to vote about four years ago, having found that the law had been so framed as to permit them. In Sweden, chiefly through the exertions of the late Fredrika Bremer, an indirect right of voting was in 1862 granted to all women possessing specified property qualifications. In Italy a widow, or wife separated from her husband, may vote if she pays taxes. Also in Holland, single women possessing property are entitled to vote on all questions likely to affect its value. In many towns in France women possess and exercise the right to vote in municipal affairs.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* calls attention to one of the penalties of great wealth. "Now that Mr. Peabody is no longer in England" says the editor, "the begging letter-writers will have the opportunity of concentrating their attention on some other victim. If Mr. Peabody chose to be communicative upon the subject, he could set before the world a moving picture of the miseries of a philanthropist. Everybody thinks he has a right to persecute him for money. The man whose goods are about to be seized for rent, the broken-down actor who wants

ten pounds till next Monday, the gentleman who has gone into a rash speculation and burned his fingers, — these, and a thousand others, think that a man like Mr. Peabody is bound to help them. The world has no gratitude and no sympathy for the benevolent. Its cry is ever 'give, give,' until at last it is strange if the philanthropist does not turn into a misanthropist. Nine tenths of the letters he opens are applications for money. Whenever he appears in public he is followed by importunate cries for relief. If he goes out to dinner, the lady whom he takes down pesters him about that very deserving family in whom she takes an interest. He dare not have many personal friends, because they are sure to expect him to do something for Tommy or Annie. When people are attentive to him he knows that they expect to be well paid for it. Mr. Peabody has given away £ 350,000 to the poor of London, and about £ 200,000 for the establishment of schools and charitable institutions in the United States, besides large sums in private charity. But all this only encourages the harpies who would rather do anything for a living than work. The abject, fawning, worthless set who hang upon the skirts of those who are reputed to be rich give him no peace. It would be useless to appeal to their better feelings, for they have none, but we wish it were possible to place some of their names before the public eye as a caution to the rest of their tribe."

A FRENCH author has published an elaborate treatise to reassure nervous invalids who fancy that under the existing law, which prescribes interment twenty-four hours after decease, there is an increased chance of their being buried alive. It appears that 60,000 corpses have passed through the well-known establishment at Frankfort, where, on payment of a certain sum, dead bodies are kept for several days before being finally consigned to the tomb, surrounded by every appliance necessary to discover the faintest traces of lingering animation, and that no single case of resurrection has been known to occur; and it is affirmed that since the institution of duly qualified "inspecteurs de morts" at Paris, premature burial has become practically impossible. Still, should this be true with regard to the capital, it is hardly probable that equally trustworthy inspectors are to be found in every department, and the rule of precipitate interment prevails throughout the length and breadth of the land. Even admitting the skill of the inspectors, it is a disputed question whether it is possible to pronounce an absolutely safe verdict before decomposition sets in. Monsieur Flourens has demonstrated that "curare," the preparation used by the savages of South America to poison their arrows, paralyzes the nerves of motion, leaving those of sensation intact. All action, even breathing, is suspended; consciousness alone survives. But although death pervades the whole organization, except the brain, in such a manner as to deceive the most skillful physician, revival is still possible, and it is admitted by many great authorities that the same effects may, in rare instances, be produced by natural causes. At the last sitting of the Academy, for the reception of the celebrated Claude Bernard, reference was made to Monsieur Flourens's experiments; that the result was not called into question, is scarcely comforting for nervous patients. The French law rests on the assumption that if a man gives no sign of life he is dead, or ought to be, and

hurries him to the grave as long as he is unable to make any objection.

THE Paris correspondent of the London Star finds time amid the excitement of the French elections to pen this bit of social gossip: "You will remember the sensation produced last spring by the Duke of Beaufremont having been warned by a fair friend of the danger he was in of being poisoned by means of a *bon-bon* to be offered to him at one of the *bals de l'opera*. The duke left Paris after the affair. His name has come again before the public in consequence of his wife pleading for separation *de corps et de biens*. The duchess, née Valentine de Chimay, was still at the convent where she was educated when her consent to her marriage was asked by telegraph. The young heiress, flattered by the prospect of becoming the wife of a distinguished officer, consented by the same unromantic mode of transit. Immediately after the wedding ceremony she accompanied her husband, with whom she fell desperately in love, to the various garrisons where he was quartered, followed him on all possible occasions, and especially appears to have risked her health by taking long and fatiguing rides in his company. Two children were successively born, when the Mexican war gave the duke a pretext to separate himself from her. The duchess took her children to her château near Nanteuil, where, during his absence, she acted as agent and superintendent of the property, writing by every mail long and admirable reports of the improvements she was carrying out on the estate. Her attachment unfortunately never diminished, although in her family the duke's flagrant infidelity was perfectly known. Her anxiety for him during the Mexican campaign impaired her health, and immense was her joy when the return of the expedition was announced. With nervous impatience she awaited the telegram which would bring her the glad tidings of her husband's return. All her illusions soon revived and even strengthened in her absence. She conjured visions of renewed and eternal happiness. At last the anxiously expected missive reached her chateau. It was dated, not from St. Nazaire, where the troops had landed, but from Paris, and ran thus: 'I cannot find any shirts; inform me by telegram where you have put them. — (Signed) BEAUFFREMONT.'

ARTHUR HELPS, in one of his Short Essays, says: "Of all the resources of government, none are so wastefully employed as their powers of conferring honor. This is true of nearly all countries. In Great Britain the waste is not occasioned by profusion, but by caprice, uncertainty, irrelevancy. The king (it was in George III.'s time) is asked to give a right of going through the park to some gentleman. 'No, no,' replies the king, 'I cannot do that; but you may make him an Irish baron.' The above is not an unfavorable specimen of the way in which honors have been granted.

"There are many points worthy of notice as regards this subject.

"First, there is the foolish idea that men do not care for honors. This is an entire mistake. There is nothing in the world they care for more.

"Then there is the delusion that the granting of many honors would weaken the value of them. At present, when what few honors are granted are given for the most trivial and inadequate reasons, these honors have anything but their full value. Of course, it takes away from the value of a peer-

age when a man is made a peer because he is rich, and because he has fought party battles in his county or his borough, with liberality and vigor. Everybody feels that that is not a service done to the state; and accordingly the honor loses much of its value and its dignity.

"The same with knighthood. If that honor is given as a mere formality because a man has presented an address, or has received a sovereign at dinner, the honor in question is proportionately lowered.

"Then it is said, and this is a favorite argument of men in power, that if you oblige one man by giving him an honor, you disoblige three or four persons who think that they have exactly similar claims. There is some truth in this, but it must be remembered that you keep all those three or four persons in a state of hopeful expectation that if they work on, they, too, will eventually gain the honor. There is no telling the quantity of good service that a government might get from people, if these people only saw that they had a fair chance of receiving honor for good service. And frequently there is no other way of paying them, for they do not want money. Now, as the tendency in modern times is to make government more and more difficult, it behooves government to husband all its resources, and to make the best use of them.

"I pass to another head of the subject. A state which has many colonies should seek to win its eminent colonists, and to knit the infant to the parent state by a careful distribution of honors in these colonies. When an eminent colonist can say, not merely *civis Anglicanus sum*, but *eques Anglicanus sum*, depend upon it, he is sure to become an attached citizen to the imperial government. The Privy Council of England should be enriched and enlightened by the introduction into it of some of the most distinguished colonists, who, when in this country, should be able, as it were, to have some voice in the government.

"Now to another branch of the subject. Why should we chiefly honor and dignify the members of one or two professions or callings, to the exclusion of the rest? Why should many lawyers and soldiers be promoted to honor, while doctors and surgeons, men of science, men of letters, great merchants, great employers of labor, distinguished civil servants, are for the most part left out in the cold? In France they could have their Baron Dupuytren, while in England there is not an instance of a great medical man being raised to the peerage, though it is said Sir Astley Cooper much desired that honor.

"Again, as to men of science, art, and literature, people say it would be so difficult to found an order of merit for such men. I cannot see it. It appears to me that the world knows very well, or nearly well enough, who are the distinguished men in science, art, and literature. Some mistakes would of course be made; but, upon the whole, the public would take care that the dispensers of honors to this class of men should not go far wrong.

"There is another very important point connected with this subject, namely; that this just dispensation of honors would tend to correct the inordinate craving after wealth, which is the sin and sorrow of the present day. Moreover, it would tend to correct the frantic desire of getting into Parliament which besets so many men who are unfit for that vocation, but who discern in it the only way of arriving at personal honor and social distinction."

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AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD DICKEY.

WHAT is public opinion, is a question wellnigh as difficult of solution as Pilate's famous query about truth. In both instances, we can only hope to arrive at an approximative answer; and in offering this contribution to the stock of knowledge on the vexed question of the feeling of America towards England, I do not profess any absolute conviction as to the correctness of my theory. All I can say is, that for many years I have enjoyed somewhat unusual facilities for forming an opinion upon American affairs; and that my opinion, be it sound or erroneous, is based upon a knowledge of the subject-matter not possessed by most English writers on trans-Atlantic questions. The subject is far too wide a one to be treated in a short essay. All I can hope to do now is to throw some little light upon the extent to which the public opinion of America is represented by Mr. Sumner's speech, and the reasons why it is so represented. It is certainly not my wish to put myself forward as an apologist of that remarkable piece of declamation. Judging it, in so far as an Englishman can, from an impartial point of view, it seems to me false in fact, feeble in argument, turgid in diction, and dishonest in spirit. At the same time, I am forced to the conclusion that the majority of the senator's English assailants have hardly read the document on which their strictures were founded. Had they done so, they would not have failed to see that the speech is in no sense of the "stand and deliver" order, commonly assigned to it in this country. Mr. Sumner, it should be borne in mind, was arguing for the rejection of the Stanley-Johnson treaty, on the ground that it failed utterly to afford reparation for the wrongs which, in his judgment, America had sustained at the hands of England; and in support of his argument he asserts that, if abstract justice could be consulted, England ought to make a formal apology, and to indemnify America for half the outlay of the secession war. But he never proposes, either directly or indirectly, that this claim should be enforced, or even officially asserted. To say, when you have no adequate reason for so saying, that if you could have your rights you would be owner of all the Grosvenor estates, may be a very objectionable and dishonest proceeding; but it is by no means identical with bringing a suit of ejectment against the Marquis of Westminster. I have been told on authority, which ought to be correct, that immediately after the delivery of his ad-

dress, Mr. Sumner stated to a friend that he had made a very pacific speech; and this statement, odd as it may seem to us, was, I have no doubt, made in honesty. That Mr. Sumner might use language calculated to bring about a collision between England and America, is possible enough; but that he should wilfully counsel a war between the two countries is a fact not easily to be credited by those to whom his private character and his public career are alike familiar. Indeed, after an indirect fashion, Mr. Sumner's speech may actually have a pacific tendency. Americans will, I fancy, be more inclined to listen to reason, now that their national feelings have been gratified by a distinct and outspoken utterance of their real or alleged grievances. The gain to the interests of peace is assuredly of a doubtful advantage; but this much is certain, that the utterances of Mr. Reverdy Johnson had created an amount of popular irritation across the Atlantic, which could only be allayed by some such vehement protest as that of which the senator for Massachusetts has made himself the mouthpiece.

It will be seen from this that in my judgment Mr. Sumner has expressed not unfaithfully the common sentiment of the mass of his countrymen. I regret that this should be so; but upon an issue like the one now separating England and America there is no good to be secured by representing facts as other than they are. At the same time, unless I am mistaken, Mr. Sumner, and the section of the American nation to which he belongs, are animated by an especial irritability towards England, which is not shared by the common American public. Mr. Sumner is not only a New Englander, but he is a New Englander of that class whom it is the fashion in English society to talk of as "the best type of Americans"; and amongst that class the irritation against this country for its sins, both of commission and omission, is to be found in its highest stage of development.

Within the last few weeks I have constantly heard sensible Englishmen talk in perfect good faith about Mr. Sumner's ingratitude, because, after having received so much civility when he was a visitor in this country, he has made a speech which he must have known would be displeasing to England. The feeling which lies at the bottom of this assertion explains much of the irritability to which I allude. Lord Stanley has visited the United States; and I have no doubt that his lordship was entertained by the principal citizens of the towns he sojourned at, was elected a member of the clubs, was introduced to everybody worth knowing, was

made at home in house after house, was treated, in fact, with that frank, cordial hospitality of which America nowadays seems to me to have preserved the monopoly. But if Lord Stanley was to make a strong anti-American speech in Parliament, anybody would be laughed at, and rightly laughed at, who talked about his ingratitude. Yet the two cases are exactly parallel; and the only difference consists in a latent conviction of the English mind that Mr. Sumner, like any other distinguished American visitor, is not quite the equal of the English grantees who showed him civility. And this same sense of half-conscious superiority pervades all our intercourse with our American cousins. I have constantly known Americans congratulated in English society on not looking at all like Americans; I have heard English people, when wishing to be polite, inform Americans that they had once met some countryman of theirs, who was really quite like a gentleman; and so on. These are small matters, but straws serve to show which way the wind blows; and, I think, any one who tries to look impartially at the relations of the two countries will admit that in all our official as well as private intercourse with America, we are influenced by an unfortunate persuasion that, at the best, Americans are an inferior order of Englishmen. New Americans are keenly alive to the existence of this conviction on our part; and the class who feel it most acutely are exactly the men whom we describe as "the best type of Americans"; that is, in other words, the type most like ourselves. In the ecclesiastical dictionary of Dr. Farquhar Hook, there will be found, unless my memory deceives me, a statement, under the head "Moravian," to the effect that some divines have thought this sect was the less to be condemned inasmuch as in their doctrines and rituals they approached closely to those of the orthodox Anglican faith. This, however, we are told, is an error; on the contrary, the Moravians are the more to be condemned, because, having approached so nearly to the truth, they have not attained to it. Now I have often thought that in political matters we share the theological views of Dr. Hook on the subject of Moravians. We deem the Americans worthy of even greater condemnation than ordinary foreigners, because being approached so closely to the one orthodox English type they have not quite attained thereto; and that we do so condemn them the Americans themselves are well aware.

Moreover, if you desire to deal out equal justice to each side alike, you must fairly own that New England entertains towards the mother-country a kind of perpetual soreness, for whose existence England can hardly be said to be responsible. Mr. Seward, during the early stages of the war, when the anti-English feeling was very strong in the States, said to an informant of mine, who remonstrated with him on the popular injustice of ignoring all offences that proceeded from France, "Well, the plain truth is, that we do not care a cent about any country but England"; and the saying, though true about the whole Union, is especially true about the old sea-board States. England is the public from whom the educated and intellectual class of Americans desires recognition; and the unfriendliness, and still more the indifference, of this public constitute a real source of grievance to a sensitive people. In the eyes of the world at large England intellectually overshadows America. The men of Massachusetts may claim, with abstract justice, that they are as much enti-

tled as the men of Kent to the glories of Shakespeare and Bacon and Milton; but the claim, somehow is not acknowledged. When the great Anglo-Saxon firm dissolved partnership, the partners who kept possession of the old premises, who continued to enter their accounts in the same old books, and who retained the old name of the house, were regarded by the customers of the business as the sole representatives of the grand old concern. It could not be otherwise; and the great mass of the American nation are perfectly well satisfied with the new connection they have formed, but New England still cherishes the conviction that, if justice were done, she would share with the mother-country the glory of the past, while she would reserve to herself the promise of the future. Moreover, the world of which Boston is the centre prides itself among its own people for its literary and intellectual pre-eminence. The pride, as far as America is concerned, is well-grounded enough; but it is not equally well-grounded if the "Hub of the Universe" be considered as part and parcel of the English speaking and reading community. Without denying for one moment the high achievements of a certain number of New England intellectual celebrities, it is patent to impartial judges that in the world of English letters, art, and science, England is still the capital, New England only a province. And, as usual, the capital ignores the province, and the province resents bitterly the indifference of the capital, all the more galling because it is unconscious.

Then, again, apart from these sentimental grievances, Massachusetts and its sister States have causes for resentment towards the mother-country not shared in to the same extent by the other sections of the Republic. The sufferings of the wars of independence and of 1812 fell with especial heaviness on the New England States. You would hardly find a family there which has not the tradition of some personal injury sustained in times past at the hands of Great Britain. The exploits, the sufferings of the Revolutionary era are preserved more faithfully in New England memories than elsewhere in the Union, and these recollections are all tinged with the anti-British feeling of the early days of the century. In many respects New England is far ahead of the rest of the United States. In culture, in education, in orderly freedom, in popular government, in moral character, and in earnestness of purpose, it stands on a different level from the less-advanced communities of the South and West. By no means unconscious of this superiority, New England is at the same time fanatically attached to the great Union, whose manifest destiny it is to rule one day over the whole of the North American continent. Yet while New Englanders would be bitterly offended if they were not recognized as Americans they are also offended if the outer world, and especially the English outer world, fails to recognize the fact that they are not like other Americans; and the result is, that the sneers about Yankee rowdiness and Yankee vulgarity, which always find so hearty a welcome in the mother-country, are resented by New England with a bitterness not felt by the rougher and ruder States of the Union, to whom, as far as they apply at all, they attach rightly. Somehow or other, partly of malice prepense, partly out of ignorance, we have gone on "sticking pins," to use an Americanism, into New England; and we can hardly wonder if we have been successful in producing irritation. Moreover, the anti-

slavery party, which represents a very influential section of New England society, has especial reasons for unfriendliness towards this country. For many years the American abolitionists maintained a rather close connection with England, of a kind that could hardly fail to be associated with painful recollections. An American might deem slavery a sin and a shame, but yet he resented hearing his country held up to infamy by foreigners as a nation of slaveholders. For the sake of the real or supposed benefit to their cause arising from English anti-slavery support, the abolitionists put up with a great deal of sympathy, which was unpleasantly like patronage; and yet for so doing they incurred amongst their countrymen the stigma of being wanting in patriotism. And when the crisis came, — when the cause of the Union became identical with the cause of emancipation, — and when it was found that anti-slavery England stood aloof from the North, the American abolitionists — the party of which Mr. Sumner was the political leader — joined in the anti-English cry with an eagerness intensified by the memory of bygone humiliations sustained in consequence of their quondam connection with England.

Thus, if my own view is correct, you will find the anti-English feeling developed most strongly amongst the old anti-slavery section of the cultivated class in the New England States. From this class have come most of the visitors with whom English society is familiar, and to whom we think we are paying a compliment when we describe them as "the best type of Americans." This feeling does not militate against the utmost kindness and good-will towards individual Englishmen. But the civility and the cordiality that are shown throughout New England to all our countrymen who visit the States are shown, I think, to Englishmen, not to England.

But though the peculiar *animus* exhibited by Mr. Sumner towards England appears to me characteristic of the class and the district to which the senator belongs, I am afraid the feelings to which he gave utterance are more or less shared by the great majority of his fellow-countrymen. Throughout the Union you will find but one sentiment, and that is, that England was a heavy offender against America during the years of the war. No doubt the intensity of this sentiment varies with the degree of irritation felt against this country on general grounds; and, as I have endeavored to show, this irritation is stronger in New England than elsewhere; but the sentiment extends far beyond the limits of the old Puritan States. Now I am not pleading for the justice of this sentiment; I am prepared to assert that if an account could be taken of the real and sentimental grievances of which either country has a right to complain at the hands of the other, the balance to the credit of the American account would be found to be by no means a very heavy one. But I do say that, taking human nature, and especially Anglo-Saxon human nature, for what it is, I cannot wonder at the existence of the sentiment referred to. I have long come to the conviction that Americans and Englishmen differ from one another only in the external conditions of their existence, not in the essential characteristics which appertain to individual nations; or, in other words, that Americans are only Englishmen who have settled in a new country. This conviction of mine would be gainsaid alike by most Englishmen and by most Americans. I can only say it is confirmed

by all my experience of America and Americans. And of this I am sure, that if you wish to know how Americans will feel and act under given circumstances, you have only to consider what would be the conduct of Englishmen under like conditions.

Now the faculty of seeing that there are two sides to every question is pre-eminently not an English one. We see our own side with extreme distinctness and reasonable fairness, but we find it almost impossible to believe that other people can honestly arrive at a different conclusion from our own in arguing from the same data. As it is with us, so it is with the Americans. They look at everything from their own point of view, do what seems right in their own eyes, and are perfectly astonished if they discover that what seems right to them is not recognized as right by others. And even if by any chance they acknowledge themselves to have been wrong, they hold that that acknowledgment is a quittance in full, or even more than a quittance, for any shame attaching to them in virtue of their tort. Taking this national frame of mind for granted, it is easy to understand how Americans regard the attitude of England throughout the Southern rebellion. Let us suppose, for the sake of hypothesis, that Ireland had risen in revolt against British rule, that this revolt had threatened for some four years the very existence of the empire, that it had only been suppressed after sacrifices of life and treasure to be felt for generations to come, and that the struggle had been prolonged and intensified by the expectation that America would interfere in behalf of the insurgents. Given these facts, we should be disposed to place an unfavorable interpretation, to say the least, on all proceedings of the American Government and the American people; and these proceedings, pursuing our parallel, would be of a kind capable of any unfavorable interpretation. Our case would be that while the insurrection was still in its infancy, the American Government hastened to grant belligerent rights to Ireland without waiting four-and-twenty hours for the arrival of the envoy we had sent to explain our position; that at the moment of our darkest fortunes we were compelled, by a threat of war, to deliver up to America, under circumstances of especial humiliation, two Irish rebel leaders, whom we had captured on their way to negotiate a hostile alliance against the empire; that while Ireland had not a ship on the high seas, or a port she could call her own, privateers were built, equipped, and manned in American ports by American members of Congress, and despatched through the actual connivance or wilful negligence of the American Government, to prey upon our trade under the Irish flag; that our commerce was literally destroyed; that throughout the war, until, in fact, the fortunes of the rebels became manifestly desperate, the insurrection was encouraged by the constant prospect of American intervention; that the leading statesmen of the two great parties in the Republic went out of their way to proclaim their conviction that the ultimate triumph of the Irish rebellion was assured; that the press of America, with scarcely an important exception, supported the cause of the rebels, and lost no opportunity of insulting our efforts to suppress a wicked and unjust insurrection; that the weight of American influence and popular opinion was thrown upon the side of the rebellion; that whenever any question arose between us and the insurgents, it was invariably decided by the Americans in favor of the latter; and that, in fact, they gave every possible aid to our

internal enemies, which could be given without incurring the risk and cost of an actual declaration of war. This being our case, what would be the feeling we should entertain towards the Americans? It would be surely that they had acted towards us in a manner for which it might or might not be wise to exact reparation when we came to a position to do so, but for which no mere nominal compensation could afford adequate atonement.

Well, if we substitute the Confederacy for Ireland, and England for America, we shall have a very fair statement of the case against us, as any average American would put it. There is, without doubt, a rejoinder that might be made with very telling effect, if we could only get the Americans to listen to it. There are two sides, and two very distinct sides, to this Anglo-American question; but, measuring the Americans by ourselves, I am not surprised they fail to see anything beyond the grievances to which they have been subjected. If they were, as a nation, philosophical and magnanimous, they might be much nobler-natured than they are; but they would not be true to their English parentage. It is also to be remembered that the Irish element in some of the larger States is very powerful, and that this element never loses an opportunity of embittering popular feeling in America against England. That the Irish emigrants hate us with most exceeding bitterness, may be our misfortune, and not our fault, but it certainly is not the fault of the Americans.

Given, then, the fact that Mr. Sumner, though he may have expressed his views with an acrimony and irritation peculiar rather to his own section of the community than to the nation at large, yet did express the popular sentiments of his countrymen, it remains to ask what is to be the upshot of this state of feeling? My own impression is that neither for war nor peace, neither for good nor evil, can there possibly be any immediate upshot. The Americans think, whether rightly or wrongly, that they have little to gain, and that we have much to lose, by the non-settlement of the Alabama controversy. The probability of an European war is confidently looked forward to on both sides the Atlantic; and whenever we are engaged in war we may expect much the same kind of neutrality from Americans as we exhibited towards them. The apprehension of such a state of things is galling to us; and the very knowledge that it is so galling indisposes the Americans to relieve us from what they deem the righteous penalty of our own misconduct. To be unwilling to forgive and forget is un-Christian, but it is not un-English. For these reasons I disbelieve in the possibility of procuring an immediate settlement of the Alabama question. I regret this the less, because I am convinced, for my own part, that any convention, however scrupulously worded, could not avert the danger it is designed to render impossible. We have good reason to know ourselves how extremely difficult it is for our own Government to hinder breaches of neutrality on the part of individual citizens; and this difficulty would be magnified tenfold in the case of a government like that of the United States. The authorities at Washington might be as anxious as — well, as Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone to prevent any infraction of international law, but their instructions would be constantly baffled by the unwillingness of their subordinates to see them executed. If the State of New York, for instance, was governed by an Irish majority, as might well

happen, and if popular opinion was hostile to England, we should have *Alabamas* sailing from the Empire City, no matter what conventions had been entered into between the Governments of Washington and St. James. That this should be so, is perhaps not creditable to American respect for law and national obligations; but we who recollect how Mr. Laird was cheered in the House of Commons, when he claimed credit for having built the *Alabama*, can hardly complain because American public sentiment is not more scrupulous than our own.

Against the danger to which I allude there is therefore, if I am right, no provision possible. The proposition I have seen gravely discussed in serious English journals — that we ought at once to go to war with America, in order to make her feel kindly towards us in the event of a future war — is too silly and childish to be answered. And yet short of that we can do nothing but wait for what the future may bring us. Time is upon our side; and the American nation, with its rapid growth and internal development, is hardly in a position to cherish rancor for any length of time. As years go by, the popular irritation about the Alabama, the Trent affair, and the recognition of the South, will lose its intensity; and then an arrangement may be made which would be frankly accepted on both sides the Atlantic. Moreover, with each year, as America becomes more consolidated and more self-supporting in intellectual as well as material respects the morbid susceptibility to English criticism which characterizes "the best type of Americans" will also pass away. But for the present we must make the best of a bad business. Having made our bed, we must lie in it. Nor can we wonder, if the fact of our attitude being attended with discomfort is not unwelcome to the Americans. That it is welcome to them is natural, but not creditable. And while our Anglo-Saxon character remains unaltered, there will always be found some statesman ready to become the mouthpiece of all popular sentiments, which are at once natural and not creditable. In Parliament, he may be called John Arthur Roebuck; in Congress, Charles Sumner.

TOM BUTLER.

III.—UNCLE JACK.

ABOUT three years later, when I am out on some foray through the streets, a large hand claps me on the back, and a larger voice sings out cheerily, "Halloa, my boy, this you!" For the moment, I could not recollect; but having only a limited round of acquaintances, memory in a second laid its finger upon the noble, chivalrous, valiant, and gallant Tom. Not much changed in his face, though his nose had grown more aquiline, but a great deal in his clothes. He was arrayed in a superb blue frock coat, with gold down the front, a crimson sash, and golden oyster shells on his shoulders; in fact, he was an officer, and this he called his undress. "Well, who'd have thought it?" he said; "and how have you been? Do you remember the licking I gave the Frenchman? Now we can go at them in the regular way, and no one can stop us. Come, where are you going?" We walked, and he told me all his adventures. I think now what a *really* good-natured and quite a chivalrous fellow he was, and how few of his cloth would be inclined to "be bothered" with a boy. He told me how the "poor governor had gone under at last, and was buried in the English burying-ground. He never liked me;

and the poor old duffer was shamed into getting me this. It only cost him a letter, but faith it costs me a deal. That don't matter, so long as it lasts."

The renewing of this acquaintance brought some delightful days. He graciously said he would make a point of coming to see "my people," who received him with distinction, though he did not know how often I had been warned against his company. His ready off-hand manner, his loud laugh, his stories, his honest good-humor, at once established him as a favorite. He came to dine very often; he had influence with the head of the house, and could make her do what he pleased, — in reference to me. But poor Simpson, our governess, he, so to speak, floored. Her he could, indeed, persuade to do what he pleased. Her heart, never before invaded by the sweet seduction of the gentle passion, and who, at most, had but a severe and intellectual communion with Lindley Murray and Mr. Mangnall, was now literally *burst into* by the gallant Tom. He was very good-natured to her. He was so amusing. He used to sing, too, in a rude way; but like such inharmonious songsters was passionately fond of the art. He was always interposing between me and retribution or ruin. As this pleasant friendship was renewed, an event occurred which seemed to me to combine extraordinary dramatic significance; and the circumstances were these: —

One morning there was an astonishing commotion. Up on the Mont Blanc of our house we heard betimes strange sounds and scufflings towards the Grand Mulets below. Scouts at the window, half-dressed scouts, too, hanging out, reported with delight, "That there was a horse walking up and down." This was always an incident of surprise and speculation, much as would be the entry of such an object on the stage. There were presently agitated descendings and rustlings. Miss Simpson abandoned her sentry-box and musket, our vigilant maid did the same, and the whole barrack, with a true and amazing *instinct*, that anticipated logic or information, inferred that something of vast importance had taken place, and that we might give ourselves over to universal riot and breakage, — which we did accordingly.

The morning went on, and we heard nothing. First, because no one felt bound to offer us the courtesy of an explanation, and naturally enough thought we had no need of it; and, secondly, because so long as we were assured of liberty and relaxed discipline, we were not inclined to be too nice on the point. I am bound to say, it was to the bursting importance of a superior intelligence that we at last owed the news. For Miss Simpson, restless and swelling with importance, could not long restrain herself, and imparted the cause of the commotion. The man on the horse, who had long since ridden away, was an "express" from the country.

"Come here, Jane, come here. You, sir, come here, and be serious for a moment. Let that chair alone. I declare if he has n't cracked the leg —" Thus grouped we listened.

A dreadful and unexpected business had taken place. It was slowly and impressively broken to us. Miss Simpson began: "Death was a dreadful and an awful thing. We must all submit to it, the highest as well as the lowest, — there was no escape. Even Lady Jane Mortimer opposite, who drove the lovely grays." Adopting the more immediate illustration, entirely to the prejudice of what it was meant to illustrate, I instinctively turned to look out of the window, and see the spectacle alluded to,

which for me had an exquisite charm. On this I was dragged rudely round, and told, as usual, that I would end disgracefully. But the point of the whole was this: our dear great-uncle, of whom we had often heard our good mamma speak, one of the best of men (my eyes were widening with wonder, who *could* it be?), the kind friend who was so thoughtful, who used to send up the hampers at Christmas (*now* I knew), had gone, had left this weary world, and we would never, never see him again! — a prospect, considering that I had never yet seen him, which did not affect me much. But I had logic enough to see that his departure would materially affect the recurring hampers.

But we little anticipated the surprises of that most dramatic day. There was advice and consultation with Mr. John; his suggestions were received with docility and respect. I caught those words of his: "The captain would be home at nine o'clock, please God, and then we'd know. Don't, *don't* worry yourself ma'am, and we'll all come right in time." Then arrived Mr. Bickers, who on occasions of moral crises was as indispensable, and came up the stairs in the same way, as the great family doctor in an illness. He had been sent for, and he came, as it were, professionally. All that day he was on the premises, walking up and down the room, drinking sherry, declaiming, giving advice, generally speaking, as to himself and his advice, not worth a rush. He read out "a fine passage, ma'am," from Bowdler's sermons, which I was sent for to listen to. "The great leveller, ma'am," he was saying as I entered — "the scythe, the scythe, ma'am! Well, sir, how do you feel now, — under the valley of the shadow? Have you come to that chapter in your catechism?"

"Indeed, Mr. Bickers, I am sorry to say he seems very little alive to the awful visitation that has occurred. There is a sort of levity about him that is incomprehensible. But it will break on him at last. How fine the words of the burial service. Ah!"

Here entered my two sisters, who were composed, amiable little hypocrites! to a decent and subdued bearing. There was apparent even such hasty tributes of respect to the deceased as a black ribbon tied round their waists in an enormous bow. This was of course provisional, *en attendant* a more organized display of grief which Miss Simpson was at this moment purchasing at a shop.

"Nothing could have been nicer," I heard it whispered to Mr. Bickers, "than the behavior of those girls. I assure you women of fifty would not have shown more sorrow."

It occurred to me that people at that time of life would have exhibited less; and if I had not been living under penal laws, I should perhaps have ventured on the remark; but at this moment I already saw the artist who had made the famous green frock crossing the street, and coming up our steps with an air of recognition. He had seen me, and pleasantly imitated, in a sort of pantomime, the art of measurement. Mr. Bickers was at that moment sonorously expatiating on "the fine passage" in the burial service, to which the little ladies, so well brought up, were listening, I fear, with only the respect of unintelligence, when the spectacle of the arriving artist seemed to me of such overwhelming importance, and was so dramatic, that I burst in on the "fine passage in our burial service" with the inopportune remark, made in a rude, enthusiastic, "blurred-out" fashion: —

"O, I say! here's the tailor. He's coning to measure me!"

Mr. Bickers looked angry and offended. "Take him away!" was the cry. "Go up stairs, sir!" But it was true — quite true. The tailor had been sent for to accommodate me with a suit which would figure in the bill as "an extra double-milled wire-wove superfine black jacket," with everything to match; and the operation was got through with speed. More marvellous still, it was to be sent home in the morning. There were other signs and wonders. My quick eye had noted motion and general operations in the stable, and, stealing out, I found John in the act of what he called "shaming" the green chariot. But he was mysterious about that great family monument, and declined to admit me into confidence. "We'd see to-morrow or next day," — a term which, unknown to him, corresponded to the popular relegation to the Greek kalends, things, of course, of which he had never heard. A more interesting spectacle was his operations with the lamps, into which he was fitting candles. He said, this, too, would be explained "to-morrow or next day." It was most singular. Death, it really seemed to me, without irreverence, was a most singular, mysterious, yet not uninteresting thing, since it brought with it such dramatic events, carriage lamps, &c., and, above all, suspension of house discipline. Dinner, even, of which Mr. Bickers was induced to stay and partake, was got over in a spasm, after which he walked up and down, and I well remember, in the absence of the head of the house got into a discussion with Miss Simpson, who, presuming on the crisis and general *laissez faire* established, had supported an opinion. "Ma'am," I heard him say, distinctly, "*you are a fool!*" — a rudeness to which she replied by rising and leaving the room, saying that "he quite forgot himself, and that no gentleman would address *any* lady in that way." Everybody sat up very late that night.

On the next morning there was greater joy and excitement in the house. John was heard below in the hall saying to some one, "Then, indeed, it's I that am glad to see you, captain! Welcome a thousand times from over the mountains, captain," for with a profusion of this sort of Eastern salutation did he usually love to greet his friends. Down we came stumbling, scrambling; female voices were heard more faintly behind, for "the captain" — Uncle Jack — was infinitely popular in that house. Between me and him especially there was a community and fellowship, born of similar tastes. *He understood me*; every one understood him. He was long and lame, had a hooked "Duke's" nose, and, indeed, he was said to resemble that eminent commander, but with the gentlest, softest blue eyes. His history was said to be curious; the youngest of innumerable younger sons, with a commission begged for him, certainly not purchased, he had been sent out from his native bogs with — he after told it — "a five-pound note in his pocket." Yet from that hour he wanted nothing, and his own father owned sometimes, "he must say that from the day Jack left him he had never written for so much as twenty pounds in all his life." A scarcely fair way of putting it, as implying that application had been made for sums lower in amount by Uncle Jack, who owned to me, modestly, that he could never bring himself to trouble them for sixpence. God knows, he said, they had mouths enough to fill. From that hour he never wanted anything, simply because he never wanted friends. Generals clung

to him with an almost romantic friendship, and, as these were "jobbing" days, one of them triumphantly carried through a most flagrant job, triumphing in the interest of his friend Jack. He was not forty, but was placed on the retired list in the enjoyment of full pay. He used to relate the stages of that corrupt transaction, half comically, half with a little shame. "To think of my useless four bones costing the country all that, and with all those honest, hard-working fellows struggling to make both ends meet." He had a charming little villa and farm combined, far down in the country, which bore the name of Lota, and where it was known that Uncle Jack kept the best horse, and the neatest little carriage, and the best dog, with a good gun, and a good bottle of wine, and a jar of whiskey "that was worth drinking." Indeed, these things came to him without trouble, of course allowing for his own nice judgment in such matters, having the "best eye for a horse in the whole country." As may be conceived, his gentle nature was turned to profit by numerous reduced relations who had started far more auspiciously in the world, and who now considered "Jack" as one who had had unfair advantages. Many was the ten-pound note that went off to these applicants, to say nothing of a little annuity here and there. By gentlemen of his family the honor of Uncle Jack's name to their bills was eagerly sought; but on this point he was inflexible. Here, too, they considered they were scurvily treated, and loudly inveighed against Jack's selfishness, he who had such advantages, being "pushed on" in every way; and they grudgingly accepted the twenty pounds or so, which was humbly offered as a solatium. Such a loan was, of course, but a handsome synonyme for gift.

It was always gala time for us when Uncle Jack arrived from the country, and put up at our hotel. Between him and me there was the most perfect accord, chiefly as to mechanical taste, — repairs, sharpenings, &c. He knew the most acceptable present he could offer me was a penknife, which he usually chose of beautiful workmanship, and, knowing beforehand that it would be seized by the officers of justice and confiscated, he, with rare delicacy, stipulated with the authorities that I should be allowed to retain it. I am sorry to say this engagement was only held to during his presence, as some fatal wilfulness was sure to precipitate me into an unmeaning overt act, such as cutting open a "darby" to look at his springs, or in gashing my thumb frightfully. Imbrued in my own blood I was seized, and never saw the instrument again.

IV. — AN EXPEDITION.

The present occasion was too serious for these *delassements*. An agitated council was held almost in the hall, and I heard the question put, "Well, can you go?"

"To be sure, my dear," was the answer.

"Then that's all right. And the chariot is ready, and John, and —"

"O, tut, nonsense!" protested Uncle Jack. "Indeed, no. To be battering your beautiful carriage all down the country roads. No. I'll just get a chaise comfortably from Baker's."

He shrank from the profanity of laying hands on the sacred vehicle, which he revered as though it had newly come from Hooper's. But such protest was unavailing. That good fellow, Tom Butler, had at once volunteered to go down, and repre-

sented affecting even a kind of interest in the deceased, having met him, he said, somewhere at dinner. This kindness was so like Tom, and was really delicacy on his side, for he knew that in these mortuary arrangements, a handsome show and an air of crowd and pomp, while it soothes the poignancy of grief, at the same time ministers to the pride of the living. Mr. John was presently taken into council, as if he was an "elder," and seemed to speak with great collectedness, gravity, and weight, with many a "So best," "So be it," and was listened to with respect. The past was utterly forgotten, and the captain, who respected him highly, said he must own that John had made the coach "look better than the first day. You could see yourself in it." Mr. John took this compliment modestly, and "must say that, as far as 'shaming' went, and polishing, he had spared neither wind, limb, nor bone." I almost think he was going to add something about being "heart-scalded"; but, in delicacy to the situation, he refrained. After we were led away up to bed, a new surprise was in store for us. We were just going to sleep, when a deputation seemed to fill the room, dazzling lights to multiply, and a crowd to enter. The crowd was only the head of our house and the captain.

"There's news for you, my boy," he said. "Mamma has given leave, and you can go in the back seat. Will you be ready at seven sharp?"

"Miss Simpson will get him up, and his new clothes have come back."

"That's a good lad," said the captain. "And I'll bet my new hat it's a fine account I'll bring back of him. You won't mind sitting behind with John in the dicky, — for a time, that is; but we'll have you in now and again, my boy, on the folding-up seat."

Mind the dicky behind! Why, it was the very spot I would have chosen, — the paradise of the vehicle, — with the sunny day, the quick motion, above all, that translation into a genuine actual reality, instead of the meagre coach-house pantomime of clambering into a merely stationary back seat, — poor enough entertainment. Now, if I were so minded, I could rehearse, with real danger, that performance of mounting and scaling the seat hastily.

It was hard to sleep that night, but it was contrived somehow. Betimes I was awake, and saw with exquisite delight the new extra superfine black suit lying neatly folded beside me. There was, besides, a hat, about the size of a little flower-pot, an article without which it was impossible to have the true air of mourning. I had never had one on my head before, save, of course, in the way of sportive experiment. Once, too, I had furtively tried on one of the Goodman's hats which was lying in the hall.

Every one was down. The captain was exquisitely shaved, even at that early hour, as by machinery. The brave and noble Tom Butler came rattling up in a cab, just in time for the really sumptuous meal that was set out. I was encouraged to partake largely of the delicious broiled ham and mutton-chops, and, more succulent still, the richly buttered muffins, which strewed the board in profusion. Surely the only moral I tried to draw was that mourning, and the stroke that brings mourning, must be a more agreeable thing than it was generally depicted, and that those well-meaning clergymen whom I had heard from the pulpit asking death where its sting was, and the grave where its

victory, might well pause for a reply. Victories and stings, indeed! The embodied muffins and fried ham were not to be spoken of thus unfairly. We were all in good spirits, too, and even gay, the captain making a passing allusion to "poor old Ned's wake," and the hearty Tom rallying Miss Simpson pleasantly. At last we were ready. There was a sound of wheels, and soon the green chariot came clattering up to the window, shaking and bobbing on its C springs. The postilion had quite a festive air, as if he was about to take in a wedding party. Heads came to the other windows in our modest street, for John had taken care to let the news get wind, and this pageant and journey implied a sort of magnificence both for the deceased and those who mourned him. Finally we emerged, the whole family on the steps and about the hall, the captain, in his dark, scarcely black suit, I alone glistening like a little snake, while Tom, who had good-naturedly made an attempt to join in harmony with his afflicted companions, did not get beyond mere neutral tints. John, who had banged down the steps with needless violence, — a recollection of his old lackey days, — stood holding the door open in genuine though slightly rusty sables. To say the truth, these mournful occasions were highly to his taste, and he always requested permission to attend when he thought there was the least excuse for paying that last mark of respect. He never lacked a seat, and there were, besides, the inducements of the dismal decorations, scarf and hatband, which ornaments, unbecoming to a degree, he wore with a pride and complacency the most splendid livery could not have extorted.

The captain and the brave Tom were seated inside. I was already in the "dicky," yet having, alas! already "blocked" the new hat against the C spring! It crushed in fearfully, with a half-crackle, half-rustle. The misfortune was seen by Miss Simpson only, but she was generous, out of decency, I supposed, to the occasion; otherwise I expected to have been dragged down and brought up summarily before the justices. Then the whip cracked, and we were off.

Delightful day! We were posting it, and were to go about sixty miles. For me it was a new sensation, — the freedom, the keen air, the motion, the commanding elevation, even the jolting! Above all, I began to be gifted with an amazing fluency and volubility, and invited John to unfold to me experiences of his amazing life, which seemed to me worthy to be placed beside some of the adventurous voyagers whose stories I had read with such interest. But with an almost dramatic relevancy, he confined himself to details that sprang, as it were, from our present attitude. There was a posting journey from London to Cheltenham, "on the loveliest road," and on which he had met the famous Colonel Berkeley, himself driving four-in-hand, "and the two grooms sitting up behind with their arms crossed — the loveliest brown and gold liveries on them, and a lady, the creature! alongside of him." Then we got out in the fine smooth country roads, — strips of gray and yellow winding out like a ribbon of a rich green silk dress; then a hill rose up before us like a ladder, and we had to get out and walk, and the glass was let down and a cloud of smoke came out, — the captain and the brave Tom Butler smoking together. They talked to me cheerfully, and when we got to the top of the hill there was a halt, while, mysterious operation! we all assisted in *putting on the drag*. I loved

the grinding sound as we scraped down the hill. The postilion had an interest for me, owing to the strange mechanism of his inner boot, — a protection against the pole. We passed little villages, all scraps of white in a very green ground. Then came a snowy "pike," where I should like to have lived and taken the money, and in about two hours drew up handsomely at an inn called The Plough, where we were to change horses. Ostlers came out, and retired with our horses, grown very lanky of a sudden. I heard our late postilion wishing "long life" to the captain, — I had no doubt a sincere wish, for the captain's manner of bestowing a half-crown made it five shillings, and there was a supplemental wish that he might drive at the captain's wedding. Then we rattled off with a plunge, Mr. John being savage, for I had called "All right" from behind, and he had to run hard, and with difficulty got up.

At the next stage all the voyagers descended at "McCallum's," where the captain recollected stopping fifteen years ago, and where there was actually some one that recollected him, or seemed to recollect him. But, in truth, there was in the captain's face always such a gracious, kindly recognition of his fellow-creatures who were below him in station, that it seemed the renewal, as it were, of quite an old acquaintance. So when he had greeted Mrs. McCallum warmly and gallantly, also telling her she was as dangerous as she was twenty years ago, that smart lady fair recollected the visit and the compliments paid to her.

We were to lunch here. I remember to this hour the peculiar fragrance of the inn parlor, the air half of beer, half the flavor of sawdust, and yet not disagreeable. Such ale — such a round of beef — such cheese! But in those days everything had "such" before it, from the want of a frequent standard of comparison. "Cut and come again," said the captain, who took good care that Mr. John should be carefully attended to, — possibly a superfluous precaution. The brave Tom was in boisterous spirits, making jokes, and eating prodigiously. What I admired in both gentlemen was their amazing command of easy conversation, and the pleasant rallying they kept up with Mrs. McCallum, — the imagination, the ready wit, so it seemed to me. Nor was she behindhand, and, I dare swear, talked long after of the green chariot and the two pleasant gentlemen it brought. I was greatly delighted with the series of paintings, as they appeared to me, that hung out from the walls in a beetling manner, as if they were going to fall down on our heads. They were of an absorbing dramatic interest, representing passages in the life of a huntsman, — a vast and confused crowd of red coats, and a number of very high stocks and painted "gills." The captain recognized them at once. "Ay, Tom Moody — poor Tom Moody — I have them all down at Lota. See, there he is going over the ha-ha, and there they're all like ourselves, bound for a funeral. We have n't as long faces as they have, quite; eh, Tom, my boy? See here. Look at this horse, with his whip and his spurs. Immensely well done."

Now we were on again, with fresh horses, and Mrs. McCallum stands courtesying and smiling at the door, and I am convinced she feels the loss of the captain very much. I recollect now the captain rallying brave Tom on something that occurred in the passage. "When my back was turned too," said the captain, — "a shame! taking advantage of an elderly veteran." I did not know then what this

joking was referring to; but I think I can make a guess now. I was taken inside and seated on a little seat contrived to let up and down, and never was so entertained, contributing myself no inconsiderable share of the conversation, and being invited to do so. Then I was asked to sing, and greatly pressed by the captain, who said, "Mark his words; but I would astonish them yet with an uncommon fine organ of my own!" I gave them my *cheval de bataille* — the Pilgrim of Love, Mr. Inledon's, I believe, favorite ditty, which I had found in an old red music-book between The Battle of Prague and a song called the Rosy Beam of Morning. I am not a little amused to see that this old favorite has since come seriously into fashion, voiced by welkin-splitting tenors. The captain's own gifts were of a modest sort, confined chiefly to a gentle accompaniment of "Tum, ti, tum, de, dee, ti, tum, tum, toy." Yet he could play on a violin, and often delighted us by an account of doings at "Mrs. Dodd's boarding-house, — a tip-top place," where he lived "with the best," about the time quadrilles came over from France, and where the passion for the dance was so strong that the ladies and gentlemen would begin at once after luncheon, closing "Dodd's" shutters, and lighting up the rooms, while Uncle Jack, good-natured always, would sit at the head, and fiddle "Payne's Quadrille" over and over again. But I am digressing.

THE TRADE IN LOCKS.

THERE are "locks and locks," — to adopt the favorite formula of the day, — and it is not of the patents of Chubb, Bramah, or Hobbs, or of tumbler, safety, detector, or other mechanical fastenings, that we are about to speak. It is of the "hyacinthine locks" alluded to by Milton, and more especially of those borrowed tresses which women nowadays covet to that degree as to make one think that, like Samson, all their power lay in their hair.

Does any one believe that all that has been written by moralists, and censors, and medical men to boot, during the past two or three years, against the practice of wearing false hair, — that all the horrible stories which have been told about chignons being made of hair cut from corpses, — or the terrible revelations which have been made respecting "gregarines" and other parasites, or even the recent threat of the Bishop of New Jersey not to lay his episcopal hands on the heads of young ladies who present themselves before him to be confirmed in borrowed tresses, — has caused one false chignon, repentir, cachefolie, *tête-à-point*, or Alexandria curl the less to be worn? The trade in hair is as flourishing as ever, and the choicer samples still command exceptional prices. One of the largest Paris dealers still finds customers for his *blonde ardent* chignon at 1,500 francs, although silk counterfeits are common enough in all the *passementerie* shops for as little as ninety centimes.

Every one knows by this time that the bulk of the false natural hair worn in the British Isles is imported from France, for with us the very poorest never sell their hair, excepting the canny Scots, who supply the Paris market with the best red and flaxen hair. France, by this time, must send us about £ 60,000 annually; still, what is this among the five million women given to plaiting and treiring their hair? Positively less than threepence per head, — a mere bagatelle for such astounding results. It is

Brittany that sends the largest supplies of human hair to the Paris market. "Since the Roman conquest," writes Chateaubriand, "The Gallic women have always sold their blond locks to deck brows less adorned. My Breton compatriots still resign themselves to be clipped on certain fair days, when they exchange the natural covering of their heads for an India handkerchief."

Happening to alight on the above passage in a volume of Chateaubriand's Memoirs, which I found lying about the hotel at Combour, where I chanced to be on the eve of the 4th of September last, — the day of the famous fair called the Angevine, held, as Chateaubriand tells us, in "the meadow of the lake," though the road to Rennes now separates lake and meadow, — I strolled in the direction of the château, of which and of the gloomy life of its inmates Chateaubriand has left us such a vivid description, to see the preparations for the morrow's fête. In the meadow referred to, and along the high-road adjoining, I came upon a sort of camp. Carts and wagons half unloaded, horses tethered to stakes fixed in the ground, canvas tents and little booths in course of erection; with hammers constantly rapping, children gambolling and squalling, and caldrons suspended over crackling wood-fires, steaming and smoking. Among the objects that were being unpacked and piled up pell-mell on all sides were an abundance of common household utensils, knives, pottery, wooden shoes, felt hats, drapery goods, printed cottons, religious trinkets, and cheap jewelry, but I looked in vain for the foulards and the corahs for which the Breton girls bartered alike their fair and raven locks with equal readiness.

Next day I visited the fair when the crowd was at its height, and explored all the stalls in the meadow and by the roadside in vain search after those shearers of young girls' tresses, respecting whom I felt some curiosity since reading the foregoing passage in Chateaubriand's Memoirs. Arrived at the outskirts of the fair, at the wings of the spectacle in fact, I noticed under a wide-spreading walnut-tree, and partially hidden behind a large crockery stall, as though the spot had been selected as affording a certain degree of privacy, a hooded cart half filled with packages, its shafts resting on the ground, and a lean horse, fastened to one of the spokes of the wheel, grazing beside it. The owner, a little square-built, muscular man, about forty years of age, seemingly half peasant, half horse-dealer, was sitting on one of the shafts close to a parcel of printed cotton goods. One detected something of the rogue in the twinkle of his insolent-looking eye as, unfastening a small packet, he brought forth one by one half a dozen showy-looking handkerchiefs, and expatiated on the particular beauties of each as he produced it to an old peasant woman, who held a bare-footed young girl of twelve by the hand, whose "catiole" had been removed, the better to display the profusion of beautiful black hair which fell in cascades to her waist. As I approached the group, I noticed that the man suddenly became silent, but I heard the woman say, —

"One handkerchief is not enough for such a quantity of hair." The girl seemed to have no voice in the matter, so she contented herself with regarding with covetous eyes the brilliant treasures displayed before her.

"My good soul," replied the dealer, in a coaxing tone, "I really can't give more, or I should lose by it, for I have already got more black hair than I

want. It is only light hair that fetches any price nowadays: still, as I promised you a handkerchief, you shall have one. I'll not cry off the bargain. You know where to find me when you have made up your mind."

The old woman made no reply, but proceeded to assist the child to do up her hair, rolling it chignon fashion inside her loose "catiole." The pair then walked away, but returned a moment afterwards to accept the dealer's terms, who, without more ado, set to work. Seated upon a three-legged stool, he gripped as it were his victim, her hair all hanging down, between his knees. In his hand was a pair of large open shears, which he pressed close to the girl's head. "Monsieur," cried she, "you are hurting me, pray don't cut it all off; leave me one lock to fasten my comb to."

The dealer, however, was deaf to this sort of entreaty, and with a few snips of his large scissors cropped the child's head almost close. He then rolled up the bunches of hair, and, after securing them with a knot, put them into a bag, while the girl, raising her hands to her head, felt instinctively for one moment for her missing tresses, then hastened to conceal with her catiole the ravages the dealer's shears had made. This done, the old woman selected the gaudiest of the half-dozen handkerchiefs, and hurried off her granddaughter into the crowd. Certain French writers of romance pretend that, in the majority of instances, the young girls of Brittany and Auvergne who sell their hair only do so under pressure of some dire distress. Nothing is further from the truth. In Brittany selling the hair is, as Chateaubriand tells us, as old as the Roman invasion of Gaul, and the custom may now be said to run in the blood. The style of coiffure common there certainly conceals the absence of the customary tresses, but even if it did not, no one would think any the worse of the poor shorn lamb. At Mont-lucon, again, girls who are betrothed sell their hair, with the consent of their future spouses, to provide themselves with the wedding trousseau. And even well-to-do farmers' wives, in a spirit of prudence, will at times part with their hair for a serviceable dress. Breton hair being so highly prized for its fineness, it is not on fête days alone that dealers display their tempting wares and drive hard bargains with the hesitating fair. All the year round, pedlers, with packs of showy cotton prints on their backs, tramp from village to village, trying to tempt the hundreds of girls they meet on the highway, tending pigs and cows, to part with their flaxen or raven locks for glossy looking red and yellow cotton handkerchiefs worth about a franc each.

In the towns, it is the hairdressers who insinuate to all the young girls that they give as much as twenty francs a pound for long back hair, — this is the market price throughout the north of Brittany; but as female labor is better paid in these parts, commanding about a franc a day without board, they do only a moderate amount of business, and this chiefly with girls who have to lose their hair for sanitary reasons, and, when they are forced to sacrifice it, think they may as well get from ten to fifteen francs for it from the hairdresser. The average value of a head of hair *sur pied*, that is to say, not as it stands, but rather as it grows, is ten francs. The finest crop, reaching far below the waist, hardly ever weighs a pound or commands the coveted golden Napoléon. Years ago, before the era of railways, the hair merchant used to bar-

tar, not merely handkerchiefs, but caps, ribbons, little shawls, scarfs, and plated earrings for a head of hair, but nowadays when hair is more in demand, and young girls or their guardians have come to know more of its value, he must be prepared to pay money in the towns if he hopes to reap a handsome crop.

In Auvergne, which is quite out of the ordinary tourist's line of route, and is — as a couple of maiden ladies, whom we met last year travelling in search of the economical, in preference to the picturesque, confidentially assured us — the only part of France not overrun by English, and, consequently, the only part where living is really cheap, — in Auvergne the itinerant dealer in human hair does business in a perfectly public fashion. He makes a point of arriving in the village on market-day or during the annual fête, and might be easily mistaken for the travelling dentist or quack doctor, who extracts teeth or extols the healing quality of his drugs to the gaping peasants assembled in the market-place.

At Ambert, St. Anthème, Arlanc, Olliargues, and Riom, their cabriolets and booths, surmounted by little tricolor flags, are huddled together in the midst of the egg and butter stalls; and grouped around them will be peasant girls with baskets of fruit and vegetables, accompanied by their parents or their husbands, and all ready to sacrifice their locks to the highest bidder. At Issingeaux, on market-days, the sight is exceedingly picturesque. The hair-merchant takes his stand on a low platform or wine-cask turned on end in front of a booth formed of canvas, and a few planks, and with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, invites the women, in a loud voice, to step up and show their hair. Around him are a crowd of men and women in sabots from the surrounding country, come to sell either a cow, a pig, or a couple of fowls, the women dressed in a short serge petticoat and cotton apron, with a cap or a colored handkerchief bound round their head in winter, and in summer wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat; the men in short apple-green cloth jackets and large felt hats, similar to those worn by the privileged porters at the Paris market.

One by one the girls will mount platform or wine-cask, and throwing aside their caps, will loosen their tresses and

"Shower their rippling ringlets to the knee."

The hair-dealer makes a rigid examination, followed by an offer, and as soon as a bargain is struck, the girl steps inside the booth, and in five minutes the dealer's assistant will have cropped her close, when off she will run amidst the laughter and jeers of the crowd, which, however, does not prevent the remainder of the girls in the village from following her example.

It sometimes happens, however, that the young men of the place, who look upon the hair-merchant with no kindly eye, will commence assailing him before he has succeeded in packing up his traps and decamping. He then has to trust to his horse to carry him beyond the reach of the enraged swains.

Mud, stones, rotten eggs, and every kind of filth at hand fall in showers upon the hood of his shabby cabriolet; but being tolerably accustomed to this sort of thing, he takes care to be provided with an excellent horse, which soon places him beyond the reach of the mob, and next day he will sustain the

principal part in much the same scene in some adjoining village.

In Normandy most of the girls have their hair cut very short with the exception of the chignon, over which they coquettishly arrange their high caps, which, like the Brittany coiffure, so completely covers the head that they appear to have lost or rather sold nothing at all.

When the hair-merchant has finished his *tournée* in the provinces, he takes his merchandise to Paris or some other large town, where he sells it, at prices varying from twenty to a hundred francs the pound, to dealers who, after preparing it, make it up into chignons, curls, bandeaux, nattes, &c. On visiting one of the largest of these establishments, we found the four walls of the sale-room lined round with shelves, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, on which were piled up chignons upon chignons of all qualities and all shades of color, from raven black to the most delicate blond, done up in packets of six, the smallest number sold by the house, which does no retail trade. Half a dozen assistants were executing orders which customers gave in person, or which had been received that morning by post from the travellers of the firm. In an adjoining warehouse the raw material was lying in heaps upon the floor beside scores of young women, who were sorting and weighing out the chignons of the future, allowing so many grammes for one sort and so many for another. The place, in fact, was redolent of hair. There was hair in all the drawers, hair in cardboard boxes, hair hanging from the ceiling and clinging to the walls, hair upon the counters, upon the chairs, and in the very inkstand; there was even hair in the air itself, moving about as it were in clouds, which when you agitated them disagreeably caressed you.

Most of the hair, we learned, reaches the establishment in bulk, in large sacks, each holding about a couple of hundred weight. It is first of all subjected to a thorough washing in boiling water, to remove all the grease and other impurities, after which it is placed in a bath of potash and then thoroughly dried. The various tresses are now sorted roughly according to their length and shade, then what is called in technical language the *evenage* takes place. This consists in separating the principal locks of the same tress that do not resemble each other closely in shade. Then comes the *recarrage* or equalizing of the upper ends of each tress, after which a second and more careful sorting ensues, and the hair is arranged in bundles weighing from ten to twelve pounds each, to undergo a new series of operations.

First of all the hair is taken in small handfuls by the workmen, who powder it thoroughly with flour; it then receives a vigorous combing upon iron carders, after which a second carder comes to the assistance of the first and holds the hair tightly while it is pulled out in lengths, of which the longest are separated first. The final operation to which it is subjected is styled the *delentage*, and consists simply in again combing it upon carders of extreme fineness. False tresses are now formed by mixing together, in certain proportions, hair of the same tint and slightly varying in length. To arrange a grand chignon the hair-worker will at times employ the spoils derived from the heads of no less than thirty women.

Our hair-dealer was careful to assure us that all the stories told about hair cut from dead bodies being worked up into chignons were devoid of truth.

"Hair thus obtained," he said, "is too brittle to be curled or twisted into proper form; and as for 'gargarines,' these may exist," he observed, "in Russian chignons made from hair procured from the dirty Mordvine and Burlake peasant women, but I never heard a duly authenticated instance of their being detected in French chignons.

Not a lock of Russian hair comes to France except on Muscovite heads. We get, by way of Marseilles, a large quantity of hair from Italy, chiefly from Sicily, Naples, and the Papal States,—you remember about the young Roman girl who sold her hair to buy the pope a Zouave,—and a moderate quantity from Austria, Bohemia, Belgium, and Spain, across the frontiers, but our principal supplies are home ones, and chiefly come from Brittany, Auvergne, Artois, and Normandy, and in a less degree from Languedoc, Limousin, Poitou, and Bourbonnais. We count the Breton hair the most valuable of all by reason of its extreme fineness, and from its having been covered up in the large caps the peasants wear during its most active period of growth, from its never having been previously curled, but simply rolled up in bands, and finally because it has rarely even been combed!" Auvergnat hair our merchant pronounced to be too coarse to use alone, though it worked up very well mixed with other kinds. Spanish hair, good enough in itself was too decidedly black, too sombre, to suit ordinary complexions; it was therefore requisite to mix this also, to soften it, in fact, with hair of a more delicate shade; the same with the tow-like tint of the Flemish hair, which had to be made more sunny-looking by the addition of German hair of a richer blond. Neapolitan hair, we were informed, was but little esteemed in the trade, a circumstance at which we were surprised, as the hair of the Caprian peasant women, which is dark, lustrous, long, and massively rippled, is among the finest in the world. The particular German hair from which the chignons of the tender shade termed angel's blonde are made, commands, it seems, the highest price of all.

The long hair pulled out of ladies' heads by the comb, and which in Paris is thrown every morning on the rubbish-heaps of the city, is carefully picked up again by the chiffonniers and sold by them for making what is called *têles-et-pointes*, that is, the cheap curl or tuft of hair, the roots of the individual hairs composing which are not all at one end. Nothing in the way of hair would appear to be wasted; that of a bad shade of color is dyed, generally black, and even the clippings, which the hairdressers can turn to no other account, are sold by them to be manufactured into perukes and chignons for the more expensive class of wax dolls.

One has spoken of chignons at 1,500 francs, but this is of course a purely exceptional price, arising first of all from the peculiar color of the hair, namely, a bright gold shade; secondly, from its great length,—nearly three and a half feet,—and thirdly, from its bulk and its extreme fineness, to combine all which necessitates a single chignon being carefully selected from an immense stock of hair, several hundredweight, in fact.

When this golden-tinted hair was the rage in Paris, and women, in despair of otherwise acquiring it, powdered their heads with gold, a hairdresser of the Rue Vivienne exhibited in his window a chignon formed entirely of the finest gold thread, and the price of which was 1,000 francs; but whether he ever manufactured more than this sample

aureate chignon, or persuaded a single fair one to parade these veritable golden locks, we are unable to say. At the present time about 250 francs appears to be the average Paris price for a superior chignon of an ordinary tint, and from twelve to seventy francs for the commoner article.

We all know that the wearing of false hair by beauties in their prime dates back anterior to the Christian era, and that Ovid speaks of the German slaves' hair with which the Roman women sought to enhance their charms, going publicly to make their purchases at the shops of the Gallic hair-merchants situate near the Temple of the Muses, and under the peristyle of the Temple of Hercules. The chignon, however, has only been known under its present name since about the time when "coiffeurs" themselves first came into vogue in the middle of the eighteenth century. Up till that period there had been only barbers and perruquiers, the former of whom shaved and bled their customers, while the latter merely cut hair and manufactured wigs, so that ladies were obliged to have their hair dressed by their *femmes de chambre*. Gradually the race of coiffeurs arose to perform this intricate operation, and as a matter of course trenched on the privileges of the perruquiers, for they cut hair as well as dressed it. Ere long a storm of discontent ensued, and an action that kept all Paris in a ferment for months was brought by the perruquiers against the coiffeurs, who had at this time increased to 1,200 in number, for illegally infringing on their rights. The coiffeurs pleaded in their defence that the dressing of ladies' hair was "a liberal art," and therefore foreign to the profession of perruquier. "We have," said they, with ludicrous consequentiality, "to embellish nature and correct its deficiencies. It is our task to reconcile the color of the hair with the tint of the complexion, so as to enhance the beauty of the latter; to grasp with taste the variegated shades of the tresses, and so dispose the shadows as to give more spirit to the countenance, heightening the tone of the skin by the auburn tint of the locks, or subduing its too lovely splendor by the neutral shade which we communicate to the tresses." Thanks to the influence exercised by the fair sex the coiffeurs gained the day, and, elated with their victory, proceeded to form a corporation, baptizing themselves "Académiciens de la Coiffure et de la Mode," at which piece of presumption the French Academy itself took umbrage, and Paris was amused by a new trial. This time the coiffeurs were beaten, whereupon they modestly styled themselves "professors," a designation they were permitted to retain, as the professors of the French colleges, less susceptible than the Academicians, entered no protest against their usurping this title.

Nowadays hairdressers style themselves indiscriminately professors and artists, and have their occasional public exhibitions like other artists, with this difference, however, that they invite the public not only to admire the result of their labors, but to witness them produce their masterpieces. In Paris these exhibitions take place regularly at the Salle Molière, and imitations of them have more than once been given at the Hanover Square Rooms. A most ravishing picture is presented at the moment when the artist—his hand generally trembling with emotion at the outset of the operation,—undoes the band that confines the hair of the lady who submits her tresses to his manipulative skill. A blond, auburn, brown, or jet-black avalanche sudden-

ly descends, enveloping the rounded shoulders of the fair one like a rich silken mantle. Gradually, beneath the dexterous fingers of the artist, all these recalcitrant tresses are gathered up and grouped with consummate skill according to some particular type of coiffure, such as the Classic, the Louis Quatorze, the Pompadour, the Watteau, the Premier Pas, the Caprice, the Hirondelle, or the Empire.

JINNY'S THREE BALLS.

I. — JINNY'S FIRST BALL.

"How kind you are!"

"Look at that girl, Fitz. I'll bet you anything you like she has n't been trotted out once to-night. Poor thing!"

"She's not bad looking; at least, not very, but awfully raw," said Captain Fitzpatrick, leaning against the doorway, and surveying the lady in question critically, while she dropped her shy eyes and blushed over ears and forehead.

"I wish I was n't engaged all the way down," continued his good-natured friend (who was called Dick Jones, and therefore surnamed by his brother officers, after the manner of their kind, "De Courcy"), "or that Sydney was n't such a lazy wretch."

"Look here! I'll ask her," interrupted Fitzpatrick, starting from his languid attitude, "else the unlucky little monkey will do something rash. Here goes. Put a bold face on it, and introduce me; there's a good fellow."

"My friend Captain Fitzpatrick, of the 190th — Miss Lake."

"May I have this dance?" asked the captain, sitting down good-humoredly on the so-long vacant bench, and showing his big white teeth in a pleasant patronizing smile.

"Yes. O, thank you very much."

"May I put my name on your card? Perhaps you have n't got one? Let me pick up your handkerchief. Stay; there goes the fan too. How cruel to give me so much trouble, isn't it?"

Then, at last, his shy neighbor looked up, and burst out vehemently: "I am so — so stupid and awkward. — No, I've no card; I have n't danced once this evening. Pray, forgive me."

"Forgive you! I should think so. What a shame! — This promises to be amusing." The last five words were spoken to himself, as he turned and contemplated his partner.

She was not much to look at, he thought; a tall, slim girl, with abrupt, awkward movements, a blunt nose, a wide mouth, and big, limpid, brown-gray eyes, with long level brows, and thick straight lashes. She was badly dressed in a tumbled tarletane, white, with blue flowers, ill made, ill fitting, displaying a sufficiently snowy, but lamentably thin neck and arms; and she wore an unfashionably tall wreath of forget-me-nots on her voiceless, thick brown hair, and a black ribbon round her long throat. She was not pretty, — she never would be; but she might one day have a good figure; and her eyes were fine, and her hair and teeth not bad. And then, she had a sort of innocent, babyish air, thought Captain Fitzpatrick, that made her look quite jolly sometimes, in spite of her "missishness." Poor little Jinny Lake of sixteen! It was a dangerous gift to her, that silly, happy, sweet smile, which lit eyes as well as lips; that low, cooing voice, which said such rash and simple things with that unconscious

pathos of tender trust. At least, any one who loved Jinny unselfishly would have thought so, and trembled for her; but as no one did, it was no great matter. She might wear her heart outside, for daws to peck at, and no one would care; not, certainly, the aunt and sole guardian whose guardianship and affection were so careless and so torpid, they might almost as well never have existed. Before the music of the next dance struck up, Captain Fitzpatrick had learned almost as much of Jinny's life and prospects as could be told. The knowledge awoke in him such immense wonder and pity, that he determined to ameliorate her sad fate as much as lay in his power, and at the same time to form her character. Yet he had not the appearance of a safe mentor, as he bent towards her, his bright blue eyes dancing in amusement at her *naïveté*; his curved, delicate lips laughing beneath the silky curls of his golden-brown mustache; his glossy, close-cut head almost touching the ugly blue wreath. He looked kind, and good-tempered, and cheery, as he was, but a great deal too handsome and graceful, and agreeably conscious of those facts, for a safe instructor of susceptible youth.

"Well, you shall enjoy yourself for what's left of the evening," he said. "I'll tell you: I'll introduce two of our fellows to you, and —"

"There are only two dances more," answered Jinny, with alarmingly open appeal; "and I thought perhaps you —"

"Thought what, Miss Lake?"

"Nothing; at least — no, I mean you are so kind, that —"

"You'll just as soon dance, then, with your humble servant? Was that it, eh?"

"O yes; indeed, it was!" she cried with shy, vehement relief.

"All right; I shall be only too flattered, I'm sure," the captain observed, unable to resist a rather concealed drawl, and a complacent caress of his mustache by a slender silver-gray hand, no larger than Jinny's own, and far defter than her long young fingers. Then they whirled away, — Jinny in a seventh heaven of delight, doubting her own identity, and exciting the wonder of the sleepy old doctor who had consented to chaperon her to this, her first ball, but had not made the slightest effort to help her to either refreshment or dancing from the moment of their entrance until now.

When the last dance was over, and Miss Lake had made no movement to rejoin her chaperon, Fitzpatrick saw the matter was in his own hands. Partly through native docility, partly through her vast admiration of himself, she would have been content to sit all night with him in the empty ball-room. So he said, feeling quite benevolently prudent, "By Jove! I'm sorry it's over. I suppose I must give you up to that old foggy now?"

He did it accordingly; and then Jinny, holding out a fervent hand, said, "Good-by" in a depressed and gloomy manner.

"O, it's not 'Good-by,'" he answered, laughing; "of course I must see you to your carriage; and then —"

"But I'm going to walk," avowed literal Jinny; "a fly's too dear."

"All the jollier. I'll come with you, if I may?" There was nothing very tender in the pleading of his bright blue eyes, but Jinny found it irresistible.

"O, I should like it!" she whispered, and soon came forth from the cloakroom with a thin old shawl huddled round her; her dress caught up, re-

gardless of grace, in a great bundle in front, and such an eager, shining, fluttered face as made Fitzpatrick feel at the same time thrills of affection and contempt for her. Poor Jinny! She was lamentably ignorant of these little details of the art of pleasing, to be so imprudently ready to be pleased.

Old Dr. Irving (in deference to some vague notions of "leaving young people alone") plodded on behind the two, who hardly noticed his forbearance, and never thought of a comic, sad, little romance, over years ago, of which a raw young Sawbones and a retired grocer's daughter were hero and heroine. It was a longish walk, and Fitzpatrick became a little tired, and thought with angry sadness of a big cushioned carriage which had brought him and somebody else back from many balls; but Jinny was radiant, and he could not spoil the pleasure ringing so sweetly in the foolish, soft accents, nor mar the perfection of her happiness, because she could not make his own.

The same motive, he believed, made him say, when he left her, that he would "do himself the pleasure of calling."

"Do, please, do!" cried she, squeezing his hand. "O, how kind you are!" And she stood and watched him when he had bid a cheery, respectful good-night to the old doctor, making his way light-somely down the muddy road with the sort of dancing walk, funny enough in its way, which characterizes many cavalry men, but which seemed to her inexperience only another individual charm.

He would almost have laughed could he have guessed the passionate gratitude and trembling reverence with which Jinny regarded him; the latter feeling, indeed, I think little Captain Fitzpatrick had never, in the course of his five-and-twenty years, inspired before. She went up stairs slowly, and sat down on the bed in her little room, without once looking in the glass, as most girls would, under the new and agreeable circumstances, have done; but she was thinking of him, not of herself. She was so bewildered she could not have uttered one of her thoughts distinctly; and after sitting quite still, with a dreamy smile on her lips, for a long time, her head drooped on her shoulder, and she fell asleep.

As to Fitzpatrick, he was on the whole happier than he had allowed himself to be for a long while. This poor child's awkward admiration soothed the self-esteem which had recently received a sad shock; and its character was novel; people were wont to pet, and chaff, and be warm friends with him; but no one had ever seemed to look up to him until now. He resolved inwardly to be very kind and patronizing, and show the world in general, and ~~one~~ lady in particular — whose ears it might reach — that he could be worshipped as well as worship. And then, he really pitied this poor little Miss Lake, wondering that girls did not die, or "go cracked," who led such weary lives as hers.

He came to see her next day, sending in his card by a stolid maid, to whom he had first to explain this piece of courteous propriety. He found her alone, in a dingy, slovenly room, with a faded "Kidderminster" on the floor, fluffy green rep curtains, and stunted furniture of a mysterious red wood, which might have been mahogany, or deal red ochre, and varnish. There were some gaudy cheap china vases, containing bouquets of paper flowers, on the mantelpiece, reflected in a little greenish chimney-glass; two portraits of Jinny's

parents (a pale ugly clergyman, and a pale pretty governess), flanked with some smudgy prints, decorated the walls; while the signs of occupation, which sometimes redeem an otherwise dreary apartment, were here only added uglinesses, — some checked dusters in process of hemming; the *Slap Bang Polka* dog's-eared, open on a rickety, old-fashioned piano; and the ball-dress of last night thrown forlornly on the sofa, to be cobbled up for next time: all this made Fitzpatrick shudder as he came in.

Jinny jumped down from the window-seat, where she had been undisguisedly watching for him, and ran to meet him very gladly, unconscious of the bad policy of her eagerness, which made her visitor cooler in his greeting than he might otherwise have been.

When he was seated he looked at her critically, and came to the conclusion that she was better looking in the day than at night, and her awkwardness rather less apparent in the high woollen dress that veiled her thin, sloping shoulders, and fell in straight, heavy folds — pleasanter to look at than that stiff crumple of tarletane — to her feet. Besides, her hair arranged without attempt at effect, and roughened by the window-curtain against which it had been impatiently rubbed, suited her better; and the creased pink ribbon, twisted inartistically through it, did not "go" badly with her flushed cheeks and soft, colorless eyes. But for all that, — for all her happy look and almost fond smile, — Fitzpatrick was not going to let her off that offence against propriety, — the making this visit look like a rendezvous, by her eager cry: "Here you are at last," and her non-mention of her aunt. It was his duty to teach her such things, so he began in a society tone, tinged with a certain rebuking courtesy: "I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lake?"

"I told you she was an invalid, and never came down," returned the *mal-à-propos* Jinny.

"Did you? Ah! I'd forgotten," said the captain, fibbing, with a view to avenge himself for her persistent want of tact. But she was not hurt by his forgetfulness; she had never thought his gracious ears could remember her silly words; for silly even the every-day folks round her said she was; and what must he think! So she only answered: "I'm glad — no, I don't mean that, only, now, you have no one to talk to but me, have you?" and Fitzpatrick could not but be disarmed by her persistent humility.

He paid her a long visit, and promised to come again. He ascertained where she took her walks, and said inwardly he would sometimes look her up in them; although, when his minute inquiries had led her to cry delightedly, "Are you going there too?" he had replied coldly that he more often rode than walked. He went away much raised in his own estimation, and consequently pleased with Jinny, leaving her in a self-depreciatory state, possibly quite as happy in his way.

She saw him again very often, although he was quartered at the next town, and had to ride or drive over each time. He was always kind to her, and more complimentary than any one else; and he would sometimes hint at a secret trouble in his life, in a way which gave him additional interest in her eyes. Jinny had never known any young men, had scarcely seen any so handsome, or, at all events, so refined, and in a manner fascinating, as Francis Fitzpatrick; no one took any interest in

her, cared whether she was pleased or sorry, looked well or ill, laughed or cried, except him. He used to give her hints about etiquette, gravely consider and advise her toilet, lend her novels and poetry, and sometimes send her music, — not songs, for she excruciated him by her faulty pronunciation and "veiled" voice, but easy pieces, or perhaps the last valse.

Then at times he would praise her, and make love to her a little carelessly, — half laughing at his own sentimental speeches, half doubting whether, after all, this humble, adoring little soul would not make a better wife than another he had once courted in vain. And, meanwhile, he ran up to town, paid visits and went to balls in the neighborhood, flirted in a harmless way with every pretty girl he came across, rode in local races, played in local cricket-matches, and was more popular than any other man in his regiment, and deservedly so. Every one liked him: alas! it is a fatal thing to love with entireness somebody whom every one likes. I can hardly tell what were Fitzpatrick's real feelings for Jinny; perhaps he did not know himself; certainly he would not inquire about them too closely, lest they should not warrant his words and actions with regard to her. He pitied her very heartily, enjoyed extremely her deep trust and open adulation; but beyond this, mystery reigned, — a mystery his friend Jones's clumsy, though conscientious efforts to clear up had only increased. Jones had first chaffed him about "the native," and his jokes not being taken as he, Jones, conceived a man in love should take them, he remonstrated, and made Fitzpatrick very angry; his anger with his friend being, perhaps, due partly to anger with himself. But, unluckily, neither had any effect on his conduct towards Jinny.

And Jinny? Three words tell her silly story plainly enough, — she loved him. She had not paused to weigh his love for her, nor think whether he treated her with proper deference, nor whether their positions coincided, nor anything. Her heart had gone from her before she knew she had a heart, almost; and, whatever happened, she could never, never take it back. This awkward girl, with her half-grown ways; with the cooing, tender voice that said so many foolish, frank words; with silly, soft eyes, like those of some gentle, half-tame animal; with her piteous utter ignorance of how to win a lover, and retain him: this country simpleton, who had not even begun to care about dressing becomingly, yet loved with the woful strength, the rash self-abnegation, the dreadful faith that has made of women noblest martyrs and basest criminals in all ages; which bade fair to make of her, with her commonplace surroundings, only one more, it might be, hard old maid, it might be, happy wife and mother, — happy despite her unlikeness to her husband's people.

For alas! when Jinny tried to put her love into words, none seemed so fit to express it as the answer to that question in the Catechism which she had learned before she was confirmed; "What is thy duty towards God? To believe in Him, to fear Him, to love Him; with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, with all my strength, to worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him, all the days of my life."

An unutterably piteous profanity, almost to be pardoned when you think of the certain promise of failure and despair in the application of such awful

words to a mere human being, especially a human being like Captain Francis Fitzpatrick.

But Jinny, rejoicing in the sunshine, recked no more of a better Light than she did of the coming darkness, and considered him missionary rather than tempter. Did he not tell her what was proper, and did he not say propriety was goodness polished, and in a society setting? She never told herself he could not change, because that would have been, to her single mind, to acknowledge a possibility of his not loving her, and his looks and tones declared — O a great deal more surely than words — that he did! And to care for a stupid, ugly thing like her must be great love indeed, all his virtue, and none of hers.

So Jinny reasoned, and grew more familiar with her gay captain, and now came and sat near him, and stared devotedly in his face, or took his hand in her long, thin fingers, admiring its delicacy, or the perfection of his dress, from the brown velvet morning coat to the Indian gold coins that fastened his wristbands, and the marvel of a boot that defined that high-bred, slender foot. And Jinny's open and lavish tribute began to shock him a little; that *other*, had she loved him ever so, would never have let him see it so slavishly; Jinny's fond flatteries began to pall; there had been stinging sweets of old, far racier in flavor. Besides, the wound Jinny had soothed was healing, and invalid diet became proportionately mawkish. "But it would be so awfully awkward to cut the thing suddenly, and really she was a dear little child, and too good for a heedless fellow like him, — in *some* ways, — not good enough in others; not fair, nor stately, nor clever enough to present to the regiment and society as Mrs. Fitzpatrick. No doubt the affair would in some way die a natural death, and if not — if not — why, hang it all! the girl should n't have made love to him in that way!" to which girl, next moment, he would make such a speech as: "No, you may n't be *pretty*, exactly, but I'd rather sit here with you than with all the pretty girls under the sun."

And Jinny would give a tender half-shake of her head, and stare at him with her big, wistful eyes in silent, adoring gratitude.

After these impulses of treachery, Fitzpatrick was subject to revulsions of kindness, in one of which he committed a rash act. He asked Jinny, and old Dr. Irving, as her chaperon, to a dance his regiment were about to give prior to their departure.

The unfortunate child danced about the room when he revealed the former fact to her (carefully concealing the latter); her joy was not quite so graceful in act as in feeling, and Fitzpatrick, with rather a cross laugh, told her she would tire herself before the party if she did not stop.

So she crept up to him, instantly subdued, and asked with an absurd air of tragic anxiety: "Can I wear my tarletane frock *again*?"

"No, by Jove! I don't think you can," he answered. "You must manage something else, — coax it out of the aunt, or spend your pocket-money; there's a good child. I want you to look nice."

A sweet, warm feeling made Jinny thrill at the "owning" sound of his last words: to be a credit to *him*, for *him* to be proud of her! If Jinny had been offered marriage by the Prince of Wales, and an act of Parliament made on purpose, it would not have flattered her half so much. She grew confi-

dent, and said, with a new little air of dignity, "O I'll manage somehow."

And the impressionable little officer thought he might rely on the feminine art he had been the first to awaken. Jinny's aunt, who always heard of his visits, and always said, in answer to her niece's rapture, "He must be very agreeable,—give me my drops, dear," and then always shut her eyes and slept,—gave her consent; the doctor said he would take her; so there was no obstacle in her way, and she was perfectly happy.

II. — JINNY'S SECOND BALL.

"I have no one but you!"

Jinny's dressing for the ball was a feverish affair indeed, and when she took a final survey of herself in the glass, a burst of tears was the result. "I look so—so ugly," she sobbed; "he'll be ashamed of me." And then she scandalized her clumsy attendant by adding in a low, piteous tone: "If I'd only prayed to be pretty all this time, I might have been made so by now."

However, she had to choke down her tears (it was well, for she had not the rare art of crying becomingly), for the fly, which Dr. Irving paid, was at the door. She had no loving, last inspections to go through; her aunt had been in bed an hour, and their one maid had "no opinion of Miss Jinny." Besides—awful thought!—she might keep him waiting. So she ran down stairs, jumped into the fly, with breathless, fervent thanks to Dr. Irving, and was on her road to paradise.

The moment of alighting, of finding her arm instantly in his, of being led into a whirling world of lights and music, and all wonder and beauty; of flying with him down a long vista made by shining dresses and uniforms, seemed to Jinny ever after (such a brief earthly "ever" as hers was!) like an incredibly glorious dream. She could not speak, nor clearly see what went on around her; could only breathe out the weight of her happiness in long sobbing sighs, till the first dance was over. Then she looked up at him with such mingled rapture and devotion that he was moved and half-frightened, and exclaimed, "By Jove! you absurd little thing, what is it? What are you making those big eyes of yours bigger, if possible, about?"

"It is all so delightful!" she answered, clinging closer to his arm. "I think that night Fitzpatrick found it delightful too; for Jinny, dressed all in white, with a tall "mother-of-pearl" comb in her brown hair, and the unfailling black velvet round her throat, looked her best (though she had not thought so), and was stimulated to unwanted powers of repartee by a certain playful tenderness which peeped out in her "friend's" manner, by certain small attentions too, that seemed to her guileless mind very serious and sweet signs. At first, perhaps, she danced with too hearty enjoyment to be graceful; but the passion of happiness, for which her stagnant existence had ill prepared her, acted like physical fatigue. She soon sank into a state of silent and exalted bliss, too great for words or gestures of delight; only her poor little face beamed, a great still radiance lit her round eyes, till they seemed gazing at paradise; and whether she sat at Fitzpatrick's side, or danced with him, or looked up in his face as he bent over her, there was a fond, helpless, clinging confidence in her attitude that told the same tale: "My sun, my

strength, my life, how should I live without thee."

But the moment came when all this bliss was to end, and forever, if she had but known it. Unhappy child! it was perhaps her very own silly hand—silly, because it forgot all else in his clasp—that wrote the first letter of the fatal "Finis." When she was cloaked, when Dr. Irving had gone to see about the fly, Fitzpatrick stayed with her, and told her he should see her home. "We can drop the old doctor," he said, gazing into her face with a very kind smile, and pressing her hand to his side. "And then I'll see my guest home. That'll be quite the right thing to do, eh, Jinny? Won't it, little one?"

She nodded vehemently; he felt her droop and lean against him with a movement of trusting love he could not misinterpret.

"Are you tired, darling?" he asked, with a vague impulse of caressing gratitude. "Not tired of me, you wicked little child?"

"O, how could I be!" she sighed; and then Dr. Irving came to announce the fly, and acquiesce sleepily in Fitzpatrick's little arrangement; and they three got in, and were driven off.

"Good night, my dear; sleep well," said Jinny's chaperon, with a curious doubt and tremble in his voice, and a curious suspicious glance at her companion. "Take care of her, sir; she's alone." Then he got out, and pattered up the path to his dreary little cottage, without ever a look back at the clear stars just waning in the early morning grayness, though dead-and-gone memories were wakening in his dull breast.

Fitzpatrick was quiet enough during the rest of the drive, though he did not draw back from the girlish figure that leaned against his shoulder; though he took the thin hand that was so woefully ready to be taken, he refrained from putting his arm round her, or speaking more words of love. Slumbering honor was stirring a little; Jinny was so utterly and awfully in his power, he was for the time more afraid of her than of the most self-possessed prude in the world.

But this was not to last; when the fly had set them down, and rattled away, Fitzpatrick still lingered, and stood close to her. The sky was growing from deep blue to warm pearly gray; the stars fading tranquilly out; a soft air stirred the shrubs in the little garden, and blew a long tress that had lost its curl against his cheek, and sighed a tender little song in Jinny's ear. The sky, and the wind, and the flowers were very sweet: in that July night, society, society's restrictions and obligations seemed worlds off. He forgot for a moment that he had given his heart elsewhere; he forgot that Jinny Lake was ugly, and simple, and poor, could only spoil his worldly career, and never satisfy the fastidious cravings of eye and mind. He only realized, looking down on that innocent face, shining with a soft glory of believing love, that he was all her life to her; had moulded her every thought and deed since their first meeting, that here was a worshipper who, disowned and rejected, no after power and success could ever give back to him.

"O Jinny," he began painfully, and stopped.

Then she found words at last,—words piteous through trust, not through doubt.

"Oh, I do, do love you! You won't leave me, will you? I have no one but you, indeed, indeed, I could not live."

Her head had fallen on his shoulder; her large eyes were lifted, wet with tears; in the faint starlight he saw the half-smile of fervent happiness on her lips, and bent and kissed them, — kissed that smile away from them.

"And I love you, too, my own, dearest little Jinny," he murmured.

She lay quiet on his breast till he saw fit to release her, which he did presently with a troubled: "I must not keep you in the night-air, my child. Give me another kiss for 'Good-night.'"

She was very obedient: she trusted him so; her lips were put up like a child's; she never asked whether he would come on the morrow, nor *when*, nor wanted promises and asseverations, as some women do.

"Good-night, my darling," he said, turning away.

"Good-night, good-by," said Jinny, crying happily. Then she gathered a late rosebud, and gave it him; and he taking it, — her first gift of love, — with tender and gallant thanks, left her.

She leaned her bare arms on the top of the little gate, and looked at him, picking his way daintily across the stony road; once he turned, and took off his hat, and she kissed her hand many times, fondly. She stayed there a long while, staring in vague, passionate thankfulness at the blushing sky, rehearsing over and over again in her own mind his words, his kisses, his kind looks, — wishing the morning sunshine would come and bring him back; for would he not be with her always and forever now, since he had said he loved her, and his love could not forsake or lie, whatever they said in story-books!

How she would obey and please him in all things! how hard she would try not to be awkward and foolish any more, to move and speak gracefully as he said girls ~~should~~ move and speak, to learn the music and sketch the scenes which Fitzpatrick had admired. She would go out that very day, later, and try and copy a barn, with a group of birch trees behind it, and then begin to practise a new valse. Well, it seemed very hard to leave the spot his recent presence had made lovely, to turn away from the magical morning glow breaking over the distant wood, from the low twitter of the little birds in the nearer trees, and shut herself up in her ugly little room.

But she should take her fairy gift of joy with her there, close to her heart, never, never to leave it more, except with life, and what outer dreariness could matter now? "Nothing, nothing matters!" she whispered to herself, fondling her own hand because he had held it in his, as she laid her head (such a dizzy, throbbing head!) on the pillow; "I can never be unhappy again."

Morning came; Jinny gave her aunt an account of the ball, in which Fitzpatrick figured prominently enough, but she did not repeat his words. She had a vague notion he would want to see that lady himself; and if not, why, there was plenty of time to tell the sweet secret that was, as yet, her very, very own, — no sharer in it.

So she drew, and practised, put on her prettiest dress, and then began to think it time for Fitzpatrick to come. She was not a bit exacting; but he had said he loved her, and she judged his love by hers.

She sat in the window waiting, or ran down the garden path, heedless of sun and dust, to look out at the gate, from morning to sunset. She strained her eyes till it was black night, and came back into

the room with sad reluctance, but without the faintest touch of fear or distrust.

He did not come the next day, nor the next to that. But why drag out such a story? He did not come at all. Weeks — months passed. Through all the glaring summer, passers-by never missed the slight unformed figure crouched in the window-seat behind the faded green rep curtain, or standing at the little gate with its blistered paint, one thin hand shading the round, soft eyes that stared yearningly down the dull road, and blinked back the sad tears that would rise sometimes, or pressed against two simple lips ever in a piteous quiver of expectation. People learned to notice her, — notice the two muslin frocks she wore, — blue and lilac "week and week about," growing more limp and faded each time; the heavy hair she soon ceased to dress with care and pleasure; the plain face that was plain again now, and had a startled, feverish wildness in the great, wistful eyes. She did not care if it was fine or dull, whether the sun scorched or the rain chilled her: if the maid brought her a cloak, she would huddle it round her abstractedly, or perhaps let it fall. It did not much matter, — nothing mattered now, she repeated with dull iteration, not until he came.

I cannot tell her feelings; I can only say she loved him better than ever, if she believed in him so utterly no more. She might have thought him ill or dead; only one of the tradesmen, who sometimes went to the town where his regiment was quartered, had seen him at intervals apparently quite well and cheerful. She thought he must have some good reason for keeping away as he did it; perhaps he wanted to see if she really loved him.

She was patient; and waited because she could do nothing else, — she knew none of his friends, and she dared not try to find out indirectly about him.

Still less, at first, did she dare to write to him; she had heard him condemn so severely a lady who had taken some such step; but as his maxims of propriety faded, as the yearning to see him widened and deepened in the woman's heart, her fears forsook her. Four months after the July dawn that saw their parting she wrote him a letter, which abrupt and ill dictated as it was, had the pathos of a hundred impassioned appeals in its helpless pleadings. Twenty times it was written out in Jinny's best hand, and torn up: completed, it was, after all, a brief and simple epistle: —

MY DEAREST CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK, — Please will you tell me if I have done anything to vex you, for I am so very unhappy because you do not come. I know the young ladies you know do not write to gentlemen; but I have only you, and cannot help writing; and I will never do it again. Indeed, indeed, I do love you so very much, and am till I die your own
JINNY."

Why did he not come? Poor Jinny! The question that perplexed her so was easily answered.

The morning after the ball, the evening glamour over, he took himself to task. He had gone too far with a child he never meant to marry, — a good, affectionate, ugly little girl, whom it was absurd to suppose could ever be his wife. He was truly very sorry to part from her, to lose her foolish flat-

teries and lavish sympathy; but for her sake, even more than his own, things must go no further.

It would not do to have farewell scenes, for he knew he was soft-hearted, and could not bear to see a woman cry. There were no presents to be sent back; one poor little rosebud he did indeed, with a sigh, fling into the grate; but the music he had given her, poor little soul! she was welcome to keep,—even to play it to some cad of a fellow whom she would end by marrying. He became a little plaintive on this text, thinking of little Jinny's loving ways; but was soon consoled by an invitation to stay at a specially "jolly" house in the neighborhood, where there were lots of horses and pretty girls. That was Fitzpatrick's epitaph for his last amusement.

Jinny's letter, coming when he was on leave, first gave him a fit of the blues, and then made him quite angry it should have had such a power,—so ill spelled, written, and expressed an epistle.

He tore it up, angry with himself and her, stamped about the room, and made a wholesome resolution to be careful of country-town innocence for the future.

After this ebullition, his spirits returned, and he soon became, to use his own phrase, "as jolly as ever."

"By Jove, cunning dodge that letter!" he laughed to himself. "But it's no go, my little friend; we are not quite so green as you fancy. If I ever console myself about the old trouble, it won't be with you. Ah! what a girl that other was; such a lot of style, and go, and pluck!"

Alas! if Jinny could have seen the reception of her first poor little heart-utterance, her love-letter, written when love, on one side at least, had long been over!

III. — JINNY'S THIRD BALL.

"You did not know what you were doing, did you?"

One day Dick Jones ran over to the town to visit some friends who were staying there. Returning from his call, as he walked down the High Street, a timid voice arrested him. He turned round, and saw, sad in the gleamy, winter sunshine, a wan young face, with great, yearning eyes in piteous search of his, a white, pinched mouth, and dark hair pushed carelessly back under a shabby brown hat.

"By Jove! Fitzpatrick's Miss Jinny," he cried, shaking her cold hand heartily. "But, I say, you've been ill, have n't you? O poor girl, you look awfully seedy!"

"I am not ill," said the soft voice, trying hard to be steady. "At least, I shall be well when—when he comes back,—Captain Fitzpatrick, you know. Is he well? Where is he?"

"O, Fitzpatrick's all right," the good-natured officer answered, soberly. "He's on leave, but coming back for our ball, you know."

"Your ball," said Jinny, hesitating, and with the ghost of one of her old painful blushes rising to her cheek. "I wanted—wanted to ask—I thought perhaps—O Mr. Jones!" She broke down, and put her hand over her eyes, sobbing.

"Go on, go on," said Jones, distressed and sympathetic. "Hang it, I'll do anything."

"I did so want a card for your ball," she murmured, looking up tearfully. "I have a sovereign

—I could pay—O, I would n't ask if I was n't—was n't—*wretched!*" And she cried again.

Mr. Jones did not hesitate a moment. "Pay! Bosh!" he exclaimed. "You shall have tickets, certainly,—you and that old fellow, the doctor. You should, if I had to sell my—my—grandmother. Only look here; don't you cry like that, you make one feel so horribly queer. Now, I say, that's *worse!*"

For Jinny had seized both his hands, and was trying to kiss them, a ceremony no one had assuredly ever performed towards this excellent officer before. He released himself, and departed, promising to send the tickets; and he was faithful, though he could not stay for the ball himself; he wished he could,—“For I'm sure the poor little soul wants looking after,” he thought. “O Fitz, you're a sad fellow; you've done a cruel job here, I'm afraid!”

Which “Fitz,” all unconscious of what was hanging over him, had become very cheerful, and much on the alert. She, “that other girl,” was coming to the ball, and, perhaps, who knows,—as he had been so constant. Such a pretty girl,—no end of style and pluck. Old Dr. Irving had been away a long time, and only came back because he received an imploring note from Jinny, begging his escort for the ball,—came, indeed, but just in time to call for her, and take her there. So he knew nothing of the town gossip,—of how Jinny Lake had lost her lover, and wore the willow openly, and how that lover was consoling himself.

This ball was no brilliant dream, but a tissue of dreary, cruel realities; this ball had no firm arm for her to lean on, no winning eyes, no fervent lips, to look and smile on hers, no bold, gay voice to whisper patronizing praise or kind instructions in her charmed ear, no envious feminine glances nor amused masculine ones, to follow her. Not that she had cared about those latter, save as confirmation of the happy truth, that seemed truth *then*, at least. She went down the room on her old friend's uncertain arm, trying to smile and talk to him, but looking wildly round and starting at every passing voice or step. She had read something about a gambler's last throw, and she thought to herself this was hers. If she won it, O, what might not be!—if she lost it, well, everything would be over. She must go away somewhere into the dark, and die; he might be sorry then, just a little, and believe she loved him,—him *only*.

Her last throw,—miserable little gambler! she was preparing for it, as with flaming cheeks, the eager, liquid glitter in her round eyes, restless gestures, and wild little laughs and exclamations, she stood by Dr. Irving's side. A fossil plesiosaurus and a living butterfly could scarcely have presented a greater contrast; the life in him nearly burned out, the life in the other leaping, throbbing, racing, in a passion of fear and love, at a fever heat.

Alas! she did not look her best,—she had not thought of trying to look her best; her dress was dowdy and unbecoming, her rapid movements and flushed, anxious face did not become her either.

“Where's your young officer?” asked Dr. Irving presently. “Before, he was here to meet you.”

“O, he is coming, coming,” said Jinny, faithful in her faith. “He is so kind.”

Nevertheless, she waited long and vainly. But, towards the middle of the evening, a slight, quick figure, the profile of a big mustache and a glossy

cropped head, caught her eye. Her heart came up in her throat, and strangled the cry that rose there; the floor dipped, and the ceiling came down, she thought. But she made a violent, unconscious effort, and, recovering herself, stared with fixed entreaty at her false lover. Poor Jinny! she frightened his weaker nature by the very intensity of feeling that might have moved a stronger, as she stood with her neck a little stretched towards him, her quivering hands half open, as though waiting to clasp his, her large eyes aflame, as if each had a separate life, whose only object was his love, her lips starting with the quick leaps of her heart.

He glanced at her, then averted his eyes, inclined his head carelessly, and disappeared among the crowd.

A choked "O Captain Fitzpatrick!" pursued him, but it was too faint and sobbing for him to hear.

"My dear, had'n't you better go home?" said Dr. Irving, with a heavy, pitying look, pressing her hand a little.

"I don't want to," she answered, abstractedly, straining her eyes after the lithe figure gliding through the throng.

"You see, you don't know any one — and — had'n't you better?"

"No, no," cried Jinny, impatiently, and in a voice of despair; "leave me alone!"

So he ceased his entreaties, seeing too plainly that this frail vessel of hope would soon shatter itself against the rocks of inevitableness, and be at rest.

And Jinny thought that was not her last throw, after all, — she had one more left. One more: to get near him without his perceiving it, and speak to him before he could turn away. She would wait and be very patient, but she *would* speak that night; for — who knew? — they might never meet again, — *she* might die, or he go far away. She got away from Dr. Irving (he was not hard to elude) and wandered about; but Fitzpatrick seemed to have disappeared. She was beginning to feel sick and hopeless with her weary search, when the gay familiar tones fell on her ear. She was in a passage leading to the supper-room, and his voice came from thence: to where that voice, calling her fond names no longer, could yet speak, she went blindly, unconscious that the old doctor followed her.

The room was empty of all but two when she stood in the doorway, and looked in, — two, and who were they? A young lady, fair and pretty, and coquettish, beautifully dressed in pale blue satin and blush roses, with pearls round her white throat and in her ears, and dazzling golden hair dressed high, with showers of ringlets falling from it, — a young lady in whose face wretched, awkward, foolish Jinny saw not only beauty, but wit, and earnestness, and love, who was smiling a soft complacent smile, and glancing up with a look half impertinent, half fond at her companion, who was evidently her lover.

Her companion — her lover? No, Jinny's, — Jinny's by a thousand tender words, tender glances, tender thoughts, by those two passionate kisses in the dim sweetness of the July dawn, by all he had taught her which she could never unlearn, by the life which had no being save in his love now.

And her captain, tender and true, was leaning lovingly over this new girl, saying soft things in her ear, with a look of such utter satisfaction, joy, and rest, as he had never worn yet; and now

taking a slender, lovely hand, and kissing it worshippingly, and now — it could not be! — holding her in his arms to his heart.

Jinny felt very tired; she thought she could hear her own heart moaning inly, because it was so lonely and so cold; her hapless eyes seemed strained wide open by cruel fingers; her lips got white, her knees wavered, her chest and her throat burned like fire. But she could not look nor move away, till, suddenly, Fitzpatrick's eyes met hers. Fresh from his recent triumph, beaming and tender, yet so familiar, she could not endure to see it. She threw up her arms with a stifled cry of agony, and staggered towards him. Then she thought something within her snapped and crashed; a strange sense of quietness, a numbness of death chilled the fiery pain, her strained eyelids relaxed, and she turned away, and came back waveringly to Dr. Irving. She did not care to look any longer, nor to hear what those two said. She knew it was all over with her; she did not care for anything, since God let such cruel things as this be, except to be quiet and away from all the people; to go back, and lie down in the dark.

"I am so cold. The light hurts my eyes," she said; and he, in silence, gave her his arm, and took her home. He was very sorry; but what could he do? Perhaps, after all, the worst was over, since she was so quiet. She could not come to much harm now.

She bade him "Good-night," and went up to her room very quietly; undressed in a dazed, mechanical way, and lay down. Even then she did not cry, or moan, or toss about. She lay open-eyed, without stirring a finger, staring into the darkness. So the maid found her when, as the morning sunlight streamed into the room, she came in full of questions about the ball, which Jinny did not hear nor answer at all, except when the woman mentioned Fitzpatrick's name. Then she stirred, and made a little sound of tired impatience, and turned away from the light.

She could not be persuaded to eat, nor get up, nor even sit up in bed. She shook her head when a book was offered her; she heeded the servant's indignation no more than the wind whistling outside; her aunt's message made no difference to her.

At last, Wilkins, the maid, got frightened, and sent for Dr. Irving. He came, felt the poor child's pulse, looked at her tongue, asked whether she had "any pain anywhere," — to which she shook her head, — and then stood drearily staring at her. "She's low," he said. "Wants tonics and cheering; but there's nothing to lie in bed for. Will you get up, Miss Jinny?"

She shook her head again, with a look of aversion. "Why not — eh? Nothing ails you, you foolish little girl; does it?"

Then Jinny looked up with a dim, scornful smile, and spoke at last: "I think my heart is broken," said she. "And, please, I want nothing."

Irving shrugged his shoulders, and went out. There was nothing to be done; Jinny could not well be dragged out of bed, or have food forced down her throat. Some soup and wine were, however, given her in the course of the day, but with no rousing effect. She did not speak, nor cry, nor give trouble; nothing seemed to pain her except the sunshine, from which she turned wearily away. Her aunt had been bedridden for years, and besides, could not realize Jinny's strange state.

So Jinny lay unvisited one day, — two, three, five, seven, ten days. Then the doctor came again looked very serious; and stayed a long while, trying to rouse her. He talked of the ball, of Fitzpatrick, — praised, blamed, reviled him; but even that once dear and powerful name was powerless now; her lips never quivered, her fixed eyes never moved.

He had her lifted out of bed, and supported (she was too weak to stand) to the window. She only shuddered a little, and seemed impatient to be disturbed. And Irving said, if she showed no signs of mending, another doctor must be called in.

In a week she had not mended, she was worse; and the physician summoned to her gave the astounding news that she never would mend, — news which chilled awfully those who had done their duty by her with indifference and almost with contempt.

"Miss Jinny" would never get well, to tease and trouble with her many wants, her awkward performance of the little tasks that fell to her share, her long, foolish dreamings, any more. She was beyond all that, — beyond the long watch and the vain waiting; forever beyond improvement and deterioration alike.

Wilkins, the maid, when she had cried over the sad truth, sobbed out a confession that she did not think the poor child "fit to go." Of late, Wilkins said — O, all last year — she had seemed to give over saying her prayers and reading her Bible; she had not seemed to listen or care when she, Wilkins, read it to her. The two doctors had not much to do with this, but they were sorry and disturbed. They did not guess what little messenger, soulless and dumb, was doing God's work with poor Jinny's wandering soul.

As she lay there, dimly wandering through the past year, one bitter thought, momentarily more intense, grew in her mind, that no one could ever love her, — not her aunt, not Wilkins, not her dear captain, not even He who took up and comforted the forsaken; that therefore she was lost forever; while with this strangely mingled the remembrance of her lover's last kiss. "No one cares for me!" she moaned. A low, soft cry answered her, something tender and warm touched her cheek. That cry, that touch, went to her very soul, though it was only the cat, whose kitten had died, and who was mourning it in her way. "O Kitty, Kitty!" she cried, "do you love me, after all?" And then the tears came forth, and ran down her cheeks, and she wept for many hours.

Wilkins need not have troubled herself about her state of mind; the cat was the best missionary to poor Jinny, who had been a little heathen in all save the forms of religion till now; and then she was very near death, and so saw things with wonderful clearness and truth, though she had no words to speak of them.

Her one great fault had brought a far greater anguish, and was bringing fast upon her the peace the world could not give. She was very sorry for all she had done wrong, and prayed humbly for pardon for her idol worship, — prayed that no punishment might come on the idol's head for her own silly weakness. Finally, almost at the last, when she had kissed the cat's head, and had said, "Pussy, I hope you will have another little one to comfort you," and it had been taken out of the room, she asked whether she might send a message to Captain Fitzpatrick. "Tell him I was n't angry, and I don't mind now. And give him my dear love; tell him,

if he will come, I should like to give it him myself. You know," she said to the old doctor, taking his hand with a weak smile, "I'm not like Kitty, — no other can comfort me for *him*."

And Dr. Irving, seeing her calmness, and with a certain stern wish that Fitzpatrick should behold his own work, went and did her bidding.

It was a startling thing to be snatched suddenly from the sunny-scented boudoir, where his lady-love sat singing bright little French songs to him; to stand beside the death-bed of another, loving and true, whom he had done to death through her too tender trust, — stand in the still, darkened room, with no sound save her last labored breathings, alone with his victim. Though, as he followed the doctor through the familiar gate, this thought troubled him, the remembrance of Jinny's blind adoration rendered it less terrible. She would either adore him still, he believed, or else reproach and rave at him in a way that should do much to justify his desertion. Yet his light step was sober, as it paused at her door, his bright eyes wavering and troubled, for Fitzpatrick's heart and conscience were not dead.

"Jinny," said Irving, "will you see him now?"

"Is he come?" said Jinny. "O please."

Fitzpatrick entered gently, prepared to comfort, soothe, feign his old love, if need be; for she might die happier if so deceived. But the instant his gaze fell upon the bed, his hopes, his visions of keeping still the old superior position vanished. Jinny was grown a woman, was his first thought, and almost beautiful, — could not love him humbly now, as she used to do, nor trouble him with over-praise. She was white, and thin, and plainly dying; her mouth was drawn, and wore a sweet smile of conquered pain; her big eyes looked bigger than ever, and had a steady, peaceful shining, an almost divine radiance that brightened all her face. The very faint movements of her hands had a strange significance and dignity, — Jinny would never more be rude or shy, — awkward, silly, hoydenish, little foolish Jinny would never more believe and be betrayed, trust and be forsaken, cry, or trouble, or wait and weary, again. That was all over. It was Fitzpatrick now who had no words, who was awed, almost frightened, who needed her sweet welcoming gesture before he could venture to approach. Once his slave, — a queen was more approachable; once his toy, — now almost an angel of God; once praying pardon so piteously for small errors or none, — now, why, her very love, if love it was that made her summon him, seemed only the far-off pity and pardon of a glorified saint. He hesitated, a dark red flush covered his face, his eyes fell as he came near her, he dared not even ask if she forgave, but broke down and sobbed at the first word.

"O, don't cry like that," said Jinny, stroking his hand with both hers very tenderly. "Never mind; you are sorry; you did not know what you were doing, did you, dear? It was my fault; I wrote I could n't live without you, and I *am* dying, you see. But indeed, I don't care. I am quite, quite happy."

"O, by Jove!" cried Fitzpatrick, the tears running down his cheeks now. "Sorry? I should think so! You make me feel what a scoundrel I've been. I'd sooner you shot me than be so sweet, and, and talk in this way."

"But I must," Jinny murmured in her weak voice. "I could n't be cross the last, last time." Then she pointed to a chair by the bedside; and

Fitzpatrick sat down silently, humbled, repentant, self-hating, as he had never in the course of his easy life been before.

Jinny spoke again presently, with a little sigh: "You are going to be married, are n't you, to that young lady in pink and blue?"

"Yes, I believe so," answered Fitzpatrick, hanging his head; he had almost added, in the depth of his remorse, "not unless you like it."

"Ah!" said Jinny, sighing again, "I hope you will be happy; but, my dear captain, you won't make any one else think you love them, and then leave them, will you?"

"Never again," answered Fitzpatrick, under his breath; "I shall never forget this, nor you."

Poor Jinny, she was past blushing; but she smiled a little, and her dim eyes brightened in the old fond, foolish way at his words.

Then she sank into silence, and lay quiet, holding his hand, and looking dreamily at the fading sunset red beyond the window, — an early sunset, like her own. Fitzpatrick rebelled against it; he could not bear to see her lying there with a weak smile of patient fondness flickering across her lips, or a sharp gasp and quiver of pain shaking her slight frame.

"Jinny," he asked, hopelessly, "won't you get well? What's the matter with you?"

She did not tell him, as she told the doctor, that her heart was broken, nor that it was so, as she told herself, by his desertion; she was meek and childishly tender now, as she had always been.

"No, dear," she said, faintly; "I'm going to die."

"O Jinny," he muttered, in a wild way, "if you could live, I'd be different to you, I swear I would."

"No; you love some one else, my dear captain, and you must be good to her. I know — I know I was n't fit to be your wife. But everything is right now."

It was getting very dark, and a strange trembling awe crept over gay Captain Fitzpatrick's soul as he sat alone with his innocent victim, her frail fingers clinging round his hand, her failing breath on his bowed face.

She was going to die, and for his sake. Her hand was getting very cold in his this minute, but she murmured something faintly.

He bent his head to hear the question, —

"Is n't there a new moon?"

"Yes."

"You ought to wish, ought n't you? I remember I did; but Christ's will is better than our wish, is n't it? Dear, I feel so weak, so — so —"

"I'll call the doctor. O Jinny!"

"No, don't call any one; I only want you. Don't go; I'm not afraid. Only say 'Our Father' to me."

He tried, but the first word choked him utterly, and Jinny began to whisper it herself. She soon ceased, and lay quite still for a while. Then, suddenly, she sat up, and groped in the dark.

"Where are you?" she panted. "I'm afraid."

"I'm here, quite close," cried Fitzpatrick, in terror. But she was thinking of him no longer, and he quailed. In the dark, he heard her nestle into the pillow, murmuring something that sounded like, "So, so tired — all alone — so glad to rest," and heave a long, satisfied sigh. He thought she was dead, and felt a strangely bitter pang that she had not said "Good-by."

But little Jinny was faithful in death as in life. Her weak hand felt over his face, and tried tenderly to wipe away his tears. Her voice, which now he strained his ear to catch, though once he had listened to it so heedlessly, murmured in a fond, pitying sigh, "Don't mind; don't cry, love. Please God, comfort and bless my —"

And before Fitzpatrick could credit and understand that this prayer was for him, Jinny herself was comforted, and lying in arms that could never grow cold or false, or let her go, as his had done.

He kissed her quiet hand timidly before he went away, and could hardly believe it would never stroke his cheek, or try to detain him as it used to do, any more.

He felt unwontedly heavy and sober as he left the mournful house, as though he had left there a bit of the world's brightness.

Soon, there was a little white cross in the churchyard under the old willows, — the willow no one could taunt her with wearing now, — and a simple inscription: —

JINNY. Aged 16 years and 10 months.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and bear them in His bosom."

Old Dr. Irving, standing long after by that little grave, muttered to himself sadly, "Whom the gods love die young"; for though the first year there was a bunch of lilies and snowdrops upon it, the second it was forgotten.

MR. LELAND'S WIT AND HUMOR.

ONLY a few months ago the poetical works of Mr. Leland, an American genius, were added to our literature, and already they have achieved wide popularity and great renown. The Breitmann Ballads have been sold by thousands, by tens of thousands, in our own country and in the land of their birth. In America they are a rage; in England publishers are quarrelling for the honor and profit of printing them. They are read wherever the name of Mudie has penetrated; they are quoted more often than the works of any other poet living; and severe critics, even our contemporary, the Spectator, have laboriously explained and extolled them. And even till to-day we have been unable to discover in these verses any merit whatever. The subtle humor, the lively wit, the graphic description, for which they have been praised so heartily, — again and again we searched Mr. Leland's works for a sign of any one of these qualities, and found it not: what we did find was nothing more excellent or endearing than the fun of British music halls. Now it is an uncomfortable thing, of course, to be quite at discord with the opinion of the time; and therefore we are rather pleased with the idea that we have just discovered why the Breitmann Poems have seemed to us hitherto downright rubbish. It is because they are written in the jargon of a German clown who has half learned English. Why this wretched lingo should be chosen by the poet as the vehicle of his wit, his humor, his satire, is still a puzzle. Clearly, there is no humor in printing p's for b's, v's for f's; no very remarkable effort of genius in calling a piano a biano, or a party a barty. It would be an insult to Mr. Leland to suppose he thinks it witty to say "anoder" instead of "another," — an insult to his critical admirers to imagine that they take that for humor which, will

nilly, is acquired by every hind and tinker who half learns a language not his own. No; the broken English must be accepted as a mere eccentricity, harmless perhaps, and not more to be regarded than a similar disposition of genius to be boorish and to go dirty. But then this eccentricity has, for all we know, utterly blinded us to the real merits of the author; and if this be its result in our own case, maybe other readers of the Breitmann Ballads have been misled in like manner. Then why not print an edition of these poems in good English? Why not strip them of a style that places them on a level with the Ballad of Jim Crow (which is written in another American dialect), and thus make their merits clear which now are so obscure? The change must be very easy;—it is only the alteration of a few consonants. Let us ourselves make the attempt. For this purpose it is only fair to take the writer's best poem; the work upon which its writer's reputation mainly rests; his first work; the ballad which in a single day gave him all the applause in America which has since been echoed on these shores. Here and there, where the rhyme requires it, we must retain the author's Germanisms, but these cases are not so frequent as to injure a really intelligible and plain version of that celebrated poem:—

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

Hans Breitmann gave a party;
They had piano-playing.
I fell in love with an American girl,
Her name was Matilda Jane.
She had hair as brown as a "pretzel,"
Her eyes were heavenly blue,
And when they looked into mine
They split my head in two.

Hans Breitmann gave a party,
I went there, you'll be bound;
I waltzed with Matilda Jane,
And went spinning round and round.
The prettiest damsel in the house,
She weighed about two hundred pound,
And every time she gave a jump
She made the windows sound.

Hans Breitmann gave a party,
I tell you it cost him dear;
They rolled in more than seven kegs
Of first-rate lager-beer.
And whenever they knocked the spigot in,
The Dutchmen gave a cheer,
I think that so fine a party
Never came to a head this year.

Hans Breitmann gave a party,
There all was "soupe and brouse";
When the supper came in the company
Did make themselves to house;
They ate the bread and gusnybroost;
Sausages and roast meats fine,
And washed the supper down
With four barrels of Neckar wine.

Hans Breitmann gave a party,
We all got drunk as pigs;
I put my mouth to a barrel of beer
And emptied it up with a swig;
And then I kissed Matilda Jane,
And she struck me on the kop,
And the company fought with table-legs
Till the constable made us stop.

Hans Breitmann gave a party, —
Where is that party now?
Where is the lovely golden cloud
That floats on the mountain's brow?
Where is the heavenly shining star —
The star of the spirit's light?
All gone away with the lager-beer
Away in the ewigkelt. †

* Meaning "a cracknel, or bun."

† American-German for "riot and bustle."

‡ Which signifies (and what a world of humor lurks here!) slices from the breast of a goose.

§ Funny for "head."

|| Into eternity.

We flatter ourselves that this little bit of translation is successful. The real qualities of the poem are apparent as soon as we cease to read it in a way which means infirmity when it is natural and buffoonery when it is affected. But even in this version we miss some of the finer qualities of the wit and humorist. There is unquestionably much force in the line

"We all got drunk as pigs."

It is concise. It has the merit of bringing before the reader's mind, at a single stroke of the pen, a distinct and agreeable picture; nor can we withhold the commendation implied in the word "graphic," to works which abound in similar beauties. But something, we know not what,—lack of delicacy perhaps,—forbids its claim to humor; and it is doubtful if more can be said for what is otherwise a striking passage in the same stanza—

"The company fought with table-legs
Till the constable made us stop."

But whatever misgivings may remain in our minds as to the scope of Mr. Leland's genius, we have the satisfaction of having made his merits clear for the first time. Of course we do not say that if all the Breitmann Ballads were subjected to the same treatment they would reveal a similar number of beauties. It must be remarked that we have chosen the best and most popular of them.

DOWN AMONG DEAD GODS.

No undertaking within the ambition of a respectable man is more easy of accomplishment in these days than the Nile voyage. Every step of this journey can be accurately measured before leaving Pall Mall, time fixed, and expense calculated to the piastre. With Murray in portmanteau, and circular notes in his breast-pocket, the traveller takes the Southampton or Dover train; in due time and course of things lands at Alexandria, reaches Cairo, embarks in his *dabek*, sails up the river, sails down, and comes home again. The gravest adventure he has met was a "spill" from donkey-back at Luxor, a *Khamzin* wind at Philoe, or a row with his guides in the great pyramid. Such is Nile travel as most men would give their true experience of it, whether princes or bagmen. And I would not in the least strive to undervalue the charm of the voyage even thus carried out; for I have seen—laugh if you will—a saucy little terrier, wandering through that still forest of painted columns which is called the great Hall of Karnak, struck dumb with awe, and I have watched a frivolous mind change and strengthen day by day, looking up at the swarthy sky of Egypt blazing from the zenith to the yellow mountain-line. Far be it, then, from me to disparage the Nile voyage, but if you undertake it thus, reader, and perform all the usual feats, do not, in the name of all the gods at once, boast of having "done" Egypt on your return.

For those Nile travellers who write books, and tell stories of their experience generally, do but skim the surface of the land's interest. The cream it is they enjoy, I will admit, but there are sights in Egypt more impressive than even temples and colossi, stirring deeper emotions than curiosity or admiration. Your *dragoman*, remember, will show naught that is not in his list, nor risk one inch of his lazy person out of the common track. He made a bargain on the customary terms, and he will per-

form his part in the customary manner; no work of supererogation, if you please, for Selim or Achmet, or whatever be his ruffianly name. In dread of such demands, he will carefully keep from your ears the merest whisper that might tempt towards the perilous desert, where lurk Bedouins, and sand-storms, and horrors of thirst. Your red book from Albe-marle Street, too, though all-admirable of course, and a glory to our land, will not encourage you beyond the beaten route. Whether the authorities who compiled that work, fearing for their future peace, — dreading the pallid ghosts of travellers hereafter to perish on the bleak sands, — avoided mention of the less known and more dangerous excursions which may be made; or whether the book was written without personal acquaintance with those spots of which I speak, it is not in my power to say. But most surely those who blindly follow Murray, though they may gather wondrous knowledge from its careful study, will miss very much of interest, and, with fair luck, yet more of adventure.

The Egyptians were unwilling always to reduce their narrow limits of cultivatable land, and therefore preferred to build their temples, to excavate their tombs, and to erect their statues, in the desert. Among savage and desolate places therefore, will the most curious remains be found; he who desires to make discoveries must explore the very spots which his *dragoman*, and all other persons conscious of moral responsibility, would earnestly advise him to avoid. Do not, however, hastily conclude that I am about to startle a *blasé* world with some such tale of marvels as that with which Bruce provoked our great-grandfathers to scorn. I chanced to explore several corners of the desert, which are not generally included in the narrow plan of a *dragoman*. In my diary I find mention of the "portico of Shinoun," which few Nile travellers look upon; of the temples of Dinam and Kortj, whereof the mere names are unknown, I find, to ordinary tourists. And among other such little-worn curiosities of the land which I visited, are the crocodile pits of Maabdeh, my experience of which I propose to set before you.

Some while ago, in the days before Fortune held any hostages of mine, — in the days when I was free to wander over every sea and continent, — in the days that I look back on now with a half feeling of envy, and a half of wonder at myself, — we lay off Maufalooch in a dreary, burning calm, my brother Arthur and myself, alone in a *dabeeh* with our *dragoman* and his ruffianly crew. The calm had already lasted three days. Of sucking oranges, of shooting pigeon matches, of smoking *hasheesh*, — which had no other effect upon us than to make us ill! — we were both tired to death, and, lounging in our tiny cabin, we even longed for the approach of that *Khamsin* wind which had for days been threatening on the west horizon. "Hassan!" then said my brother to the *dragoman*, "if you don't find us something to do, we'll break into the Pasha's *hareem* over yonder, and kiss his best wife."

"He! he! he!" laughed Hassan.

"We'll teach your little son on deck to sing Doctor Watts's hymns!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" he laughed uncomfortably.

"We'll overhaul your accounts, by Jove!"

"Ha! ha!" muttered the *dragoman* thoughtfully; then, after a pause of anxious consideration, "Sir," he said, "the caves of Maabdeh are only a few miles away from this in the desert. You might ride as far as the mouth of them."

Maabdeh seemed, somehow, a familiar word to me,

but long I puzzled in vain over its sound. At length, memory responded to my call. When a very little boy in the schoolroom, it was the pleasure, or the duty, — anyhow, it was the custom, — of the dearest of governesses to read aloud works of travel in the hour between tea and bedtime. In a book, which I am afraid, is now held to be old-fashioned, but which was a wondrous favorite with us children, — a book wherein the most exciting narrative is judiciously delayed from time to time, that Harry's frivolous comments may be fittingly rebuked, and Julia's strict orthodoxy properly manifested, — in one of those well-meaning works which utterly perplex an intelligent child, and leave him in Cimmerian dooks as to the operations of Providence, while seeking honestly to explain its mysteries, — in this book, I say, was recounted the disastrous experiences of a certain Mr. Leigh, M. P., and two friends, in these very pits of Maabdeh fifty years ago. The work was called "Evenings at Home," or "Winter Evenings," — I am not very sure of the title now. But I remember very well that we children never felt more utterly abroad than when listening to the recital of this adventure in the crocodile pits of Maabdeh. There a conversation between Julia, Harry, and their mamma, — or some such persons, — at the end thereof, the boldness and reach of which struck my childish sense with nothing less than awe.

"Suppose," says Harry, "something had been done, at a critical moment, which was not even thought of."

"Then," declares mamma, emphatically, "something would have happened which was not in the least to the point."

"Yes," Julia supports, "and they ought" — to have acted in accordance with young lady-like philosophy, in short.

"And in that case," mamma calmly puts in, "Providence, my dears!"

This boldness of forecasting, this reduction of all things and chances to a preconceived formula, did utterly bewilder me at six years old, as the dogmas of modern science disturb my mental rest at present. But it was a dear old book for all that, this "Winter Evenings"; the stories were well and simply told, and the moral lessons, necessary, I suppose, though perhaps somewhat illogical, and somewhat ridiculous in themselves, were not put forward oppressively. As I have said, the study of it familiarized me in early life with the name of Maabdeh, and the tragic legend which hung about the spot; and therefore, when the *dragoman* incautiously let slip that these caverns lay within a ride of our anchorage, I determined at once to explore them, Mr. Leigh's terrible experience notwithstanding.

To enter the caverns, however, was by no means in Hassan's mind, when he proposed a ride in their direction, and our good *dragoman*, after the fashion of his class, did all that lay within him to dissuade us. But I must do a reasonably honest man the justice to admit, that when he found us resolute, not to be swayed by fears or expostulations, he did his duty well. The first point, of course, was to procure guides, for Hassan himself had not made the journey. This object was accomplished with some difficulty, and two boys from Amabdi were bribed to meet us at dawn with their donkeys.

The moon had already set, and the dim Egyptian twilight wrapped the scene, as, at the appointed hour, we pulled noiselessly across the river, and landed on the sand. The air felt dense, and even at that time sultry; for the *Khamsin* was at hand

even now dimming the horizon. In front of us loomed the hills of granite, ground smooth by whirling sand and furious wind; behind, the swift Nile gurgling in its narrowing bed. Our guides were late, and we were compelled to wait their pleasure. Slowly the sky grew darker, as the reflected moonlight died from the horizon; the glimmering mountains vanished; even the white sand at our feet grew indistinct. Then the wild geese began their morning clamor, trumpeting as they sallied from their holes. A snowy ibis rustled past us, ghostly in the darkness. The "zic-zac" roused his mate with grating cry, and a desert fox, or jackal, slipped noiselessly through our midst, on his homeward way from water. It was just at sunrise the boys appeared, and glad indeed we were to see them; for, to stimulate our natural impatience, a species of the sand thistle had penetrated our shoes and trousers, so that we could scarcely move without dire laceration.

The route, when at length we got in motion, lay through vast fields of corn, such as usually border the Nile in Lower Egypt. It was in the month of April, very late for such travel, and the earth was already green. Breaking the level here and there, stood a tall patch of hemp or sugar-cane, the latter small and stunted in comparison with those great stems which are a boast of the farther East, but bright in color, and graceful in the droop of their grass-like leaves. Then, as the sun leapt up above the mountains with that eager triumph characteristic of his rising in this land, we skirted the mud huts of a village, passing unnoticed through their glimmering plantations of date-palm. And then we emerged again into the broad cornfields, warm in the white light of morning. Hoopoes fluttered from bush to bush as we approached, and lighting, waggishly shook their tawny crests at us. Glittering swallows, green as emeralds, the *tayr allahs*—holy birds of Arab superstition, circled swiftly over our heads. Pigeons—in such flocks they seemed like clouds descending—passed us by on their way to water, making a rustle in mid-air as of forest leaves in a summer wind. Gradually the mountains regained their dusty, yellow tone; the shadows purpled, the strange sharp outlines of the rocks stood out line by line in marvellous distinctness. Without encountering any man, we trotted across the fertile land, until, after two hours' journeying, the foot of those granite cliffs was reached.

After following their edge for a few hundred yards, the guides led us into a broad, sandy gorge, which seemed—so smooth and clean it was—to have been a carriage-road for the ancient kings. No words can give the untravelled reader an idea of this valley of desolation. Not a tree, not a blade of grass nor mossy tuft, concealed the yellow, wind-worn stone. No stain appeared upon it, no little heap of rotting leaves filled any corner. Every crack and cranny was swept clean. The blue shadows fell keen and cutting upon the sand, as though shaped of material hard as the rock forecast. Overhead, the hanging crags burnt and glittered and dazzled against the sky, reflecting the angry sun-rays back and forth across the valley. A sickly yellow glare beat up through our closed eyelids, shot with flashes of brilliant color; our mouths smarted and bled with heat and burning of the sand, which rose in clouds from beneath our feet.

Deeper and deeper we penetrated the blinding hills, now traversing a table-land radiant with heat as a furnace scarce extinguished, now clambering

up a gorge, from the top of which the green Nile valley could be seen, and the opposite horizon of mountains. Not a sound had we heard for hours, except the shuffling step of our donkeys, and an occasional mutter from the Arab boys, who tramped with muffled heads beside us. So brilliant was the light, so complete the stillness, so monotonous the tints around, that our procession seemed shadowy and ghost-like as it moved. This effect is always to be observed in Egypt, more or less, but I was never so struck and impressed by it as on this occasion. There was no rounding of objects, owing to the keen abruptness of the shadows. A living man seemed to be but a painted image of himself, the thickness of a sheet of paper.

At length we reached the top of a ridge, where the sand was thickly mingled with a glittering dust, which made it sparkle quite prismatically. In a few moments more emerged into a basin surrounded by sharp rocks. In the centre thereof appeared an oblong hole. Our destination was reached.

Dismounting and tying up our donkeys, we examined the entrance, which was a mere horizontal cutting in the rock, like the mouth of a well. It was about ten or twelve feet deep, and from above we could discern a low, black opening, which led to the interior caverns. One of the Arabs expressed his willingness to enter; the other prudently desired to remain above. Thus, then, we arranged the party: an Arab first, then Arthur, then Hassan, and lastly myself. Without accident we let ourselves drop down the hole, and at the bottom made a toilet suitable for subterranean travel. Then, one by one, we slipped under a massive block of stone, which seems each moment about to fall and shut out inquisitive travellers forever,—perhaps also to shut a few of them in.

"And now," said Arthur, sitting leisurely down in the twilight passage, "what are we going to find here? Is it a treasure hidden by the late Captain Kidd, or is it coal, or is it—is it 'ile'?"

"Yes, sir," said Hassan, grinning, "it's a sort of 'ile,' sir."

"What? Why, I smell it already! Petroleum 'ile' it is! Of the finest description!"

"No, sir, not petroleum 'ile,'—crocod-ile!" And the *dragoman* leaned against the rock to laugh.

We then lighted wax candles, brought for the purpose, and, stooping down, advanced some eight or ten feet into the cavern, at which distance from the mouth a sudden lowering of the roof thrust us down on hands and knees. Still the height of the passage diminished, and, at about forty yards from the entrance, we were compelled to lie down full length, and pull ourselves along by hands and elbows. Just at the moment when I began to feel somewhat alarmed, the roof heightened, and we emerged into a chamber hung with fine stalactites. Its ceiling was lofty, but its breadth scarcely more than thirty feet; the flooring consisted of fine sand.

Entering a passage on the further side, we progressed for some yards in a comfortable attitude. Then again we were forced to our knees, and, some time afterwards, to the snake-like manner of march. Every yard the heat grew more stifling, and that sickly smell of bats, which every Nile traveller must recall so well, mingled in foul union with the odor of confined air, and the bituminous exhalations of the mummies within. How far this passage may have extended, or how long we were thus confined in a hole not two feet square, I cannot guess; quite

long enough to make every one of us repent of his temerity. This part of the cavern may have been three hundred yards long, or only a hundred, I cannot say; certainly not more than the larger estimate, nor less than the smaller. The fact is, that a bachelor of intelligence and virtue is not so frequently in the habit of "playing at serpents" that he can calculate his probable speed in an enforced imitation of the reptile's movements. The atmosphere, as we penetrated deeper, became something horrible beyond description. I have had experience of heat in both tropics, and both hemispheres; I have sweltered in the desert, and cruised the Red Sea in the month of May, but never did I suffer such fearful oppression as in those foul caverns.

At length we again emerged from the narrow passage, and though still unable to stand upright, could at least stretch arms and legs, cramped by an hour, by a day, by ten minutes, of such travel. The chamber in which we found ourselves was a long, low cavern, blocked almost to its roof with vast masses of stone. Climbing cautiously from rock to rock, — for the interstices seemed bottomless, or at least were black enough to justify that fear, — we were encountered by a real cloud of bats, which darted straight at us, beat our faces with their wings, and clawed themselves tight into our hair and whiskers. Never, I conceive, were men frightened more utterly than we, when this rustling tornado enveloped us; Arthur dashed his arms about like a polypus in a squall, and no doubt effected great execution among the foe.

Hassan sat steadfastly down upon a stone and shouted, — shouted to all his gods for aid. I pulled my hair out by the roots, heedless of sharp little teeth which vigorously 'opposed the sacrifice. But our foes vanished as suddenly as they had appeared; like a leathery whirlwind they hurtled through the caverns, startling our Arab at the entrance to such a degree, that he recalled a prayer; — which was a great feat and a glorious for the Fellah bats upon the Nile.

After this interruption we resumed our progress, and clambered over the rocks. On the opposite side was a doorway, squared by human hands. It was raised some feet above the level of the chamber, and, as we judged from certain holes in the lintel, had once been fitted with a door. This was the first signs of handiwork we had found.

After passing through this opening the peculiar mummy smell became much stronger, and the heat, if possible, increased. We advanced a few yards in a crouching posture, then betook ourselves to hands and knees, and finally to the snake-like motion again. Our nerves were by this time so excited, that the distance seemed endless. If bats could exist in that atmosphere, and at so great a distance from the outer air, why not other creatures? — why not snakes? In no part of the subterranean passage could one of us have got before the other; and supposing I, the last, had been suddenly seized with sickness, and unable to move, the others in front must have — must have — why, in sooth I dare not guess at this distance of time what would have become of them! And these thoughts were in the mind of each of us; more especially, I think, in mine, because the others' fate thus depended on me. I do not mean to say that there is extraordinary danger in exploring these pits, but most certainly there is most fearful risk, if the distinction be understood. There was no probability of meeting a snake, but, had one appeared, the foremost

man of us at least was doomed, must have fallen a victim without the chance of a struggle, must have been utterly helpless and unresisting. Similarly, it was not probable that I, being strong and reasonably healthy, should be taken with a fit; but if such an event *had* happened, the others might have perished one by one, unable alike to remove my body or to pass over it.

After a while, however, we found ourselves able to get upon hands and knees, and, in a few moments more, I made a discovery. Feeling something clammy and soft beneath my hand, I sprang backwards, with such haste as nearly to smash my skull against the roof, and thrust the candle forward to reconnoitre. Then I saw that the floor over which we crept was of kneaded human limbs, and the substance upon which my hand had rested was the long auburn hair of a woman. By my knee lay the tiny leg of a child, torn off at the thigh. Heads and limbs — some still partly wrapped in the cerecloth — literally composed that awful pavement, mingled with strips of mummy cloth, fragments of sarcophagi, tangles, whole scalps of woman's hair. Here, the gilded face of some priest or noble shone out from the dusky mass under the light of our candles; there, propped against the wall, stood the naked body of a woman, with the chest hideously smashed in. Such a fearful scene of sacrilege and violence was it, that even Hassan, little used to reverence dead infidels, indignantly disclaimed, in the name of his countrymen, any share in its perpetration. "It's English travellers, sir, who did it!" he said. And I believe he spoke the truth. Yet can it be true? I am telling no fictitious story, nor exercising my fancy in the description of a scene revolting to the heart. Some one, Mussulman or Christian, has treated these poor heathen corpses at Maâbdeh in a manner shameful, not to his creed alone and to his nation, but to manhood's self. The very savages of Labuan, it is said, spare the children's bodies when they seek materials for their ghastly and mysterious orgies; but neither age, nor womanhood, nor the holiness of infancy, have those ghouls revered who held their sabbath at Maâbdeh. I am no fanatic, for sentiment and rough living have destroyed in me much of that superstition which enwraps the dead. Had there been a purpose to be served in thus hideously dismembering these poor bodies, I would not needlessly have raised the voice of indignation; but there is none, and never can have been! Good faith, are we still so cruelly orthodox in England, that the bodies of men, holier it may be than ourselves, shall not be respected because their souls are dogmatized to hell? I ask who did this thing? Surely the man who had the hideous courage to hack off women's limbs, to toss them to and fro, to tear out their hair, and beat in their breasts, cannot lack that far inferior boldness which would own the act when challenged. Let him step forth and explain his reasons. It was not a task, a penance, which one would wantonly perform; a sense of duty could alone strengthen the bravest to go through with it. Doubtless the gentleman had a motive, and a high one. Let us hear, and, if possible, respect it, though it may fail to convince us; or, if this plea be not made out, in Heaven's name, for the credit of our country, its manhood, and that creed of which it makes profession, let us declare, aloud and boldly, that a madman, ay, a lycanthropist, escaped from custody, and wrought this deed in the wildest fury of dementia. Let us declare that, and take oath

upon it if necessary, rather than admit that one of us was capable of so dastardly, so damnable a sacrilege on the dead!

From this scene of horrors, we proceeded without further interruption to the tombs of the sacred crocodiles. It was a curious sight enough, when at length we reached the end. The animals lie upon the cavern-floor, head to tail, tail to head, as closely as they could be packed, one above another, with palm leaves strewn between each layer. How far the range of tombs extends into the mountain none can say; two chambers only are now open for examination. It did not appear to me that the caverns were in any sense human handiwork; but it seems most probable that the traveller now enters by the *back way*. It is obviously impossible that the crocodiles could have been brought to their burial-place by the way we came, because they are, many of them, so gigantic, that no exertion can force back their shoulders through the passage that we discovered. It seems likely, then, that another entrance exists, or once existed, of more convenient character, and that the approach which is now the only one known was either unformed or unused at the date when the sacred animals were gradually stored here. The manner of their arrangement is simple enough. Row was piled on row, until the whole grotto was full from floor to roof, after which the sextons retired to the next chamber, and stored that also with dead deities in a similar manner.

Thus we were not able to make even a guess at the length or extent of the sepulchre, nor can any one ever do so until the caverns are cleared. One of the most noticeable facts connected with these interments is the abundance of small crocodiles, some but just hatched, many yet in the egg, which, rolled in a strip of mummy cloth, and tied together in bundles of twenty, fill the interstices. They are literally in thousands. From a very rough and imperfect calculation, we estimated that five hundred of these baby-gods were packed around each full-grown reptile; and, in the two chambers to which one may gain access by crawling *through* the mummies, I should judge there could not be less than half a million of them; perhaps — for the end of the second grotto is not to be seen — there may be ten times that number. As I have already observed, no means whatever exist for obtaining an idea how far these caverns stretch, each filled up, like a barrel of herrings, to the top. What amazing mortality, then, must that have been among the eggs and young which could supply so vast a quantity of mummies! Is it not reasonable to suspect that the old Egyptians, who paid such fearful reverence to their scaly deities when toothed and tailed, clawed and armored, never lost the pious opportunity of prematurely restoring their younger members to Olympus? Here is an Egyptian joke! *Pas possible*, you say. On the contrary, I know no race more addicted to broad fun than this.

A wonderful discovery, — is it not? — but no new idea to the observant wanderer on the Nile. The world, in its happy days of ignorance, was apt to think the Egyptian character not witty itself, but that it unwillingly lent itself even as a source of wit to others; a view which the fearsome books of its interpreters have fully corroborated. But there are various kinds of national humor. There is the French, the perfect type, which breaks a bone or pats a cheek; the English, which mostly runs on from coarse words into coarser actions; the American, which grasps all creation as its

armory, and draws supplies freely from the antediluvian world. These are divers types, and the Egyptian differs again. It was a strong, lasting, venerable sort of wit, and found its fitting vehicle in bricks and stone. You do not suppose, you cannot suppose, my dear sir, that the architect of the Pyramids, and the sculptor of the Sphinx, did not know they were perpetrating a jest that would outlive the ages: a gem of practical humor to survive alike the comic history of Berosus and the double acrostic of Belgravin? Why else did the one select those particular measurements which have overwhelmed Mr. Piozzi Smith? or suddenly change his angle of elevation, and thus dumbfounder a trans-Atlantic namesake of that professor? What means the Sphinx's granite mouth, which, in the still moonlight of the desert, bears down upon the world with such dire and weirdly humorous features? Talk to me of beauty — pooh! There is that throughout the length of Egypt which is more serviceable to man, — there is fun! Study the portraits of Cleopatra and Cesarion upon the fane of Dendera!

I have seen dull souls stand aghast before these effigies, unable to believe their senses, but not daring to conceive the secret. Do you not see? The Egyptian artist thus avenged the outrage to his country's decency; thus, in two delightful sculptures, did he mock the license of the Greek, and the brute force of mighty Cæsar. Are they not supremely droll also, those sculptures in the twilight of Esné's temple? I have laughed to tears in admiration of them. The very gods themselves were not secure from the untamable verve of these funny fellows. The Pantheon of Egypt was the earliest of pantomimes, and the most original. Whence do you think that second-rate man drew his ideas who first designed the burlesque masks of Drury Lane? Surely from Esné; and how far he falls beneath the model! It was a notion brilliant enough to set a bird's head, an elephant's, or a crocodile's, upon the shoulders of a man; but the genius of Egypt was not content with such low comedy. Observe the postures of his gods! remark the action of their hands! examine at your ease the objects which they hold so gingerly, and consider for an instant the domestic furniture on which they sit! Have we not joking of the highest class in every fragment of Egyptian sculpture? There are the hieroglyphs also, so funny that even Herodotus could see their humor; the papyri, Joe Millers in manuscript. Consider this new interpretation of Egyptian mysteries at your leisure, and you will find much comfort for the soul therein. And when you think you have got the theory complete, set it down in octavo, and dedicate it to the late Mr. Simonides. After which, send your work to the Athenæum for review, publicly forgive your enemies, and make your will.

To return to the crocodiles. After examining all of the cavern yet accessible, and securing a few specimens of its contents, we hastened from the spot, for a more ghastly spectacle was never seen than these grottoes, thus lit up by our candles. The mingling of human limbs with reptile mummies seemed very horrible. There was in one corner a foot and a leg, black and cramped as with the death pang, which protruded from the mass, erect, weirdly. It fascinated me, — I approached and grasped the limb, wishing to cover it decently, — I pulled, and all that dim and kneaded heap of members

seemed to seethe and work as though rising to direful life again. I abandoned the attempt with something of a thrill, and shortly after we retired, dragging our trophies by ropes and waistbelts. Through the narrow and noisome passages we crept again wearily, our nerves, or mine at least, not a little unstrung by the heat, the foul air, and the mystery of the caverns. We rested for a few moments in the second chamber, and then made our way to the free outer air.

I will not pause to tell how bright the daylight seemed, or how welcome was even that burning atmosphere, cool when compared with the subterranean furnace. Neither will I venture to describe how the sky gradually changed its tone to a dull yellow, while the horizon assumed a tinge of fiery purple, as we proceeded homewards; nor drain my force of superlatives in telling of that storm of sand and living fire, which the Arabs call a *Khamsin*; the which overtook us in the mountains, and pursued us all the way to Cairo. Nor do I care to dwell upon a very commonplace quarrel with the Sheikh of Maabdeh, who for some inscrutable reason, insisted upon hanging our donkey boys right away; but I have often chuckled since remembering how he winced when I put a revolver to his forehead. These things were not in my design when I commenced this paper.

I simply desired to show that there are interesting sights upon the Nile which visitors do not generally see. Perhaps, if my friends seem to care about this short narrative of one among my unusual explorations, I may at a future time overhaul my Nile Journal again. One remark it is fitting I should make, in case any traveller should be tempted to follow in my steps. There is very little danger, if reasonable caution be used, in visiting the crocodile caves of Maabdeh. Never mind what your *dragoman* says; the main peril lies with the party itself. Put your weakest man in front, and the stoutest behind; one might draw a body out by the heels, but it would be impossible to *push* a child along those passages. Also, beware of your lights! One spark falling on that mass of dry tinder, might kindle such a blaze as would overwhelm your party in a second. Here is the most serious peril: beware of it.

One word as to the pits themselves. No historian, so far as I am aware, makes any allusion to them; their date is entirely unknown. It may be that the sacred crocodiles, from earliest times, were buried here, for the entire mountain is, perhaps, hollow. That the caves now open are of nature's mining, I am convinced, but that fact does not prove that great works may not be found beyond. As I have said, one enters now by a back way, through the length of which there is no trace of human handiwork, excepting in a doorway close upon the mummies' resting-place. It is possible that antiquities of the highest interest might be found, were the true entrance discovered, but if that event should ever take place, it will, I suppose, as in other cases, be due to accident. Of those human mummies now mingled with the reptiles, one must conclude them to be those of attendants on the sacred crocodiles. They seem to have been second-class people, or if their mouldering fingers and black arms were adorned with burial ornaments, sacrilegious hands have long since stripped them. But, whether noble or slave, no person could be so logically aristocratic nowadays, as to plead the

condition of these poor Egyptians when alive, in excuse for the barbarous treatment to which their corpses have been subjected after death.

COMFORTERS OF THE MODERN JOB.

WE are always taught to believe that adversity, taken, as the doctors say, in moderation, is on the whole a useful stimulant, and valuable if merely as a change; and it is difficult for any who have observed the evils of a long-continued course of prosperity, of whatever kind, to doubt the truth of the dogma; of course, we limit its application, as we do that of most doctrines of the kind, to our neighbors; but as Mr. Brown thinks of Mr. Jones that a slight check in his career would "do him all the good in the world," while the latter says it would "do Mr. Brown no harm," their common friend, without ill-feeling towards either, may fairly pray for a small draught of this moral quinine for both.

But he must not stop here; if he wish thoroughly to discharge his duty to his fellow-creature, he must complete the remedy for which he has prayed; he must call upon Messrs. Brown and Jones, and condole with them on the chastisement with which Providence has seen fit to afflict them; for not until he and such as he have done this will the beneficial cup of misery be filled to the brim.

There are several ways in which this charitable deed may be performed; but, with that instinct which seems to guide any duty which becomes a pleasure, Eliphaz will be pretty sure to choose the tone best fitted to heighten the effect which he views with such unselfish delight.

First, there is the severe "serve you right" tone; but this must be carefully used, as none but inferiors or very meek people accept it so gratefully as might be expected. Indeed, though exceedingly useful in its way, it is a dangerous manner to adopt, and requires great caution; an ill-advised selection of the subject to be operated upon has been known to result in a decided snub, or even — such is the ingratitude of mankind — in an enforced and rapid exit from the afflicted house. Provided, however, that it is safe to make use of this application at all, little skill is needed; it consists simply of a diluted version of the words "brought on her ^{his} self."

Far more subtle than this method of consolation is that of the friend who "had always been afraid of it from the little he saw." This, you see, in the very act of implying superior wisdom, forms an exceedingly good corrective to your own blind want of foresight and care. You were a fond mother perhaps, trying to reclaim by kindness a vagabond son, and had fancied that the blow which you had succeeded so long in warding off would be at least as unexpected to others as it was to you. But no; Eliphaz saw it long ago; possibly he "always told you so." You do not remember his doing anything of the kind; in fact, he always seemed to you to agree that the prodigal was going on much better. Suggest this, and you only add another drop to the tonic; how could he risk the loss of a dear friend by hinting at what he guessed? So that you, by your own selfish pride, only assisted the mischief, after all.

Then comes the friend who tells you that it "might have been worse," as if this self-evident fact ever diminished the first agonies of a great grief by a single pang. This is the man who steps up to

you when a hansom has just knocked you down and broken your leg, and bids you be "thankful you weren't killed." He is great at misfortunes which cannot in any sense be said to be your own fault; because the arrow might have wounded you somewhere else, he almost thinks you ought to be thankful to the archer for hitting you at all. This is a most invaluable dose of consolation, for it will annoy your average mortal as much as anything, to hear that the woe which he has been bewailing so deeply is considered quite a commonplace one, after all, and that the morbid satisfaction which he had hitherto derived from pitying himself was founded merely upon his own inability to appreciate degrees of suffering. It has also another advantage; it will almost invariably appear to be just, though disagreeable, since nearly all troubles seem worse than they are until we actually begin our fight with them. So that, although we may be obstinately unphilosophic enough to refuse any satisfaction in the matter, regarded from any point of view whatsoever, we cannot deny the apparent truth of our friend's unpleasant observations. We are seldom calm enough to point out that, if we once enter the wide field of possibilities, we *might* have escaped altogether. Granted, that all our money might have been lost by the breaking of that bank instead of half, still, if we had chanced to invest it elsewhere, all might have been safe.

Unless we can contrive to put a stop to this objectionable mode of treatment at the outset, the versatility of our tormentor will be practically unlimited. Be our misfortune what it may, he will always be ready, under pretence of affording us comfort by the contrast, to show us some unhappy fellow-mortal whom he fancies worse off than ourselves, — in all probability, merely from ignorance of the whole circumstances of each case. The strange anomaly in the line adopted by this comforter is, that although, in common with the rest of his brethren, professedly guided by religious principles, he yet begs us to take heart by observing the afflictions of others, — the true spirit of the pagan philosopher. Here again, however, the flaw probably escapes in the indignation of the moment, and as we must take physic, we gulp it down silently with the rest.

But most refined of all is the operator who bids you "look upon the bright side." It seems such a fine idea to persist in shutting your eyes to the black cloud that is breaking over the heads of you and all you love best in the world, and in squinting round the corner for its imaginary silver lining, that one feels a sort of foolish respect for the audacity of one's optimist friend. He is the man with the very new hat and pleasant smile, who pays you a visit in Whitecross Street to tell you "it will all blow over soon, old boy; you must get you a clerkship somewhere" [you used to fill up half a dozen every year yourself]; "and I see your wife's off home to the country already, so she'll be all right." In midor calamities, he it is who dilates, after that bank smash, on the pittance you have left; or, after the street accident, on the goodness of your prospective wooden leg.

If by any tone the well-meaning friend can insure the full chastening effects of adversity, this is certainly the one to adopt. None of its details seem to escape him; and by inquiry or suggestion, he reproduces to the minutest touches the whole picture that we would so willingly forget. He gauges with the accuracy of an expert the difference

between "now" and "then," and all under the plausible pretext of looking at the "bright side." By all these means, employed according to his estimate of your calamity, can this comforter of the modern Job insure the trial of patience which is so valuable a use of adversity; but if he be a married man, he has a yet stronger one at his command. Let him stay at home, and delegate to his wife the mission for whose fulfilment he feels himself responsible. To every dart with which he could supply her she can add a sting.

She needs not to guide her conversation by any artfully selected tone, nor bind herself to any fixed plan of action. So much greater is the tact of a woman, that while a man, by an unintended word of kindness, will often undo the good of all the manner which he has so studiously affected, a woman will be unconsciously perfect in her part, and will attain, by her intuitive attention to the smallest details, the full effect at which she aims.

Observe the perfect way in which she comes into the room for that first call upon your poor dear wife after your unfortunate descent in the world. Her obtrusive want of observation seems to say: "I won't pain the Blanks by appearing to notice the shabbiness of this miserable little hole; in fact, it might be kinder to praise any of the most glaring contrasts to their former condition." So she goes to the window, and remarks on the prettiness of the unhappy yard, which replaces your beautiful flower-garden, and thinks "it must be so nice to have it all under your own eye." Then, too, what a relief to have only one servant; really they are such nuisances that she often wishes she had no more herself. She inquires with the greatest concern whether you don't find how extravagantly your housekeeper must have carried on your *ménage*, and says how fortunate it is that your dear Isabella has such domestic tastes. And so she can run on for half an hour, taking the most amicable and lively interest in your affairs and plans, and jarring at every turn on the most tender of your recollections and regrets. If she would only talk and behave as she would have done in days gone by; if she would but forget for a moment that she need ask about details, however kindly, that she never thought of before; if she would not now and then stop short in the middle of a sentence, as if fearing to hurt your feelings by going on; if her sympathy were only less obtrusive in its delicacy! Her assumption of concealed pity irritates you far more than the selfish incivility of the dandy friend who cuts you in the street, just as whispers and footsteps on tiptoe are more annoying to the invalid than louder but more natural sounds. And when she has come and gone, you may give a sigh of relief, for you have swallowed the last drop in the cup of your bitterness, and your Nemesis is at length tired of avenging your former happiness. Most of our miseries would be tolerable, were it not for the comfort administered to us by our friends.

THE MUTINY AT VELLORE.

It seems to be now generally admitted, although for a time strenuously denied, that the greased cartridges had much to do with the great Indian revolt of the Sepoys, in 1857, which led to so much massacre and seriously endangered our Eastern empire. An order, relative to shaving, equally interfering with native notions of *caste*, and quite as ill-judged, produced an earlier mutiny, on a more confined

scale, at Vellore, which exploded, most unexpectedly, on the night of the 9th of July, 1806, and was specially signalized by the murder, amongst many others, of an officer of rank and merit who commanded in the fortress, Colonel Fancourt. Nothing foreshadowed the movement, which burst like a thunder-clap from a summer cloud.

This was long considered a very memorable episode in our Indian annals, until it dwindled into insignificance when compared with the comprehensive and sweeping attempt, so recently and arduously suppressed.

In Gleig's "History of British India" we find this paragraph: "There occurred under Sir George Barlow's administration, a mutiny amongst the native troops in the Carnatic, of which, though sufficiently alarming at the moment, it were out of place to give here any detailed account. Enough is done when we state that an injudicious order respecting some points of dress appearing at a moment when missionary exertions chanced to be unusually great, the sons of Tippoo and their adherents took advantage of the circumstance to excite, to a furious degree, the religious prejudices of the Sepoys. They rose in rebellion at Vellore, put to death many European officers and a considerable portion of the 69th Regiment, and were not quieted at last till Colonel Gillespie, at the head of a body of dragoons, had sabred a large number of them. For a time serious apprehensions were entertained lest the disposition should prove general; but this, on inquiry, was found not to be the case. The obnoxious orders were repealed, and the troops returned everywhere to their allegiance."

The following narrative of the earlier revolt, in 1806, contains particulars never made public, and was written at the time by Mrs. Fancourt, widow of the Colonel who was massacred in the outbreak. The MS., in her own handwriting, was given by her to a near and dear relative and friend of the present writer as an authentic document, without any restrictions as to its future use. Many readers may take an interest in the recital, which would lose its value if altered in the slightest degree. We therefore give it as originally written.

ACCOUNT OF THE MUTINY AT VELLORE ON THE NIGHT OF THE 9TH OF JULY, 1806.

"Colonel Fancourt and I retired to rest on Wednesday evening a little after nine o'clock. About two, on Thursday morning we were both awakened at the same instant by a loud firing. We both got out of bed, and Colonel Fancourt went to the window, which was open, and called aloud and repeatedly to know the cause of the disturbance. He received no reply, except by the rapid continuance of the firing from a vast number of Sepoys assembled at the main-guard. Colonel Fancourt then went down stairs, and in a few minutes returned to his writing-room, and requested me to bring him a light. I instantly did so, and placed it on the table. He then sat down to write, and I shut the window from which he had spoken to the Sepoys, fearing some shots might be directed at him as he sat, for they were then firing in all directions from the main-guard. I looked at my husband and saw him turn as pale as ashes. I said "Good God! what can be the matter, my dear St. John?" To which he replied, "Go into your own room, Amelia." I did so, for I saw his mind was so agitated I did not think it right to repeat my question at that moment.

I heard him, two minutes after, quit the writing-room and go out of the house.

"Between two and three o'clock I believe the firing at the main-guard ceased and the drums beat, which I afterwards heard was owing to my husband's exertions to quiet the Sepoys. There was no more firing for some time. After my husband left the house I think he returned again, though, as I imagine, but for a moment. I certainly heard the door of the writing-room tried, very soon after the firing at the main-guard ceased; but having, after he left me, bolted the door, if it was he, he could not enter, and went away again without saying anything. When I heard the door attempted, I called out, "St. John, is it you?" to which I received no answer, and whoever it was he quitted the house immediately.

"I then bolted all the doors in my own room, and brought my children into it. I fell on my knees and fervently prayed that Colonel Fancourt's endeavors to restore peace in the garrison might be crowned with success and his life spared through the mercy of God. I dressed, and twice cautiously opened the hall-door and felt my way to the lower end to look where there was most firing. I perceived it was chiefly directed at the European barracks.

"The last time I ventured from my room, between the hours of four and five, as I stood at the lower end of the hall, which was quite open to the veranda, a figure approached me. It was so dark I could only see the red coat by the light of the firing at the barracks. I was dreadfully frightened, expecting to be murdered; and having left the children in the bedroom, I dreaded that their last hour was come also. I had, however, courage to ask, 'Who is there?' The answer I received was, 'Madam, I am an officer.' I then said, 'But who are you?' The gentleman answered, 'I am an officer of the main-guard.' I inquired what was the matter. He said it was a mutiny; that every European on the guard had been murdered except himself, and that we should be murdered also. I made no reply, but walked away to the room where my babes and female servants were. The officer went out at the opposite door of the hall where we had spoken together, and never got down stairs alive, for he was butchered most cruelly in Colonel Fancourt's dressing-room. I have since heard that his name was Lieut. O'Reilly, 1st Battalion 1st Regiment of Native Infantry.

"When I had this conversation with the above-mentioned officer, I began to think it unsafe to quit my own room again. As soon as daylight appeared, I went into Colonel Fancourt's writing-room and looked through the Venetian blinds on the parade. I saw some soldiers of the 69th Regiment lying dead. Four Sepoys were at that moment on the watch at the door of Colonel Marriott's quarters and several issuing from the gates of the palace. The latter were not firing, — indeed, I think they were unarmed, — and were making a great noise. At this time there was firing on the ramparts, and apparently in all parts of the fort; at least, I heard firing in many different places, though at the main-guard and the barracks all seemed quiet. The Sepoys were then employed in ransacking the houses, intent on murder or plunder.

"At this moment I gave up all for lost. I opened my dressing-table drawer, and took out my husband's miniature, which I tied on, and hid under my habit shirt, determined not to lose that but in

death. I had secured his watch some time before, to ascertain the hour. I had hardly secreted this much valued remembrance, before I heard a loud noise in the hall adjoining my bedroom. I moved softly, and looking through the door discovered two Sepoys knocking a chest of drawers to pieces. I was struck with horror, concluding their next visit would be to my apartment.

"My children and their female servants were at this time lying on the mat, just before the door, which opened into the back veranda, and which at the time of the commencement of the mutiny seemed the safest place, as shots being fired at the windows, we were obliged to move as far as possible from them. I whispered my ayah that the Sepoys were in the hall, and told her to move from the door. She took my children under the bed, and begged me to go there also. I had not time for reply, for the door we had just left, was at that instant burst open. I got under the bed, and was no sooner there than several shots were fired into the room; but although the door was opened, no one entered. I took up a bullet which fell close to me under the bed.

"The children were screaming with terror at the firing, and I expected that our last moment had come; but willing to make one effort to save my babes, I crept from my hiding-place into a small adjoining room, off the back of the staircase. I opened the window, from which I saw two horsekeepers. I returned instantly to my bedroom, and desired the ayah to take my little babe in her arms. I took Charles St. John in my own, and opening the door of the back staircase, ran down as quickly as I could. When we got to the bottom, we found several Sepoys on guard at the back of the house. I showed them my babes, and told my ayah to inform them they might take all we had if they would spare our lives.

One of them desired us to sit down in the stable with the horses. Another looked very surly, but did not prevent our going there. Whilst we stayed in the stable, I told the ayah I had my husband's watch, and requested she would hide it for me. She dug up some earth with her fingers, threw it over the watch, and put some chatties on it. We had not been seated many minutes before we were ordered away by a kind Sepoy. He told me to go into the fowl-house, which had only a bamboo front, and we were, in consequence, exposed to view, until the same Sepoy brought us a mat, which we made use of by placing it before the door to hide ourselves; and afterwards the same man gave my little boy half a loaf of bread to appease his hunger.

"There, I suppose, we sat about three hours, in the greatest agony of mind, endeavoring to quiet my dear little Charles, whom I found it very difficult to pacify, so terrified was he by the constant firing, and cried sadly to get out, and go to his papa. Several times, from my concealment, I saw the Sepoys taking out immense loads of our goods on their backs, tied up in table-cloths and sheets. They all went by the way of the ramparts, which made me fear that they still had possession of the works. I know not how I supported myself through all the horrors of that night and morning. What I dreaded most was to hear of my husband's murder, and I really believe I should have braved death, and searched for him on the parade, had not the situation of my babes withheld me from the rash attempt. My dread of having them murdered during

my absence, or of leaving them wretched orphans, made me remain in the place of refuge.

"I hoped for the arrival of the 19th Dragoons from Arcot. The few lines Colonel Fancourt wrote in his room I thought most probably were intended to be sent express to Colonel Gillespie, who was, on that morning coming to spend a few days with us. But whether Colonel Fancourt had the means of sending his despatch or not, I was quite ignorant. Still, however, I thought the news might reach Colonel Gillespie on the road, by some chance or other, and hearing a tremendous firing at the gate strengthened my hopes that the regiment had arrived.

"Our house appeared, at this time, quite deserted by the Sepoys; but suddenly several of them rushed into the compound, and called out, as the ayah said, for me, determined to find and murder me. She requested me to go into the farthest corner of the fowl-house, which I did, taking my Charles with me, and covering him with my gown. I had much difficulty in keeping him quiet. He screamed at every instant. I expected we should all be massacred; but the firing at the gate became now so strong that the Sepoys were obliged to fly to it, and once more vacated the house, by which unexpected incident we escaped impending death. I was so thirsty as several times to drink dirty water out of a dirty chatty, and give the same to my dear Charles also.

"At last I heard distinctly the horses of the 19th Dragoons upon the drawbridge, and huzzas loudly repeated. Then I hoped everything, and a moment after they entered the fort. An officer rode in and called for me by name, but I could neither answer nor move. Again, I heard my name repeated, and saw an officer in a red jacket who I thought looked like my husband. I made an effort and sprang forward to meet him. It was Mr. Maclean. I called for my husband. He told me he was alive. Colonel Gillespie and Mrs. Maclean then joined us, and both gave me the same assurance. They took me up stairs and forced me to drink some wine and water. When the agitation of my mind had a little calmed down, they told me that Colonel Fancourt was wounded, though not dangerously, and that he must be kept quiet. About an hour after I was told by the surgeon of the 19th that my husband was in danger, but that worse wounds had been cured; his were flesh wounds, and the balls had not lodged. Hope still made me think he would recover. I would not even ask to see him, thinking the interview might agitate him too much. Alas! I found too late there were no hopes of him from the first, for he breathed his last about five o'clock on the same afternoon. Thank God, he died without much suffering. That his death was happy I am fully satisfied, for he lived religiously, and met his fate like a brave soldier, in the faithful discharge of his duty."

Here the narrative ends.

When Colonel Gillespie forced his entrance into Vellore, his dragoons put 800 Sepoys to the sword before the mutiny was totally suppressed. This gallant officer obtained great credit for his prompt energy on this occasion, and became one of the most rising men in India. He fell in the Nepaulese war as Major-General Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie, being shot through the heart while leading three companies of English soldiers to the assault of the fortified position of Kalunga, in October, 1814. Of

the four companies of the 69th Regiment which formed the weak European garrison of Vellore, 164 were killed, and nearly all the officers.

ON A BICYCLE.

ARISTOCRATIC wielders of the pen have seized hold of an accident or two, and the reckless riding of a few enthusiasts, to make them handles for a wholesale condemnation of the velocipede. This piece of mechanism may certainly be an intrusion, but for all that it seems to have its good qualities; and as to the objections that have been made to its use, — well, upon racking one's brains a little it is possible to recall objections having been made to steam in days gone by. Tramways have been driven off our roads, but they are trying to creep back; perambulators have been crushed endlessly, and they certainly are unpleasant when the fore-wheel is thrust between your legs and you feel about to be transformed into a baby murderer; but perambulators increase in number, fast as do their occupants, and the green four-wheeler that fathers of families used to draw about on Sundays is now a thing of the past. And doubtless, if some opponent of the good old conservative notions of England were to introduce a comfortable street cab, to take the place of the hideous jangling vehicles of the present day, he would be cried down, — perhaps ruined.

For my part, being a very mild, inquisitive individual, I have felt rather disposed to welcome the new means of locomotion, and mentally exclaimed, "How delightful to spin along upon land more independently than the Rob Roy canoe on water! How glorious to be free of tolls (?), ostlers, taxes, and trouble! To ride where one listeth, and then, — "double up your perambulator."

The name was enough to tempt one to invest, so I bought a "bicycle," and anxiously smuggled it into the little coach-house, ready for an opportunity of trying its paces.

Being such a revolutionary method of going over the ground one naturally felt a delicacy about appearing in public until able to perform with grace and effect. Here was a difficulty: privacy was required, but not to be obtained. I had learned skating upon a ditch, riding in a school, dancing in so many private lessons; but velocipeding how was it to be attained? A garden seventy feet by thirty, with narrow gravel paths at right angles, was certainly not adapted; and, besides, inquisitive people could have looked over the walls. One could not do it in a room, — what was to be done?

I had that horrible vehicle in bed with me for nights. There was a complete-reverse of circumstances; it sat upon me, nightmare fashion, instead of me riding it; I dreamed of it, and saw myself ignominiously dragged off to the station-house for bowling my hoops upon the pavement. I saw myself brought to ruin by people thrusting walking-sticks in my spokes. I was laughed at; shouted after; hunted by a mob of boys, who would, catch me, paddle hard as I would; and time after time I sat up in bed in a violent state of perspiration, avowing that I would either burn or sell the thing which threatened to be the bane of my existence.

Weeks passed, and the bicycle had not even been looked at without a shudder, when one bright, frosty night, about eleven, when taking my customary look out before retiring, the thought occurred to me, "Why not try in the dark?"

Why indeed? Five minutes after I was stealing down to the coach-house, and trying to smuggle the thing out, but the doors would creak horribly, and the wheels grated upon the gravel. I knew that another sound would bring people right and left, to their windows anticipating doctors or fire-engines; so, hugging my enemy in my arms, I bore it to the railings lifted it over, tearing my coat in the act, and then followed it into the road.

We are to have gas our way, but at present it is under consideration; and upon this dark, cold night, as I stood beside my vehicle, looking in all directions cautiously as a burglar, suddenly a light was thrown full upon me, and from behind it a gruff voice inquired, —

"What's your little game?"

Game indeed! it was no sport, but a piece of serious earnest; and it was only with difficulty that I induced police-constable John Dorhead to believe that this was not an infernal machine, and that he might turn off his bull's-eye and leave me to my own devices.

The ground was dry and hard, — O, how hard! — and lifting the incubus once more, I made the best of my way beyond the last house. Pausing for breath, I set the thing down, straddled across it, settled myself in my seat, and then, — well, then I went forward, very slowly, walking upon the tips of my toes and taking the thing along with me. I knew I ought to give myself a good start, thrust my feet upon the treadles, and then go along rapidly. I say I knew all this, but that was all. If I lifted one leg from the ground, I inclined that side; if I lifted the other, the inclination was but the reverse; and as to taking both feet up, I freely confess it, I dared not.

However, I got on slowly, with the thing between my legs, telling myself that I was progressing fast; and I chuckled as I congratulated myself upon the fact of my being unobserved. At last, as time was getting on, I grew more daring, and made a rush, performing a wild curve which sent me into the ditch on the left, while the next attempt sent me into the hedge on the right.

"Perseverance conquers in the end," I muttered, as I prepared for another try; and so I went on until, conceiving that I had done pretty well for one night, and that even if I had acquired no skill I had done something towards overcoming my timidity, I turned back and walked, or rather waddled, the instrument till I reached the top of the hill, where I paused to consider.

Should I? Should n't I? There was nothing to do but to sit firmly and to steer carefully and it would go down hill of itself. The maker told me that the faster I went, the safer. If I meant to learn, I must be a little bold. I'd a good mind to let it go, and I walked it down a few yards. Why, even if I did fall, I could not hurt myself much; it was not like being upon a restive horse, and being dragged by the stirrups, and, — was n't it, though! I only lifted my legs for an instant to touch the treadles when the wretch of a thing was off down the incline. Mazeppa's ride was nothing to it; the bicycle cycled, the wind rushed past my ears, and I believe I shouted, "Stop it!" feeling for the moment that I was off at express speed; then there was a crash, a sudden halt, and O, how hard and firm was that new road!

"I thought you'd get up to something afore you'd done," said a gruff voice, and once more I was illuminated at the expense of the ratepayers.

I only groaned as I asked the constable to assist me in with my wheels of misfortune. I did not scruple about making a noise now, all I wanted was to get the thing locked up, and to go and bathe that large lump swelling upon my noble forehead; but I believe the fellow was grinning when I gave him a shilling.

I don't know whether mind or body was the sorer the next morning, but I was very ill at ease, and "said I to myself, here's a lesson for me," while I ran over in my own mind the list of my enemies, being at last fully determined to send my compliments to the gentleman who cut up my last book, and with my compliments the gift of the bicycle.

Humbly and sincerely I trust that he may not break his neck.

FOREIGN NOTES.

ENGLAND is still growling over the cost of the war with Abyssinia.

DURING the month of July Paris keeps its thirteenth favorite theatres closed.

GEORGE SAND's complete works are about to be issued in a ninety-volume edition. Ninety volumes!

M. ROCHEFORT's father has written to the *Rapport*, to say that his son, who was in receipt of a large income derived from the sale of *La Lanterne*, had left him in distress.

THE finest work in sculpture in the French Exhibition this year is said to be the Statue "Désespoir" by Perrault: the finest painting that of the "Assommoir" by Bonnat. Both artists have won the *médaille d'honneur*.

M. FRANZ BEAUVALLET, son of M. Léon Beauvallet, author of "Sur Terre et sur Mer," and grandson of M. Pierre-François Beauvallet, of the Conservatoire, has made a hit with his first dramatic essay, "Le Don Quichotte des Maris," recently produced at the Déjazet, Paris.

THE Chemical Society of London, wishing to do honor to the memory of their distinguished fellow, the late Professor Faraday, has instituted a gold medal, to be awarded from time to time to any foreign chemist who may have distinguished himself in promoting the progress of the science.

MR. THORNYCROFT's colossal statue of Queen Victoria is at last finished. It represents Her Majesty in half-military costume, such as she used to wear when visiting the camp at Chobham with the Prince Consort. It is fourteen feet high, and will be placed in front of St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

TWO hopeful Frenchmen, Messieurs Tissandier and de Fouvillé, are about to undertake the daring enterprise of reaching the north pole in a balloon. The machine in which the bold adventurers are about to embark on their perilous journey, and which is appropriately named "Le Pôle Nord," is now being completed in the Champ de Mars, which the Government have placed at their disposal for the purpose. This monster balloon, beside which even the famous *Géant* would seem a mere toy, will contain over 10,000 cubic metres of gas, and is composed entirely of a cloth manufactured from caoutchouc, which will allow of great expansion in the rarefied strata of the atmosphere. The seams uniting the different pieces form a total length of three English

miles. The car, a marvel, it is said, of strength and lightness, is constructed to carry ten passengers, 4,000 pounds of ballast, and provisions for a month.

A FRENCH journal is responsible for the following: In a certain small provincial town one of the residents, M. A. B., found that his house was rendered both damp and dark by the contiguity of a large tree which was inconveniently near to his windows. He would gladly have had it cut down, but the tree belonged to the commune, and was not to be meddled with. Being a man of resources, he sent for insertion to one of the Paris papers the following paragraph: "There is still in existence one of the trees of liberty of the date of 1793. It may be seen at X., close to the house of M. A. B., and the passers-by reverently uncover their heads to this venerable witness of our grandest struggles and our most illustrious victory." Three days afterwards an order came from the *préfecture* in Paris for the Mayor of X. to cause the said tree to be cut down, — which was accordingly done forthwith.

THE *Athenæum* mentions an ingenious plan devised for indicating localities and distances in London. "The Thames, from the most eastern point to Westminster Bridge, and a line thence to Hyde Park Corner and Knightsbridge, are considered as an equator, from which it is proposed to measure distances of a quarter of a mile each towards the north and south, and denote them by increasing numbers, similar distances from west to east being denoted by alphabetical letters. Both numbers and letters are to be put up in every street and on every lamp-post, so that a person may readily ascertain in what direction he is going, and how far he has gone. Thus, by observing that he has passed from A 3 to A 4, he may know that he has gone a quarter of a mile towards the north or south of the equatorial line. Similarly, his advance from A 4 to B 4 would show he had gone a quarter of a mile from west to east. Addresses might thus be given with greater precision and distinctness than at present, and many disputes about cab-fares be obviated."

LAZO SKUNDRICH, one of the most celebrated and formidable of the brigand chiefs, who was for eighteen years the terror of the "Military Frontier," is now in the hands of the Austrian authorities. He gave himself up to the troops in 1866, after stipulating that "neither himself nor his companions should be sentenced either to death or imprisonment for life." He was then employed on the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief," as leader of the Austrian troops in their campaign against the brigands; and he proved so successful in his new career that in a short time the country was almost entirely cleared of the robber bands. He was then tried in a civil court for his former offences, and was sentenced, together with his band, to eighteen years' hard labor. As soon, however as it became known that he was in prison, the brigands again began to show themselves, and their depredations have now become so formidable that the Government has decided to liberate Skundrich and employ him as before, in the pursuit of his former comrades.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* observes that none of the biographers of General Jomini, whose death was announced some weeks since, seem to have been aware that on one important occasion he was the

adviser of Napoleon III., as he had been of his uncle. Just before the last Italian war the Emperor summoned him to Paris and laid before him the plan of the coming campaign. "Mon Dieu," said the General, "ils sont tous bons, les plans de campagne, sur le papier. La difficulté, c'est de les modifier sur le terrain, d'être prêt à tout, de faire face à tout, de prévoir tout, et de tout combiner d'avance, même l'impossible, d'arriver toujours à propos, et de n'être jamais pris au dépourvu." The first Napoleon, we well know, had this wonderful gift, and Jomini, even after his rupture with him, acknowledged that his genius lay chiefly in the fact that, even when suddenly aroused from the heaviest sleep, he was at once able to seize the exact state of affairs. The battle of Magenta showed clearly enough that this gift at least had not descended to his nephew. M. Sainte-Beuve is now engaged on a notice of General Jomini's life and works, which is looked forward to with much interest, as likely to contain the critic's last words upon many of the acts and actors of contemporary history.

A DECREE just issued by the commandant of the garrison at Kolberg, in Pomerania, amusingly illustrates one of the inconveniences to which royalty in Prussia is exposed. It appears that during the late tour of the Crown Prince in Pomerania, the people of Kolberg came into the streets with flowers to greet him on his entrance into their town, and that several of them, anxious to give a practical proof of their loyal enthusiasm, showered bouquets in his face. The consequence was, says the commandant, that his Royal Highness entered the hall of the palace "with his eyes full of tears," caused by the pain of the scratches he had received; "notwithstanding which," he adds, "our Hohenzollern was so extraordinarily good-natured that he overlooked this monstrous treatment, and continued to behave with that winning friendliness which is so characteristic of him." The commandant then proceeds to exhort the inhabitants in future to be more careful and considerate when presenting flowers to royal personages. "When the son of the sovereign walks in the street, the people should either with the deepest humility offer him a flower in their hands, or scatter flowers before his feet, but they should not recklessly cast them in the air so as to cause wounds, like the projectiles of an enemy."

AN English writer says: "There is something animal about decisiveness. If the mind be a fine and discursive mind, inclined to thought, and stored with knowledge, it must be hard for it to be swiftly decisive. One of the main qualifications for decisiveness is to be able to shut your eyes to all manner of minor considerations, and sometimes even of major considerations. To do this, requires courage, which is an animal virtue, to be much enlarged by practice. Let us take a numerical illustration, showing the rough-and-ready way in which decisions are arrived at by the neglect of minor considerations. Let there be eight considerations of the following values; No. one, value 17; No. two, value 9; and then six others, the values of which are not ascertained, but it is reasonably concluded that no one of them is higher than 4.

"A decisive man sees that if he decides in a particular way, he will have on his side No. one, equal to 17. He sees that No. two will be against him. He has not time (it is perhaps on the field of battle) to ascertain to which side the other six will incline. He assumes, however, that they will be

evenly balanced; he knows that the highest value of any of them is only 4; and he takes at once the decision which will be supported by consideration No. one, value 17. Of course no man thinks so pedantically, as, for the purpose of illustration, I have supposed him to do in the foregoing instance. But it may serve to illustrate the mode of thinking adopted by decisive men, and to show how they are often right. Had there been time for looking carefully at each of the eight unascertained considerations, it might have turned out that the smaller considerations would have entirely altered the decision. The man, not practised in decisiveness, cannot bear, even at a moment of peril, to overlook this possibility."

IF Mr. Buckle's theory of averages holds good with regard to accidents, it certainly is not applicable to crimes in France, where, if they are ruled by any law at all, it is by a law of increase. In spite of the much vaunted Code Napoleon, and of punishments, as a rule, more severe than those inflicted in England, the police statistics of Paris for the last few years, after due correction for the growth of the population, show a steady and most alarming increase of crime. The greatest augmentation is observed between the years 1865, when the number of persons sentenced by the criminal tribunals was 25,500, and 1868, in which year the surprising total of 35,700 convictions was recorded; the activity of the dangerous classes having apparently developed itself principally in the direction of burglary and robbery accompanied with violence. Increased vigilance, leading to a larger number of convictions, may account partially, but only partially, for this disagreeable phenomenon. No attempt has ever been made to estimate even approximately the numbers of the Parisian thieves, but their haunts are tolerably well known. Driven by Baron Haussmann's improvements from most of their old dens in the heart of the city, they congregate principally in low estaminets in the neighborhood of the barriers; but even in the streets adjoining the brilliant boulevards, more than one "tapis franc" still exists, the habitués of which would give a good idea of the company at the famous "Lapin Blanc" described by Eugène Sue. The *Revue des deux Mondes*, in a highly interesting article, gives some curious details concerning this peculiar society. The different classes of thieves do not associate with each other or even frequent the same houses. Those who assassinate with a view to robbery are the aristocracy of the profession, and pride themselves on their superior daring; they call themselves the "grosse cavalerie," and look down on the smaller fry with the same contempt which Turpin or Duval might have felt for a mere pickpocket or area sneak. The same language, however, is, with trifling differences, common to them all, most words in their argot being of a mediæval, but some even of a classical origin. Thus the executioner commonly styled "Charlot" is also called "Tollard," from "tollere," which was sometimes used in Latin in the sense of "to execute." The *Revue des deux Mondes* attributes the enormous increase of the thieving population in France to the want of emigration, except from the provinces to the capital. Paris does duty for America and Australia, receiving all the discontented and penniless provincials who come to seek fortune there; many of whom are there developed into accomplished criminals.

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THE ALCHEMISTS.

"The upright art of Alchymie liketh me well." — LOTHER.

THE odd, lingering, half-alive vitality of old superstitions was curiously instanced some seventy years ago, when an advertisement appeared in the German *Reichsanzeiger*, purporting to be issued by the "Hermetic Society," and calling for communications from the votaries of alchemy scattered among the public. This was in 1796, the period when the Directory governed in France, and General Buonaparte was conquering North Italy; a time when old beliefs on many important subjects had recently met with sufficiently rough handling.

Answers to the advertisement came in from all quarters. Persons in every grade of professional and commercial life, tailors and shoemakers, physicians, privy councillors, schoolmasters, watchmakers, apothecaries, organists, professed themselves practical students of the occult science, and desirous of further enlightenment in their as yet unsuccessful quest after the great elixir. The idea that an influential "Hermetic Society" was in existence, infused new hope into these isolated searchers. But on how baseless a fabric their hope was built eventually appeared, when the archives of the society were submitted to inspection, and it was found to have consisted of two members only, two Westphalian doctors of obscure fame. On the letters they had received in consequence of their advertisement, were found indorsed the words "answered evasively."

These facts are told us in a lecture recently delivered at Leipsic by Professor Erdmann, and published in the *Gartenlaube*. From his statements, and from other sources, we propose to put together a few notes relative to the exploded science, — the eccentric torchbearer to chemical discovery, — whose annals contribute such notable pages to the moral romance of the Middle Ages.

We do not profess to give its history in formal sequence. We do not discuss the traditions of its origin among the sages of Egypt, nor ponder over the ambiguous inscription on the Emerald Table of Hermes Trismegistus, — the "Apocalypse of Alchemy," as Dr. Erdmann calls it. That Moses was giving proof of his skill as an "adept" when he dissolved the golden calf and made the rebellious Israelites imbibe it in a liquid state, that the long-lived antediluvian patriarchs had in fact got hold of the *Elixir Vitæ*, that Noah was commanded to hang up the true and genuine philosopher's stone in the Ark, to give light to all living creatures

therein, are opinions we will merely glance at, as some of the most ambitious among the many fictions by which alchemy sought to ennoble its pedigree, when, from an obscure and ill-accredited pursuit, it had come to be admitted into the front ranks of notoriety, to be professed by sages of eminence and patronized by powerful monarchs. It was in the thirteenth century that it stepped into this position, brought to it mainly through the intercourse of the Arabs with Europe. The heyday of its dignity may be said to have continued from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. After the Revival of Learning it declined in estimation; but it still maintained a very considerable sway over those portions of society where mental activity had not been impelled into the new channels. Of its prevalence in Germany, especially during the seventeenth century, Professor Erdmann relates many curious instances. To these we shall presently recur. The absolute death of Alchemy, or the "Spagiriæ Art," as it used sometimes to be called, cannot be assigned to an earlier date than the publication of Lavoisier's "Modern System of Chemistry," eighty years ago. And here again, when we speak of its "absolute death," it must be observed that, even in our own times, chemists of first-rate rank have accorded a certain degree of recognition to its fundamental hypothesis. Sir Humphry Davy is not alone in avowing his opinion that the transmutations of metals need not be considered an impossibility. Metals, it is argued, are composite bodies, brought into their actual condition by the hidden operations of Nature. Why may not man, who has wrested so many secrets from her already, find out this art of metal-making also, and by some imitative process form similar combinations under the same relative conditions? But to what purpose? If the art resulted in a monopoly by some dexterous patentee, gold-making would before long come to be made penal; if every one might without hindrance carry his own California in his own crucible, gold would soon cease to be the standard of value.

But *has* the transmutation ever been effected? Here the testimony of enlightened modern inquiry is emphatically No, in spite of the half-affirmations we meet with here and there; as, for instance, in a "History of Alchymy" alluded to by Professor Erdmann, published as late as 1832, wherein the author expresses his belief that at least five "Adepts" or masters of the art of transmutation have, in the course of ages, made good their claims to the title.

Before we proceed further, let us note what were the definite objects which the alchemists proposed to themselves in their researches, and which these

adepts professed to have accomplished. The doctrines on which their science rested were three:—

1. That gold could be produced from metals which themselves contained no gold, by the application to them of an artificial preparation. This preparation went by the names of the Philosopher's Stone, the Great Elixir, the Great Magisterium, and the Red Tincture. It was applied to metals when they had been fused into a liquid state; and the act of application was called Projection.

2. That silver could be similarly produced out of metals containing no silver, by the application of another preparation called the Stone of the Second Order, the Little Elixir, the Little Magisterium, and the White Tincture. This, naturally, was in much less request than the other, and is much less talked about in the records of Alchemy.

3. The same preparation which thus ennobles metals and produces gold is, at the same time, when in a potable state, or even in some forms as a solid, a medicine possessing marvellous qualities for preserving life and renewing youthful vigor. How far the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life were considered identical is, however, left in some doubt by the ambiguity of Spagiric writers. By some the latter has been described as having the properties of sea-water; by others as an invigorating paste; by others as liquid gold; by others, Raymond Lulli, for instance, as something very like honest port and sherry. This elixir of life was sought by the earlier alchemists much more eagerly than was the stone in its transmuting properties, but it faded into discredit sooner: the avarice of mankind proved stronger than their love of existence; or, perhaps we should say, the great disprover Death was more convincing in his arguments than the obstinacy of metallic ores. Gold might be "exhibited" by astute contrivances where honest means of fabricating it had failed; no deceit could "exhibit" life in the individual whose hour of fate had really come.

To hit upon the right composition of the greater magisterium, whether as a medicine or a transmuter of metals, was, then, the primary aim and end of alchemy throughout. To decompose all metals into their primitive constituents, so as to ascertain the relative value of each, and to learn how to recombine them in certain specific proportions, was a necessary part of the process, and hence resulted the inestimable service rendered by alchemy to true science,—the establishment of the principles of chemical analysis. As to the nature and properties of the wonder-working stone, nothing can be more vague, contradictory, and hyperbolic than the reports of professed adepts on the subject. Either they sought to disguise their conscious ignorance by allegorical language, or they pretended to make a mystery of some simple and inefficacious process; or thinking they really had, or were in the way of gaining, the secret, they tried to mystify those who might perchance have followed up their indications too cleverly. This allegorical jargon may be instanced by a quotation from the verses dedicatory of George Ripley, Canon of Bridlington, the English alchemist, addressed to King Edward IV. He sums up his lore as follows:—

"This natural process, by help of craft then consummate,
Dissolveth the *Elixir* in its unctuous humiditie,
Then in *balneo of Mary* together let them circulate,
Like new honey or oil, till they perfectly thicked be:
Then will that medicine heal all manner infirmity,
And turn all metals to *Sonne* and *Moon* most perfectly;

Then shall ye have both great *Elixir* and *aureum potabile*,
By the grace and will of God, to whom be laud eternally."

Mark the pious sentiment with which Ripley concludes. It is a notable circumstance that from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century the pursuit of alchemy was closely connected with the religious sentiment, or, at all events, professed such connection. Its prominent advocates then, and, indeed, to a later date, were wont to speak of themselves as devout investigators of the truths of God discoverable in the marvels of Nature,—discoverable only by the pure and patient. They claimed for their pursuit the same religious dignity which Christians of the "broad" school in modern theology are bold to claim for scientific study, on the ground that the God of Revelation is also the God of Nature, and speaks to man by the one mode as well as by the other. Their expressions are often noble and elevated. Hear Johannes Strangunere, in his dying injunctions to his son, in 1492: "Upon the salvation of thy soul do not forget the poor; and in any case look well to thyself, that thou do not disclose the secrets of this science to any covetous worldly man." In Faber's *Propugnaculum Alchymie*, published in 1644, we have the religious theory of the science thus stated: "The stone of the philosophers is, by all the authors who have treated of it, esteemed to be the greatest gift of God on earth. . . . As therefore it is so great and mighty a gift of God, the most necessary thing in order that man should attain to a knowledge of its excellence and worth, is wisdom which is bestowed by God on very few." And Michael Sandivogius, a Polish adept early in the seventeenth century, reputed author of "A New Light of Alchymie taken out of the Fountain of Nature and Manual Experience," as the English translation has it, writes thus: "Thou, therefore, that desirest to attain to this art, in the first place put thy whole trust in God thy Creator, and urge him by thy prayers, and assuredly believe that he will not forsake thee; for if God shall know that thy heart is sincere, and thy whole trust is put in him, he will, by one means or another, show thee a way and assist thee in it, that thou shalt obtain thy desire." There is piety, too, in the reason given by this same Sandivogius why the adepts, who have learnt how to circumvent death, chose not to perpetuate their existence on earth: "Now I do not wonder," he says, when describing the glorious effects of the elixir, "as before I did, why philosophers, when they have attained to this medicine, have not cared to have their days prolonged, because every philosopher hath the life to come so clearly before his eyes as thy face is seen in a glass." Ben Jonson's impostor acted the character well:—

"He, honest wretch,
A notable superstitious good soul,
Has worn his knees bare and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it. . . . Here he comes,—
Not a profane word afore him,—'t is poison!"

In the early Middle Ages it is notorious that not only many good and pious men, but many of the highest intellects, pursued the delusive science, and had the popular repute of being "Spagiric sages," or adepts in its mysteries. Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas Aquinas, are the heroes of many fantastic legends. And, indeed, for a long period it was chiefly by clerics, and by monkish clerics, that it was cultivated. In the dreamy solitudes of the cloister, where man's restless imagination so often revenged itself for the restrictions laid on active life, many a tonsured inmate bent

over crucible and bellows, "nursing his eternal hope,"* and praying devoutly for illumination from on high.

But enthusiasm and imposture are ever close at hand; and what is more strange, the border-land between them is perilously ill defined. A liar has been known to lie himself into belief of his own inventions; a fanatic, in his overweening desire for the realization of his dreams, will wilfully forget that evidence needs fact for its basis. The wild stories that spring up like a tangle of weeds round the fame of every alchemical philosopher of the Middle Ages leave one in amazement both at the credulity and the untruthfulness of our far-off ancestors; and yet might not a glance nearer home suffice to humble those who have lived in the days of table-rapping and spiritualistic séances? The biographies of the earlier alchemists have been largely recorded by the French writers, Naudé and Lenglet du Fresnoy. We will mention a few of them, but our chief business is with later and less hackneyed instances. Among the most famous were Artepheus, of the twelfth century, who wrote a treatise on the preservation of life, on the credit of his own experience, being professedly, at the time of writing, in the thousand-and-twenty-fifth year of his age; and who used quietly to settle every disputed question of ancient history by the irrefragable plea of personal testimony. Arnold de Villeneuve, in the thirteenth century, commonly called Villanovanus, was the reputed author of a recipe for the prolongation of life some hundred years or so, by means of carefully prepared plasters and nostrums. Pietro d'Apono, his contemporary, worked unheard-of wonders with his seven familiar spirits, and used to conjure gold back into his Fortunatus's wallet the moment he had made a disbursement. Greater than any of these was Raymond Lulli, of Majorca, the "enlightened doctor," and author of the philosophical *Ars Lulli*, who set up a laboratory at Westminster and filled the coffers of one of our Edwards to the tune of six millions of rose nobles; though indeed some rationalizing authorities ventured to say it was by inducing the King to lay a tax upon wool, and not by transmuting metals, that he worked that miracle. Nicholas Flamel, a poor Parisian scribe, extracted the secret from a mysterious MS. after twenty years of painful study. Were not the fourteen hospitals, three chapels, and seven churches that he built, restored, or endowed, indisputable evidence of the validity of his claims to the possession of the gold-making stone? What if the incredulous, even in his own time, whispered that he was a miser and a usurer, that he extorted his pelf from Spanish Jews, and was a general money-lender to the dissipated youth of Paris? Avaunt, such ignoble calumnies!

If the hermetic science bore on the whole a "holy and harmless" character among the inquiring intellects of the thirteenth century, already, in the fourteenth, the quest after the secret of inexhaustible riches had induced a spirit of rivalry and deception which caused serious inconveniences to society. It is to be remarked that the early alchemists invariably went by the name of "philosophers"; the term "gold-makers" was applied in later times and in a derogatory sense. Many Popes and other potentates sought to make the practice of "multiplication," as it was sometimes termed, penal. But in vain: "multipliers" multiplied.

Coins and medals were minted from what at all events passed for fabricated gold, to the great detriment of commercial interests. Henry IV. of England issued a stringent prohibition of the practice. The God-fearing Henry VI. eagerly encouraged it, repealing his grandfather's statute, and exhorting all classes of his subjects to search for the secret in the spirit of loyalty, for the replenishment of his coffers; his characteristic piety coming out in the special charge to the clergy, as being undoubtedly possessed of the power of transmuting substances in one way, and therefore more likely perhaps to succeed in the other. Edward IV. patronized the art. So did poor Charles VI. of France, in his flighty, impulsive way. One of the occupants of the Holy See had the credit of being an alchemist, Pope John XXII., whose bulls issued against the pretenders to the art were perhaps intended to warn off rivals. The eighteen millions of treasure which he was said to have left behind him was the current argument adduced to prove him an adept; the evidence of the fact perhaps as little trustworthy as the inference.

Weird fancies have always found a congenial atmosphere within the breast of the Teuton; and it was most conspicuously by German emperors and princes that the Spagiric art—so called in fact from a Teutonic word, *spähen*, to search—was cultivated or patronized. During the fifteenth century it came to be professed by a number of adventurers, "wandering alchemists" as they were styled, who strolled from court to court, sometimes gaining great political influence over their patrons, as, for instance, Hans von Dörnberg did over the Landgrave of Hesse; sometimes experiencing the tragic fate of those who sink from great men's favor by a too daring swimming on bladders. The first personage of pre-eminent degree who kept a regular "court alchemist" was Barbara, wife of the Emperor Sigismund. She had been instructed, so the story goes, by a wandering sage how to make silver out of copper and arsenic, and to increase the substance of gold by the addition of copper and silver. This metal, on which, at all events, imperial power could pass the *fiat* of currency, she benevolently sold to the poor as genuine metal. The Malgrave John of Brandenburg was so great a proficient in the labors of the crucible, that he was surnamed "the Alchemist," and his residence at the Plassenburg, near Culmbach, was a headquarter of the profession. His fame, however, was outdone in the following century by that of the Emperor Rudolph II., whose sobriquets were "the Prince of Alchemy" and "the German Hermes Trismegistus." His superstitious dreams, which cost the empire dear at a time when intellect and energy were required to steer her through her troubles, gave an impetus to "gold-cookery" throughout his dominions such as it never received before or after. Adepts fought out their envious rivalries at his court.

His poet laureate sung of the alchemical processes as of the conflict of allegorical powers in an heroic strife. Here Dee and Kelly, the English mountebanks, dropped down for a while on their erratic course. Here Van Helmont was eagerly invited. Here Sandivogius was treated sumptuously, and honored with the title of Councillor of State. Equally zealous with Rudolph, as a student of the art and patron of its professors, was Augustus, Elector of Saxony, who had a laboratory at Dresden, popularly called the Gold House; while his wife, the Electress Anna, practised at Annaburg,

* Bacon (of Verulam): "The alchemist nurses an eternal hope."

and his son and successor, Christian, grew up under their eyes a sharer in the family taste. It was this Christian to whose reign belongs the story of Setonius Scotus (Seaton the Scot), *alias* the "Cosmopolite," which affords a striking illustration of the precarious conditions of an alchemist's life and fortunes in those days. Setonius professed to have mastered the mystery of gold-making; and the proof he gave of his art, in the presence of the Elector Christian, on one occasion, so greatly impressed that prince's mind, that he caused the luckless adept to be forthwith carried off and imprisoned in a high tower at Dresden, where no one else could get at him to learn his secret, and where a fair field might be left for the Elector's own efforts. He visited his prisoner himself and tried persuasion. Setonius was dumb. Then he employed torture. The poor "Cosmopolite" was racked till within an ace of death. Still no confession; and as it would not do to kill the goose with the golden eggs outright, Seaton was left to linger in the tower, alternately soothed and tormented. One day, by special favor, a Polish visitor was allowed to have access to him. This was Michael Sandivogius, to whom more than once we have already made allusion; he was then a student only, not an adept, in alchemy; he listened eagerly to Seaton's promises of golden reward should he help him to effect his escape. A plan was laid, and successfully executed; the fugitives reached Cracow, but there the strength of Seaton, harassed by long torture and privation, broke down. The cathedral church of Cracow received his remains in 1604.

The experience of poor Alexander Seaton was that of many others of his class. The conduct of princes towards the alchemists was, in fact, much like the old fable of the sun and wind. It was a question whether fair means or foul means, favors or tortures, would be most likely to wring the secret out of a man who boasted of carrying it in his breast. More was demanded of the luckless "multipliers" than they were able to perform. "Fill my coffers," was the cry of some needy duke or landgrave; "give me money to pay my troops, to feast my retainers." Well was it if he did not let his fancy launch forth into the gorgeous visions of Sir Epicure Mammon:—

"My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies:
Bolled in the spirit of Sol, and dissolved pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy;
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber
Headed with diamond and carbuncle."

The adventurer, if he had any credit to trade upon, might say, "Give me time to mature my experiments,—a little more, and the secret is won." He might thus linger on, well tended and trusted for a while; or should his credit fail, he might be dismissed in disgrace, to go to another petty court, and get "boarded and lodged" for another term of promise and imposture. On the other hand, if desperately pressed, and confident in his own ingenuity, he might proceed to experiment. Then, if he broke down, he might perchance be hung as an impostor,—hung in a tinsel-spangled garment, beneath a mocking superscription, like that placed over an unhappy victim at Culmbach, who had boasted of having acquired the much-coveted subsidiary art of fixing quicksilver:—

"I deemed of fixing mercury I had acquired the knack;
But things have gone by contraries, and I am fixed, alas!"

"Ich war, swar wie Mercur wird fix gemacht, bedacht;
Doeh hat sich's umgekehrt, und ich bin fix gemacht!"

The curious tale of Böttger, or Bötticher, the originator of the Dresden porcelain manufacture, belongs to a comparatively late period in the annals of alchemy. It is worth relating as one of the remarkable instances where the search after the philosopher's stone led by side-doors to real and valuable discoveries. Bötticher was an apothecary's apprentice at Berlin, in the time of Frederick I. King of Prussia (1701–1713). He boasted of having received a bit of the genuine stone from a Greek named Lascaris, and of having done marvellous things with it in the way of transmutation. The King expressed his desire to judge personally of his pretensions. Bötticher was by no means inclined to stand the trial, and crossed the borders to Wittenberg. His sovereign Lord demanded his extradition by the Saxon Government. It was refused: and the garrison of Wittenberg was strengthened for fear of a surprise; while, for greater security, the valuable emigrant was transferred to Dresden. Here he somehow satisfied the Prince von Fürstenberg who was governing in the Saxon King's absence, that he really could make gold. The King, Augustus II., wrote to him in the most deferential terms, made him a nobleman, and, with all marks of respect, stowed him away in his strong tower of Königstein, where he was assiduously watched, in the hope of winning his secret from him in some unguarded moment. However, not to anger him, and thus defeat the royal hopes, he was allowed to return to Dresden, in a sort of honorable captivity, while freedom and additional rewards were promised him should he give up the required recipe. He actually signed a contract to that effect, and was accordingly guarded, if possible, more carefully, and treated more sumptuously, than ever. He was looked upon as a precious jewel of the crown; and when a hostile invasion soon threatened, he was transferred, with the other treasures of royalty, once more to the Königstein. Meanwhile, three years passed, and his contract was not fulfilled. The King waxed impatient. Bötticher had gone on experimenting, in the desperate hope of being able to make good his pretensions; but gold would not come at his bidding. He might, perchance, have been hung with ignominy, like so many of his predecessors; but, luckily for him, a really important discovery had emerged out of some of his manipulations.

He now ventured to confess to the King that he never *had* made gold, nor knew how to do so, but offered his Majesty the results of his porcelain invention instead. Augustus swallowed his mortification, and forgave him, placing him at the head of the Dresden porcelain-works, so famous in after years; but to the day of his death, which occurred in 1719, the recalcitrant alchemist was carefully watched, lest, perchance, some more valuable secret might escape him. The casual discoveries made by alchemists would fill many volumes of science and industrial history. Thus Roger Bacon stumbled by a chance on the composition of gunpowder; Geber, on the properties of acids; Van Helmont, on the nature of gas, "geist," or "spirit," so named by him; and Dr. Glauber, of Amsterdam, in the seventeenth century, eliminated in this haphazard way the uses of the "salts" which bear his name.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont are the greatest names connected with alchemy in the sixteenth century. The pompous charlatanry of Paracelsus gave impulse to its subsequent development under the forms of Rosicrucianism, whose secret societies and freemasonry occupied the fancy of mankind so

much in the seventeenth century. In Germany, the natural tendency of men to mysticism was greatly assisted by the barbarizing effects of the Thirty Years' War. As in literature, so in science: culture was absolutely repressed, and made retrograde by the singular desolations of the gloomy period from 1618 to 1648. This was conspicuously shown in the department of jurisprudence. Dr. Erdmann has collected some curious cases of law decisions resting on the theories of alchemy as evidence. It seems not to have been till late in the seventeenth century, however, that an Austrian jurist, Von Rain, went so far as to assert that disbelief in the existence of the stone actually brought a man within the penalties of *lèse-majesté*, on the ground that so many emperors had undoubtedly performed transmutations by its agency.

As early as 1580, the Leipsic tribunals pronounced judgment against an unhappy wretch called Beuther, body-chemist of that Augustus, Elector of Saxony, of whom we have already had occasion to speak. Beuther was reputed to possess certain valuable MSS. treating of "special transmutations," i. e. the transmutation of some one particular metal, which, having promised on oath to impart to certain other persons, he had afterwards declined to give up, besides having been culpably negligent in his official capacity. He was adjudged to be undoubtedly in possession of THE SECRET, and sentenced accordingly to be tortured for its extraction; then, for his official negligence, to be scourged with rods; for his perjury to his comrades, to lose three of his fingers; finally, for the good of the land, to be shut up securely in prison, lest he might be tempted to tell his secret to foreign potentates.

As late as the year 1725 there was a curious case of litigation before the same court at Leipsic. A certain Countess von Erbach had given shelter in her castle to a reputed robber, who was flying from justice. This robber turned out to be an adept in alchemy, and a robber only out of, as it would seem, most superfluous amateurship. In the excess of his gratitude to his benefactress, he turned all her silver plate into gold. But here the Countess's husband stepped in, and claimed half of the treasure, on the plea that the increase of value had been effected on his territory, and under the matrimonial conditions as to property. The Leipsic lawyers decided against him, saying that, as the plate had been recognized as belonging solely to the Countess prior to the transmutation, so it must be her exclusive property afterwards, under whatever changes it might have passed.

It was a not uncommon point of law whether alchemical gold, which was not capable of being distinguished from original gold, was to be held of equivalent value or not; the doubt being, in the true mystic phraseology, whether it could possess the same hidden or innate powers. Special treatises were written on the subject of the coins supposed to have been struck from alchemical metal. As late as 1797, a large medal was shown at Vienna, purporting to be minted from the gold made out of quicksilver by the Emperor Ferdinand III., through virtue of a grain of red powder given him by one Richthausen, at Prague. Nothing is more characteristic of the strange history of this science than the important part played in it by "Unknowns,"—weird, mysterious visitors, who are stated to have appeared here and there as unexpectedly as Maturin's incomparable bogie, "Mel-

moth the Wanderer," and to have vanished as unaccountably,—men who, if the theory of the science were true, might have wielded more than the power of the united Rothschild family, and emulated the splendors of Monte Cristo, yet who came and went poor and haggard, and left no trace behind. Such was the "Unknown" who appeared to the philosophic Dr. Helvetius, body-physician to a Prince of Orange, in the seventeenth century, and converted him from incredulity to the most enthusiastic belief. This Unknown came into the Doctor's study one day, in the shape of a respectable burgher of North Holland, and drew from his pocket a small ivory box, containing three heavy pieces of metal, brimstone-colored and brittle, from which Helvetius scraped a small portion with his thumbnail. The stranger declined performing any feat of transmutation himself, saying he was "not allowed" to do so. Helvetius experimented in vain with the parings he had scraped off; but on a second visit, the mysterious burgher proved more compliant, and, after helping Helvetius to a successful operation, he left him in possession of certain directions by means of which he contrived to change six ounces of lead into very pure gold when alone. The Hague rang with the fame of his exploit; and the operation was successfully repeated in presence of the Prince of Orange. Moreover, the gold was examined by the authorities of the Mint, and pronounced genuine. At last the magic powder was exhausted, and, as the Unknown never visited him again, Dr. Helvetius was compelled to bring his experiments to an end. But he published in 1667 a learned work, called the *Golden Calf*, maintaining the truth of the doctrines he had once derided; and the sceptical philosopher Spinoza averred, after strict inquiry into the truth of the events narrated, that the evidence of that case of transmutation was sufficient to make a convert of himself.

Another picturesque tale current among the records of Continental alchemy is that of Professor Martini of Helmstadt, who died in 1621, and was a supercilious foe of the art in the early part of his career, strenuously contesting in his lectures the arguments adduced in its behalf. The "Unknown" in this case was a foreign nobleman, who had just arrived at Helmstadt, and took his place one day in the lecture-hall. After listening for a while to Martini's self-satisfied expositions, he courteously interrupted the lecturer, offering to refute his opinions experimentally. A pan of coals, a crucible, and some lead, were brought in at his desire. A short manipulation ensued; and lo! the lead had acquired the form and substance of fine gold, which the nobleman handed over to the astounded professor with the modest words, "*Solve mihi hunc syllogismum!*"

Dr. Erdmann cites Van Helmont's testimony to the existence of the philosopher's stone as one of the most difficult to treat with contempt, on account of the unquestionable integrity and scientific sagacity of the inquirer. Van Helmont loved truth with sincere devotion. A Brabant nobleman by birth, he renounced his rank and possessions to turn physician, to study nature, and do good works. His discoveries in medicine are of lasting value. He never professed to give alchemy more than a second place in his interest; yet he avers that in 1618 he himself changed eight ounces of quicksilver into pure gold by means of a substance given him from time to time by an unknown visitor. He never learnt the secret of making the stone himself, but

he describes it as a heavy powder of the color of saffron, glittering like rather coarse-grained glass.

In the seventeenth century the fantastic doctrines of Paracelsus fertilized in men's minds to all sorts of extravagant outgrowths. The English quacks, Fludd, Dee, and Kelly, the German mystic Jacob Böhme, were noted Rosicrucians of that period. Men now took to binding themselves into societies for the prosecution of their occult researches, instead of, as heretofore, brooding over them in solitary devotion. The "Alchemical Society" of Nuremberg was extant in 1700, and one of its members, and its secretary for a time was Leibnitz!

Leibnitz and Spinoza! strange names to bring into connection with this science of the superstitious. Yet Bacon of Verulam did not disbelieve in alchemy, though to him we are first indebted for the excellent application of the old fable of the dying man's will and the field to be dug over in search of the treasure which never existed save in the fertilizing process of culture. Robert Boyle is also cited as having faith in its pretensions. The last professed adept in England was one James Price, who, in 1782, announced himself the possessor of a tincture which could change from thirty to sixty times its weight into gold.

Semler, the well-known theological Professor at Halle in the last century was a votary of alchemy. The story of his performances before the incredulous chemist, Klaproth, may be given as illustrative of the trickery of which experimenters were oftentimes the dupes, and by means of which at least as often, though not in this case, they established their pretensions. In the year 1786 Dr. Semler and one Baron von Hirschen occupied themselves with preparing a Universal Medicine, called by them "Luft Salz," atmospheric salts. Three treatises on "Hermetic Medicine" were composed in relation to it by Semler, and he went beyond the original pretensions of the medicine, asserting that gold could be made by means of it in well-warmed glasses, without the intervention of crucible or coals. He got into a lively discussion with the leading chemists of the day, and at last submitted to Klaproth, for his own use, a mass of metal which he said contained the seeds of gold. To Klaproth's ill-success in making these "seeds" germinate, Semler could only reply that he found a residuum of gold in his glasses every five or six days. On close examination it was discovered that a trick had been played upon him. Some subordinates to whom he had intrusted the task of warming his glasses had contrived to insert a small quantity of gold leaf. It was worth their while, as the sanguine philosopher kept them well fed and lodged. At last, however, they tried the substitution of baser material, pinchbeck, and this led to their detection.

Father Kircher openly challenged the belief in alchemy in his *Subterranean World*, published about 1670. He did not scruple to call the alchemists knaves and impostors, and their science a delusion. Great was the storm he drew down upon himself thereby. Dr. Glauber of the "salts" was one of his antagonists. A still more elaborate refutation was that made by M. Geoffroy before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in 1722, wherein he was at the pains to show the various modes of trickery by which alchemical pretensions were sustained: false-bottomed crucibles, hollow wands

filled with gold, perforated lead, soldered nails, &c. By degrees the credit of the science hopelessly declined, although daring impostors shot like meteors ever and anon athwart the sober pathway of modern life. Thus Louis XIII. of France made a Franciscan monk named Châtaine his grand almoner because he had held before him the prospect of a hundred years' reign by means of the grand elixir. Thus Jean de Lisle expiated by an early death in the Bastille his bold attempts to persuade the Ministers of Louis XIV. that he possessed the gold-making stone; and thus the adventures of the Count de St. Germain, and of Cagliostro, rested mainly on their claims to the possession of the talisman either of long life or of unbounded wealth.

As we said at the outset of our article, the publication of Lavoisier's system was the real death-blow to the study of alchemy, by pointing out the veritable objects and achievements of chemical induction, and the road by which further progress was to be accomplished.

The hopeless gyrations of the baffled science, ever circling back to its first beginning, and making no advance in its gains and experiences, did, at last, after many busy ages, cease to attract intelligent minds. While we review its promises and its destinies, how profound a human pathos seems to attach to those stately words of Paracelsus, which, doubtless, comforted the heart of many a patient plodder over air-drawn inferences: "Refuse not the waters of Shiloah because they go softly; for they that wade in deep waters cannot go fast."

Isaac Disraeli, in more than one of his delightful miscellanies, quotes the prophecy of Dr. Girtanner, of Leipsic, not far from our own times, who presaged that in the course of the nineteenth century the mystery of gold-making would surely be discovered, and the commonest utensils of cookery would come to be made of the precious metal, whereby all evils of metal-poisoning through the use of corroded vessels would be averted. The nineteenth century is far advanced on its downward slope, and it cannot be said that as yet any symptoms appear of the realization of such visions. The stone is still to seek, if it be worth the seeking; the alkahest, the universal dissolver remains a myth; the crucible yields no treasure; but in one way the "eternal hope" has had an answer; for, within the last thirty years, the shining prize has learnt to yield itself up at man's call, with a fulness far surpassing the harvests of Spagiric fable, when sought by spade and mattock in its native ores.

LITERARY VIRTUE.

WE stay in a room till it is like an oven. Yet it is only unpleasantly warm to the lazybones who for the last hour and a half has been sitting, novel in hand, over the fire. The person who complains of being stifed is the chance visitor who pops into the burning furnace just after having come in from a walk. Of course we express surprise, throw open door or window, and feel a trifle ashamed of ourselves. But we are glad to have been told a whole-some truth.

We drag on a humdrum sort of existence, week after week, month after month, year after year, settle down into divers habits more or less reprehensible, and flatter ourselves all the while that, if not perfect, we are at least steady church-goers, and respectable fathers of families. One day we are pulled up short, we are thrown forward on our

faces, we meet with a sort of moral railway accident, and find to our dismay and astonishment that we have become, as it were, encrusted with barnacles, that we have got into a way of doing all sorts of naughty things sheerly from the cumulative force of habit; that while we ourselves are no better than we need be, the world in general, whatever it may think of itself, is almost beyond the pale of redemption. For ten minutes or so, we are terribly shocked, our toast remains on the plate untouched, we forget our second cup of tea, and set out to our day's work with a heavy heart. But by and by we begin "to feel ourselves" again, perhaps a trifle livelier and brisker than we were before, and we fancy, somehow or another, that the shock we have lately experienced was the very thing we wanted; in course of time, too, we so far resemble a man who has found out the benefit of a shower-bath, though the first taste of the remedy was by no means agreeable, as really to look forward with rather pleasurable anticipations to a repetition of the dose. There is such a thing as an *acquired* taste. A moral rebuff braces up the soul; sweets without bitters cloy; harmony without discords is apt to prove monotonous; our morning paper without its column and a half of literary virtue is cold meat without pickles, salad without the dressing.

It has long been a matter of anxious speculation to us, who can be the author of the tremendous phillipics by which we are so powerfully, and, on the whole, not unpleasantly, thrilled over our bacon and eggs. We never for an instant supposed that any ordinary mortal could provide such stern and splendidly virtuous declamation. We have pictured to ourselves a holy and venerable being, a man of fasting and prayer, of cowl and sandal, piercing eyes and long, gray beard, who, spending his days in acts of self-denial, and in mortification of the flesh, his nights in vigil and the profoundest meditation, held himself disdainfully aloof from his species, only from time to time descending into this commonplace world of ours just to see how things were going, and to lash offenders with an unsparing hand, who derived a scanty subsistence from the herbs that clustered around his lowly grasp, and who, proof equally against the fleshpots and the gold and raiment of the Egyptians, was utterly incapable of striking a good bargain, still less of arranging to supply, on advantageous terms, sham scorn and artistically elaborated indignation, on demand at so much per column. Perhaps we have had reason of late to alter our opinion, — perhaps not. Certainly the other day, when passing down Fleet Street, we saw a middle-aged man in a greasy hat and badly brushed coat, but that he was — no, we cling to our original conviction, let acquaintances who move in literary circles and seem fond of practical jokes, say what they please.

Being an abstraction, a "we" of a virtuous turn of mind, with a lively faith in the villany of our neighbors, and being not wholly reluctant to see society's shoulders bared and submitted to a round three dozen, feeling, moreover, that a little penance even nearer home is, if submitted to with a good grace, at least, a refreshing stimulant, we have put private considerations aside altogether, we have waded, regardless of personal suffering, through a very torrent of scalding reproaches, and are now enabled through the courtesy of the editor of the *St. James's Magazine* to present mankind in general with the result of our observations.

In the first place, a mere hint is enough to call

forth the strictness, ay, the thunder of our prophet. A paragraph to fill up a column, a not very startling item of news from the police-court, a squabble between a couple of navvies, a row at the Alhambra, a runaway horse in Rotten Row, a turbulent vestry meeting, and "black as the whirlwinds of the north" out bursts the hurricane sometimes to abate not for several days. The principal fact to be noted is that it never does much damage, neither does it often result in perceptible good. A fair amount of dust is swept into corners, but in the corners it remains. You are perfectly bewildered by the hubbub, but once let it pass and the world will look pretty much as it did before. To be sure, the first fury of the hurricane is disquieting to the inexperienced, but, in course of time, you will regard its periodical occurrence with indifference if not amusement. You will have found out that there is nothing to be afraid of, and it is a good joke to see the alarm of one's friends caught in the storm. It may be our turn next, but a boy at school always enjoys seeing another boy whipped.

It is a second noteworthy fact that in a newspaper or a weekly review the literary virtue is always considerably overdone. It is really too good, and after a while, extraordinary merit of a certain kind is apt to rouse suspicion. The wrath and the pathos are both so dramatic in their intensity that you cannot help fancying the writer has his tongue in his cheek. Like Major de Boots in the play, you are overcome by your emotions, but by tears one moment, and laughter the next. By and by, however, you find out the fun of the thing and grin responsively, though the female members of your family, who are not yet up to the joke, still take all that is written in good earnest.

Your Cato of the penny press is a great hand at nudges and hints. He tells his story, as it were, by innuendo. He does not say anything in so many words, but he does better, — he suggests, and suggestions are often worth more than the sober truth in the background. You have a rough sketch given you; you may fill it up for yourself, and in the way you like best. The plan has its advantages, especially to persons of a lively imagination. You know something naughty has been done, but you are not sure what. Well, you must sit down and work out the puzzle; you must exercise your wits; the thing wanted is your notion of naughtiness. Come, now, have a try, don't be ashamed.

Ah, very creditable for a first attempt; and now we are bound in fairness to tell you that the actual occurrence was nothing so very remarkable; so, clearly, you are the gainer. Your faculty of imagination has been called into play, and the person you have to thank for giving it exercise is the ingenious scamp who was far too goody to say outright what he meant, but who walked his subject round and round, and dropped a word here, and threw in a wink there, and mouthed and looked mysterious as if the game in the bush were not to be made light of, and ended by suggesting a good many nasty ideas on a topic that, after all, had better have been passed over in silence. Unless you are a very green hand indeed, you can see that all the noble wrath, the manly tears, the scathing sarcasm, the coy reticence, are part and parcel of an elaborate sham, are mere stage tricks, or, to change the image, a cleverly contrived frame, an artistic background, to throw the principal theme of the picture the more prominently forward.

Real pity is unostentatious, real sympathy is not expressed in terms affectedly simple and theatrically gushing at the same time; indignation hurled at the system, usually, if sincere, is united with a deep regret for the individual; horror at existing evils cannot, as does the "property" sentiments of the literary hack, walk hand in hand with a propensity to play the buffoon, to make the poor, flouted, heart-broken victim of folly and of man's vice the theme of a sarcastic bit of description, of an unfeeling sneer. But literary virtue is a mask that frowns on one side and grins hideously on the other; the goodness called forth by a reference to your banker wells up with a sort of after-dinner profusion, and is about as sincere and convincing as the maudlin rants of a drunkard.

One word more. The Censor at a given rate per column is less the surgeon, cruel only to be kind, than the hangman with the cat-o'-nine-tails.

In literature of the highly virtuous class, it is to be remarked that we hear a good deal of fraudulent bankers, vicious young noblemen, intolerant clergymen, and grinding capitalists; but we have not yet encountered the hack writer who lets out his conscience on hire, and the publisher who does not mind shaving the wind, and who would not stick at a base act if there were a chance of making it pay. May we trust that such beings have no existence? and yet in that case how shall we account for the flourishing condition of certain professedly, but only professedly, high-minded periodicals that have gained an unenviable reputation for malicious humor and scurrility?

To a writer who really wants a text for a sermon pitched in a high key, stern, pathetic, scathing, and prurient at the same time, there are no topics like "Our Music Halls" and "the condition of our streets after dark." Can we wonder, then, that both these subjects are periodically brought up for consideration,—for a consideration, by the by, that makes certain papers for a day or two at a stretch unfit for admission into decent families.

Lashvice is in his glory when he has to review a fast novel or a new burlesque; he can get some sport, too, out of a gallery of French paintings. He has read the book through most carefully, and is shocked beyond measure. The public must be put on its guard. How can this be done better than by giving many and full quotations? Here is something really abominable, something wholly unfit for publication; very well, then, read it out distinctly. Here is a work mischievous to a degree, full of the poison of asps, not to be perused without a blush; very well, then, publish the name of it, cry aloud upon the housetop that it is to be obtained for such a price at such a place, pick out the most *recherché* morsels, and lay them before the reader, and assuredly the cause of virtue will benefit much by your advocacy. But perhaps the critic wants to damage the sale of the book; very well, then, he has only to add a few extra quotations, as assuredly he will do, and, after reading his article, no one will be under any necessity to refer to the original volume.

But even if the work be comparatively, or quite innocent, a clever manipulator will succeed in turning it to profitable account. If the author have not said anything wrong, no one can very well prove that he may not have insinuated evil. Let him, then, be dealt with accordingly. You cannot lay your finger on any particular passage as objectionable, but the general tone of the book,—ah, it

is that which stirs your wrath. Of course you must explain your meaning, you must show why you have arrived at a very unwelcome conclusion; you must exhibit the groundwork of your faith, and if you do all this as you ought to, you will be able to amuse your subscribers, in a low way, considerably. A nudge of the elbow, a wink, and a smirk, often beat words out of the field. Insinuations are what is wanted; to say just what you mean, and no more, would neither be sufficiently prudish nor likely to answer your purpose. Yes, the author has not committed himself, but a loosely worded sentence, a delicate situation, one or two hasty expressions, have served you as a text of a discourse unequalled for sly nastiness. Pull a long face, Mr. Hypocrite, throw in a text or two of Scripture, give point to your scandal by sanctimonious phrases, and the pit will be delighted; after the farce is over it will call upon you to repeat the performance.

An author sometimes from very purity and innocence of heart trenches on dangerous ground, then you have a fine chance, you can point out what he really *does* mean; you can open the eyes of the public, and dabble in implied naughtiness to your heart's content; you can be Tartuffe and Satyr in one; you can serve up the most piquant little dish in the world at the expense of a writer who has neither said nor insinuated anything in the least degree vicious, and you can send your admirers away with the reflection that, after all, for combined prudery and nastiness, there is nothing like a virtuous leader, or an indignant critique, in their pet Morning Harpy.

But the latest burlesque. Ah, that is game worth the powder. We have seen it ourselves, have we not, friend? and without its striking us as anything very atrocious. But then we are unregenerate beings; we could afford to be merely amused. We had a good laugh, saw some pretty faces, and showy, glittering dresses; we admired the scenery, actually applauded one or two of the liveliest and funniest songs, and left the theatre feeling that we had not laid out our money in vain. But it is in anything but an equally flippant and uncensorious spirit that our Cato of the press goes to the play. Perhaps a long course of sweets has disagreed with him; anyhow, he is in a terribly bad humor, flourishes his bladder of peas right and left, falls foul of friends and foes alike, sees everything through the distorted medium of his own vicious fancy, and takes paper and pen in hand to assure the public that the "coarseness of many of the jokes, the scantiness of the dresses, the unabashed impudence of the miserable painted dolls who degrade the name of actress," &c.; but really we have given a sufficient taste of his quality. He can see unrestrained profligacy where ordinary mortals can only perceive innocent if rather boisterous fun; he can see the wanton smile where ordinary folk can only remark the stereotyped grin of the ballet-dancer; he can see deliberate wickedness, elaborate indecency, where the world in general notices nothing but a dance rather merrier and less tedious than stage dances were some twenty years ago. But your Lashvice is a rare man for looking through a millstone; sin is the article required, and, real or imaginary, he must have it; for the good of his trade, he cannot be disappointed of his hangman's fees, he must keep his hand in, and if there be no prisoners to flog, he must castigate the whipping-post. He is a great authority on Nautch girls, a class of beings with whom polite society in general

has not much acquaintance. But whenever a new burlesque appears, he invariably discovers as the result of a long and varied experience that the conduct of the leading actresses is quite on a par with that of the poor creatures to whom we have alluded. French operetta and English extravaganza, if productive of no other satisfactory result, at least help to supply some of the largest daily papers in the world with themes for sham moral articles. Let the viciousness of the stage then flourish till time be merged in eternity, till even the cheap newspaper press be wanted no more.

A grand form of literary virtue is to pretend an excess of zeal for the commonwealth, and to startle the public with scandalous allusions to the private life of those who, by the very elevation of their position, are debarred from retaliating or giving the lie to their cowardly accuser. A column of prose or a column of verse relying upon calumny for its attraction, is wedded to a tawdry engraving that appeals to the least manly feelings of an ignorant and credulous mob. To regulate the conduct of the highest personage in the land is a task that seems of late to have been arrogated by so-called comic journals without sense of shame, and which are ready to sacrifice the last shred of decency to keep their heads above water a few months longer.

Not many weeks ago a paper that gives itself great airs on the score of superior virtue took occasion to thrill its readers with a sternly wrathful, a most suggestive, a thoroughly spicy "leader," in *re* a certain correspondence of a disgusting kind that had lately figured in the columns of a not very famous ladies' magazine. The proprietor of the latter publication, being a man wise in his generation, took the hint. For a week or two afterwards, Cato the Censor constituted himself an advertising medium for the very work that he had been at such pains to condemn, and from which, decidedly, a rich treat was to be apprehended by all who have a *penchant* for luscious filth, and who can smack their lips over carrion.

There is a very objectionable form of literary virtue that takes the guise of spotless, infantile innocence. It is without guile; it is as blind as a bat. It gives every man, whatever his known character, credit for the best intentions. It is so very, very good, so suspiciously obtuse, that it cannot see evil, though, like Apollyon, it stride across the footway and glare in the traveller's face. It throws a *couleur de rose* over everything questionable; it is not plain-spoken, like Sir Roger de Coverley on his famous visit to Vauxhall; but when describing a place of vicious repute, it lays particular stress on the nightingales, and conveniently ignores more sophisticated features of the establishment. It looks on the surface, and on the surface only; it is no part of its policy to keep behind the scenes; immediate and not remote consequences are the ones with which it concerns itself, and when a public *rendezvous* has incurred a storm of disapprobation, it goes there in the quality of a self-elected special commissioner, and finds everything just as it should be. One advantage of this sort of virtue is that it enables a shrewd editor to make his paper attractive by means of quite harmless articles with sensational headings. Who can resist buying a weekly journal of literature and review of the fine arts, when such titles as "Sunday Evenings at Cremorne," "The Nymphs of the Alhambra," are printed on the bills of contents?

Literary goodness of the above baby-faced kind

is very amusing in connection with some new work that has roused the bile of straight-laced critics, — say a volume of poetry by a gentleman whose treatment of the amatory passion is far more analytical than edifying. The work has been spoken of as unsuited to family reading, and as having been suggested by long and diligent study of the Holywell Street Press. Does sweet unblushing because verdant innocence join in the hue and cry? By no means. She has read the work through from beginning to end, and has not been shocked in the least. On the contrary she has been very much amused. She tells you that she is quite astounded at the decision of the critics, that without doubt, private malice, or absurd fastidiousness, or gross ignorance, or a malignant prejudice against young and rising, though perhaps somewhat skittish genius is at the bottom of the verdict. She hints, with just a momentary drawing aside of the mask, with a flash, and no more, of the cloven foot, that any versifier who fancies himself a clever fellow has a perfect right, if he thinks proper, to exercise it, of emptying his drains into the river of decent literature; but then she goes on to prove that the author in question, though he would have been fully justified in shocking the prejudices, to say the least, of all respectable readers, has yet considerably forborne from doing so, that the verses represented as naughty are quite harmless, and that Apollo the racy has been treated with great unfairness, and has good cause to complain of the obtuseness of his critics. Then come quotations, not very shocking, though a trifle obscure. Now is this so bad? asks Delilah; and you are constrained to answer No. But the wily apologist knows her game; she has not really quoted the unquotable; what *she* represents as specimens of the very bad indeed really are no more than specimens of the author in his milder mood.

We shall not do more than allude to the literary virtue that deals in scandalous and lying publications relative to mysteries of convent life, and the secrets of the confessional, professedly with the purpose of putting pure-minded Protestant girls on their guard.

Neither shall we linger over that form of goodness which condemns literature in the mass as sinful, and is especially hard on novels, merely because it publishes largely on its own account, and by elbowing competitors out of the market, can secure a highly remunerative sale for twaddle among select congregations.

There is the vile and ridiculous cant of certain so-called religious miscellanies, as a specimen of which we may quote a story that we read not long ago, intended to illustrate the pernicious effects consequent upon a taste for fiction. A young man of exemplary habits developed into a notorious evil-doer and an habitual drunkard. When questioned by a gullible individual as to the causes of his falling away, he replied with an air of remorse that his sins were all owing to his having in early life yielded to a temptation to read a novel written by whom would the reader guess? Paul de Kock, Eugene Sue, Dumas the younger? O, dear, no; but by the virtuous and exemplary Sir Walter Scott!

A singular form of literary virtue is displayed in the perverted notions of right and wrong, of duty and honor, of love and purity, entertained by the heroes and heroines of certain young ladies' novels. But this topic, tempting though it be, is one to which we have neither time nor space in which to do justice at present. It is to be remarked in

conclusion that the virtue of newspapers is very like the virtue of the stage, in these two respects at all events, that it is highly effective, and that it pays. It is not the virtue of every-day life, but something much better, a glorious soap-bubble that dissolves when you attempt to grasp it. It makes you cry, it stirs your enthusiasm, it results in tremendous applause, in vigorous rapping on the floor with walking-stick and umbrella. The only thing to be said against it is that it is a trifle *too* good. It passes muster at the time, but on sober reflection you are sure you have been humbugged. Philanthropy run up by contract has always a slight smell of the shop. You know the actors did not mean what they said; you know the writer, though a highly respectable individual, and a most painstaking artist, deals out the finer emotions of his soul by the imperial pint. You are not lastingly impressed, you are not moved to adopt a new course of life, though at first you may have been a trifle staggered. You see by and by that the gushing, all-embracing amiability that caused five minutes to pass so pleasantly, was mere gooseberry champagne furnished as per agreement, or, not to wander too far away from matters purely literary, a fine piece of stage rant elaborated with an eye to pit and gallery. You have been taken in, and yet you are not angry. It was a capital play, the illusion was perfect, that is all. No fraud was intended. At the outset you thought the writer a very good fellow, now you are the more inclined to commend him for his cleverness.

The advantage to a paper of literary virtue—always kept on tap—is obvious. It imparts to the publication an air of philanthropy, of strict rectitude of purpose, of good fellowship, of a determination to stand no nonsense, of having a heart in the right place. It wins for it the sympathies of mother-familias; it helps to soothe the ruffled vanity of those whose not very thrilling communications have been rejected. To the writer himself literary virtue is so far of benefit that it is convertible into cash, that it is a salable commodity, and that it helps to pay his butcher's bill; further than this, with a certain class it procures him a cheap and convenient reputation for the highest moral excellence.

Literary virtue is something like Dead Sea fruit, very pretty to look at but liable if subjected to a crucial test to crumble into ashes. It is useful to authors and publishers who wish to keep competitors out of the market, it is the best electroplate to be had for the price, it makes a glitter and is by no means expensive, it is destructive of the sale of naughty books because no one cares to buy such works so long as he can read an indignant and thoroughly searching critique. Finally, it has all the attractive features of a solemn burlesque, and no doubt was invented principally with a view to supply us with material for the learned and in every respect praiseworthy article that we have just completed.

TOM BUTLER.

V.—THE FUNERAL.

It would be hard upon me to give in detail the incidents of this most delightful of days. I could have gone on thus for a week, now in the back seat, now walking, now running, now inside. I only regretted the absence of Vixen the First, who would have run *under* the carriage the whole way,

her red jaws open, and enjoying all far more than I did. The anecdotes and good things I heard were indescribable. But at last, about ten o'clock, when it had grown dusk, and Mr. John's lamps were blazing, throwing out a fierce glare on both sides, like two wicked eyes, the trees began to grow thick, and the plantations to cluster, and the road to grow more like a green lane. Mr. John set about looking round, and breaking into exclamations, "Modye, Modye! well, well!" which I assumed was regret, as certain memorials brought back the memory of the late owner. Here were cottages, and people standing at the doors, and here was a narrow five-barred gate open, through which we turned,—the back avenue. We now went along smoothly, plunged into a yet darker avenue cut in a plantation, which wound round and round about, through whose trees we saw sparkling the lights of the house. "Modye, Modye! well, well!" again came from my companion. And now we came up, with a sweep and crunching of gravel, to a great solid house, burly, strong, and massive, and full of many windows. The door was wide open, and a young man that seemed to me all black was coming out.

"Very, very kind of you, Uncle Jack, to come—very!"

The brave Tom was not in the least embarrassed to account for his sympathizing presence; in fact, did it so well that the black gentleman said it was very good of *him*, and that he felt it exceedingly. I was a little hurt to find that no one seemed to think it good of *me* to come so far; and, though the captain whispered him, and evidently spoke about me, he merely said,—

"To be sure, to be sure; quite right."

There was a great hall, with hats on the table, and it seemed to me full of "grand" things; a billiard-table, antlers, pictures, and innumerable doors, which led everywhere. "I'll show you your rooms, and then we can have dinner when you like," he said; a speech which still seemed to leave me out. Then we went up a large staircase, they talking in a low voice; "Poor Jenny bears up wonderful," I heard him say, "wonderfully on the whole. But to-morrow morning will be the pull." What pull could he mean? "Ay, ay!" said the captain. "I am an old horse myself, and can't expect to draw forever." Then he asked "how was Bill," and Bill himself came in, a jolly young man with a very large red beard, his hands in his pockets; and a very limp old servant-man, whose head shook mysteriously, and who, I must say, was the only one who seemed to be really in grief. He was called "Old Dan."

Dinner was in the large dining-room, which, I recollect, had a large folding-screen near the door, all over the most diverting caricatures. The meal began in a rather ghostly manner, though the guests sat down with alacrity, and the brave Tom, who had now got quite on the footing of a private relation, declared he could "eat oats like a horse." After the first course, the conversation grew almost cheerful, without any unpleasant reference to the deceased. As I said, "Old Dan" was the only one who seemed to feel the situation, and the man in the beard apologized for his neglect, saying "that these old fellows really revelled in funerals." I noticed that they spoke with infinite zest and satisfaction "of the way Lord Loveland had behaved," "such a friendly, considerate note," and who was going to post ten miles in the morning to attend the

ceremony. That "stuck-up fellow, Sir John," had just behaved as he always did, neither better nor worse : could not leave town, and all that. Many's the bottle he'd had at this house. Not a word of sending his carriage even. The captain said he always thought he had "the soul of a snipe;" and the brave Tom, who seemed to be now raised into an authority, said it seemed to him "damned low." The man with the beard said *that* was it; he began low and he'd end low. Then in the same enjoyable way, they talked over "Dobbyn," who had "done everything nicely, capitally, and quietly." No fuss, you know. She, poor thing (and they motioned up to the ceiling), was for having Fulkess, of London, down, and doing it in the swell, reckless style, bring down his own men, and all that. ("Folly, folly," said the captain.) Ridiculous. Why, Dobbyn, here, has done it just as well, and for half the money. "I can make my own terms with him." Then they spoke of other arrangements. How well the dean had behaved; he had written in the handsomest way (here his letter was duly read out) to-day; "that their little differences were all buried in the grave, and that he would be glad to pay his last tribute of respect by officiating." "To tell you the truth," said our host, rubbing his hands, "nothing could have fallen out more nicely, for, really, to have that low beast of a Busby grunting out the service would have spoiled everything. It was very, very nice of the dean; it will give quite an air you know."

"I declare it was," said the captain, "delicate and handsome; and it will read well in the papers, — a tip-top fellow like that."

"Indeed," said the other, secretly rubbing his hands under the table, "everything has fallen out in the nicest way."

That night I lay in a vast chamber in a vast bed, with old red chintz curtains, grown quite limp and soft. At one corner I had to raise my voice to address the captain, who was to occupy another vast four-post structure at the other side. He was quite in spirits, for he owned this was one of the best houses for old whiskey in the country. I see him now bent over his portmanteau, laying out his brushes and razors for the morning, and talking pleasantly as he did so. "I wonder how it's going with the poor old boy up stairs?"

Later, when he was getting into bed, he said: "Egad, I'll lose my way here, if I don't take care. Any way, these are roomier quarters than the poor old Buck has got into now. An' God forgive me. Sure, I ought to be in grief, but by and by they'll be coming to measure Uncle Jack. Good night, my boy."

On the next morning I was up early. I heard the rooks, chief mourners, very noisy outside, and stole down. It was a very fine, fresh morning, and I was in delight with the nobleness and grandeur of the place. The solid, vast old trees, the rich demesne, the noble openings, the grand old trunks, the sweet air, the general sense of dignity and magnificence, — all this was new and overpowering to me. No one was abroad save these early rooks, who might have known there was a funeral on foot. Then I got round by the back, towards where the gardens lay, with a high brick wall encircling them. The delight of that early walk I did not soon forget.

By the time I returned it was past eight o'clock, and I saw carriages winding up the avenue already; a crowd of peasants and beggars, for whom the day was a sort of festival, were beginning to be grouped

about the door. Inside, it seemed to me, people were always going up and down stairs; but what most excited my curiosity and interest was a florid man, very eager and busy, who was at work in the hall fitting long pieces of crape "on all the gentlemen's hats." The old retainers and Mr. John were equally busy and excited in collecting such of these articles as were absent from rooms up stairs. I noticed the nice anxiety of the florid man that no one should be left out or forgotten, and his evident trouble about two missing ones, which could not "be got, high or low," but now I trace this feeling to a mere natural professional anxiety. He had a box, too, of very clumsily-shaped black gloves, which looked as if they would fit no one, and, no doubt, did not. But for Mr. John the transformation was amazing. He was everywhere; but he had undertaken with delight the office, with assistance, of course, of fitting on every coachman and footman an almost massive white linen scarf and hat-band, of which grotesque gear a perfect pile lay on the hall table. The general alacrity and air of business was surprising. Every moment a carriage drove up, and, after due setting down of the owner, the ceremony of investiture of driver and footman was proceeded with. The guest, I noticed, always entered with a well-meant effort at solemnity on his face, which was quite thrown away on the audience. Every such arrival Mr. Dobbyn surveyed narrowly, or rather his hat, doubtful whether he was down on his list for crape or gloves. The dean's shovel he seized on actually before it was off that dignitary's head.

The host seemed to be always coming down stairs in a reckless way. Would then go off laterally, and after an interval mysteriously come down stairs again. There was a vast breakfast going on in the large dining-room, and every one, after their hats had been taken from them, was motioned in by one of Mr. Dobbyn's men. The solemn faces immediately cleared, and I must say such a hearty meal, such tremendous "cutting and coming again," the captain's phrase, such going to the side table, such hewing there, such crackling sounds of the division of bones and joints, I have never heard since. In the midst of which scene we saw the host flitting in now and again, and surveying us all uneasily. The family doctor and the local clergy and others taking this for a sign of grief, would get rid of their mouthful as hastily as they could, and offer sympathy with a severe wring of the hand, and a "My dear friend," which I heard the host answer in the same mechanical way, with a "Ah, yes!" Then his eye wandered round again: "*Is Lord Loveland in here?*"

At last there was a great slow crunching on the gravel. We all looked up, and we all knew by an instinct that this was the fatal vehicle, which comes to the door of most of us, and gives us a ride in state at least once. From the window we could not see it, but we could note all faces turned in one direction. At the same moment my Lord must have driven up and the sounds of wheels became mingled; for the host was entering eagerly, with a sort of ship's figure-head, whom he held by the hand, to whom he was saying in a low voice, "Really, my Lord, so kind, I shall never forget it." Every one, I saw, the country doctors, the clergy, had a sort of instinct to rise up and bow in homage; at least every one moved on their chairs uneasily, as if that was the first prompting. His Lordship would take nothing. O dear no, he said, except indeed a little

he describes it as a heavy powder of the color of saffron, glittering like rather coarse-grained glass.

In the seventeenth century the fantastic doctrines of Paracelsus fertilized in men's minds to all sorts of extravagant outgrowths. The English quacks, Fludd, Dee, and Kelly, the German mystic Jacob Böhme, were noted Rosicrucians of that period. Men now took to binding themselves into societies for the prosecution of their occult researches, instead of, as heretofore, brooding over them in solitary devotion. The "Alchemical Society" of Nuremberg was extant in 1700, and one of its members, and its secretary for a time was Leibnitz!

Leibnitz and Spinoza! strange names to bring into connection with this science of the superstitious. Yet Bacon of Verulam did not disbelieve in alchemy, though to him we are first indebted for the excellent application of the old fable of the dying man's will and the field to be dug over in search of the treasure which never existed save in the fertilizing process of culture. Robert Boyle is also cited as having faith in its pretensions. The last professed adept in England was one James Price, who, in 1782, announced himself the possessor of a tincture which could change from thirty to sixty times its weight into gold.

Semler, the well-known theological Professor at Halle in the last century was a votary of alchemy. The story of his performances before the incredulous chemist, Klaproth, may be given as illustrative of the trickery of which experimenters were oftentimes the dupes, and by means of which at least as often, though not in this case, they established their pretensions. In the year 1786 Dr. Semler and one Baron von Hirschen occupied themselves with preparing a Universal Medicine, called by them "Luft Salz," atmospheric salts. Three treatises on "Hermetic Medicine" were composed in relation to it by Semler, and he went beyond the original pretensions of the medicine, asserting that gold could be made by means of it in well-warmed glasses, without the intervention of crucible or coals. He got into a lively discussion with the leading chemists of the day, and at last submitted to Klaproth, for his own use, a mass of metal which he said contained the seeds of gold. To Klaproth's ill-success in making these "seeds" germinate, Semler could only reply that he found a residuum of gold in his glasses every five or six days. On close examination it was discovered that a trick had been played upon him. Some subordinates to whom he had intrusted the task of warming his glasses had contrived to insert a small quantity of gold leaf. It was worth their while, as the sanguine philosopher kept them well fed and lodged. At last, however, they tried the substitution of baser material, pinchbeck, and this led to their detection.

Father Kircher openly challenged the belief in alchemy in his *Subterranean World*, published about 1670. He did not scruple to call the alchemists knaves and impostors, and their science a delusion. Great was the storm he drew down upon himself thereby. Dr. Glauber of the "salts" was one of his antagonists. A still more elaborate refutation was that made by M. Geoffroy before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in 1722, wherein he was at the pains to show the various modes of trickery by which alchemical pretensions were sustained: false-bottomed crucibles, hollow wands

filled with gold, perforated lead, soldered nails, &c. By degrees the credit of the science hopelessly declined, although daring impostors shot like meteors ever and anon athwart the sober pathway of modern life. Thus Louis XIII. of France made a Franciscan monk named Châtaine his grand almoner because he had held before him the prospect of a hundred years' reign by means of the grand elixir. Thus Jean de Lisle expiated by an early death in the Bastille his bold attempts to persuade the Ministers of Louis XIV. that he possessed the gold-making stone; and thus the adventures of the Count de St. Germain, and of Cagliostro, rested mainly on their claims to the possession of the talisman either of long life or of unbounded wealth.

As we said at the outset of our article, the publication of Lavoisier's system was the real death-blow to the study of alchemy, by pointing out the veritable objects and achievements of chemical induction, and the road by which further progress was to be accomplished.

The hopeless gyrations of the baffled science, ever circling back to its first beginning, and making no advance in its gains and experiences, did, at last, after many busy ages, cease to attract intelligent minds. While we review its promises and its destinies, how profound a human pathos seems to attach to those stately words of Paracelsus, which, doubtless, comforted the heart of many a patient plodder over air-drawn inferences: "Refuse not the waters of Shiloah because they go softly; for they that would be in deep waters cannot go fast."

Isaac Disraeli, in more than one of his delightful miscellanies, quotes the prophecy of Dr. Girtanner, of Leipsic, not far from our own times, who pre-saged that in the course of the nineteenth century the mystery of gold-making would surely be discovered, and the commonest utensils of cookery would come to be made of the precious metal, whereby all evils of metal-poisoning through the use of corroded vessels would be averted. The nineteenth century is far advanced on its downward slope, and it cannot be said that as yet any symptoms appear of the realization of such visions. The stone is still to seek, if it be worth the seeking; the alkahest, the universal dissolver remains a myth; the crucible yields no treasure; but in one way the "eternal hope" has had an answer; for, within the last thirty years, the shining prize has learnt to yield itself up at man's call, with a fulness far surpassing the harvests of Spagiric fable, when sought by spade and mattock in its native ores.

LITERARY VIRTUE.

WE stay in a room till it is like an oven. Yet it is only unpleasantly warm to the lazybones who for the last hour and a half has been sitting, novel in hand, over the fire. The person who complains of being stifed is the chance visitor who pops into the burning furnace just after having come in from a walk. Of course we express surprise, throw open door or window, and feel a trifle ashamed of ourselves. But we are glad to have been told a wholesome truth.

We drag on a humdrum sort of existence, week after week, month after month, year after year, settle down into divers habits more or less reprehensible, and flatter ourselves all the while that, if not perfect, we are at least steady church-goers, and respectable fathers of families. One day we are pulled up short, we are thrown forward on our

faces, we meet with a sort of moral railway accident, and find to our dismay and astonishment that we have become, as it were, encrusted with barnacles, that we have got into a way of doing all sorts of naughty things sheerly from the cumulative force of habit; that while we ourselves are no better than we need be, the world in general, whatever it may think of itself, is almost beyond the pale of redemption. For ten minutes or so, we are terribly shocked, our toast remains on the plate untouched, we forget our second cup of tea, and set out to our day's work with a heavy heart. But by and by we begin "to feel ourselves" again, perhaps a trifle livelier and brisker than we were before, and we fancy, somehow or another, that the shock we have lately experienced was the very thing we wanted; in course of time, too, we so far resemble a man who has found out the benefit of a shower-bath, though the first taste of the remedy was by no means agreeable, as really to look forward with rather pleasurable anticipations to a repetition of the dose. There is such a thing as an *acquired* taste. A moral rebuff braces up the soul; sweets without bitters cloy; harmony without discords is apt to prove monotonous; our morning paper without its column and a half of literary virtue is cold meat without pickles, salad without the dressing.

It has long been a matter of anxious speculation to us, who can be the author of the tremendous phillipics by which we are so powerfully, and, on the whole, not unpleasantly, thrilled over our bacon and eggs. We never for an instant supposed that any ordinary mortal could provide such stern and splendidly virtuous declamation. We have pictured to ourselves a holy and venerable being, a man of fasting and prayer, of cowl and sandal, piercing eyes and long, gray beard, who, spending his days in acts of self-denial, and in mortification of the flesh, his nights in vigil and the profoundest meditation, held himself disdainfully aloof from his species, only from time to time descending into this commonplace world of ours just to see how things were going, and to lash offenders with an unsparing hand, who derived a scanty subsistence from the herbs that clustered around his lowly grasp, and who, proof equally against the fleshpots and the gold and raiment of the Egyptians, was utterly incapable of striking a good bargain, still less of arranging to supply, on advantageous terms, sham scorn and artistically elaborated indignation, on demand at so much per column. Perhaps we have had reason of late to alter our opinion, — perhaps not. Certainly the other day, when passing down Fleet Street, we saw a middle-aged man in a greasy hat and badly brushed coat, but that he was — no, we cling to our original conviction, let acquaintances who move in literary circles and seem fond of practical jokes, say what they please.

Being an abstraction, a "we" of a virtuous turn of mind, with a lively faith in the villany of our neighbors, and being not wholly reluctant to see society's shoulders bared and submitted to a round three dozen, feeling, moreover, that a little penance even nearer home is, if submitted to with a good grace, at least, a refreshing stimulant, we have put private considerations aside altogether, we have waded, regardless of personal suffering, through a very torrent of scalding reproaches, and are now enabled through the courtesy of the editor of the *St. James's Magazine* to present mankind in general with the result of our observations.

In the first place, a mere hint is enough to call

forth the strictness, ay, the thunder of our prophet. A paragraph to fill up a column, a not very startling item of news from the police-court, a squabble between a couple of navvies, a row at the Alhambra, a runaway horse in Rotten Row, a turbulent vestry meeting, and "black as the whirlwinds of the north" out bursts the hurricane sometimes to abate not for several days. The principal fact to be noted is that it never does much damage, neither does it often result in perceptible good. A fair amount of dust is swept into corners, but in the corners it remains. You are perfectly bewildered by the hubbub, but once let it pass and the world will look pretty much as it did before. To be sure, the first fury of the hurricane is disquieting to the inexperienced, but, in course of time, you will regard its periodical occurrence with indifference if not amusement. You will have found out that there is nothing to be afraid of, and it is a good joke to see the alarm of one's friends caught in the storm. It may be our turn next, but a boy at school always enjoys seeing another boy whipped.

It is a second noteworthy fact that in a newspaper or a weekly review the literary virtue is always considerably overdone. It is really too good, and after a while, extraordinary merit of a certain kind is apt to rouse suspicion. The wrath and the pathos are both so dramatic in their intensity that you cannot help fancying the writer has his tongue in his cheek. Like Major de Boots in the play, you are overcome by your emotions, but by tears one moment, and laughter the next. By and by, however, you find out the fun of the thing and grin responsively, though the female members of your family, who are not yet up to the joke, still take all that is written in good earnest.

Your Cato of the penny press is a great hand at nudges and hints. He tells his story, as it were, by innuendo. He does not say anything in so many words, but he does better, — he suggests, and suggestions are often worth more than the sober truth in the background. You have a rough sketch given you; you may fill it up for yourself, and in the way you like best. The plan has its advantages, especially to persons of a lively imagination. You know something naughty has been done, but you are not sure what. Well, you must sit down and work out the puzzle; you must exercise your wits; the thing wanted is *your* notion of naughtiness. Come, now, have a try, don't be ashamed.

Ah, very creditable for a first attempt; and now we are bound in fairness to tell you that the actual occurrence was nothing so very remarkable; so, clearly, you are the gainer. Your faculty of imagination has been called into play, and the person you have to thank for giving it exercise is the ingenious scamp who was far too goody to say outright what he meant, but who walked his subject round and round, and dropped a word here, and threw in a wink there, and mouthed and looked mysterious as if the game in the bush were not to be made light of, and ended by suggesting a good many nasty ideas on a topic that, after all, had better have been passed over in silence. Unless you are a very green hand indeed, you can see that all the noble wrath, the manly tears, the scathing sarcasm, the coy reticence, are part and parcel of an elaborate sham, are mere stage tricks, or, to change the image, a cleverly contrived frame, an artistic background, to throw the principal theme of the picture the more prominently forward.

Real pity is unostentatious, real sympathy is not expressed in terms affectedly simple and theatrically gushing at the same time; indignation hurled at the system, usually, if sincere, is united with a deep regret for the individual; horror at existing evils cannot, as does the "property" sentiments of the literary hack, walk hand in hand with a propensity to play the buffoon, to make the poor, flouted, heart-broken victim of folly and of man's vice the theme of a sarcastic bit of description, of an unfeeling sneer. But literary virtue is a mask that frowns on one side and grins hideously on the other; the goodness called forth by a reference to your banker wells up with a sort of after-dinner profusion, and is about as sincere and convincing as the mandlin rants of a drunkard.

One word more. The Censor at a given rate per column is less the surgeon, cruel only to be kind, than the hangman with the cat-o'-nine-tails.

In literature of the highly virtuous class, it is to be remarked that we hear a good deal of fraudulent bankers, vicious young noblemen, intolerant clergymen, and grinding capitalists; but we have not yet encountered the hack writer who lets out his conscience on hire, and the publisher who does not mind shaving the wind, and who would not stick at a base act if there were a chance of making it pay. May we trust that such beings have no existence? and yet in that case how shall we account for the flourishing condition of certain professedly, but only professedly, high-minded periodicals that have gained an unenviable reputation for malicious humor and scurrility?

To a writer who really wants a text for a sermon pitched in a high key, stern, pathetic, scathing, and prurient at the same time, there are no topics like "Our Music Halls" and "the condition of our streets after dark." Can we wonder, then, that both these subjects are periodically brought up for consideration,—for a consideration, by the by, that makes certain papers for a day or two at a stretch unfit for admission into decent families.

Lashvice is in his glory when he has to review a fast novel or a new burlesque; he can get some sport, too, out of a gallery of French paintings. He has read the book through most carefully, and is shocked beyond measure. The public must be put on its guard. How can this be done better than by giving many and full quotations? Here is something really abominable, something wholly unfit for publication; very well, then, read it out distinctly. Here is a work mischievous to a degree, full of the poison of asps, not to be perused without a blush; very well, then, publish the name of it, cry aloud upon the housetop that it is to be obtained for such a price at such a place, pick out the most *recherché* morsels, and lay them before the reader, and assuredly the cause of virtue will benefit much by your advocacy. But perhaps the critic wants to damage the sale of the book; very well, then, he has only to add a few extra quotations, as assuredly he will do, and, after reading his article, no one will be under any necessity to refer to the original volume.

But even if the work be comparatively, or quite innocent, a clever manipulator will succeed in turning it to profitable account. If the author have not *said* anything wrong, no one can very well prove that he may not have insinuated evil. Let him, then, be dealt with accordingly. You cannot lay your finger on any particular passage as objectionable, but the general tone of the book,—ah, it

is that which stirs your wrath. Of course you must explain your meaning, you must show why you have arrived at a very unwelcome conclusion; you must exhibit the groundwork of your faith, and if you do all this as you ought to, you will be able to amuse your subscribers, in a low way, considerably. A nudge of the elbow, a wink, and a smirk, often beat words out of the field. Insinuations are what is wanted; to say just what you mean, and no more, would neither be sufficiently prudish nor likely to answer your purpose. Yes, the *author* has not committed himself, but a loosely worded sentence, a delicate situation, one or two hasty expressions, have served *you* as a text of a discourse unequalled for sly nastiness. Pull a long face, Mr. Hypocrite, throw in a text or two of Scripture, give point to your scandal by sanctimonious phrases, and the pit will be delighted; after the farce is over it will call upon you to repeat the performance.

An author sometimes from very purity and innocence of heart trenches on dangerous ground, then you have a fine chance, you can point out what he really *does* mean; you can open the eyes of the public, and dabble in implied naughtiness to your heart's content; you can be Tartuffe and Satyr in one; you can serve up the most piquant little dish in the world at the expense of a writer who has neither said nor insinuated anything in the least degree vicious, and you can send your admirers away with the reflection that, after all, for combined prudery and nastiness, there is nothing like a virtuous leader, or an indignant critique, in their pet Morning Harpy.

But the latest burlesque. Ah, that is game worth the powder. We have seen it ourselves, have we not, friend? and without its striking us as anything very atrocious. But then we are unregenerate beings; we could afford to be merely amused. We had a good laugh, saw some pretty faces, and showy, glittering dresses; we admired the scenery, actually applauded one or two of the liveliest and funniest songs, and left the theatre feeling that we had not laid out our money in vain. But it is in anything but an equally flippant and uncensorious spirit that our Cato of the press goes to the play. Perhaps a long course of sweets has disagreed with him; anyhow, he is in a terribly bad humor, flourishes his bladder of peas right and left, falls foul of friends and foes alike, sees everything through the distorted medium of his own vicious fancy, and takes paper and pen in hand to assure the public that the "coarseness of many of the jokes, the scantiness of the dresses, the unabashed impudence of the miserable painted dolls who degrade the name of actress," &c.; but really we have given a sufficient taste of his quality. He can see unrestrained profligacy where ordinary mortals can only perceive innocent if rather boisterous fun; he can see the wanton smile where ordinary folk can only remark the stereotyped grin of the ballet-dancer; he can see deliberate wickedness, elaborate indecency, where the world in general notice nothing but a dance rather merrier and less tedious than stage dances were some twenty years ago. But your Lashvice is a rare man for looking through a millstone; sin is the article required, and, real or imaginary, he must have it; for the good of his trade, he cannot be disappointed of his hangman's fees, he must keep his hand in, and if there be no prisoners to flog, he must castigate the whipping-post. He is a great authority on Nautch girls, a class of beings with whom polite society in general

has not much acquaintance. But whenever a new burlesque appears, he invariably discovers as the result of a long and varied experience that the conduct of the leading actresses is quite on a par with that of the poor creatures to whom we have alluded. French operetta and English extravaganza, if productive of no other satisfactory result, at least help to supply some of the largest daily papers in the world with themes for sham moral articles. Let the viciousness of the stage then flourish till time be merged in eternity, till even the cheap newspaper press be wanted no more.

A grand form of literary virtue is to pretend an excess of zeal for the commonwealth, and to startle the public with scandalous allusions to the private life of those who, by the very elevation of their position, are debarred from retaliating or giving the lie to their cowardly accuser. A column of prose or a column of verse relying upon calumny for its attraction, is wedded to a tawdry engraving that appeals to the least manly feelings of an ignorant and credulous mob. To regulate the conduct of the highest personage in the land is a task that seems of late to have been arrogated by so-called comic journals without sense of shame, and which are ready to sacrifice the last shred of decency to keep their heads above water a few months longer.

Not many weeks ago a paper that gives itself great airs on the score of superior virtue took occasion to thrill its readers with a sternly wrathful, a most suggestive, a thoroughly spicy "leader," in re a certain correspondence of a disgusting kind that had lately figured in the columns of a not very famous ladies' magazine. The proprietor of the latter publication, being a man wise in his generation, took the hint. For a week or two afterwards, Cato the Censor constituted himself an advertising medium for the very work that he had been at such pains to condemn, and from which, decidedly, a rich treat was to be apprehended by all who have a penchant for luscious filth, and who can smack their lips over carrion.

There is a very objectionable form of literary virtue that takes the guise of spotless, infantile innocence. It is without guile; it is as blind as a bat. It gives every man, whatever his known character, credit for the best intentions. It is so very, very good, so suspiciously obtuse, that it cannot see evil, though, like Apollyon, it stride across the footway and glare in the traveller's face. It throws a *coulour de rose* over everything questionable; it is not plain-spoken, like Sir Roger de Coverley on his famous visit to Vauxhall; but when describing a place of vicious repute, it lays particular stress on the nightingales, and conveniently ignores more sophisticated features of the establishment. It looks on the surface, and on the surface only; it is no part of its policy to keep behind the scenes; immediate and not remote consequences are the ones with which it concerns itself, and when a public rendezvous has incurred a storm of disapprobation, it goes there in the quality of a self-elected special commissioner, and finds everything just as it should be. One advantage of this sort of virtue is that it enables a shrewd editor to make his paper attractive by means of quite harmless articles with sensational headings. Who can resist buying a weekly journal of literature and review of the fine arts, when such titles as "Sunday Evenings at Cremorne," "The Nymphs of the Alhambra," are printed on the bills of contents?

Literary goodness of the above baby-faced kind

is very amusing in connection with some new work that has roused the bile of straight-laced critics, — say a volume of poetry by a gentleman whose treatment of the amatory passion is far more analytical than edifying. The work has been spoken of as unsuited to family reading, and as having been suggested by long and diligent study of the Holywell Street Press. Does sweet unblushing because verdant innocence join in the hue and cry? By no means. She has read the work through from beginning to end, and has not been shocked in the least. On the contrary she has been very much amused. She tells you that she is quite astounded at the decision of the critics, that without doubt, private malice, or absurd fastidiousness, or gross ignorance, or a malignant prejudice against young and rising, though perhaps somewhat skittish genius is at the bottom of the verdict. She hints, with just a momentary drawing aside of the mask, with a flash, and no more, of the cloven foot, that any versifier who fancies himself a clever fellow has a perfect right, if he thinks proper, to exercise it, of emptying his drains into the river of decent literature; but then she goes on to prove that the author in question, though he would have been fully justified in shocking the prejudices, to say the least, of all respectable readers, has yet considerably forborne from doing so, that the verses represented as naughty are quite harmless, and that Apollo the racy has been treated with great unfairness, and has good cause to complain of the obtuseness of his critics. Then come quotations, not very shocking, though a trifle obscure. Now is this so bad? asks Delilah; and you are constrained to answer No. But the wily apologist knows her game; she has not really quoted the unquotable; what she represents as specimens of the very bad indeed really are no more than specimens of the author in his milder mood.

We shall not do more than allude to the literary virtue that deals in scandalous and lying publications relative to mysteries of convent life, and the secrets of the confessional, professedly with the purpose of putting pure-minded Protestant girls on their guard.

Neither shall we linger over that form of goodness which condemns literature in the mass as sinful, and is especially hard on novels, merely because it publishes largely on its own account, and by elbowing competitors out of the market, can secure a highly remunerative sale for twaddle among select congregations.

There is the vile and ridiculous cant of certain so-called religious miscellanies, as a specimen of which we may quote a story that we read not long ago, intended to illustrate the pernicious effects consequent upon a taste for fiction. A young man of exemplary habits developed into a notorious evil-doer and an habitual drunkard. When questioned by a gullible individual as to the causes of his falling away, he replied with an air of remorse that his sins were all owing to his having in early life yielded to a temptation to read a novel written by whom would the reader guess? Paul de Kock, Eugene Sue, Dumas the younger? O, dear, no; but by the virtuous and exemplary Sir Walter Scott!

A singular form of literary virtue is displayed in the perverted notions of right and wrong, of duty and honor, of love and purity, entertained by the heroes and heroines of certain young ladies' novels. But this topic, tempting though it be, is one to which we have neither time nor space in which to do justice at present. It is to be remarked in

ROBERT'S CAPITAL HIT.

I.

My mother-in-law and I were sitting in her best parlor, — not that it was much to boast of, but she thought a great deal about it, and covered it up with anti-macassars to that extent, that nothing short of collecting them in a bundle, and burning them out of hand, would ever have got them effectually off my mind. We were not sitting in the best parlor for our own comfort, or because the windows opened upon a little garden, which, though dreadfully prim and formal, could not help being fragrant in that beautiful month of May, and which would have had the afternoon sun shining on it just now, in a perfectly delightful manner, but that my mother-in-law, in the interests of her drab and yellow Brussels carpet, had hastened to pull down the dark yellow holland blinds. We were not even sitting in the best parlor because we were expecting visitors. I should not have objected to that, for all our visitors entertained the best parlor superstition also; and we should have been "despicable," like Harvey Birch, if they had ever got a glimpse of our ordinary occupations, or seen any more lively literature about than Johnson's "Lives," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Hannah More *passim*, and the county history. We were sitting in the best parlor for its good, not our pleasure or dignity, — "to air the room," as my mother-in-law said. "Fires are occasionally necessary, of course," she would say; "but they don't do altogether. People should always sit in their best parlor once a month or so, to take the chill off." Whence she derived this notion, I do not know; but she entertained it, and stuck to it, and in the best parlor on this particular day we were sitting, "to take the chill off."

My mother-in-law was a good-looking woman for her age, which was fifty-five. She was tall, strongly built, and terribly healthy. She had a great deal of very heavy gray hair, which she wore in deep bands, like watch-pockets, upon her forehead; and she never deviated from one kind of cap, severe in form, and laden with lutestring ribbon of a harsh dull shade of purple.

She was always well dressed, in a certain tasteless fashion which she considered the only mode proper to women at her age, not to be departed from without a compromise of propriety, not to say morality: and a more self-sufficient woman than my mother-in-law never existed. Women more ignorant, no doubt, there have been, and are; but I hope not many who prize and pet general ignorance as she did, and are so arrogantly vain of their possession of certain specialities of knowledge. I do not want to make her out at all more disagreeable than she was, or to deny her the good qualities which she possessed; nor am I "down on her" for that generally conclusive and satisfactory reason that she was my mother-in-law. I speak quite fairly; and, indeed, I need not complain, for she liked me quite as well as she liked Robert. Robert was (and is) my husband, Robert Heron, of the firm of Shaw and Heron, solicitors, said by their friends to be "rising" young men, but who certainly had not done anything remarkable as yet, in an upward direction.

"Though I say it who ought not," is a customary deprecatory phrase when one member of a family praises another; but I never could see the meaning of it. Who is so likely to know the good that is in any individual as those nearest to

him, and who see most of his life? Who, then, has the best right to announce the results of that contiguity and supervision? Society permits people's relatives to abuse them, does it not? It is not in the least shocked at that, is it? Very well, then, I am not going to be bullied and put down by society for praising my husband; and I maintain, on the contrary, that no one has so much right as I to declare that Robert was (and is) the best of men, and a very fine-looking one also. I do not see much change in him now. His beautiful blue eyes are not so bright, perhaps; but they are just as deep and as soft, and they have just the same look for me in them; and I don't think his being slightly bald is any defect at all. Every one admits that baldness is intellectual. I distinctly remember a hairdresser, a really clever man, who knew at a glance that I never used pomatum, telling me it was caused by the activity of the brain.

This was most true in Robert's case, I am sure. However, he really had almost too much hair at the time I am telling about, — beautiful, dark brown, curly; and as it was not the fashion then to crop the hair until the skull showed through in patches, and all the bumps asserted themselves unpleasantly, but it was worn rather long, I assure you he had quite a captivatingly sentimental look; and as he had rather low spirits naturally, many people suspected him of being poetical, — I mean, of actually writing verses. But this was a mistake. He never did. Of course, he could have written beautiful poetry, — if you could only know the things he has said to me in that very identical best parlor! — if he had liked, but he never did. I am wandering away from my mother-in-law all this time. I know I am apt to get tiresome when I begin to talk about Robert; but I will endeavor to avoid it. I will merely say that he was very good, and very handsome, and very clever; and that if any woman of my acquaintance says she has a better husband, I can afford to let her say it, for I don't believe her.

Robert and my mother-in-law did not get on together very well. Strange to say, he was not her favorite son; and John, who was always quite uninteresting to me, was. But John was a prosperous man, and remarkably like her in his ways and ideas; while Robert had not the knack of getting on rapidly, and did not in the least resemble her. He was considered to be a striking likeness of his father, the late Mr. Heron, whom I believe to have been a thoroughly good and estimable man, but whose memory was not warmly cherished by his widow and her eldest son. He had not left them as much money as they expected. He had been rather unfortunate for some time before his death, and that was held to be a perfectly sufficient reason for that event being regarded with resignation. John was married to a woman with a large fortune (for people in our position), with an imperial nose, a mouth like a shark's, big feet, and such a temper! Robert used to say he would not have married Mary Anne Barton for a million of money. John, however, had done it much cheaper than that, and I really do not think he ever knew how disagreeable she was. He was afraid of her; and it was just as well. There are many men for whom it is very good that they should be afraid of their wives. John was one of them. But it was very singular that our joint mother-in-law was also afraid of "Mrs. John" (nobody ever called her Mary Anne), and was accustomed to speak of her as "fine" as to her *physique*, and "superior" as

to her intellect. I did not mind. If Mrs. John was a "fine" woman, give me insignificance; if she was "superior," give me mediocrity. Robert was quite of my opinion, and Mrs. John knew it. She had a mighty contempt for me; first, because I am small and pale, while she is of stately stature, and has the kind of complexion which people describe as "a great deal of color"; secondly, because I am of a contented disposition, and do not form any visions about Shaw and Heron attaining "the top of the tree"; thirdly, because I am afraid of all servants; and, lastly, because I did not bring Robert more hundreds than she brought John thousands of pounds. All very sound reasons for despising me, and I should not think of disputing them; but Mrs. John imparted them to my mother-in-law, who adopted them, and that was not pleasant.

My mother-in-law lived at Clapham, and looked like it. I don't mean like the dwellers at the Clapham of the present, with its enormous railway "junction," with ever so many hundreds of trains a day running through it, — no two authorities agree about the number, — its unlimited resources of bewilderment for the unaccustomed traveller, its handsome shops, and its alarmingly Catholic features and institutions. I allude to the Clapham of the past, when the highly respectable chocolate-colored omnibuses, which fared soberly to and from the *Plough Inn*, were the sole mode of conveyance for the vulgar; when the grave houses in their solemn gardens looked out upon the severe solitude of the common, and heavily laden wagons stopped on the other side, that the big lumpy horses might drink at ungainly wooden troughs, curiously inspected the while by cheerful vagrant dogs who had never heard of Mayne or muzzles. I speak of a time when you might as well have looked for a mosque as for a music-hall at Clapham, and when, judging by appearances, the higher branches of commerce in that suburb were confined to Berlin wool and baskets; when Wilberforce was remembered as a local tradition, and there were green fields out Stockwell-way. It is not very long ago either, a much shorter time than any one would believe, who has not seen the wonderful changes which a few years have worked in London; but the Clapham people of that date had looks and ways peculiar to themselves, a grim respectability, a weekly-bill-paying-with-inflexible-regularity, and comfortable-investment-in-government-securities expression in their faces, raiment, and residences, which was exceedingly depressing to the outside world of strugglers, contemptible people, who did not always know the exact amount of their resources, and were sometimes uncomfortably uncertain about how they were to be "realized." Of the former class, though not "in the very first line" of it, was my mother-in-law. She was not by any means a rich woman, even for a period which rated wealth by a much more moderate standard than that of the present; but she was "well to do," and she looked it. Security, not of the barrel-of-flour and cruse-of-oil order, but of that more satisfactory to the modern mind, which expresses itself by dividends, a happy absence of sympathy with anything so weak and stupid as anxiety and poverty, and the calm consciousness of being a good manager, were the characteristics which my mother-in-law's appearance impressed upon the observer.

I did not like Clapham, and I cannot assign a better reason for disliking it than that my mother-in-law lived there, and I had to live with her. If

any of my readers think I could not *have* a better, I pity them. They, too, have suffered. The necessity for this family arrangement was a sore subject with us all, and especially with Robert, for it could by no means be denied that it had originated through his means. We had begun comfortably enough, much more so, our older and wiser friends told us, than was good for two young people, who had been so imprudent as to think so much of love and so little of money. It would vex me even now, when things are so different with us that I can smile at the recollection of Clapham, and its prim best-parlor gentility, to tell you about our own pretty little house at Hampstead, and all the small devices I had for its adornment, and how very happy we were in it for two whole years, though my mother-in-law always thought it extravagantly kept, and Mrs. John used to sniff at the furniture, and look uncomfortably too large for the rooms.

Mind, I am not prepared to admit that it was a fault, but it certainly was a peculiarity of Robert's that he liked speculation. "A little bit of a venture," as he would call it, with a jocose persuasiveness which took all dangerous meaning out of the word, to my ears. Tales of the celerity with which fortunes had been made, every new method of making them quickly, had interest and attraction for him. I knew this arose from the vividness and versatility of his intelligence, but his mother called it a taste for gambling.

"It's a more decent way of gratifying it, my dear Martha," she said once, when Robert had been just a little unlucky, "than going to those horrible places which I have been told are defiantly called 'hells' by the impious persons who frequent them; but it's quite as dangerous in the long run, as you will find out some day, when he has brought you to ruin with his coal mines and copper mines, and such-like nonsense."

Well, he did not exactly bring me to ruin, but he brought me to something not very far from being as unpleasant, — namely, to giving up our own house, and going to live with his mother. This was the only form in which she would help him; to have done so in any other, she would have held to be "encouraging" him. It was not very easy to bear, I must say; but then to endure it with fortitude was the only way in which I could assist Robert out of the difficulty he had got into, and that was not much for me to do. He had to bear all the brunt of life; it would have ill become me to have objected to my share of the smaller worry, especially as it was my money which he had lost in that unlucky "little bit of a venture," — happily, not quite all, but the greater part of it, — a circumstance which I carefully concealed from my mother-in-law, but which Mrs. John divined by dint of that "superiority" of her intellect, which, so far as I have observed it, mainly exhibits itself in finding out things which people particularly wish to conceal. This divination led to much laudation of the superior wisdom of herself and her friends in the arrangement of her money matters, and exultation in the "settling" of her fortune so securely on herself, that, as she plainly put it, "if John were to turn into as great a fool as Robert to-morrow, *she* could not come to any harm." And, indeed, I believe the settlements in question were so drawn up, that the deadliest suspicion and animosity might have been supposed, by observers, to have existed between the contracting parties. I was thankful that they said these things to me

only, and I used to try and get over them before Robert came home from the City, and generally succeeded in keeping the small annoyances of the day pretty well out of his sight. He found out, however, soon after we went to Clapham, that I was looking rather pale and thin, and would have involved me in a great deal of trouble by making a fuss about it, only that I begged him to remember what a dislike his mother had to delicate people, and how, whenever anybody was suspected of being nervous, she always recommended the administration of something which that unlucky individual especially disliked. So I prevailed on him to take no notice of my paleness and thinness, and promised to grow very fat and rosy in the autumn, when we hoped to be able to escape from Clapham, and get away on a little tour, but only of strictly Cockney dimensions, all by ourselves.

It was not a pleasant life, and there were such anxieties and efforts in it, that I look back to them now with a feeling of wonder at having lived through them so well, on the whole. But I had a little philosophy about me, and though I was not strong-minded or dogmatic in other respects, I had one fixed belief, to which I adhered practically. I held then, when I had a great many troubles, and I hold now, when I have comparatively few, that a woman who has married the man whom she loves and respects with all her heart and conscience, and has never seen the least shadow on the brightness of their mutual love, is not to be pitied for any trouble or struggle which she may be called upon to bear. Every one must have his or her share of the heritage of sorrow; but the woman who is thoroughly, cloudlessly happy as a wife, and does not fully recognize and realize her supreme good fortune, even though it wear the form of unrelieved poverty, must be very ungrateful, and very foolish. I never entertained this belief more strongly than during our Clapham experiences, and, indeed, I found pretty constant occasion to recall my faith, and confirm myself in it.

One trial which recurred not very frequently, but often enough to be irritating, was visiting Mrs. John. She lived at Kingston-on-Thames, and, I am ashamed to say, I never could be brought to appreciate the beauty of the place. All the "villas" had an offensively rich look to me: not that I was envious, but I always think when one is either normally poor, or in incidental difficulties, there is something depressing in the contemplation of comfortably secure, safely growing wealth. Robert could not understand my sentiments on this point, and found in those very "villas" many proofs of the wisdom of "ventures" little and great. This one had come by his villa and all it represented by mines, the other by railways, a third by steamers, a fourth was a well-known contractor, who did the most sporting things, and a fifth was the sharpest man going, and had done wonders on the Stock Exchange, through his happy facility of foreseeing "what they were up to" in continental countries. But I did not like Kingston a bit the more for all that; and not one of the small efforts I had to make continually, cost me so much as the visiting Mrs. John's fine, cold, distressingly new house, where money and patent floorcloth seemed to be always palpably present, and where I never was permitted to forget that Robert had been "so very imprudent," about that Grand Junction Canal business."

My mother-in-law and I invariably went on these

formidable excursions in a heavy, lop-sided brougham, which presented a mysterious appearance of having once been a carriage of another and a clumsier form, and having been inartistically compressed and otherwise altered. It had very narrow windows, and slanting cushions, and doors which it was exceedingly difficult to open, and next to impossible to shut. It was drawn by a heavy, ugly, lop-sided horse, with a bare patch on one of his sides; and the driver was the most ill-tempered man I ever saw in my life, even on a coach-box.

This vehicle was an object of extreme aversion to me, chiefly, however, because John paid for the use which we made of it, and no doubt made a very cheap bargain with Mr. Thompson, the livery-stable-keeper. How I used to enjoy my omnibus drives with Robert, when I went into the City to do a little shopping, and when he would become quite animated in describing the kind of carriage he fully intended to keep for me, when one or two little things he had in view should have "turned up trumps!" Robert mixed his metaphors sometimes, it must be confessed, and I did not like to hear him use any expression connected with gambling. It almost sounded as if my mother-in-law might possibly be right. Next to the visits to Mrs. John, I placed our best-parlor days in the category of small inflictions. Whether it was the varnish, the anti-macassars, the influence of art, as exemplified in six awful pictures pervaded by a cerulean tinge and misrepresenting the bay and city of Naples, or the dreary literature which described a kind of cart-wheel pattern on the shiny, inlaid round table, that inspired my mother-in-law to be preternaturally unpleasant on such occasions, or whether it was her self-enforced abstinence from reading the newspaper and mending her stockings (neither occupation being considered suitable to the dignity of the best parlor), I cannot say. The fact was so; and when she aired her best parlor, I aired my best resolutions.

It was afternoon, and I had got on very well so far. I had brought no unbound books, and none but "company" work into the best parlor. I had sat contentedly bolt upright upon an uncomfortable chair, so as to avoid crushing the clean anti-macassar; I had abstained from the use of a footstool adorned gorgeously with a blue worsted parrot, for a similar reason. I had in every respect been as conciliatory as possible; but the time had appeared unusually long, and the moment at which I might put on my bonnet and go to the Plough Inn to meet Robert, — a pleasure I enjoyed every day and in all weathers, — seemed unattainably far off.

I think there is a great deal of varied eloquence in sniffs. The derisive, the contemptuous, the incredulous, the condemnatory, the deprecatory, and the warning sniff, must be familiar, and, I should suppose, aggravating to every one. I never knew such a proficient in the practice of the sniff, in all its varieties, as my mother-in-law; and she had contrived, on this occasion, to run through the whole sniff gamut, until really I felt so nervous and so cross I hardly knew how to bear it. The postman's knock was quite a relief; though my mother-in-law was not a pleasant person about letters, requiring to see at least the outside of every one which came to the house, and putting on an expression, more or less meek, according to her mood, of being aggrieved when she was not made acquainted with their contents. Two letters were brought in, headed to her, and duly inspected by her, and then

she pushed one over to me. It was from my sister, who was very chatty and confidential with me about everything, especially about a love-affair of the most imprudent and unpromising kind, being an engagement between herself and a lieutenant of marines, with nothing but his pay at present, and no reasonable expectations for the future.

Nevertheless, I was much interested in this charming idyllic affair, and believed that a little poverty would do Gerty no more harm than it had done me; but I was not at all desirous of introducing the subject to the notice of my mother-in-law. She did not like my family; she included them all under the opprobrious denomination "worldlings"; and some people being kind enough to think Gerty and myself rather pretty, she objected to that opinion, declaring, that we were not her "style." A glance at Gerty's letter showed me it was a long one, so I looked over the first page, and then put it away in my pocket; a proceeding observed and resented by my mother-in-law, who performed a sniff of a novel and wholly exasperating kind, and took up the second letter with a contemptuous smile. "For Robert, I see," she observed; "and very like a prospectus. No doubt it is one. Some mine in the moon, a railway at the bottom of the sea, in which he will do well to invest his large amount of floating capital. Be sure you give it to him, my dear; it would be a pity to deprive him of an opportunity for indulging his taste and improving his circumstances."

My mother-in-law was epigrammatical at times, but only under the influence of spite.

Much nettled by this speech, I broke open the letter in question, a proceeding which produced another sniff of the same kind as before. "Any letters addressed to Robert *here*, I have his leave to open," I said.

"O, indeed."

The horrid thing was a prospectus; or, perhaps, I should rather say it was a scheme for the formation of a company to work a gold mine in Brazil, situated in the richest district of the gold-bearing country, and which could be purchased, owing to peculiar circumstances, on surprisingly advantageous terms. This communication was not printed or lithographed, but written, in a very plain clerk-like hand, and was headed "Private and Confidential." But I did not think anything of that; lots of things had come to Robert with a similar injunction, which could have no other meaning than that they were to be as public and as little confidential as possible. I gave the open sheet of paper into my mother-in-law's hand, and she eyed it curiously.

"So it is a prospectus," she said; "I thought so. Robert must be pretty well known to have a taste for ruining himself and other people, or they would not be giving him notice of the villainies that are on hand in that place." She always spoke of the City as if it were one vast recognized den of thieves.

"He has not been very fortunate himself," I ventured to observe; "but I don't think Robert has ever injured any other person by his speculations."

"I don't know, I'm sure; but I don't hold with speculation, — I never did. I can't understand why people should n't be content with their own proper business and their lawful gains. Gold mines indeed! Can't they let the places be, in those distant countries, as God Almighty made them? There's been more robbing and murdering since

those 'diggings' and mines came up than there ever was in my time before them, I can tell you."

This was a view of the subject with which I could not contend, so I said nothing.

My mother-in-law continued, "And as to getting any good out of speculations without doing other people harm, I don't believe a word of it. All the profits which go into one set of pockets *must* come out of another set, you know; there's no getting over that, you know; and for *my* part, I don't consider it honest."

I felt uncomfortable, though I confess I had generally little respect for my mother-in-law's opinions, and less for her reasons; but I had said something not unlike this to Robert on one occasion myself, and he had taken, somewhat ineffectually, a good deal of trouble to make me understand that there are speculations, and speculations; some to which the argument, that one could gain only by another's loss, applies but too clearly, and others by which all concerned may make legitimate profit, as, for instance, in this very case of a gold mine. I did try to plead the difference, but in vain; I produced no effect upon my mother-in-law beyond inducing her to declare, more emphatically than before, that she "did not hold with speculations," and that they were "all villany together." She concluded by prophesying that Robert would never stop until he had brought himself and me to the workhouse, and that then he would be satisfied. Which seemed improbable.

It was not Robert's time yet; but I was so tired, this best-parlor day had been so more than usually trying, that I pretended to mistake the hour, and set off to meet my husband. After a long desultory stroll, I saw the familiar chocolate-colored omnibus nearing the Plough, and stood still at the corner as usual, while Robert descended from the sober vehicle, and joined me. Robert has a very sweet and sensible expression of countenance, but it is not gay, — no, certainly not gay, — mildly cheerful, perhaps, which I like (how I detest a simper or a grin, the usual expression of people "blessed with high spirits!"); but to-day, he had a decided smile in his eyes and on his lips, as he tucked my arm under his, and walked away with me.

"Martha, my darling!" said he, "I have a bit of good news for you."

"Have you, Robert?" said I. "What is it about?"

"It is about a gold mine," replied my husband.

MY FIRST MONEY.

It was a sixpence! New, clean, and shiny, bearing upon it the image and superscription of our queen: Victoria, D. G., Britanniarum, &c., just like other sixpences, but so white, so glossy, and so well-struck, that no other sixpence on earth could have borne comparison with it.

This was not a fact open to question. I had already classed it among the articles of my belief, when taking the "sixpence" delicately between my fingers I laid it tenderly upon my bed, and then knelt down on the floor in order to have a better view of it. This was my first adoration of Mammon, my first worship of the golden — or, to speak by the card, the silver — calf. I was five years old; the sixpence was four years and a half my junior. Four years and a half! This was a great deal, the advantage of age was manifestly on my side, and this, I suspect, had not a little to do with the semi-

patronizing glances which, notwithstanding my immense veneration for this idolized sixpence, I occasionally ventured to throw upon it. For I should not, I feel, have gazed thus at an elder sixpence. An octogenarian coin, for instance, would have impressed me with a certain degree of awe. It might have been round the world in the breeches-pocket of Captain Cook, it might have witnessed Trafalgar from the waistcoat of Lord Nelson, it might have passed through the hard fingers of the Iron Duke. A sixpence of that sort could not have been viewed with flippancy. No, it was better to have a young and inexperienced sixpence, a sixpence with all its troubles before it, like a youthful bear. It and I were more on a footing of equality; there was no need for me to stand upon ceremony with it, and I could freely give vent to my sentiments in its presence without transgressing the laws of propriety. There was no fear of its looking sourly at me, as much as to say, "You little simpleton, it is lamentable for a coin like me to fall into such ill-bred hands as yours. Nor Burke, nor Sheridan, nor Charles James Fox, all of whom I knew most intimately, ever grinned at me as you do; and the young William Pitt (to whom I was introduced by his illustrious father, the Earl of Chatham) never laughed at me."

That was the great advantage of a young sixpence, it being so fresh to the ways of society. There was no danger of its having learned its manners from the Prince Regent, or modelled its demeanor upon that of Lord Castlereagh. It could afford to be indulgent if I chuckled too loud, and could make allowances, if, in the jubilant pride of possession, I rubbed my hands too ecstasically. Besides, considering the matter from a more material point of view, a young sixpence was larger, brighter, heavier, than an old one; there seemed to be more of it; there were no disgraceful patches of black about it, such as spoke of a sojourn in a dust-bin, in the till of a rag-shop, or in the purse of an economical sweep. The features of the queen upon it were not disfigured by scars, crosses, or knife-marks to prove that its former possessors suspected the honesty of their familiars, and were obliged for prudence' sake to mark their coins. It had no unseemly holes bored in it, and no Hebrew had sweated it to the thinness of a bit of tin. It had everything in its favor, — beauty, youth, distinction, and novelty. For you must remember it was my *first* sixpence, the first coin upon which I had ever gazed as my own, the first money of which I had ever had the free disposal. True, a few specimens of the currency had occasionally passed through my hands, in the shape of fugitive halfpence; but as my mother had always requested me to put these into the poor-box, I could scarcely be said to have had the full enjoyment of them. Hence this money was indeed my first, and, O Plutus! the gold mines of Peru, made over to me by bond, duly signed and sealed, would have delighted me less than this sixpence.

It was my father who had given it me, and under memorable circumstances. He had been a long while involved in one of those suits in Chancery, which are the triumphs of our legislation. Seven-and-twenty years had it lasted, but at the end of that time, by a happy dispensation of Providence, he had been so fortunate as to gain his cause. Lawyers, solicitors, and barristers had, however, been to work so merrily that, all costs and expenses paid, there was left of the estate which formed the

bone of contention the exact sum of five pounds ten shillings and twopence. Three letters and a consultation from our family solicitor, informing us of this edifying result, swallowed up the five pounds of this total, and the conscientious member of Lincoln's Inn then scrupulously forwarded to us the remaining ten shillings and twopence, merely deducting therefrom six and eight-pence, price of the envelope in which the residue was enclosed.

My father hereupon ranged seven sixpences on our breakfast-table. "My boy," he said, "see what comes of going to law in Great Britain! Your mother has told you that I have won my suit in chancery?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, then, look! That is all I get of it"; and he pointed grimly at the sixpences.

I opened wide my eyes.

"All that you get of the whole *suit*!" I echoed, with a puzzled air, firmly convinced that a suit in chancery was composed as other suits are, of a coat, waistcoat, and trousers. "Why, papa, those are only the buttons!"

This deplorable joke had earned me my sixpence. My father had thrown it over to me, laughing, and, like a dog who is pelted with a bone, I had rushed hastily off with it for fear they should think of taking it back again.

SIX . . . PENCE!

For a time anything like cool reflection was impossible. I was too giddy, too startled, to think. How think indeed, when one has sixpence! My sixpence was as a moon of which the rays dazzled me; my head swam, my fingers tingled, my eyes saw whirling through the air in a fantastic gallop several millions of sixpences, all white, all lately issued from the mint, all bearing upon them, like my sixpence, Victoria, D. G., Britanniarum, &c., with her Majesty's head and the royal arms.

At last, however (and happily, too, for I was a small boy, and unused to these emotions), the intensity of my sensations subsided. I grew more philosophical, and after a time was enabled to bring upon the subject that was absorbing me a becoming amount of self-possession. You know, of course, what it was, this subject that was absorbing me? It was the expenditure of my sixpence. Like a Chancellor of the Exchequer with the surplus of a year's budget, I was wondering what I should do with it.

Momentous question! But it needed a refreshing breeze of out-door air to enable me to solve it with coolness. I accordingly rose from my bedside, where I knelt like a Persian worshipping the sun, and having laid my elbows and my sixpence upon the sill of the open window, "multa corde volutans," began deeply to meditate.

Now, it may, perhaps, be accepted as a symptom of my great precocity of spirit that I had not been merged above ten minutes in reflection before I had made up my mind upon one capital point, to wit, that there were only three things upon which my sixpence could worthily be expended, — a donkey, a gold hunting watch, or a pewter squirt.

The only question to decide was upon which of these three my choice should pitch; and here was the rub. I had an artistical admiration for squirts, — pewter squirts especially, — which I classed amongst the sublimest contrivances due to the ingenuity of man. Their use as mediums for the conveyance of ink or soapy water upon the passers-by in the street had always struck me as peculiarly

practical, and I think, on the whole, my sixpence would have gone to the purchase of one of these astonishing instruments had not a reflection suddenly fallen upon me, and drenched my enthusiasm as under a bucket of cold water. I could not remember ever having seen a grown-up man make use of a squirt! My father, for instance, had, to my certain knowledge, never spent his morning in squirting ink upon the public through the drawing-room window; and I could not recollect ever having heard my uncles advocate this species of pastime. This was important. Yesterday I had been a boy, and could do boyish things; to-day the case was altered; my sixpence had laid upon me the duties of manhood; it was necessary to be cautious and dignified. . . . I discarded the squirt, and two things then remained, — the donkey and the gold watch. Once more I began to ponder.

The purchase of a donkey, I reasoned, offered unquestionable inducements. There were, first of all, the advantages of locomotion; in the second place, there was the satisfaction of personal vanity, for it was not to be doubted that upon my first appearance in public upon the back of an ass I should become the cynosure of neighboring eyes, and at once take rank amongst the parish celebrities.

This consideration nearly carried my vote by storm; but then, on the other hand, a donkey, I could not but admit, was a less handy possession than a gold hunting watch. The latter would go into one's pocket, whereas the former would not. Indeed, it was more than probable that the donkey would need a certain amount of space to move about in, and if so, what was to be done, for we had no stables? Second thoughts bring counsel. I was a sharp boy, and I remembered the staircase. If the difficulty of bringing the donkey up to the third floor could be once overcome, I should be happy to allow him to sleep in my bedroom; there would be ample space for him in the corner close by the wash-hand-stand; and he would be a sociable companion when it rained. There was no fear of his catching a cold or a cough, as he might do if left down-stairs in the yard. Yes; but how about his food? The postchaise of my thoughts, which was at that moment going twenty miles an hour, here stuck of a sudden in a deep rut. I had never thought of the food. I was like the Irishman who had a clock. I had forgotten the works. I could not think of asking my father to board the donkey. The thing would be indelicate after he had generously given me sixpence; and yet from whatever point of view I considered the matter, the donkey, I was compelled to own, must eat. . . . I became miserable. I think I cried. I saw my donkey depart at a gallop, and scamper away into darkness, carrying away with him upon his back my hopes, my illusions, and my dreams of glory.

But after a few seconds my donkey returned as he had departed, at full gallop. The idea had struck me that his maintenance could be effected by an equitable distribution of my daily meals with him. This was the straw to the drowning man. Having decided that my coming donkey should be nourished upon roast mutton and batter pudding, I was about to rush out to effect my purchase when, attracted by a noise below, I thrust my head out of the window and saw a small boy, aged ten, throwing cherries in the air and trying to catch them in his mouth.

At this sight I forgot, for the minute, the donkey, the roast mutton, and the batter pudding, and con-

sidered the cherries. It was a hot day, and I was thirsty. The cherries rose and fell, but always into the small boy's mouth, and never into mine. Like Tantalus with the flow and ebb of waters, I began to find the thing monotonous. If one or two cherries would only have fallen on the ground now and then, the interest would have been enlivened; but no; one, two, three, four, all came down like plummets without deviating an inch from the right course, and each laugh of the small boy (for he was merry) gave me a violent inclination to see his head punched. I don't know what spirit of evil prompted me, but some such spirit inspired me with a baleful desire to substitute for one of the falling cherries a pebble, a piece of coal, or a bit of soap. My eyes sparkled. The youth had thrown a plump bigaroon rather higher than usual, and stood with his hands extended, his head thrown back, his eyes shut, and his mouth gaping until it should return. The temptation was too strong. I felt frantically around me to find a projectile, and in sweeping my hand over the window-sill caught at something which, without pausing to look, I threw with all my might and main at the small boy. The thing struck him in the eye, and then bounded on the pavement. A shout of triumph escaped me; but at the same instant I burst into a cold sweat and staggered. The boy had stooped to pick up the thing that had hit him, and was holding it in his fingers. "Thank you!" he shouted, joyously, and disappeared in the distance.

I had thrown him my sixpence!

OPENING OF THE ALBERT N'YANZA.

It is understood that, influenced no doubt to some extent by the visit of the Prince of Wales, and anxious to do something which shall confirm him in the good opinion of Western nations, the Viceroy of Egypt has invited Sir Samuel Baker to take command of an expedition directed to the suppression of the slave-trade on the Upper Nile, to explore fully and in detail the vast interior reservoir known as the Albert N'yanza, and to bring the hitherto untraversed districts lying around the mysterious head waters of the great river of Egypt within the sphere not only of the viceroy's authority, but also of mercantile operations.

The results of such an expedition are so full of promise to our knowledge of the face of the globe we dwell upon, in its least known and most inaccessible regions, and to the cause of a down-trodden and slave-driven people, that it is impossible not to be stirred up to our innermost heart at the bare idea of such a truly glorious and noble enterprise. It may be termed by some to be a war of annexation, and it may be said that Egypto-Turks, of a faith which tolerates slavery in certain forms, are not precisely the people to occupy Central Africa; but nothing could be worse than the state of the countries which it is proposed to open to civilization; there was no other power that could or would do it, and the boon conveyed to the people themselves is of such vast magnitude as not only to exonerate the means that may have to be used, but to stamp them with the unquestionable seal of a truly philanthropic and humanitarian morality. No man, too, more fitted than Sir Samuel Baker to take the lead of such an expedition, and no man more likely to carry it out with the least fighting and quarrelling that is possible. True courage is always magnanimous, and Sir Samuel Baker has shown by the

patient perseverance and self-devotion of himself and wife in carrying out a great purpose, that he possesses what is rarer and loftier than mere physical courage, — the attributes of the highest intellectual and moral courage, — that kind of courage which is sure to blend mercy with strength, and to be at all times conciliating whilst carrying out its objects.

It will be remembered that Sir Samuel Baker was led, when exploring the regions of the Upper Nile, to the discovery of the Albert N'yanza, from information he received at Gondokoro from Captain Speke. That lamented traveller had, upon the occasion of his exploration of the Victoria N'yanza, heard of the existence of another lake to the west or northwest, which he at the time supposed to be much smaller than his Victoria N'yanza, and which was also supposed to receive the waters of the outlet of the upper lake, — the Somerset or Victoria Nile, as it has been called. After overcoming many wearisome obstacles (and who can read his narrative without a thrill of admiration for the constant cheerfulness with which the hero and heroine bore the terrible hardships they were called to face, the daily danger and hourly anxieties of their lonely life in Equatorial Africa, and the sickness and other disheartening trials which they were called upon to endure?) Sir Samuel succeeded in reaching the lake in question. It lay before him like a sea of quicksilver, with a boundless sea horizon on the south and southwest glittering in the noonday sun, and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level.

"I was about fifteen hundred feet above the lake," the traveller relates, "and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters, — upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness, — upon that great source so long hidden from mankind, — that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen, and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake 'the Albert N'yanza.' The Victoria and the Albert Lakes are the two sources of the Nile."

At sunrise, on the following morning, Sir Samuel was enabled to distinguish, with the aid of a powerful telescope, the outline of the mountains on the opposite shore, dark shades upon their sides denoting deep gorges, whilst two large waterfalls that cleft the sides of the mountains looked like threads of silver upon their dark face. The lake itself was a vast depression far below the general level of the country, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and bounded on the west and southwest by great ranges of mountains from five to seven thousand feet above the level of its waters, thus rendering it the one great reservoir into which everything must drain, and "from this vast rocky cistern the Nile made its exit, a giant in its birth." "It was," adds Sir Samuel, "a grand arrangement of nature for the birth of so mighty and important a stream as the river Nile."

Unfortunately, at the period of Sir Samuel Baker's discovery of the Albert N'yanza, there had been some difference of opinion among geographers as to whether the Victoria Nile flowed directly onwards from Victoria N'yanza into the White Nile by Gondokoro, or whether its waters mingled with

those of Albert N'yanza before joining the White Nile.

Instead, then, of Sir Samuel and his wife, as to all appearance they might have done, keeping, after their long fatigues, quietly in a boat, and allowing themselves to be peacefully rowed and drifted down the Nile, which is described as we have seen, as "a giant in its birth," they navigated the lake in canoes to Magungo, the point at which the Victoria Nile joined the lake, and what was worse, in order to settle a question of no very great importance, as to the lake-feeder at Magungo being really the prolongation of the Victoria Nile, they proceeded up that river, which is a succession of cataracts the whole way to the Karuma Falls, were stricken down again with fever, narrowly escaped being eaten up by crocodiles, named the first obstruction they met with, we hope inappropriately, "Murchison's Falls," were deserted by the natives, were imprisoned on the island of Patuan, were pilfered and insulted by King Kamrasi in Kissuna, and were subjected to no end of sickness, privations, and trials before they reached the White Nile. All this, when Sir Samuel Baker was distinctly told at Magungo that canoes could navigate the Nile in its course from the lake to the Madi country, as there were no cataracts for a great distance. True that both the Madi and the Koshi, who dwell on the right and left banks of the river at its exit, were said to be hostile to the lake people, but this presumed hostility would not have entailed difficulties greater than what had been already overcome, or than what they had to suffer at the hands of the cowardly and treacherous Kamrasi. The difficulties might, indeed, have been all overcome by change of boat and boatmen, a thing they had to do, even upon the lake itself; upon one occasion indeed, changing boatmen four times in less than a mile. Sir Samuel, however, adds afterwards, that the natives most positively refused to take him down the Nile from the lake into the country of the Madi, as they said they would be killed by the people, who were their enemies, as he would not be with them on their return up the river; so we are left in doubt if the Victoria Nile was ascended, instead of the Nile proper being descended, from the love of geography, or from sheer necessity. The latter is to be doubted, for the travellers could have exchanged canoes on reaching the Madi, and sent the lake people back in safety. This was all the more vexatious, as, Sir Samuel says, he could see the river issuing from the lake within eighteen miles of Magungo, and, although it is marked on the map as being navigable to the first cataract at Mount Koko, still the question of first importance, as to the navigability (with a few intervening portages) of the Great River Nile, from its embouchure in the Mediterranean to the Albert N'yanza, would have been forever determined, and Sir Samuel and Lady Baker might have been spared many perils and much suffering. This is one great point which may now happily be fairly considered as on the way of being settled.

It is not a little remarkable that so intuitively did the quick feminine perception of Lady Baker feel this point, that when Sir Samuel proposed going up to Karuma, although he felt, by taking so circuitous a route, he might lose the boats at Gondokoro and become a prisoner in Central Africa, ill and without quinine, for another year, Lady Baker not only voted in her state of abject weakness to complete the river to Karuma, but wished, if possi-

ble, to return and follow the Nile from the lake down to Gondokoro! The latter resolve, based upon the simple principle of "seeing is believing," was, however, declared by her lord and master "to be a sacrifice most nobly proposed, but simply impossible and unnecessary." If there was any unnecessary sacrifice to be made in the matter, it would certainly seem to have been in taking the sick lady up to Karuma, instead of conveying her by canoe down the Nile to Gondokoro.

A second and equally interesting point, although not of so much importance to the future opening of the country, is the possible communication between the Albert N'yanza and Lake Tanganyika. From the elevation at which Sir Samuel Baker stood, when he first saw Lake Albert, with a boundless horizon to the south and southwest, its waters would appear to extend beyond the parallel assigned by Burton and Speke to Lake Rusisi, and, in fact, to embrace that lake as a kind of inlet, as also Lake Tanganyika further south. The elevation given to Lake Tanganyika of only eighteen hundred and forty-four feet above the level of the sea, while the Albert N'yanza is two thousand four hundred and forty feet above the same level, and the information given to Burton and Speke as to the waters at the north end of Tanganyika flowing into that lake, are opposed to this view of the subject; but it is possible that there may have been an error in the barometrical observation made, as also in the information obtained from the natives. It is now known that the waters of Lake Tanganyika do not flow into the N'yassa, which has an elevation of only thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea; but, on the contrary, that the rivers and small lakes south of the Tanganyika pour their waters into that great reservoir. It is not probable that Lake Tanganyika should have no outlet and receive rivers at both its north and south extremities, as also in its centre, — the Malagarasi. The position of the lake added to the discovery made by Sir Samuel Baker of the great southerly extension of the Albert N'yanza, would then tend to show that the most southerly tributaries south of Tanganyika — possibly the *Moi Tawa*, discovered by Livingstone, northeast of the N'yassa — are the most remote sources of the Nile. It is to be hoped that Livingstone's last journey will have settled this dubious point, and we shall but express the satisfaction which will be felt by all, at hearing of the safe return of the great traveller before Sir Samuel Baker's expedition is set in motion. As that expedition partakes, if we understand rightly, of a character of Egyptian occupation and annexation, the African chiefs may now be induced to look upon the presence of a white man in their countries as the forerunner of invasion on the part of their hereditary foes, and the life of such a man, however innocent his intentions, would no longer be safe.

Dr. Livingstone may, however, be in quite a different part of the country; for it is Sir R. I. Murchison's opinion that if the distinguished traveller satisfied himself when at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika that its waters were about eighteen hundred feet above the sea, as stated by Burton and Speke, he would necessarily infer that they could not flow northwards into the much higher equatorial lakes. In this case he would abandon the northern route, in which it was supposed he might find the waters of the Tanganyika flowing into the Albert N'yanza of Baker. Having also ascertained

from the south and the east, it would be evident under these circumstances that this vast body of fresh water (three hundred miles in length) must find its way to the west, and he would then follow the river or rivers which issue on the west coast of Africa. Under this supposition, Sir R. I. Murchison thinks he may be first heard of from one of the western Portuguese settlements, or even from those on the Congo. If this view be entertained, we cannot be expected to hear of Livingstone for some time to come, as the distance he would have to traverse is vast, and the region unknown. This hypothesis is also said to explain why no intelligence whatever respecting him has been received at Zanzibar, inasmuch as he has been travelling through a vast country, the inhabitants of which have no communication with the eastern coast. Sir R. I. Murchison says he entertains a well-founded hope that his distinguished friend — thanks to his iron frame and undying energy — will issue from Africa on the same shore at which, after a very long absence, he reappeared after his first great traverse of Southern Africa.

A third and very curious point presents itself in the possible existence of one or more outlets to the Albert N'yanza. We have seen that Sir Samuel Baker satisfied himself as to the existence of a river flowing out of the lake into the White Nile, which the natives told him was navigable for some distance, and by which, therefore, it is to be supposed that the lake could be entered in boats from the Nile, without the necessity of conveying them, as we are informed is to be done, in pieces to the shores of the lake. But two French traders, Messrs. Jules and Ambrose Poncet, who have explored the country between the Gazelle Lake and the Albert N'yanza, express themselves as perfectly satisfied that the river *Jur*, *Bibi*, or *Bahr Kakunda*, as it is variously designated, flows out of the *Luta N'zigé* (as they call the Albert N'yanza) into the Gazelle Lake. If this is so, the river of the *Jur* tribe and of the *Niam Nams* would present another means of approach to the great lake.

But this is not all. The same informants, who have trading ports on the *Jur*, have also founded another station, marked on their map * as *Cagouma* (*Kaguma*), *Etablissement Poncet*, on a great river which flows from southeast to northwest, and which is called *Bahr-Bura*, or *Bahr-Munbutu*. This river, they say, which evidently comes from Lake *Luta N'zigé*, divides itself in about four degrees of north latitude into two branches, that to the east flowing, under the name of *Suwa*, to the northwest, to go probably to form the *Shary* or *Asu*, which throws itself, after its junction with the *Bah-gun* or *Bah-bai*, into Lake *Tsad*. The westerly branch, which is much the largest, keeps its name of *Bahr-Bura*, and flows in a west-northwest direction to about the sixth degree of north latitude, at which point, according to the *Munbutu* people, after receiving another considerable affluent coming likewise from the southeast, it empties itself into a great lake, in part marshy, and which was called by the people of *Ali Umuri*, an Arab trader, *Birka Matuassat*. This lake, again, is described as having two outlets: one to the north known as the *Bah-gun* or *Bah-bai*, joins the *Shary* south of Lake *Tsad*, the other, and the most important, issuing from the west end of the lake, according to all appearances gives birth to the *Binuwa Niger*, or, at all events, to

an affluent of the Binuwa and Kwarra, — the Kibbi or Kulla, — which in that case will possess a much greater importance than has hitherto been conceded to it, — an importance equal to that of the Binuwa or Kwarra itself.

It is not likely that there should be so much division and subdivision of waters as is here described. Excepting in a delta, the general rule of rivers is to receive affluents in their progress to the sea, and not to divide into branches; but the region between the Albert N'yanza and the Gazelle Lake is nothing more than an inland delta, as is also apparently the case at the north end of the Victoria N'yanza, and the same thing may hold good of the Bahr-Bura and Lake Matuassat.

This latter lake would appear to correspond to the Muata Yanvo, of which the old geographer D'Anville obtained some notice, and near which was Monsol, or Munsul, capital of the Anziko, proximately placed on the map attached to Mr. W. D. Cooley's "Inner Africa Laid Open" (London, 1852).

It appears that an Italian explorer, Carlo Piaggia, has also pushed his researches in the same direction, and that he has obtained information of the existence of "a vast interior lake" lying on the equator or south of it; and Sir R. I. Murchison has justly pointed out that an entirely new field for research is thus laid open to the enterprise of explorers, who will have to determine whether the streams issuing from this immense lake and the adjacent region to the west of twenty-five degrees east longitude do not flow from a watershed entirely separated from that of all the affluents of the Nile, and which sends its waters into the South Atlantic Ocean, and probably by the great river of Congo.

It would scarcely seem that the immense lake here alluded to as lying on the equator, or south of it, is the same as the Matuassat of Messrs. Poncet, which is placed in about six degrees north latitude, unless it has an extent of some six degrees, which is not at all impossible. Albert N'yanza has possibly an almost equal extent, and, if it joins Lake Tanganyika, would embrace in its prolongation over ten degrees of latitude. It is curious, in connection with Sir R. I. Murchison's suggestion, that this great central lake may give birth to the Congo, that Fernando de Enciso speaks in his "Suma de Geografia," of a fact learned from the natives of Congo, that the River Zaire, or Congo, rises from a lake in the interior, from which another great river, presumed to be the Nile, flows in an opposite direction. This may be one of the rivers seen by Sir Samuel Baker, tumbling through gorges in the Blue Mountains west of the Albert N'yanza.

The theory, however, advocated by the Messrs. Poncet, of Lake Matuassat sending off tributaries to the Binuwa Niger, and to the Shary and Lake Tsad, as also by Fernando de Enciso and Sir R. I. Murchison, to the Congo, only corroborates the old opinion held by the father of history and by all the old geographers, that one half of the Nile flowed over Egypt and the other half over Ethiopia. "There are two mountains," said Herodotus, from information obtained from the registrar of Minerva's treasury at Laïs, "rising into a sharp peak, situated between the city of Syene in Thebais and Elephantine; the names of these mountains are the one Crophi and the other Mophi; that the sources of the Nile, which are *bottomless*, flow from between these mountains, and that half of the

water flows over Egypt and to the north, and the other half over Ethiopia and the south."

The sources of the Nile, being described as bottomless, are evidently meant as issuing from a lake, and it is afterwards that they pass through the mountains, the names of which, admitting an error in their positioning, would be represented by the Koshi and Madi of the present day. The transposition and identification is rendered all the more necessary, as the sources of the Nile could not have been between Syene and Elephantine, nor could the river have divided itself in such a latitude to flow one half to Egypt and the other half to Ethiopia. It is remarkable that the Oriental geographers, as more especially Al Idrisi and Abu'l Fada, represent this division of the head waters of the Nile into an Egyptian and an Ethiopian river as a well-determined fact.

Such, then, are some of the points to be determined by the navigation and exploration of the Albert N'yanza, and they are of the greatest possible interest, as they will probably either themselves lead to the unveiling of the mystery which has so long made a blank of our maps in as far as Central Africa is concerned, or they may pave the way to the gradual unfolding of every detail connected with the origin of the Nile, the Congo, and the Binuwa Kwarra, or Eastern Niger, of the Egyptian Nile, and the Ethiopic Nile.

Interesting and curious as the solution of such questions may be, great as will be the difference made upon existing maps, and various the people and the regions that will be brought under the cognizance of the civilized world, still, even all these additions to knowledge pale in importance before the prospect opened of an amelioration in the condition of the African races, only recently made known to us by the explorations of Burton, Speke, Grant, Petherick, Baker, and others. Of all the impressions left upon the reader of Sir Samuel's book, those relating to the slave-trade of the White Nile are perhaps the most startling. Many people have thought but lightly of the evils connected with Oriental slavery. Those who were most enthusiastic in waging war against the trade of the west coast were content, for the most part, to look upon Turkish and Egyptian slavery as a minor evil compared with the other, and one which was so ineradicably mixed up with the nature of Oriental life and despotism, that any denunciations directed against it would be as absurd as they would be futile. No doubt, too, the slavery itself was a comparatively small evil. The subjection of one human creature to another is not so shameful a phenomenon to the African mind as to be unendurable, when it takes that patriarchal and domestic character with which slavery in the East appears to be more or less invested, and more especially when the slave continues to enjoy a climate something like his own.

Sir Samuel Baker may, however, be said to have lifted the veil which concealed the process by which the slave markets of Cairo and Constantinople were recruited.

Barth has given us a graphic if painful account of the expeditions of the Mohammedan Sultans of Bornu, Baghirmi, and Sokoto, carried on even into Adamawa and the regions of the Binuwa and Eastern Niger, and, still more recently, M. Mage has depicted with the most striking minuteness, life, as it is on the Upper Niger and in the vast Pullo-Felatah dominions. That life appears, under the

rude sway of the Mohammedan, to be one successive, continuous, and incessant warfare; the enslaving of everything pagan; reprisals, murders, and executions. We have also heard something of the questionable proceedings of the Egyptians on the western frontiers of Abyssinia from Taka to the upper regions of the Blue Nile, and we have always regretted that the costly expedition sent to that country to liberate the British captives should have done nothing towards insuring the immunity of a Christian people against the enslaving propensities of their Egyptian neighbors. Sir Samuel Baker may be said to be one of the first to make us acquainted with the nature of the raids made by Mohammedan slave-dealers from Gondokoro against the Obbos and Latukas, and other tribes in the neighborhood, and which were so cruel and reckless in their character, that, it has been justly observed, one of the worst features of Sir Samuel's journey must have been the necessity of witnessing, without the power of mitigating in even the slightest degree, the atrocities which the slave-seekers committed. Under cover of carrying on an "ivory trade," armed bands of desperadoes ascend the river and penetrate into the heart of some savage country. To be at war with one another is a normal condition of existence amongst the native tribes. Taking advantage of this, the traders offer their alliance to the tribe with whom they first come in contact, on the understanding that they may be at liberty to make prisoners from the enemy. The African savage is either too simple to see, or, what is far more likely, is willing, for the sake of revenge, to close his eyes to the fatal nature of the friendship offered. Assisted by his Mussulman allies, he sets forth on the campaign, and, amidst the reckless slaughter that ensues, a draught of living captives is secured for the trader's net. But very soon the original dupes, if they can be so termed, discover that the trader is equally ready to turn his arms against them. In alliance with some other tribe, he makes war against them in turn, and the friends who assisted him to effect his first captures fall victims to his whips and chains in turn. Forced to some extent into association with the "ivory traders," Sir Samuel beheld their proceedings. Very narrowly did he escape a sudden death at their hands, but his wonderful intrepidity carried him through, and he lived to register a resolution that, if he ever came back from his wanderings, he would do something to interfere with the proceedings which, for the time being, he could only contemplate with secret indignation. The time for action has now happily arrived. No doubt it will be a difficult task to persuade the tribes, through which the "ivory traders" have passed, that the object of the expedition is simply the extinction of the slave-trade. It matters, however, little whether the Africans fully understand the expedition at first. The traders of Gondokoro will comprehend it readily enough, and they will soon feel, or be made to feel, that a prompt submission to the new system to be inaugurated is inevitable. This, then, one of the avowed philanthropic purposes of the expedition, with the anticipated opening of Central Africa to the purposes of commerce, and the withdrawing of the veil which has so long hung over so large a portion of the earth's surface, fully entitle the projected expedition to our most earnest hopes of success, and to anticipate that it will yet constitute one of the most remarkable pages in the history of our own times.

SPITE.

THE idea of malice occupies the mind long before the word, in all its terrors, is familiar. "You did it on purpose," whines the fretful child "under loss or vexation, experiencing at once an added bitterness and a sense of dignity in being the object of malignant design; and henceforth he realizes himself more distinctly as a citizen of the world, a sharer in its trials, already an object of spite, one that will in due time have enemies, who, if he fails, will be the cause of his failure. There are few people who, when things go wrong with them, do not attribute more than is probable to active ill-will on the part of others. Malice is no doubt a power in the world. To work towards a neighbor's downfall, for the disinterested satisfaction of seeing him fall, is the occupation of some persons; but such a solution of ordinary difficulties amongst ordinary people is seldom necessary in civilized society. Persons guilty of the tragic forms of malice are the highest or the lowest among men; on the one hand, kings and conquerors, statesmen pitted against one another at a crisis, heads of factions who must crush one another with a plot: on the other hand, the clown pulling up his parson's tulips or firing his neighbor's stackyard, the operative scarring the pretty jilt's face with vitriol, or blowing up the non-unionist's house and household. People's attention must be fixed long on a single object, their passions concentrated, their thoughts restricted to a narrow circle, for malice to achieve its triumphs, just as venom intensifies itself in dark holes and obscure corners among ruins and waste places of the earth. In the freer currents of social life, where there is a wide choice of interests and associates, where circumstances combine against the unwholesome fascination of antipathies, human nature is spared these temptations. Nor has it the needful strength and courage. Malice of the broad typical quality does not consist in mere malignity; there must be active mischief, a more than willingness to lend a helping hand. Like Thersites, "it will learn to conjure and raise devils, but it will see some issue of its spiteful execrations." And the opportunity to do mischief, vigilantly watched for, generally presents itself; but this watchfulness men are deterred from, if by no higher motive, by superstition, which reminds them that it is safest not to give the reins to ill-judging. Vindictive persons, says Bacon, live the life of witches, who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate. And we see that it is so. There is the feeling that ill-wishes recoil, that our own good things are imperilled if we seriously set about diminishing our neighbor's stock; hence people are amiable in proportion to the interest they have in things remaining smooth and comfortable. Malice does not pay to common people; it is only magnificos and such great folks who find it the one lasting pleasure of life.

But society finds a substitute for malice — a domestic creditable neighborly form of the great vice — in spite. We scruple to call anybody malicious except in history or the newspapers, but with spite we are on more familiar terms. We see traces of it on the faces of some of our acquaintances, in the speech of others, in the actions of some few; nay, we may even detect some grains (when sorely tried) in ourselves, if we are curious in our investigations. Spite does not care to ruin anybody; only it is apt to reverse the apostolic precept, and most especially makes no hand at rejoicing with those that re-

joice. It draws unflattered portraits; it picks holes; it finds self-compensation in the misfortune of others. For here, again, it does not do to define spite as mere ill-wishing, even in its most trifling and restricted form, unless action comes in. Narrow sympathies are perpetually immersed in barren discontent with what interferes with one's own convenience, — discontent which issues in positive gratification where another's pain brings relief to self. There are many worthy people, devoted to those nearest to them, helpful to their immediate surroundings, who will take cheerfully as a gift of Providence the news of a distant acquaintance's broken limb or fallen fortunes, if these disasters save them from an unwelcome guest or from the derangement of summer plans. In fact, most persons are made so. It is a sign of peculiar sweetness and nobleness of nature when it is otherwise. Yet we deny that these defective sympathies are spiteful, because their satisfaction arises solely from one's own relief, and not from another's pain; such people would be even better pleased if another's good fortune, rather than his ill luck, had delivered them from a quandary.

There are people distinct from these, who do like mischief for its own sake, — people who are companionable, who have their good moral points, but who, as we often observe, seem to be not only indifferent to the evil which occurs to others, but actually pleased to find themselves the cause of transient human suffering. They like to abash sensitiveness, and exercise ingenuity to bring this about; when the humor is on them, they say things for the mere pleasure of giving pain, probing a wound, and curiously watching the deportment of the sufferer.

There are many more who entertain a sort of general spite against humanity, and enjoy its smaller humiliations, losses, and vexations; who see something ludicrous in everything that alarms, disconcerts, and exposes, as though wit lay in the fact of one person being vexed while another looks on; to whom your being too late for the train, or breaking your horse's knees, or being put out of countenance, are exhilarating circumstances, although they are in no way benefited by your discomfiture; who from their own snug shelter will enjoy the spectacle of a wet, dripping holiday, when weeks of eager anticipation issue in the damp wretchedness of plodding thousands. This pleasure in witnessing disappointment is especially the diversion of spoiled and pampered youth, which has not yet realized the possibility that its own turn may come, and looks upon all misfortune, great and small, in the light of a spectacle in which it has no other concern than as spectator. Time bringing coward fears, if nothing better, does much of itself to cure this heedless and hard-hearted malice. The smooth brow and rounded contour which told nothing of what passed within become vehicles of softer expression from the mere encounter with inevitable sorrow; the countenance which before was merely impassive catches the gift of pity, though self may still have the greatest share of it. But if otherwise, if the malice is anything more than thoughtlessness, then spite imprints a mark on the features which says more plainly than any other vice, Beware! For spite, even where it wishes no great ill and is kept in check by conscience, even where it consists in the mere *souçon* of malevolence, is absorbing. It broods, and thus the features are moulded into a sympathy with the inner mind which no temporary

transient misdoing imparts to them. It prompts thought to dwell most on what it hates or dislikes most; it dominates over revery.

Happily, however, these are not common physiognomies. That particular malevolent cast of eye and twist of lip are distinctive marks as rare as, on the other hand, are natures that are wholly foreign to some touch of the infirmity. Some few persons we may all know so free from this gall of bitterness as not only never to our knowledge to have said an ill-natured thing or betrayed a spiteful bias, but of whom we are confident that such a thing never happens either in sport or under provocation; who never teased even in boyhood; for teasing is the domestic form of the vice which should touch the consciences of the majority.

Teasing is undoubtedly a malicious practice where it inflicts annoyance designedly, though it may not be recognized as such because it constantly goes with liking, and is agreeable to the teaser in proportion to his interest in or attachment to his object. A pet son will tease his mother; a brother will tease his idolizing sisters, with the intention of vexing them, and will not stop till he has succeeded; yet all the while the entire party live in habitual ignorance of the motive at work, in a satisfied understanding that this is a sign of affection, and that the pain of the process is undesigned or inevitable; just as it was generally taken for granted that Tom Tulliver was fond of animals because he liked to throw stones at them. In some aspects of family life the illusion can scarcely be more than one-sided; but there can be no doubt that the bullying elder brother who torments his junior, finding the process more amusing with him than with a stranger, supposes in himself a fraternal fondness. Social as opposed to domestic teasing, can hardly be wholly unconscious, but it is assumed to be legitimate, — a necessary stimulant to the intercourse of friends, or a means of turning ill-humor to account. Thus Swift reports complacently to Stella how he had teased Prior the evening before because he himself was not in force: "I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at six. There was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. Harley made me read a paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain, without any fine manner. Prior swore I should never read any of his again, that he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world." Of course this would be as good as a play to the bystanders, especially as there are two courses open to the victim of spite, — the natural and the dignified; and curiosity is awakened. Prior may have done wisely to defend his verses at the expense of his temper; but he not the less followed nature's impulse, and made the desired sport. When Lord Chesterfield warns his son against wit, the spitefulness which was then its social garb was probably in his mind. "A wit," he says, "is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it, and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit in company as a woman is of a gun that she thinks may go off of itself."

All persons who for any reason preferred a quiet life, had in those days to use much the same argument against the loud social aggressions of spite. Thus Barrow on the malignity of so-called zeal: "A quiet sectary doth to most men's fancy appear more lovely than he that is furiously and fractionally orthodox." In fact, wit was not wit without a dash of spite.

"Spiteful he was not, though he wrote in satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature,"

and we are led to suppose that not only in books, but face to face, the science of provocation was carried to its highest pitch of spitefulness, and that the teasing was of that rough order described as "unfinching frankness." And this is the most piquant form of joke still to a public-house audience, who like to hear an unpopular member reminded that "there's things folks 'ud pay to be rid on besides vermin." We would fain hope that such pleasantries are confined in our day to bores, but fiction is at pains to assure us that the drawing-rooms of fashionable life still echo to similar utterances. Novels which profess to represent the manners of society amaze us constantly with these complacent pictures of vulgar spite. It was only the other day that we met with a heroine who, feeling herself "sat upon" by three elderly ladies at an evening party, chose to mistake one of them for a man, looking her in the face as she did so; to pity another for the chill of her low dress, as she must be seventy years of age; and to talk at the third with such malignant point that her victim was driven from the field, leaving her witty opponent victorious, and receiving the congratulations of an eager circle of observers.

It is a testimony to the self-control which civilization confers that spite is not the universal salt of conversation which all literature represents it to be. The fact is that tone and manner can convey the shades of ill-will much more delicately than most pens. If we are not intrinsically more amiable than our forefathers, we have at least found out this more refined method of annoyance. People used to be thick-skinned, and could give and take in a way which would now be extermination. Uncivil things may be so curiously concealed and wrapped up that it is only when too late that the point is detected, and the retort which springs to the dawning intelligence dies in its birth. It is by such arts that the cynical member of polite circles knows how to keep his hold of intercourse with sensitive persons whom it amuses him to irritate. Courtesy, the show of pleasing, cannot be dispensed with in decent society, whatever novelists may say. Dr. Johnson must have mended his manners, must have suppressed many a sneer and ugly, spiteful snub, had he lived in these days; and of course he would have mended them. Now, perhaps, the most effective theatres for such performances are the hustings for vulgar spite, and the House of Commons for refined exquisite malice. People may be civil to one another at home, without the assistance of Christian charity, when they have elsewhere a fitting arena for their spleen, and an antagonist at once worthy of their wit, and sensitive to its stabs. We hear of old maids and tea-tables, we see calm private spite now and then setting itself to some long-planned attack. But what can match in venom the scene when Greek meets Greek in the crisis of debate, when courtesies are flung aside, pungent recriminations take their place, and personalities set in? Then on either side quickened memory from "hiding-places ten years deep" drags forth the damaging fact, the broken pledge, the fatal periods of youth's heedless rhetoric. Then the blunders of a life are set in the glare of five hundred pair of eyes, exposed as a folly, magnified into a crime. And always the practised hand strikes where the nerves are most sensitive; the vigilant eye notes how each stroke tells, and gleams the keener

as anguish betrays itself; while, in rapturous sympathy, "the many rend the skies in loud applause."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

MANY years ago—so many that I don't care to reckon the exact number—it was my lot to pass a great deal of my time in France. A near relative had married and settled in what may be called the very centre of that country,—the former province of Berri,—and to his house I used to go during my school holidays, my college vacation, and my army leave of absence. Near the château where my relative lived was one of those small French towns which, being out of the way of the busy world life in which those who inhabit great capitals live, always seem to me the very headquarters of dulness and *ennui*. Still, such as it was, Le Blanc was the only place within twenty miles, or more, where a newspaper could be had, a letter could be posted, or a cigar could be purchased. In France, field sports are not of that exciting nature which they are with us. To rise at 5 A.M., start on a tramp over cultivated ground for five or six hours, and come home very much exhausted for the sake of bringing in a hare or a couple of partridges, was not what I called shooting, and so, during my sojourn at Bonasle, I generally confined my wanderings to the small town aforesaid. Gradually I came to know some of the people, and they began to know me. The Maire used to come forth from his little office, where he smoked all day, and greet me almost as an old friend. The Curé, who had, as a young man, served in the Algerian army, used to look out for me, and was always glad to hear such tales as I had to tell respecting the wars in India. Then there were two or three worthy souls, retired officers, who insisted upon taking coffee and *petits verres* of cognac at their expense whenever they saw me in the single street which constituted the only thoroughfare of the town, and who, when I was a very junior Lieutenant of Dragoons, insisted upon giving me the rank of Major, always speaking of me as "Monsieur le Commandant Anglais," and addressing me with as much deference as if I had been a lieutenant-colonel of life guards. Having visited the little place annually for several years, as school-boy, as collegian, and as officer on leave, the good people took an interest in me, and I in them.

It is seldom that an Englishman gets on intimate terms with French country-people, and still more rare for him to know thoroughly the ins and outs of all their little affairs. Such, however, was my case with the inhabitants of Le Blanc, and thus it was that I came to hear the tale of circumstantial evidence which I am about to relate.

There were in Le Blanc two priests, the Curé and the Vicaire (in France the *curé* is what we call the vicar, and the *vicaire* is what we term the curate), both of whom I knew, the former particularly well. There was, as I knew very well, no other clergyman in the place, and no other church within ten or a dozen miles; and yet, every now and then, I used to see an elderly and most venerable-looking man, dressed in the soutane, or cassock, of a priest, walking about the neighboring fields, and often coming out of the church, as if he had been there for his private devotions. After a time, being curious to know the name of this gentleman, I asked some of my friends, and they told me he was called "le père François."

Now, as the term "père" is in France only applied to the clergy who belong to the religious orders, and as the *cures*, *vicaires*, and others are invariably called "monsieur l'abbé" when spoken of, or to, I took it into my head that this old gentleman must be some sort of monk, who had perhaps forgotten, or perhaps thrown aside, his vows, and was now doing penance in this retreat for his past life. And yet there were certain facts which rendered this supposition very improbable. No man seemed to frequent the church more than the "père François." Not only was he always present at the daily mass, but I often saw him at his private devotions in the building when no one was present, and frequently noticed him at the altars as a communicant. His countenance was that of a man who had seen much trouble and gone through great grief, but by no means one which led me to think he had ever lived a bad life. And yet why should he dress like a priest and not officiate as such? Moreover, the inhabitants of the place, although always ready enough to speak of other people's business, either would, or could, give me no information respecting Père François's antecedents. Whenever they were questioned about him, they turned the conversation into some other channel. Thus it was that, although I had known the little town for some years, and had seen and bowed again and again to the old man, it was only at one of my last visits that I became acquainted with his history, and then only by mere chance.

Père François's real name was Caudret, — Monsieur l'Abbé Caudret. Many years before I had known him, — shortly after the restoration of the Bourbons in France, — he had gone to the ecclesiastical college of St. Sulpice, in Paris, with the intention of studying for the Church. His conduct at that establishment had been most exemplary, and after remaining there the usual four or five years, he had been ordained, and returned to his native diocese in the south, where he was at once appointed *vicaire* in a large town parish. In this position he had remained about six years; and when he left, on his appointment to be *cure* of a country parish, all his parishioners regretted extremely his departure. He was celebrated as one of the most excellent, self-denying, charitable, zealous, and yet judicious, priests in the diocese, and was equally well spoken of by his bishop, his fellow-clergy, and his parishioners. It was only after ten years spent in the most creditable exercise of his functions, that a cloud, which darkened all his after-life, cast its shadow upon him.

The *presbytère* (which we should call rectory, or vicarage) of M. Caudret's parish was situated near his church, but at some distance from the rest of the village. The latter was a very poor place, with no other village within six or seven leagues. Between the priest's house and the church, and built about thirty yards from the former, was a small house, consisting of two rooms, very modestly furnished, and called the hospice. In this hospice it was, and had been for many years, the custom to provide lodging for any stray traveller who asked for it, and who was too poor to go to the inn. One night a young woman called at the priest's house, and asked if she might take up her abode for the night at the hospice. She did so; and, as a heavy snow-storm came on next day, she remained the best part of a week, the priest's housekeeper giving her her meals in the kitchen of the *presbytère*, for she said she was poor, and on the way to her friends in a distant part of

France. On the fifth or sixth morning of her sojourn, as she did not make her appearance in time for the early cup of coffee, the housekeeper went to call her, and, to her horror, found the poor creature murdered in her bed.

The alarm was given, and it was evident that a double crime had been committed, rendering her murder all the more infamous. Search was made, and close to her bed was found a knife which belonged to the priest, and which he always kept in his study, — a long Corsican dagger, which he had preserved for years as a curiosity. It was afterwards given in evidence, that when this weapon was found, M. Caudret was observed to turn deadly pale, and almost to faint. Further investigation brought to light that from his study-window, which was on the ground-floor, to the hospice, marks of a man's foot could distinctly be seen coming and going. These marks agreed exactly with a pair of shoes which were found dirty in the study, and which belonged to the priest. A handkerchief of his was, moreover, found in the unfortunate woman's bed, and it had evidently been used as a gag to stop her cries. In a word, circumstances were such, and the evidence against M. Caudret was so strong, that the Maire considered it his duty to arrest him. The people did not know what to believe. Until now his character had been almost that of a saint; now he was discovered as having been guilty of the acts of a demon.

He was taken to Lyons, and there, after numerous tedious interrogations before this and that authority, put upon trial for his life. All he could urge in his defence was, that, during the night, when the crime had been committed, he had been awake by hearing, as he thought, some one in his bedroom. He had called out, and asked who was there, but, receiving no answer, had dozed off again. Subsequently, but he could not say how long after, he had been again awake by the noise, as he thought, of his study-window being opened. He had got up, gone into the study, but, seeing nothing to justify his alarm, had imagined he must have been dreaming, and had gone to bed again. In the morning he had awoken rather later than usual, and missed both his pocket-handkerchief and a pair of shoes that had been the night before in his bedroom. The former he thought he must have dropped somewhere during the day; and he was just going to inquire for the latter, when the alarm of the murder was given, and he had rushed out to see what was the matter. This much, and his antecedents, were all he could urge in his defence. In fact, the accusation seemed to come upon him like a blow, and to deprive him of all energy.

With us in England every accused man is supposed to be innocent until he is proved guilty. I don't say this is always literally the case, but such is the theory of our criminal law, and a very just theory it is. In France it is exactly the contrary. The practice of criminal proceedings in that country is that every accused person is believed to be guilty, until he is proved to be innocent. And such was the case with M. Caudret. He was questioned by this authority, badgered by that, bullied by a third, made to contradict himself by a fourth, and sneered at by a fifth, until he almost believed he was guilty; and yet the very consciousness of his innocence made him desperate. And certainly, if ever circumstantial evidence against a man was strong, it was on this occasion. That he was the most unlikely man in the world to commit any

crime,—and particularly such a crime,—every one admitted; and yet they could not help declaring that the evidence against him was terribly clear and distinct. Even some of his brother clergy, most of whom had known him as boy and man for thirty and more years, kept aloof from him, and declared, much as it grieved them to say so, that he was guilty.

The unfortunate priest underwent a long and most heart-breaking trial,—a prolonged mental torture, which can only be inflicted by a French criminal trial. As a matter of course the press was against him. In those days the fact of a priest being guilty of any crime was a subject of joy to the more than half infidel, and always bitterly anti-Catholic, newspaper writers of the period. These writings may or may not have influenced the jury. But, be that as it may, M. Caudret was found guilty, and sentenced to death. He met his fate with fortitude, merely declaring his innocence, and saying that it would be some day or other fully proved that he was innocent. A confessor attended him in his prison, and the authorities of that establishment could not but help noticing that after the first interview of that priest with the convicted man, he at any rate did not believe him to be guilty, although, of course, not a word was divulged of what had passed between the prisoner and himself.

In the days I write of, Charles the Tenth was king of France, and had a very great dislike to see any one, particularly a priest, executed. Although urged by the Minister of the Interior to sanction the capital punishment of M. Caudret, his Majesty obstinately—and, as it turned out, very fortunately—declined to do so, and commuted the sentence to one far worse for any man not an “habitual criminal” to bear, that of *travaux forcés* at the galleys, what we should call penal servitude, for life. The prisoner accepted the respite without a murmur, but without rejoicing. He was removed to Brest, and in a very short time he and his crime were forgotten by the outer world.

What a man of education, a man refined in his tastes, religious in his ideas, and knowing himself to be innocent, must have undergone at the *bains*, those only who have seen these establishments, and who know what goes on at those places, can form an idea. Our own penal prisons must be bad enough, but they are havens of rest and peace when compared with those of France. The only good description of these hells upon earth published in the English language was written some years ago by Mr. Sala, in a novel called “The Seven Sons of Mammon.” Those who recollect that writer’s account of the *bain* at Brest may imagine what M. Caudret had to endure for twenty-five long years of his life, and from which he only escaped at last by almost a miracle.

Charles X. had been dethroned; the Orleans dynasty had ruled over France, and had likewise vanished; the Republic had passed away like a dream; Louis Napoleon had been declared President, and then Emperor of France; and yet M. Caudret lingered in jail. He still wore the hideous yellow garments of a “lifer”; was sneered and jeered at as having been a priest; had to listen daily and hourly to language and tales of which the like could only be heard in the infernal regions; and was treated all the worse by the guardians of the abominable den, because he would not take part in the ribaldry and obscenity of the place. How he bore it—how he did not dash his head against the

walls, and get rid of his fearful life—God alone knows. He was never heard in after years to describe what he had passed through, except in a single particular. Throughout the long days and weeks and months and years that he suffered his punishment, he had one, and only one, occasional glimpse of happiness. That was when the priest, who was chaplain of the *bain*, used to admit him to confession. Then, and only then, did he hear for a brief period some few words of consolation, and listen to the conversation of an educated man like himself.

But whenever he had had one of these interviews with the chaplain, the guardian, or warden of the room, took a devilish pleasure in having him chained for the next few days to some prisoner who was, if possible, more profane, and a greater blasphemer than the others. In other respects, after he was liberated from the *bain*, M. Caudret, when questioned about the prison, shuddered at the recollection of what he had passed through, but would never enter into particulars. All he would say was that it was far worse, and infinitely more fearful, than any man who had not lived there could imagine.

His liberation was brought about in this way, long after he had given up all hope of ever being released save by death. At the galleys of Toulon, was a convict who had been sentenced to the *travaux forcés* for ten years, and had undergone nearly the whole of his sentence when he met with a terrible accident, by which he was so injured that the medical men declared he could not live more than a few hours. At first he could not believe them, but after a time, feeling himself getting worse, he accepted the services of the chaplain, of the prison to prepare him for death. The chaplain, who was closeted with him for some time, ended by sending for the governor, and saying that the prisoner had, before he died, a public statement to make.

In the convict prisons in France a similar event is not uncommon, for the intricacies of crime are so bound up with one another, that when a criminal dies he often discloses some mystery connected with his former life. Such was the case with this man. When the governor and the proper attesting persons had assembled round his death-bed in the infirmary, he declared himself to have perpetrated, twenty-five years before, the murder of a woman in the hospice of a village not far from Lyons, for which the *cure* of the place had been tried, found guilty, and condemned. He gave full details as to how the murder had been committed, as a sequel to the other outrage; and how, in order to divert suspicion, he had entered the *cure*’s bedroom by the window, taken his shoes, walked in them to the hospice and back, making the footmarks as plain as possible, and had also taken with him the Corsican dagger which he found in his study. Being himself at that time under police surveillance, and afraid that he would be imprisoned unless the scent was thrown upon another person, he smeared the knife in the blood of his victim, so as to make people believe she had been murdered by that weapon. He—the murderer—it was who had taken the priest’s handkerchief, which he found on the study floor, and had put it into the dead woman’s mouth, as if it had been used for a gag. In short, after his deposition had been forwarded to the proper authorities, it was thought to be so truthful that a formal inquiry was made, the judgment given a quarter of a century before was reversed, and the doors of his infernal

prison, greatly to his surprise, were thrown open for M. Caudret.

When this unfortunate man was declared innocent and set at liberty, his bishop offered to restore him his clerical faculties, and even to give him charge of a parish. But, although grateful for the kindness, he could not be prevailed upon again to take upon himself the duties of his calling. He said that the twenty-five years' residence at the *bains* had been such a pollution to his very soul, and that his body was so weakened and his whole nervous system so overset, that he was not fit to resume his functions. At the representation of the bishop an allowance of £20 a year was made him by Government and he retired to the small town where I met him, and where, after living for many years a most holy life, he died in peace some six or seven years ago. The French people have a sort of instinctive horror of any and every person — whether innocent or guilty — that has ever been connected with the *bains*, and this was the reason why they would not answer me about Pere Francois until they knew me better. I question whether any one ever suffered more from false circumstantial evidence than did this poor priest.

SHORT ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

THERE are two or three marked peculiarities in the vice of calumny. In the first place, considering the mischief it does, there is very little punishment to the person practising it. Personal vices are dearly paid for, even in this world; and most of us learn, through bitter experience, and by dire remorse, the sin and mischief of our wrong-doings.

Then there is the thorough ignorance, for the most part, on the part of the calumniator, of the mischief and the misery that he causes by calumny. A good, easy man, or one who believes himself to be such, may have been a steady propagator of injurious reports deeply affecting other people; and the poor man goes to his grave in the confident belief that he has been a most exemplary member of society. The most unfortunate fact about calumny is, that you seldom witness the sufferings you create by calumniating. Your other cruelties you know about, and often see the issue of them; but the agonies you cause by every form of calumny, detraction, disparagement, and erroneous statement, rarely come to your knowledge, or to the knowledge of any human being, except the person who is calumniated.

A certain humorist is wont to contend that the sum of misery in human life is always the same. He says the sum of forces in the material world is always the same, the quantity of motion is always the same, and so is the amount of human misery. It is in vain that you urge against him that everything has become milder in the world; that wars are conducted with less cruelty and less destruction of property; that religious persecution has, comparatively speaking, ceased to exist; that there is an immense advance in medical skill; and that, generally, humanity is in the ascendant. He is pleased to admit your statements; but contends that all these good things are counterbalanced by more sensitiveness on the part of the human race, and by their caring more and more for what is said and written about them; and also that there is so much more talking and so much more writing. In short, he maintains that the progress of calumny,

and the severity with which it is felt, will always counteract any advantages that are gained for the human race.

A strange thing, too, he observes, is this: that the less truth there is in the calumny, the greater are the sufferings of the person calumniated. "You would think," he says, "that when a man hears that something has been said or written of him that does not apply to him, any more than it would to the inhabitant of another planet, he would not take the calumny to heart. But no; this only makes him more furious and more vexed. If it did apply, he could then bear it, as he should deserve it; and so in this case the pointless arrow inflicts the severest wound."

Moralists have exhausted their energies in denouncing the vices of detraction and backbiting. With the exception of St. Paul's grand words about charity, — which embrace the whole subject, — perhaps the most practical remarks that have been made upon it are those which have been made by the writer who goes by the name of Thomas à Kempis. After denouncing the evil of uttering injurious statements known to be false, which, however, is comparatively rare, he goes on to say that you should not soon pour out to the ears of others those injurious reports even that you do believe. "*Nec audita, vel credita, mox ac aliorum aures effundere.*"

In a company of learned men there was talk about posthumous fame. Some said that it was a strong motive to exertion with many persons. Others maintained that its potency as a motive was very small indeed, except with a few half-crazy people, like Alexander the Great. All agreed that it was a foolish motive as applied to the mass of men, because anything that was worthy of the name of "fame" was unattainable for them.

A man writes an elaborate work upon a learned subject. In a few years' time, another man also writes an elaborate work upon the same learned subject, and is kind enough to allude to the former author in a foot-note. Twenty or thirty years afterwards, this second man's work is also absorbed in a similar manner, and his labors are chronicled in a foot-note too. Now the first man's fame, if you come to look at it carefully, is but small. His labors are kindly alluded to in a foot-note of a work which is also kindly alluded to in a foot-note of a work published forty or fifty years hence.

Surely this fame in a foot-note is not much worth having.

Then take the fame of a soldier, — of any but the few distinguished generals whose names may be numbered on your fingers. Take the officer who is mentioned in a despatch. It is no doubt a great thing for him in the present day to be so mentioned; but fifty years hence nobody will know anything about the battle, much less about the despatch, except that it was a battle lost or won by a certain general. It is a great chance if the name of the principal general on each side is remembered by the same person.

Surely the fame to be gained by having one's name thus embalmed in a despatch is scarcely worth the loss of a limb, to say nothing about the risk of one's life.

One of the few things which give one a high opinion of the world is its splendid favoritism. This man may leap over a ditch, when he ought to

have kept on the hither side of it; he may run, instead of walk, when walking is the proper thing; he may even be caught munching apples in his neighbor's orchard, — I speak metaphorically, — and the world declines to see that he has done anything wrong. It puts up its telescope to its blind eye, because he is a favorite.

Then there is another man, who shall always have the right quantity of starch in his shirt-collar, shall obey all the nine rules of propriety, and shall be of, apparently, unimpeachable virtue; yet the world, though it would not say so openly for the world, thinks him an ass, a pedant, and, perhaps, even a thoroughly bad fellow. Just let him, in a weak moment, disobey only one of the nine rules of propriety, and see how soon the world will be down upon him, for he is not a favorite.

Some of our transatlantic cousins (that most thoughtful man, Emerson, for instance) would, doubtless, explain this phenomenon by talking of the "over-soul," or some such great affair; but, at any rate, the phenomenon indicates that there is something which looms larger in the minds of men than the outer aspect of a man or his doings, or even their own forms and rules and proprieties, which yet they pretend to set such store by. That "something" is probably a great, fertile, and sympathetic nature in the favorite, which is perceived by all men, and heartily, though often but secretly, appreciated by them.

The famous Duke of Buckingham always seems to me to afford the best type of a favorite, having been a person of such a winning nature that his influence was equally potent with two men of such different characters as James the First and Charles the First, — the one, moreover, being the reigning monarch, and the other the heir-apparent, two personages that are seldom inclined to favor the same person.

Everybody who is fond of investigating character seeks for tests. Now, there are tests which, at first sight, seem to be good, but are really worth nothing. You may search forever, and be forever wrong, to find the crucial test of a man's character in his choice of a wife, of a house, of furniture, even of his friends, or of any of his many surroundings, for that which surrounds a man is not necessarily sympathetic with him. Tests of this kind fail, because of the influence of circumstances, which influence you can seldom eliminate.

Take, for instance, his friends. Friendship is often the result of the merest accident. One cannot but have some liking for one schoolfellow and college companions, whether they are especially suitable to one or not; and, indeed, throughout life, friendship depends much upon vicinity.

To find a certain test, you must have something that assuredly proceeds from the man himself, — something that he says, or does, when freed from the influence of others, and when uncontrolled by circumstances. Authors are far better understood than other men, because they cannot help betraying their real thoughts and opinions, as, when they write, they often forget who they are, with whom they live, and even what is expected of them.

In minor matters, it is often easy to find a good test. For example, if you want to ascertain what is to be ascertained of the character of a man from his style, open his book anywhere, and you are nearly sure to discern at once the peculiarities of his style. He never can conceal them.

If a man means to do a thing, and does not do it, you have a sure test. To take writing, again, as an instance; you can see that in such a sentence a man meant to do something forcible and telling, and to produce a great effect; but, perhaps, it is merely fine writing or bombast. You have at once a measure of the man's powers in that direction.

What he blames, what he praises, are good tests of his character. What he plays at, what he laughs at, are still better tests. All serious work is, to a certain extent, compulsory; but gamesomeness and laughter are, for the most part, involuntary. The serious beaver is always building his house, but, in that constant work of his, shows no peculiarity of beaver character.

It is better, in some respects, to be admired by those with whom you live than to be loved by them. And this, not on account of any gratification of vanity, but because admiration is so much more tolerant than love. If you are admired by those who surround you, you have little to explain, or to justify. They believe in you. And this makes the wheels of life go very smoothly with you. Of course love often infers admiration; but there are many instances in which the two things are utterly dis severed.

For people who are of that eager spirit that they must contend with something, or somebody, there are always the great men of former days to contend with, and, if possible, to be surpassed; and also, there is Nature to be wrestled with, who will not yield her "open secrets" without much compulsion, and who is an antagonist always at hand, offering full scope for our utmost energy and mettle.

FOREIGN NOTES.

ALFRED TENNYSON has returned from his tour in Switzerland.

It is said that more than 10,000 of the richer classes left Paris during the recent election disturbances.

"OUR New Way Round the World" and "Old-town Folks" are among the American books attracting attention in England just now.

THE clerk of the weather furnishes Calcutta with a devastating cyclone once a year regularly, — whether by contract or not is not known.

THE London Leader has changed its shape and commenced to publish a serial novel entitled "A Fast Woman." "The Fast Woman" is rather slow reading.

M. AMÉDÉE ACHARD's last book, "Les Trois Graces," is the history of three sisters, the Graces of the title, the sudden death of whose father drives them to work for a living. One becomes a nun, one a milliner, and afterwards the wife of a Paris shopkeeper, the third a governess, an actress, and a great many other improper things. The encouragement to what Carlyle called, many years ago, the literature of desperation, must be irresistible indeed in France, when M. Achard panders to it as he has done in many parts of this novel.

A RECENT discovery in the Département de la Dordogne of human skeletons coeval with the mammoths, and undeniably appertaining to the earliest quaternary period, presents features of such unusual interest that the French Government have sent

M. Lartet, the distinguished palæontologist, to make a report on the subject. He reports that the bones of five skeletons have been discovered, and that they belong to some gigantic race whose limbs, both in size and form, must have resembled those of the gorilla. But the simian origin of man must not be inferred from these analogies, as the skulls, of which only three are perfect, afford testimony fatal to this theory, having evidently contained very voluminous brains. The skulls are now in the hands of a committee of savans, who are preparing an exhaustive craniological report.

IN the Atlantic Ocean, a little to the west of the Azores, there exists a space seven times larger than all Germany, according to Humboldt, completely covered with a dense mass of marine vegetation. Monsieur Jules Lavinière has proposed to the Société d'Agriculture to make these floating meadows, as they are called by Aviedo, subservient to the purposes of agriculture. His suggestion is that the ships occupied during the summer in cod fishing should in other seasons be employed in conveying this abundant manure to the Azores, where an entrepôt could be established, the weeds pressed and dried, and the mineral salts they contain extracted. Analysis has shown that these weeds possess the same fertilizing properties as those employed as manure on the French coasts, and the *Revue Scientifique* declares the idea to be "très originale, et peut-être très féconde. Monsieur Lavinière calculates that these floating meadows produce annually sufficient vegetable matter to manure 900,000,000 hectares, a hectare being about an acre and a half.

"THE Harvard boating men," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "are doing their best to prepare for the contests to which they have invited Oxford and Cambridge. They are not accustomed to row with a coxswain, but they are practising almost daily with what they call their 'deadweight,' and the crew are all picked men. The captain, Mr. Loring, is said to be the best man of his time at an oar. There are to be several spare hands brought over in case any of the chosen crew fall ill. Two of these reserves are close upon six feet in height, and muscular in proportion. The race will excite great interest in the United States, and at Harvard much anxiety is felt that Oxford should send its best representatives, so that it may not be said hereafter, 'If we had put so and so in the boat, we could have beaten you.' The London Rowing Club are prepared to treat their transatlantic friends with great hospitality, and they may safely calculate upon receiving equally kind treatment wherever they go. It is only to be hoped that the experiences of the last match between Oxford and Cambridge will not be forgotten, and that by some means or other the steamboats will be kept under proper control."

A LETTER from Samarcand in the *Invalides Russe* gives an interesting account of the life of the Russians in that town. All the Russian inhabitants, says the correspondent, reside in the citadel except the governor, whose house, however, is so near that he can at any moment take refuge in one of the forts. These are so strong that no Bokharian army could take them. The Emir's palace has now entirely lost its Oriental character, having been converted into a hospital and storehouse for provisions. The mosques are to be used as Russian churches, and one of them is already provided with popes,

vestments, and other requisites for that purpose. A club has been opened by the officers of the garrison, and all sorts of luxuries, such as articles for the toilet, toys, ribbons, chignons, &c. are to be had in plenty at the shops. They are very sparsely provided, however, with more common and necessary articles, which are both bad and very dear. "Our pleasures," concludes the correspondent, "are such as might be expected from our situation. Two months ago we were visited by a conjurer, since when the only sight we have had was a Savoyard with a barrel-organ and a monkey."

AN amusing story is told in the Life of the Earl of Dundonald by his son, the present Earl of one of his squabbles with the Brazilian Government, which owed him so much and treated him with such ingratitude. When Brazilian naval commander-in-chief he was, says the son, "in spite of the Emperor's friendship, or rather in consequence of it, insulted in all sorts of ways by the Ministry." He received late one evening trustworthy information that the Ministry had arranged a plan for sending troops to search his flagship while he was on shore at Rio Janeiro, on the pretext that he had concealed on board a large amount of national treasure. Lord Dundonald, or (as he then was) Lord Cochrane, immediately took horse, and rode off to the Emperor's country palace, and demanded to see his Majesty. The gentlemen in waiting refused him entrance, and said that the Emperor had long since retired to bed. "No matter," replied Lord Cochrane, "in bed or out of bed, I demand to see him, in virtue of my privilege of access to him at all times, and, if you refuse permission, you will take the consequences." His Imperial Majesty was not asleep, if in bed, and hearing the altercation and Lord Cochrane's voice, he came out to ask what had brought his naval commander-in-chief there at that hour. Lord Cochrane informed his Majesty of the contemplated plan of searching his ship; there was to be a military review by the Emperor the next day, and while the review was proceeding troops were to be sent on board his ship to offer him this indignity. If they came on board, he told the Emperor, he would treat them as pirates. The story concludes thus:—

" 'Well,' replied his Majesty, 'you seem to know everything; but the plot is not mine, for I am convinced that no money would be found more than we already know of from yourself.' I then entreated his Majesty to take such steps for my justification as would be satisfactory to the public. 'There is no necessity for any,' he replied. 'But how to dispense with the review is the puzzle. I will be ill in the morning; so go home and think no more of the matter. I give you my word your flag shall not be outraged.' The Emperor kept his word, and in the night was taken suddenly ill. As his Majesty was really beloved by his Brazilian subjects, all the native respectability of Rio was early next day on its way to the palace to inquire after the royal health, and ordering my carriage, I also proceeded to the palace, lest my absence might seem singular. On my entering the room, where the Emperor was in the act of explaining the nature of his disease to the anxious inquirers, his Majesty burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which I as heartily joined, the bystanders evidently, from the gravity of their countenances, considering that we had both taken leave of our senses. The Ministers looked astounded, but said nothing. His Majesty kept his secret, and I was silent."

This was in the reign of Don Pedro I., the father of the now reigning Emperor.

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SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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THE THREE OVERHEARD WHISPERS.

I. THE FIRST WHISPER.

NIGHT after night the music clashed in our rear. It was very pleasant and interesting, as we lounged about in our little garden, or took coffee in the small building that served us for a summer-house. We were living in Paris, and, for the sake of economy, quite close to the barriers, for the rents get wonderfully cheaper as you clear away from the Champs Elysées and the Faubourg. Now close to our residence there was some place of public entertainment, the Salle d'Artois, I think they called it. We did not much like the proximity, but there was never any noise or disturbance, and the crash of the music through the summer air was at times pleasant enough. It is astonishing what children in respect to amusement our heroic neighbors are. In the prettiest locality they get up some parody of a theatre or some imitative Mabilles. I am bound to say, however, that our Salle d'Artois was a considerable ornament to our avenue, which converged, like many other identical avenues close by, to the main boulevard and the perpetual *rond point*. There was a revolving gate to the salle, or jardin, before which the inevitable gendarme lounged, and on each side there was a bowery expanse of foliage, and in the foliage were niched statues, claspedly holding lamps that shed a mild, seductive lustre. The general notion conveyed by the whole was that this illuminated pathway led you on to some ideal hall of dazzling delight; but we knew by the view from our back windows that the place was a mere barn, and that it belonged to that numerous class of entertainments of which the best part is to be seen on the outside and for nothing. A very moderate price, — half a franc, I think, — would give admission, and of this half franc half was to be returned to the ticket-holder in the way of *consummation*. It was, in fact, a mushroom sort of concert or casino place, of which so many spring up in the outskirts of Paris, and which provided a kind of rough entertainment for local patrons who wanted to do things cheap, and to be saved a journey into Paris.

The salle might be necessary for those people in *Les Ternes* who insisted upon some kind of amusement every night, and who, rather than not have it, would shoot for nuts or ride on horses in a whirligig. We Britishers do not require much amusement, and when we take it we like it of the very best. I don't know how often I had passed the alluring portal of the salle with its colored lights. I don't know how often I had n't had the benefit of

its rapid dance music. But I can truly say that the remotest intention of visiting this choice place of amusement never crossed my mind. Neither can I explain to myself up to this day how I ever came to do so.

I remember that it had been very hot all that day; that I had stopped at home trying all sorts of combinations with ice and eau de Seltz, which had the invariable effect of making things in general much hotter; that in the evening I had gone to two or three places where that day was the reception-day; that I had come back and, as my custom was, had smoked and taken coffee, looked through the *Moniteur du Soir* and *Le Petit Journal*, favorite publications in our economical quarter of the city. After that, in the cool of the evening, I took my little constitutional turn round the garden, smelling the wall-flowers that were our chief horticultural ornament. Then I paused. It was *onze heures*. Being a man of regular habits, as an ordinary matter I should have gone in-door, have tampered with my constitution with some more iced effervescent drink, and composed myself towards slumber with a book. But the music was crashing so emphatically that, to the dismay of the concierge, who, relying on my regular habits, had gone to bed, I sallied forth into the boulevard. "I declare," I said to myself, "I will look up our little salle to-night. There's nobody who will know me. And I've heard the music so often that they ought to see the color of my money."

Near the entrance there was a narrow lane, — about a stone's throw off. I think I see it now, narrow, and so dark from the huge buildings that lined it. And in the lane that night — I remember it so well — was a private cabriolet, with a dark-colored panel, and two servants in livery, waiting in a leisurely way, as servants wait who have waited long and have long to wait. Then I paid my coin, and the enchanted portal received me. I advanced up the fairy path, which came to an abrupt termination at the first curve.

I emerged on a mere shed, uncovered and opening on a bit of ground, the general effect being entirely sordid, the sordid effect harmonizing with all the accompaniments. There was some dancing going on, of an irregular and free-and-easy kind, a few only indulging in terpsichorean vagaries, while many more, seated at little or long tables, looked critically on. Not a few men were in blouses, and some women in caps, a genuine *ouvrière* class, which had been working hard all day, steadily looking forward to their evening's relaxation. Then there were some very dressy young men, with compan-

Now, as the term "*père*" is in France only applied to the clergy who belong to the religious orders, and as the *curés*, *vicaires*, and others are invariably called "*monsieur l'abbé*" when spoken of, or to, I took it into my head that this old gentleman must be some sort of monk, who had perhaps forgotten, or perhaps thrown aside, his vows, and was now doing penance in this retreat for his past life. And yet there were certain facts which rendered this supposition very improbable. No man seemed to frequent the church more than the "*père François*." Not only was he always present at the daily mass, but I often saw him at his private devotions in the building when no one was present, and frequently noticed him at the altar-rails as a communicant. His countenance was that of a man who had seen much trouble and gone through great grief, but by no means one which led me to think he had ever lived a bad life. And yet why should he dress like a priest and not officiate as such? Moreover, the inhabitants of the place, although always ready enough to speak of other people's business, either would, or could, give me no information respecting *Père François's* antecedents. Whenever they were questioned about him, they turned the conversation into some other channel. Thus it was that, although I had known the little town for some years, and had seen and bowed again and again to the old man, it was only at one of my last visits that I became acquainted with his history, and then only by mere chance.

Père François's real name was Caudret, — *Monsieur l'Abbé Caudret*. Many years before I had known him, — shortly after the restoration of the Bourbons in France, — he had gone to the ecclesiastical college of St. Sulpice, in Paris, with the intention of studying for the Church. His conduct at that establishment had been most exemplary, and after remaining there the usual four or five years, he had been ordained, and returned to his native diocese in the south, where he was at once appointed *vicar* in a large town parish. In this position he had remained about six years; and when he left, on his appointment to be *curé* of a country parish, all his parishioners regretted extremely his departure. He was celebrated as one of the most excellent, self-denying, charitable, zealous, and yet judicious, priests in the diocese, and was equally well spoken of by his bishop, his fellow-clergy, and his parishioners. It was only after ten years spent in the most creditable exercise of his functions, that a cloud, which darkened all his after-life, cast its shadow upon him.

The *presbytere* (which we should call rectory, or vicarage) of *M. Caudret's* parish was situated near his church, but at some distance from the rest of the village. The latter was a very poor place, with no other village within six or seven leagues. Between the priest's house and the church, and built about thirty yards from the former, was a small house, consisting of two rooms, very modestly furnished, and called the hospice. In this hospice it was, and had been for many years, the custom to provide lodging for any stray traveller who asked for it, and who was too poor to go to the inn. One night a young woman called at the priest's house, and asked if she might take up her abode for the night at the hospice. She did so; and, as a heavy snow-storm came on next day, she remained the best part of a week, the priest's housekeeper giving her her meals in the kitchen of the *presbytere*, for she said she was poor, and on the way to her friends in a distant part of

France. On the fifth or sixth morning of her sojourn, as she did not make her appearance in time for the early cup of coffee, the housekeeper went to call her, and, to her horror, found the poor creature murdered in her bed.

The alarm was given, and it was evident that a double crime had been committed, rendering her murder all the more infamous. Search was made, and close to her bed was found a knife which belonged to the priest, and which he always kept in his study, — a long Corsican dagger, which he had preserved for years as a curiosity. It was afterwards given in evidence, that when this weapon was found, *M. Caudret* was observed to turn deadly pale, and almost to faint. Further investigation brought to light that from his study-window, which was on the ground-floor, to the hospice, marks of a man's foot could distinctly be seen coming and going. These marks agreed exactly with a pair of shoes which were found dirty in the study, and which belonged to the priest. A handkerchief of his was, moreover, found in the unfortunate woman's bed, and it had evidently been used as a gag to stop her cries. In a word, circumstances were such, and the evidence against *M. Caudret* was so strong, that the *Maire* considered it his duty to arrest him. The people did not know what to believe. Until now his character had been almost that of a saint; now he was discovered as having been guilty of the acts of a demon.

He was taken to Lyons, and there, after numerous tedious interrogations before this and that authority, put upon trial for his life. All he could urge in his defence was, that, during the night, when the crime had been committed, he had been awake by hearing, as he thought, some one in his bedroom. He had called out, and asked who was there, but, receiving no answer, had dozed off again. Subsequently, but he could not say how long after, he had been again awake by the noise, as he thought, of his study-window being opened. He had got up, gone into the study, but, seeing nothing to justify his alarm, had imagined he must have been dreaming, and had gone to bed again. In the morning he had awoken rather later than usual, and missed both his pocket-handkerchief and a pair of shoes that had been the night before in his bedroom. The former he thought he must have dropped somewhere during the day; and he was just going to inquire for the latter, when the alarm of the murder was given, and he had rushed out to see what was the matter. This much, and his antecedents, were all he could urge in his defence. In fact, the accusation seemed to come upon him like a blow, and to deprive him of all energy.

With us in England every accused man is supposed to be innocent until he is proved guilty. I don't say this is always literally the case, but such is the theory of our criminal law, and a very just theory it is. In France it is exactly the contrary. The practice of criminal proceedings in that country is that every accused person is believed to be guilty, until he is proved to be innocent. And such was the case with *M. Caudret*. He was questioned by this authority, badgered by that, bullied by a third, made to contradict himself by a fourth, and sneered at by a fifth, until he almost believed he was guilty; and yet the very consciousness of his innocence made him desperate. And certainly, if ever circumstantial evidence against a man was strong, it was on this occasion. That he was the most unlikely man in the world to commit any

crime,—and particularly such a crime,—every one admitted; and yet they could not help declaring that the evidence against him was terribly clear and distinct. Even some of his brother clergy, most of whom had known him as boy and man for thirty and more years, kept aloof from him, and declared, much as it grieved them to say so, that he was guilty.

The unfortunate priest underwent a long and most heart-breaking trial,—a prolonged mental torture, which can only be inflicted by a French criminal trial. As a matter of course the press was against him. In those days the fact of a priest being guilty of any crime was a subject of joy to the more than half infidel, and always bitterly anti-Catholic, newspaper writers of the period. These writings may or may not have influenced the jury. But, be that as it may, M. Caudret was found guilty, and sentenced to death. He met his fate with fortitude, merely declaring his innocence, and saying that it would be some day or other fully proved that he was innocent. A confessor attended him in his prison, and the authorities of that establishment could not but help noticing that after the first interview of that priest with the convicted man, he at any rate did not believe him to be guilty, although, of course, not a word was divulged of what had passed between the prisoner and himself.

In the days I write of, Charles the Tenth was king of France, and had a very great dislike to see any one, particularly a priest, executed. Although urged by the Minister of the Interior to sanction the capital punishment of M. Caudret, his Majesty obstinately—and, as it turned out, very fortunately—declined to do so, and commuted the sentence to one far worse for any man not an “habitual criminal” to bear, that of *travaux forcés* at the galleys, what we should call penal servitude, for life. The prisoner accepted the respite without a murmur, but without rejoicing. He was removed to Brest, and in a very short time he and his crime were forgotten by the outer world.

What a man of education, a man refined in his tastes, religious in his ideas, and knowing himself to be innocent, must have undergone at the *bains*, those only who have seen these establishments, and who know what goes on at those places, can form an idea. Our own penal prisons must be bad enough, but they are havens of rest and peace when compared with those of France. The only good description of these hells upon earth published in the English language was written some years ago by Mr. Sala, in a novel called “The Seven Sons of Mammon.” Those who recollect that writer’s account of the *bain* at Brest may imagine what M. Caudret had to endure for twenty-five long years of his life, and from which he only escaped at last by almost a miracle.

Charles X. had been dethroned; the Orleans dynasty had ruled over France, and had likewise vanished; the Republic had passed away like a dream; Louis Napoleon had been declared President, and then Emperor of France; and yet M. Caudret lingered in jail. He still wore the hideous yellow garments of a “lifer”; was sneered and jeered at as having been a priest; had to listen daily and hourly to language and tales of which the like could only be heard in the infernal regions; and was treated all the worse by the guardians of the abominable den, because he would not take part in the ribaldry and obscenity of the place. How he bore it—how he did not dash his head against the

walls, and get rid of his fearful life—God alone knows. He was never heard in after years to describe what he had passed through, except in a single particular. Throughout the long days and weeks and months and years that he suffered his punishment, he had one, and only one, occasional glimpse of happiness. That was when the priest, who was chaplain of the *bain*, used to admit him to confession. Then, and only then, did he hear for a brief period some few words of consolation, and listen to the conversation of an educated man like himself.

But whenever he had had one of these interviews with the chaplain, the guardian, or warden of the room, took a devilish pleasure in having him chained for the next few days to some prisoner who was, if possible, more profane, and a greater blasphemer than the others. In other respects, after he was liberated from the *bain*, M. Caudret, when questioned about the prison, shuddered at the recollection of what he had passed through, but would never enter into particulars. All he would say was that it was far worse, and infinitely more fearful, than any man who had not lived there could imagine.

His liberation was brought about in this way, long after he had given up all hope of ever being released save by death. At the galleys of Toulon, was a convict who had been sentenced to the *travaux forcés* for ten years, and had undergone nearly the whole of his sentence when he met with a terrible accident, by which he was so injured that the medical men declared he could not live more than a few hours. At first he could not believe them, but after a time, feeling himself getting worse, he accepted the services of the chaplain, of the prison to prepare him for death. The chaplain, who was closeted with him for some time, ended by sending for the governor, and saying that the prisoner had, before he died, a public statement to make.

In the convict prisons in France a similar event is not uncommon, for the intricacies of crime are so bound up with one another, that when a criminal dies he often discloses some mystery connected with his former life. Such was the case with this man. When the governor and the proper attesting persons had assembled round his death-bed in the infirmary, he declared himself to have perpetrated, twenty-five years before, the murder of a woman in the hospice of a village not far from Lyons, for which the *cure* of the place had been tried, found guilty, and condemned. He gave full details as to how the murder had been committed, as a sequel to the other outrage; and how, in order to divert suspicion, he had entered the *cure*’s bedroom by the window, taken his shoes, walked in them to the hospice and back, making the footmarks as plain as possible, and had also taken with him the Corsican dagger which he found in his study. Being himself at that time under police surveillance, and afraid that he would be imprisoned unless the scent was thrown upon another person, he smeared the knife in the blood of his victim, so as to make people believe she had been murdered by that weapon. He—the murderer—it was who had taken the priest’s handkerchief, which he found on the study floor, and had put it into the dead woman’s mouth, as if it had been used for a gag. In short, after his deposition had been forwarded to the proper authorities, it was thought to be so truthful that a formal inquiry was made, the judgment given a quarter of a century before was reversed, and the doors of his infernal

justice. It was not mere "chat and jabber," as I had termed it. On the face of at least one of them there was an expression of terrible anxiety. The eye was wild, and the arm wildly struck out almost in an attitude of despair. As they once more passed by me, the elder one was speaking, and I heard her say in a compressed whisper of intense emotion, "*I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with any Frenchman.*"

So saying they turned abruptly from the alley, and went through a deserted path in the direction of the river.

III. THE THIRD WHISPER.

The next night, my wife and I and the young attaché were at the Théâtre Français at the Palais Royal, occupying a state box.

This was not one of the little amenities, as might be supposed, of journalism. The box had been lent to the embassy, and the embassy had given it to the attaché and the attaché had placed it at our disposal, subject to the pleasant condition of his own excellent company.

It was a most delicious box, such as you often get in Paris, but never in London. The London box retreats into bareness, ugliness, and shadow; but behind sittings in this box there was a perfect miniature little drawing-room, — a salon, cosy with couches and glittering with mirrors, where any number of one's friends might come round and chat between the acts.

The *parterre* was quite filled, not, as in the London pit, with a plentiful sprinkling of women and children, but with a critical audience of staid men, including, doubtless, a troop of *claqueurs*, but, nevertheless, sure to give eventually a clear discerning verdict on the merits of a new piece. It was a great night at the Français. There was a new piece by an eminent author, and this was also the *début* of a new pupil. Consequently, the house was completely filled, and M. Alphonse Kock and his backers were there in great force that night.

The actress was a great success; she was one who, all her industrious and innocent life, had been working for and looking forward to this night. The piece was so good that in a very brief time it was plagiarized for the London and New York stage.

In the interval between the third and fourth acts I had taken up my lorgnette and glanced through the house, and in the stage-box I saw the aristocratic young fellow who had been talking with the pretty English singing-girl at the Salle d'Artois.

That had been on the Monday night. On the Tuesday night we had been out to dinner as I had mentioned. On Wednesday I had been concocting my lucubrations for the Coketown daily paper, which heard "from our own correspondent" (great emphasis on the *own*), and to-day we were having this dramatic treat at the Français.

"Do you know," I said to the attaché, "who that man is in the upper stage-box opposite, with the bouquet, which I suppose he designs for Mademoiselle Reine?"

"Very likely," returned my diplomatic friend. "Papillon will be quite in love with Mademoiselle Reine. He's a terrible fellow, they say. Would you like to know him?" he continued. "I can introduce you presently. I shall meet him at supper on the boulevards."

"Who is he?" I said.

"Don't you know him? he belongs to the Jock-

ey Club, and is quite a great man just now. His father made all his money on the Bourse; but he is aristocratic looking enough for the Faubourg St. Germain."

"He is one of the Imperialist lot, then, I suppose, — a new man and a rich?"

"O yes, he is rich enough, if he does n't gamble it all away. He has got money and his wife has money."

"You don't mean to tell me that that young fellow is married?"

"O yes, he is. But when his wife has had a month or two at Paris he sends her home into Normandy, and stays on as a bachelor. Lots of men do that. Paris is so expensive that they cut the season down as much as they can."

"Is he a nice fellow?"

"Nice enough, according to Paris notions, but not very nice according to your English notions. A selfish lot, I expect. Very gentlemanly, but all on the surface, like most of them."

I am very punctual and domestic as a rule, but having seen this young fellow under such very different circumstances the other night, I felt a curiosity to meet him. I accordingly accepted the attaché's offer to go with him to the supper at the Maison Dorée.

I put my wife safely into the carriage which we had waiting for us, and strolled with my friend, the Honorable Mr. R——, along the boulevards to the café where we should meet Papillon. There were one or two men from the Jockey Club there, the successful dramatist of the evening, and the attaché with some diplomatic friends, who relieved the labors of the chancellerie with social relaxation at the Maison Dorée.

The supper was pleasant enough, as little Parisian suppers always are. But it is unnecessary that I should speak of it unless in reference to our gay young friend, Monsieur Papillon.

I was introduced to him, and he received me with the utmost *empressment*. His smile and his shrug were of the stereotyped Parisian character. I acknowledged, however, that his handsome face, his rich complexion, and his kindling eye would very probably make him a lady-killer, and his slightly broken English speech, which on the whole he spoke exceedingly well, and his foreign accent, would prove little hindrance to his killing English ladies. It was easy to see, from the little he said in conversation, that he was devoted to pleasure, and had an utter abnegation of all principle. And so much is this the ordinary state of things in Paris that I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be for the ultimate good of the world that Paris might be held beneath the Atlantic Ocean for a quarter of an hour.

Monsieur Papillon stared rather hard at me, as if haunted by some recollection of my face, but apparently he could not identify it. I had a momentary thought of reminding him of the Salle d'Artois; but, less from any reasonings on the subject than from an instinct, I mentally decided that it would be better not to do so.

He was certainly the most juvenile and joyous of Benedicts, and wore his married chains as lightly as if they were roses. He made one or two jocular allusions to "madame ma femme," stowed away safely in the department of Calvados. As supper became prolonged, Monsieur Papillon said he would send away his carriage. Presently he told one of the waiters to send his servant in to him. At once a

rather ill-looking fellow entered, whom I immediately recognized as having seen the other night amusing himself with the coachman while the carriage was waiting in that dark by-street in *Les Ternes*.

Monsieur Papillon beckoned the man to him and spoke quietly a few words, in that quiet, subdued tone in which people speak to servants when they do not wish to attract attention or to disturb company. Now it so happened that I sat next but one to this gentleman, my diplomatic young friend being interposed between us. I confess that I leaned back in my chair, and using him as far as I could as a screen, I sought to make out anything he might be saying. The attaché spoke to me, and I gave him a mechanical answer. I strained every nerve to hear what I could of that whispered conversation. At last, slightly raising his voice, but without departing from a whisper, he said,—

"Remember, — the *Maison Dupont at Fontainebleau*."

Soon after I departed. The fun of the party was growing too fast and furious for me. I was very married, and not able to regard connubial ties so slightly as that butterfly Papillon. It was a point of minor morals with me that I should get to bed by midnight. At midnight also the *Salle d'Artois* closed. Somehow, there was an impulse on my mind that I would go and survey the ground and see what the pretty English singer was doing with herself.

A *voiture de remise* took me quickly, and I arrived at the suburban place of amusement a good twenty minutes before it closed. But the company was thinning, and in a moment I saw that the principal person I sought was not there. I took some refreshment, and then tried, not unsuccessfully, to imitate the ways of those people who make a point of maintaining friendly relations with waiters and proprietors, in the cafés they frequent.

"Had mademoiselle, the pretty Englishwoman, been singing that night?"

"Yes, but she was gone. She was gone at eleven hours."

"Would she be there to-morrow night?"

"No, — this was her last night. Her engagement was terminated."

"How was that?" I asked next. "She sang very nicely. Did not monsieur the proprietor think so?"

"Yes, certainly, she did sing very well, — for an Englishwoman. But the public required novelties, and it did not do to keep the same singer long before them."

"Had she been there very long?"

"Not very long."

Here the man went away, and to my mind he did not seem to care to discuss the merits of the young lady who had just passed away from his employ.

That night I looked amid the contents of the parcel which M. Kock had sent me from the office for the paragraph to which he had referred, but I could not find it.

IV. IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

The next morning while I was dressing I took a sheet of paper and wrote down the three whispers which I had overheard in the course of the last three days.

They were, of course: —

(a) "O, no, no. It cannot be until Friday."

(b) "I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with any Frenchman."

(c) "Remember, — the *Maison Dupont at Fontainebleau*."

The curious notion had somehow wrought itself into my mind that it was possible that these three overheard whispers might stand in a certain relation and connection to each other.

It was just possible, but the chances were utterly against the truth of such a theory. There was indeed a certain speciousness in the idea. It might not be difficult to invent a framework of circumstances into which these three whispers might be tessellated and inwrought. But it was much more easy to suppose that the different whispers belonged to different sets of circumstances standing in no sort of connection to each other. Of course, on any doctrine of chances, the odds were tremendously against the theory of any such correlation as I was supposing. Taking the three sentences in their chronological consecutiveness, what on earth could a Friday have to do with an elopement from a convent, and what on earth could an elopement from a convent have to do with any particular locality at Fontainebleau? And how extremely unlikely it must be that a gay, frivolous, and not over reputable place like the *Salle d'Artois* could stand in any sort of connection with the staid solemnity of a convent! I had indeed, it is true, certain information beyond these whispers which might have a possible connection with their subject-matter.

There had certainly been an escape from a convent. Here Kock's newspaper paragraph possibly corroborated and identified the second whisper. But I could not see in what possible connection the remark (b) could stand to (a) and (c). It was possible that (a) and (c) might stand in a definite relationship. The chances of a coincidence between the two were immeasurably better than the chances of a coincidence between the three. The existence of that charming gentleman Monsieur Papillon was a connecting link between the two. Was it also possible that his existence could be adumbrated in the second whisper? i. e., "I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with a Frenchman." And now the subject which had been gradually growing on my mind made me feel quite hot and feverish. It seemed to me that some woful drama was being enacted that day in which, quite involuntarily, I was called upon to play a principal part. And this very day, of which the golden moments were slipping away so fast, was Friday, the day on which something was to happen, the scene of which was laid at Fontainebleau. I flung down impatiently a set of numbers, which had just come in by post, of the "*Coketown Daily Express*," although they contained some choice examples of my most careful observations and reasonings in politics.

"There is sometimes," I said to my wife, "a destiny in the overhearing of whispers. Do you remember the cranes of Ibycus?"

But my wife did not recollect the cranes of Ibycus.

"Ibycus," I said, "was a poet, who, travelling through a wild country, fell in company with two evilly disposed men, who set upon him to rob and murder him, in which design they succeeded only too well. The dying poet looked around for succor, but saw nothing but some cranes hovering in the air. 'O ye cranes,' he said, 'avenge Ibycus!' A month or two later his two murderers were in an open-air theatre, and some cranes were

visible not far off. 'Behold,' whispered one man to another, 'the cranes of Ibycus!' Now this remark was overheard. Ibycus was bound to this city, and there was surprise and consternation that he had not arrived. It was manifest that these two men, whose physiognomy was probably hardly in their favor, knew something about Ibycus. They were seized, examined separately, and the truth coming out, were both executed. Now these providential cranes brought murderers to justice. But it is manifest, my dear, that the casual over-hearing of a speech was the moving cause of the discovery, though the cranes have always absorbed the credit."

"Well," said my wife, "your overheard whispers gave a time, which is to-day, and a locality, which is Fontainebleau. There may be something worse than murder going on. Why don't you go down to Fontainebleau to-day?"

I was astonished at the direct simplicity of this suggestion, which had not occurred to my mind.

"Because," I answered, "I don't see how a convent can have anything to do with Friday or with Fontainebleau."

"But I thought you gentlemen, if you had a lot of data, did not mind having an x in it, but sought to solve its value in an equation."

This was really clever in the wife, and I thought there was something clever in the notion. Still, I was by no means prepared to fling away a day on spec and make, perchance, a bootless excursion. "But don't wait dinner," was my *ultimatum*, "for, after all, I might go down to Fontainebleau."

I presently gained the knifeboard of the Courbevoie omnibus and took three sous' worth of danger down to the Louvre. Then I continued to walk down the Rue Rivoli, bethinking myself that it was all in the direction of the railway station whence I must start for Fontainebleau.

But how astonished I was when, just as I gained the beautiful tower of St. Jacques, I came upon the very two women who had so greatly interested me in the garden of the Tuileries the day before yesterday.

Without the delay of a second I advanced to them and took off my hat. I turned to the elder one, who still had evident marks of grief and agitation on her countenance, and said, —

"Madam, will you allow me to speak to you for a few minutes on a very important matter?"

She gave a little shriek. "It must be about Clara, Mrs. Burns. O sir, tell me where is my daughter?"

I asked them if they would step across the road, and enter into the little enclosure around the Tower. We sat down on one of the pleasant benches close by Pascal's statue. The air was scented with flowers, the little children were playing about with their *bonnes*, and there was the fountain's musical ripple.

"Is your daughter," I asked, "a tall, handsome girl, — sings well, — has fair hair and complexion, but dark eyes, — about nineteen?"

"It must be she. It is the very same. O sir! where is she?"

But I was phlegmatically obliged to say that I had not the least idea of her whereabouts.

They were so downcast at this that I ventured to explain that I thought it possible we might be put on the right track to find her. Then I soon succeeded in getting their little story from them.

The elder lady was the widow of a London merchant, who, having always kept up a costly and

luxurious establishment, had left his family only poorly off, owing to a great depreciation in the value of his property. There were several daughters, and it was necessary that at least one or two of them should become governesses, which was hard upon girls who were accustomed to a gay and rather fast life. Mrs. Burns, an Anglo-Parisian friend of Mrs. Broadhurst's, had suggested to her that her daughter should enter a Dominican convent, where a school was kept, on what are called in England "mutual terms." The young lady was to give lessons in English, and receive some lessons in French. Board and lodging were to be provided for her, but no stipend was to be given.

After a time Miss Clara Broadhurst grew exceedingly dissatisfied with her position. The early hours and the plain fare of the convent did not suit her. She had a great notion that she deserved a stipend. She had also a great notion that she had better go upon the stage, or that she might do well as a singer at public concerts. Although the living at the convent was so plain, and the rules so stringent, Miss Broadhurst was not called upon in any degree to be treated as a Roman Catholic inmate would be treated; and all her school work being finished in the morning, she had full range of liberty between the early dinner and the early tea. There appeared to be no doubt but a great deal of this time was spent in the Bois de Boulogne. It appeared that she had made several undesirable acquaintances in Paris, in the case of English and French ladies against whom Mrs. Burns could not actually allege anything, but of whom she disapproved as companions of the daughter of her friend. Latterly Miss Broadhurst had been dropping hints to her mother that she had an opening in life much more to her taste than teaching in a French convent. Then her letters grew rarer, and then they ceased. Later still she disappeared from the convent. She had gone out one afternoon as usual, and had never come back. It had evidently been a step studiously contemplated, for all her clothing and effects, for some days past, had gradually been in course of removal.

[I may here state what subsequently transpired, — that she had obtained an engagement to sing at the Salle d'Artois. I was never able rightly to make out whether she had formed the acquaintance of Monsieur Papillon previous to or during this musical engagement, but have reason to suspect that the former was the case.]

Mrs. Broadhurst had immediately been telegraphed for by her friend Mrs. Burns to come to Paris; and in a state almost of distraction she had been making inquiries everywhere in Paris about her daughter, but had not hitherto met with any success in the search.

Such is a brief outline of the hurried story which they told me, and they now looked impatiently towards me to see what consolation or guidance I could offer them. My own mind was in a state of utter incertitude. I was uncertain even on the question of identification, — whether the girl I had seen was really the Clara Broadhurst who was missing. But here they were positive, and would allow no expression of doubt. I then told my trembling and astonished listeners that, assuming the identity, I knew that their Clara was intimate, and apparently deeply in love with a Frenchman; that I had heard her mention this present Friday to him in a way that looked like an assignation with him; that I knew that on this very day her engage-

ment to sing in public terminated; and I also knew that on this very day the Frenchman was going down to Fontainebleau. The almost irresistible inference was that she was going to accompany him to that place. I also told them that it was my intention to go to Fontainebleau that very day; but I did not think it necessary to say that I was going there simply on account of the young lady unknown, for then they might be building still higher expectations that might prove fallacious. I discovered that if we moved off at once we should be in time for as early a train as Monsieur Papillon was at all likely to take. We caught our train, and in about three quarters of an hour I and my two sudden and unexpected companions arrived at Fontainebleau.

The reader will probably recollect that long, straight road with its rows of straight trees, between the station and the town of Fontainebleau. We looked eagerly to see who might be our companions in the train: but no one whom I could recognize alighted at the station. When we got into the town, and had alighted at an ugly-looking hotel, I persuaded them to have some refreshment, and I endeavored to calm Mrs. Broadhurst's intense nervous excitement. Then I lighted a cigar, and strolled about, settling our plan of operations. My first object was to discover where the Maison Dupont might happen to be. I easily ascertained that it was a very respectable boarding-house kept by M. Dupont, a respectable and responsible man, situated about twenty minutes' ride from the town, on the verge of the forest. Finding that some hours must elapse before the arrival of the next train, I persuaded them to visit the palace and grounds; showed them the spot where the first Napoleon kissed the eagles, and took his farewell; showed them the pond where the third Napoleon tumbled topsy-turvy among the great carp; pointed out the Empress's gondola, which I believed was the very same that Lord Byron had used at Venice, and, in fact, exhausted all my little store of Napoleonic reminiscences. The ladies, however, were hardly in a state of mind that permitted them to do justice to my agreeable and improving vein of anecdote. I thought it best, therefore, to dismiss all notions of sight-seeing, and confine ourselves strictly to the immediate business of the day. Mrs. Broadhurst and I were immediately to proceed to the Maison Dupont, and Mrs. Burns was to return to the station and watch for the runaways. It was curious how the impression that they would arrive had now become rooted in our minds.

We drove leisurely to the locality that had been indicated to me, obtaining glimpses of flowery spaces and deep forest glades. When we arrived at the Maison Dupont, we were ushered into the pleasant presence of Madame Dupont, and, as I had agreed with my companion, I took charge of this sufficiently difficult and embarrassing business.

I asked Madame Dupont if she had any room for any more inmates.

Madame Dupont was very full, and was expecting fresh arrivals. Still, there was one chamber unoccupied.

Mrs. Broadhurst at once said that she would be glad to engage the room for herself.

Might I ask who were the new arrivals? We were daily expecting some friends of ours who were going to sketch in the forest.

She thought it was for a gentleman and his sister. The name was Bertrand. Her two best bedrooms

were taken for them, by telegraph. They had also wanted a private sitting-room, but she had only the use of the public rooms to offer them, but for the day at least they would have these rooms pretty well to themselves.

I will now put down in chronological order the few remarkable events of that afternoon.

Good Mrs. Burns waited for many anxious hours at that uninteresting station. It had been arranged that if they came and proceeded anywhere else than to the Maison Dupont she should follow them, and at once communicate with us by a messenger. But if they went to the Maison Dupont her mission was at an end, and she was to return to the hotel, where we would communicate with her.

The eight o'clock train from Paris duly arrived, and then, sure as fate, Mrs. Burns recognized her young acquaintance, Clara Broadhurst, leaning on the arm of a young dandified Frenchman.

"Why, Clara," said the good lady, "what brings you here, and how d'ye do? They told me that you had returned to England. Did n't you like the convent?"

"Madame," said Clara, very haughtily, and speaking in French, "I am sorry that I have no time to speak to you now. I may tell you that I am engaged to marry this gentleman, Monsieur Bertrand, of Marseilles, and have come here on a visit to some of his friends."

The gentleman had calmly ignored the stout English lady, and was hailing a voiture. Clara made a courtesy and swept past her. Mrs. Burns was petrified with astonishment. But she heard the word Dupont in the direction.

When Monsieur and his interesting companion arrived at the Maison Dupont, they were met by the smiling landlady, who told them that she was so sorry that she had no private room for them. There was only a gentleman in a salon, and she understood that he was going almost directly, as soon as he had done some little business for a friend.

There was a gentleman sitting at the window, with his hat in one hand and that day's "Galignani" in the other. This individual was the esteemed Paris correspondent of the "Coketown Daily Express."

As he entered I rose from my seat and faced him. "Ah, Monsieur Papillon," I exclaimed, "I am so happy; what an extraordinary encounter! I had the pleasure of meeting you in very agreeable company last night on the Boulevards."

He shook hands with me hurriedly and gave a forced laugh. "*Vous avez tort, Monsieur.* I am M. Bertrand, of Marseilles, much at your service. What do you say, — Papillon? it is one good joke. they call me that because I am light-hearted."

"Just as you like," I answered; "it is of no importance, but I don't think our mutual friend, the Hon. Mr. B., of the English Embassy, would take such a liberty with either of us as to make an introduction under false colors."

I noticed that he bit his lips and appeared greatly disgusted. His companion turned first towards him and then towards me her large, inquiring eyes.

"Ah, B., he is what you do call one funny dog."

"And so are you, Monsieur Papillon," I answered. "But how is madame, your wife, — and the charming little infant in Calvados?"

He changed color very much, and muttered a *mille tonnerres*. Then he seized his companion's resisting hand, and said, smilingly, "*Voilà madame.*"

"No, no, no," I said, laughingly. "That is not

M. Lartet, the distinguished palæontologist, to make a report on the subject. He reports that the bones of five skeletons have been discovered, and that they belong to some gigantic race whose limbs, both in size and form, must have resembled those of the gorilla. But the simian origin of man must not be inferred from these analogies, as the skulls, of which only three are perfect, afford testimony fatal to this theory, having evidently contained very voluminous brains. The skulls are now in the hands of a committee of savans, who are preparing an exhaustive craniological report.

In the Atlantic Ocean, a little to the west of the Azores, there exists a space seven times larger than all Germany, according to Humboldt, completely covered with a dense mass of marine vegetation. Monsieur Jules Lavinière has proposed to the Société d'Agriculture to make these floating meadows, as they are called by Aviedo, subservient to the purposes of agriculture. His suggestion is that the ships occupied during the summer in cod fishing should in other seasons be employed in conveying this abundant manure to the Azores, where an entrepôt could be established, the weeds pressed and dried, and the mineral salts they contain extracted. Analysis has shown that these weeds possess the same fertilizing properties as those employed as manure on the French coasts, and the *Revue Scientifique* declares the idea to be "très originale, et peut-être très féconde." Monsieur Lavinière calculates that these floating meadows produce annually sufficient vegetable matter to manure 900,000,000 hectares, a hectare being about an acre and a half.

"THE Harvard boating men," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "are doing their best to prepare for the contests to which they have invited Oxford and Cambridge. They are not accustomed to row with a coxswain, but they are practising almost daily with what they call their 'deadweight,' and the crew are all picked men. The captain, Mr. Loring, is said to be the best man of his time at an oar. There are to be several spare hands brought over in case any of the chosen crew fall ill. Two of these reserves are close upon six feet in height, and muscular in proportion. The race will excite great interest in the United States, and at Harvard much anxiety is felt that Oxford should send its best representatives, so that it may not be said hereafter, 'If we had put so and so in the boat, we could have beaten you.' The London Rowing Club are prepared to treat their transatlantic friends with great hospitality, and they may safely calculate upon receiving equally kind treatment wherever they go. It is only to be hoped that the experiences of the last match between Oxford and Cambridge will not be forgotten, and that by some means or other the steamboats will be kept under proper control."

A LETTER from Samarcand in the *Invalides Russe* gives an interesting account of the life of the Russians in that town. All the Russian inhabitants, says the correspondent, reside in the citadel except the governor, whose house, however, is so near that he can at any moment take refuge in one of the forts. These are so strong that no Bokharian army could take them. The Emir's palace has now entirely lost its Oriental character, having been converted into a hospital and storehouse for provisions. The mosques are to be used as Russian churches, and one of them is already provided with popes,

vestments, and other requisites for that purpose. A club has been opened by the officers of the garrison, and all sorts of luxuries, such as articles for the toilet, toys, ribbons, chignons, &c. are to be had in plenty at the shops. They are very sparsely provided, however, with more common and necessary articles, which are both bad and very dear. "Our pleasures," concludes the correspondent, "are such as might be expected from our situation. Two months ago we were visited by a conjurer, since when the only sight we have had was a Savoyard with a barrel-organ and a monkey."

AN amusing story is told in the Life of the Earl of Dundonald by his son, the present Earl of one of his squabbles with the Brazilian Government, which owed him so much and treated him with such ingratitude. When Brazilian naval commander-in-chief he was, says the son, "in spite of the Emperor's friendship, or rather in consequence of it, insulted in all sorts of ways by the Ministry." He received late one evening trustworthy information that the Ministry had arranged a plan for sending troops to search his flagship while he was on shore at Rio Janeiro, on the pretext that he had concealed on board a large amount of national treasure. Lord Dundonald, or (as he then was) Lord Cochrane, immediately took horse, and rode off to the Emperor's country palace, and demanded to see his Majesty. The gentlemen in waiting refused him entrance, and said that the Emperor had long since retired to bed. "No matter," replied Lord Cochrane, "in bed or out of bed, I demand to see him, in virtue of my privilege of access to him at all times, and, if you refuse permission, you will take the consequences." His Imperial Majesty was not asleep, if in bed, and hearing the altercation and Lord Cochrane's voice, he came out to ask what had brought his naval commander-in-chief there at that hour. Lord Cochrane informed his Majesty of the contemplated plan of searching his ship; there was to be a military review by the Emperor the next day, and while the review was proceeding troops were to be sent on board his ship to offer him this indignity. If they came on board, he told the Emperor, he would treat them as pirates. The story concludes thus:—

" 'Well,' replied his Majesty, 'you seem to know everything; but the plot is not mine, for I am convinced that no money would be found more than we already know of from yourself.' I then entreated his Majesty to take such steps for my justification as would be satisfactory to the public. 'There is no necessity for any,' he replied. 'But how to dispense with the review is the puzzle. I will be ill in the morning; so go home and think no more of the matter. I give you my word your flag shall not be outraged.' The Emperor kept his word, and in the night was taken suddenly ill. As his Majesty was really beloved by his Brazilian subjects, all the native respectability of Rio was early next day on its way to the palace to inquire after the royal health, and ordering my carriage, I also proceeded to the palace, lest my absence might seem singular. On my entering the room, where the Emperor was in the act of explaining the nature of his disease to the anxious inquirers, his Majesty burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which I as heartily joined, the bystanders evidently, from the gravity of their countenances, considering that we had both taken leave of our senses. The Ministers looked astounded, but said nothing. His Majesty kept his secret, and I was silent."

This was in the reign of Don Pedro I., the father of the now reigning Emperor.

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THE THREE OVERHEARD WHISPERS.

I. THE FIRST WHISPER.

NIGHT after night the music clashed in our rear. It was very pleasant and interesting, as we lounged about in our little garden, or took coffee in the small building that served us for a summer-house. We were living in Paris, and, for the sake of economy, quite close to the barriers, for the rents get wonderfully cheaper as you clear away from the Champs Elysées and the Faubourg. Now close to our residence there was some place of public entertainment, the Salle d'Artois, I think they called it. We did not much like the proximity, but there was never any noise or disturbance, and the crash of the music through the summer air was at times pleasant enough. It is astonishing what children in respect to amusement our heroic neighbors are. In the prettiest locality they get up some parody of a theatre or some imitative *Mabille*. I am bound to say, however, that our Salle d'Artois was a considerable ornament to our avenue, which converged, like many other identical avenues close by, to the main boulevard and the perpetual *rond point*. There was a revolving gate to the *salle*, or *jardin*, before which the inevitable *gendarme* lounged, and on each side there was a bowery expanse of foliage, and in the foliage were niched statues, claspedly holding lamps that shed a mild, seductive lustre. The general notion conveyed by the whole was that this illuminated pathway led you on to some ideal hall of dazzling delight; but we knew by the view from our back windows that the place was a mere barn, and that it belonged to that numerous class of entertainments of which the best part is to be seen on the outside and for nothing. A very moderate price, — half a franc, I think, — would give admission, and of this half franc half was to be returned to the ticket-holder in the way of *consumation*. It was, in fact, a mushroom sort of concert or casino place, of which so many spring up in the outskirts of Paris, and which provided a kind of rough entertainment for local patrons who wanted to do things cheap, and to be saved a journey into Paris.

The *salle* might be necessary for those people in *Les Ternes* who insisted upon some kind of amusement every night, and who, rather than not have it, would shoot for nuts or ride on horses in a whirligig. We Britishers do not require much amusement, and when we take it we like it of the very best. I don't know how often I had passed the alluring portal of the *salle* with its colored lights. I don't know how often I had n't had the benefit of

its rapid dance music. But I can truly say that the remotest intention of visiting this choice place of amusement never crossed my mind. Neither can I explain to myself up to this day how I ever came to do so.

I remember that it had been very hot all that day; that I had stopped at home trying all sorts of combinations with ice and eau de Seltz, which had the invariable effect of making things in general much hotter; that in the evening I had gone to two or three places where that day was the reception-day; that I had come back and, as my custom was, had smoked and taken coffee, looked through the *Moniteur du Soir* and *Le Petit Journal*, favorite publications in our economical quarter of the city. After that, in the cool of the evening, I took my little constitutional turn round the garden, smelling the wall-flowers that were our chief horticultural ornament. Then I paused. It was *onze heures*. Being a man of regular habits, as an ordinary matter I should have gone in-door, have tampered with my constitution with some more iced effervescent drink, and composed myself towards slumber with a book. But the music was crashing so emphatically that, to the dismay of the *concièrge*, who, relying on my regular habits, had gone to bed, I sallied forth into the boulevard. "I declare," I said to myself, "I will look up our little *salle* to-night. There's nobody who will know me. And I've heard the music so often that they ought to see the color of my money."

Near the entrance there was a narrow lane, — about a stone's throw off. I think I see it now, narrow, and so dark from the huge buildings that lined it. And in the lane that night — I remember it so well — was a private *cabriolet*, with a dark-colored panel, and two servants in livery, waiting in a leisurely way, as servants wait who have waited long and have long to wait. Then I paid my coin, and the enchanted portal received me. I advanced up the fairy path, which came to an abrupt termination at the first curve.

I emerged on a mere shed, uncovered and opening on a bit of ground, the general effect being entirely sordid, the sordid effect harmonizing with all the accompaniments. There was some dancing going on, of an irregular and free-and-easy kind, a few only indulging in terpsichorean vagaries, while many more, seated at little or long tables, looked critically on. Not a few men were in blouses, and some women in caps, a genuine *ouvrière* class, which had been working hard all day, steadily looking forward to their evening's relaxation. Then there were some very dressy young men, with compan-

Madame Papillon. Unless I am greatly mistaken, that is *Miss Clara Broadhurst*."

She started up, almost as if shot. "O sir! and do you know me? And is not this gentleman M. Bertrand, of Marseilles?"

"My child," I answered, "his name is Papillon. He is a member of the Jockey Club at Paris. His place is in the north of France, where he has left his wife."

She cast on him a look of the most indignant reproach. Then she burst into a flood of tears and began to moan. "O, what shall I do? What shall I do? My mother, my poor mother! O I wish I had never come to Paris! O my mother, where are you?"

"I am here, my child," said Mrs. Broadhurst, and she calmly glided from the *petite salon* adjoining, and folded her weeping daughter in her arms.

When I went up to Paris a few hours later by the night mail, among the gentlemen in the smoking compartment I recognized, with much satisfaction, my young friend, M. Papillon. He was very affable and offered me a light.

Miss Clara Broadhurst afterwards sang in a London concert-room. After a very short term of professional life, however, she married a very worthy man. I wonder, however, whether he—or indeed either of them—altogether knew about the curious incident of *The Three Overheard Whispers*.

APPARENT DEATH.

VERY lately the present writer was requested to attend, on a Monday morning, the funeral of a lady sixty-seven years of age, the wife of the mayor of a small French town, who had died in the night between the Thursday and the Friday previous. On the company assembling, the curé informed us that the body would remain where it was for a while, but that the usual ceremonies (except those at the cemetery) would be proceeded with all the same. We therefore followed him to the church, and had a funeral service without a burial. It transpired that the body was still quite warm, and presented no signs of decomposition.

In the ordinary course of things, this circumstance might not have prevented the interment; but the poor lady herself had requested not to be buried until decomposition should have begun beyond the possibility of mistake; and the family remembered, and regretted, that her brother had been put into the ground, three days after his death, while still warm, and with his countenance unchanged. They had occasionally felt uneasy about the matter, fearing that they *might* have been too precipitate in their proceedings. So in this case they resolved to take no irrevocable step without the full assurance of being justified in doing so. The corpse was kept uninterred long after every doubt was set at rest. Certainly we manage *some* things better in England than in France; amongst them being the interval allowed to elapse between death and interment. Still, there are circumstances and cases which, even here, afford matter for serious reflection.

It will easily be supposed that the dangerous briefness of this interval has been urged upon the attention of the French Legislature, and been ably discussed by the French medical press. In 1866, a petition was presented to the Senate from a

person named De Cornol, pointing out the danger of hasty interments, and suggesting the measures he thought requisite to avoid terrible consequences. Amongst other things, he prayed that the space of twenty-four hours between the decease and the interment now prescribed by the law should be extended to eight-and-forty hours.

A long debate followed, in which Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, took a leading part. He was decidedly of opinion that the petition should *not* be set aside by the "order of the day," but that it should be transmitted to the minister of the interior for further consideration and inquiry. Some of the venerable prelate's remarks produced so great an effect on his auditors as to merit particular mention. He said he had the very best reasons for believing that the victims of hasty interments were more numerous than people supposed. He considered the regulations on this head prescribed by the law as very judicious, but unfortunately they were not always executed as they should be, nor was sufficient importance attached to them. In the village where he was stationed as assistant curate in the first period of his sacerdotal life, he saved two persons from being buried alive. The first was an aged man, who lived twelve hours after the hour fixed for his interment by the municipal officer. The second was a man who was quite restored to life. In both these instances a trance more prolonged than usual was taken for actual death.

The next case in his experience occurred at Bordeaux. A young lady, who bore one of the most distinguished names in the department, had passed through what was believed to be her last agony, and as, apparently, all was over, the father and mother were torn away from the heart-rending spectacle. At that moment, as God willed it, the cardinal happened to pass the door of the house, when it occurred to him to call and inquire how the young lady was going on. When he entered the room the nurse, finding the body breathless, was in the act of covering the face, and indeed there was every appearance that life had departed. Somehow or other, it did not seem so certain to him as to the bystanders. He resolved to try. He raised his voice, called loudly upon the young lady not to give up all hope, said that he was come to cure her, and that he was about to pray by her side. "You do not see me," he said, "but you hear what I am saying." Those singular presentiments were not unfounded. The words of hope reached her ear and effected a marvellous change, or rather called back the life that was departing. The young girl survived, and in 1866 was a wife, the mother of children, and the chief happiness of two most respectable families.

The last instance related by the archbishop is so interesting, and made such a sensation, that it deserves to be given in his own words.

"In the summer of 1826, on a close and sultry day, in a church that was excessively crowded, a young priest who was in the act of preaching was suddenly seized with giddiness in the pulpit. The words he was uttering became indistinct; he soon lost the power of speech, and sank down upon the floor. He was taken out of the church, and carried home. Everybody thought that all was over. Some hours afterwards, the funeral bell was tolled, and the usual preparations were made for the interment. His eyesight was gone; but if, like the young lady I have mentioned, he could see nothing,

he could nevertheless hear; and I need not say that what reached his ears was not calculated to reassure him. The doctor came, examined him, and pronounced him dead; and after the usual inquiries as to his age, the place of his birth, &c., gave permission for his interment next morning. The venerable bishop, in whose cathedral the young priest was preaching when he was seized with the fit, came to his bedside to recite the *De Profundis*. The body was measured for the coffin. Night came on, and you will easily feel how inexpressible was the anguish of the living being in such a situation. At last, amid the voices murmuring around him, he distinguished that of one whom he had known from infancy. That voice produced a marvellous effect, and excited him to make a superhuman effort. Of what followed I need say no more than that the seemingly dead man stood next day in the pulpit, from which he had been taken for dead. That young priest, gentlemen, is the same man who is now speaking before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones, in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

A remarkable pamphlet, *Lettre sur La Mort Apparente, Les Conséquences Réelles des Inhumations Précipitées, et Le Temps Pendant lequel peut persister L'Aptitude à être Rappelé à la Vie*, by the late regretted Dr. Charles Londe, records accidents which are more likely than the preceding to occur in England. Even were the bathing season not at hand, deaths by drowning are always to be apprehended. We therefore cite the following:

On the 13th of July, 1829, about two o'clock in the afternoon, near the Pont des Arts, Paris, a body, which appeared lifeless, was taken out of the river. It was that of a young man, twenty years of age, dark complexioned, and strongly built. The corpse was discolored and cold; the face and lips were swollen and tinged with blue; a thick and yellowish froth exuded from the mouth; the eyes were open, fixed, and motionless; the limbs limp and drooping. *No pulsation of the heart nor trace of respiration was perceptible.* The body had remained under water for a considerable time; the search after it, made in Dr. Bourgeois's presence, lasted fully twenty minutes. That gentleman did not hesitate to incur the derision of the lookers-on, by proceeding to attempt the resurrection of what in their eyes was a mere lump of clay. Nevertheless, several hours afterwards, the supposed corpse was restored to life, thanks to the obstinate perseverance of the doctor, who, although strong and enjoying robust health, was several times on the point of losing courage, and abandoning the patient in despair.

But what would have happened if Dr. Bourgeois, instead of persistently remaining stooping over the inanimate body, with watchful eye and attentive ear, to catch the first rustling of the heart, had left the drowned man, after half-an-hour's fruitless endeavor, as often happens? The unfortunate young man would have been laid in the grave, *although capable of restoration to life!* To this case, Dr Bourgeois, in the Archives de Médecine, adds others, in which individuals who had remained under water as long as SIX HOURS were recalled to life by efforts which a weaker conviction than his own would have refrained from making. These

facts lead Dr. Londe to the conclusion that, *every day, drowned individuals are buried, who, with greater perseverance might be restored to life.*

Nor is suffocation by foul air and mephitical gas a rare form of death in the United Kingdom. It is possible that suspended animation may now and then have been mistaken for the absolute extinction of life. Dr. Londe gives an instructive case to the purpose. At the extremity of a large grocer's shop, a close, narrow corner, or rather hole, was the sleeping-place of the shopman who managed the night sale till the shop was closed, and who opened the shutters at four in the morning. On the 16th of January, 1825, there were loud knocks at the grocer's door. As nobody stirred to open it, the grocer rose himself, grumbling at the shopman's laziness, and proceeding to his sleeping-hole to scold him. He found him motionless in bed, completely deprived of consciousness. Terror-struck by the idea of sudden death, he immediately sent in search of a doctor, who suspected a case of asphyxia by mephitism. His suspicions were confirmed by the sight of a night-lamp, which had gone out, although well supplied with oil and wick; and by a portable stove containing the remains of charcoal partly reduced to ashes.

In spite of a severe frost, he immediately had the patient taken into the open air, and kept on a chair in a position as nearly vertical as possible. The limbs of the sufferer hung loose and drooping, the pupils were motionless, with no trace either of breathing or pulsation of the heart or arteries; in short, there were all the signs of death. The most approved modes of restoring animation were persisted in for a long while, without success. At last, about three in the afternoon, that is, after *eleven hours'* continued exertion, a slight movement was heard in the region of the heart. A few hours afterwards the patient opened his eyes, regained consciousness, and was able to converse with the spectators attracted by his resurrection. Dr. Londe draws the same conclusions as before; namely, that persons suffocated by mephitism are not unfrequently buried when they might be saved.

We have had cholera in Great Britain, and may have it again. At such trying times, if ever, hurried interments are not merely excusable, but almost unavoidable. Nevertheless, one of the peculiarities of that fearful disease is to bring on some of the symptoms of death, the prostration, the coldness, and the dull, livid hues, long before life has taken its departure. Now Dr. Londe states as an acknowledged fact that patients pronounced dead of cholera have been repeatedly seen to move one or more of their limbs after death.

While M. Trachez (who had been sent to Poland to study the cholera) was opening a subject in the dead-house of the Bagatelle Hospital in Warsaw, he saw another body (that of a woman of fifty, who had died in two days, having her eyes still bright, her joints supple, but the whole surface extremely cold), which visibly moved its left foot ten or twelve times in the course of an hour. Afterwards, the right foot participated in the same movement, but very feebly. M. Trachez sent for Mr. Searle, an English surgeon, to direct his attention to the phenomenon. Mr. Searle *had often remarked it.* The woman, nevertheless, was left in the dissecting-room, and thence taken to the cemetery. Several other medical men stated that they had made similar observations. From which M. Trachez draws the inference: "It is allowable to think

that many cholera patients have been buried alive."

Dr. Veyrat, attached to the Bath Establishment, Aix Savoy, was sent for to La Roche (Department of the Yonne), to visit a cholera patient, Thérèse X., who had lost all the members of her family by the same disease. He found her in a complete state of asphyxia. He opened a vein; not a drop of blood flowed. He applied leeches; they bit, and immediately loosed their hold. He covered the body with stimulant applications, and went to take a little rest, requesting to be called if the patient manifested any signs of life. The night and next day passed without any change. While making preparations for the burial, they noticed a little blood oozing out of the leech-bites. Dr. Veyrat, informed of the circumstance, entered the chamber, just as the nurse was about to wrap the corpse in its winding-sheet. Suddenly a rattling noise issued from Thérèse's chest. She opened her eyes, and in a hollow voice said to the nurse: "What are you doing here? I am not dead. Get away with you." She recovered, and felt no other inconvenience than a deafness, which lasted about two months.

Exposure to cold may also induce a suspension of vitality, liable to be mistaken for actual death. This year, the French senate has again received several petitions relative to premature interments. The question is serious in a country where custom (to say nothing of law) rules that burials shall take place within eight-and-forty, seventy-two, or at most ninety-six hours after death. And, considering the length of time that trances, catalepsies, lethargies, and cases of suspended animation have been known occasionally to continue, it is scarcely in England less interesting to us, though public feeling, which is only an expression of natural affection, approves, and indeed almost compels, a longer delay. The attention of the French Government being once more directed to the subject, there is little doubt that all reasonable grounds for fear will be removed.

The petitioners have requested, as a precaution, that all burials, for the future, should, in the first instance, be only provisional. Before filling a grave, a communication is to be made between the coffin and the upper atmosphere, by means of a respiratory tube; and the grave is not to be finally closed until all hope of life is abandoned. These precautions, it will be seen at once, however good in theory, are scarcely practicable. Others have demanded the general establishment of mortuary chambers, or dead-houses, like those in Germany. And not only the petitioners, but several senators, seem to consider that measure the full solution of the problem. Article 77 of the Civil Code prescribes a delay of twenty-four hours only; which appears to them to be insufficient. Science, they urge, admits the certainty that death has taken place, only after putrefactive decomposition has set in. Now, a much longer time than twenty-four hours may elapse before that decomposition manifests itself. Deposit, therefore, your dead in a mortuary chapel until you are perfectly sure, from the evidence of your senses, that life is utterly and hopelessly extinct.

In Germany coffins, with the corpses laid out in them, are placed in a building where a keeper watches day and night. During the forty years that this system has been in force, not a single case of apparent death has been proved to occur. This

negative result cannot be cited as conclusive, either for or against the system. In a country where a million of people annually die, an experiment embracing only forty-six thousand corpses is too partial to be relied on as evidence. Moreover, mortuary chambers exist only in a few great centres of population; and it is especially in small towns and country districts, where medical men are too busy to inspect the dead, that premature interments are to be apprehended.

Out of Germany, as in England and France, there might be a great difficulty in getting the population to accept and make use of mortuary chambers. And even if favorably looked upon in large cities, the rich, as in Germany, would refuse to expose their dead there to the public gaze. In the country and in isolated villages the plan would be impossible to carry out. M. Henri de Parville, while announcing the existence of an infallible test for distinguishing apparent from real death, protests that to wait until a body falls into decomposition is just as opposed to French habits, to hygiene, and to the public health, as mortuary chambers are unacceptable by the public in general. He holds that the legislature has already adopted the wiser and more practical measure. The permission to inter a corpse cannot be granted until the civil officer has gone to see the body of the deceased. When the Article 77 of the Civil Code was under discussion by the Council of State, Fourcroy added: "It shall be specified that the civil officer be assisted by an officer de santé, — a medical man of inferior rank to a doctor of medicine, — because there are cases in which it is difficult to make certain that death has actually occurred, without a thorough knowledge of its symptoms, and because there are tolerably numerous examples to prove that people have been buried alive." In Paris, especially since Baron Haussmann's administration, Article 77 has been strictly fulfilled; but the same exactitude cannot be expected in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the country, where a doctor cannot always be found, at a minute's warning, to declare whether death be real or apparent only. It is clear that the legislature has hit upon the sole indisputable practical solution; the difficulty lies in its rigorous and efficient application.

It has been judiciously remarked that it would be a good plan to spread the knowledge of the sure and certain characteristics which enable us to distinguish every form of lethargy from real death. It cannot be denied that, at the present epoch, the utmost pains are taken to popularize every kind of knowledge. Nevertheless, it makes slow way through the jungles of prejudice and vulgar error. Not long ago it was over and over again asserted that an infallible mode of ascertaining whether a person were dead or not was to inflict a burn on the sole of the foot. If a blister full of water resulted, the individual was not dead; if the contrary happened, there was no further hope. This error was unhesitatingly accepted as an item of the popular creed.

The Council of Hygiène, applied to by the government, indicated putrefaction and cadaverous rigidity as infallible signs of actual death. In respect to the first, putrefaction, a professional man is not likely to make a mistake; but nothing is more possible than for non-professionals to confound hospital rotteness, gangrene, with true post-mortem putrefaction. M. de Parville declines to admit it as a test adapted for popular application.

Moreover, in winter, the time required for putrefaction to manifest itself is extremely uncertain.

The cadaverous rigidity, the stiffness of a corpse, offers an excellent mode of verifying death; but its value and importance are not yet appreciable by everybody, or by the first comer. Cadaverous rigidity occurs a few hours after death; the limbs, hitherto supple, stiffen; and it requires a certain effort to make them bend. But when once the faculty of bending a joint is forcibly restored, — to the arm, for instance, — it will not stiffen again, but will retain its suppleness. If the death be real, the rigidity is overcome once for all. But if the death be only apparent, the limbs quickly resume, with a sudden and jerking movement, the contracted position which they previously occupied. The stiffness begins at the top, the head and neck, and descends gradually to the trunk.

These characteristics are very clearly marked; but they must be caught in the fact, and at the moment of their appearance: because, after a time, of variable duration, they disappear. The contraction of the members no longer exists, and the suppleness of the joints returns. Many other symptoms might be added to the above; but they demand still greater clearness of perception, more extended professional knowledge, and more practised habits of observation.

Although the French Government is anxious to enforce throughout the whole Empire the rules carried out in Paris, it is to be feared that great difficulties lie in the way. The verification of deaths on so enormous a scale, with strict minuteness, is almost impracticable. But even if it were not, many timid persons would say: "Who is to assure us of the correctness of the doctor's observations? Unfortunately, too many terrible examples of their fallibility are on record. The professional man is pressed for time. He pays a passing visit, gives a hurried glance; and a fatal mistake is so easily made!" Public opinion will not be reassured until you can show, every time a death occurs, an irrefutable demonstration that life has departed.

M. de Parville now announces the possibility of this great desideratum. He professes to place in any one's hands a self-acting apparatus, which would declare, not only whether the death be real, but *would leave in the hands of the experimenter a written proof of the reality of the death.* The scheme is this: It is well known that atrophine — the active principle of belladonna — possesses the property of considerably dilating the pupil of the eye. Oculists constantly make use of it, when they want to perform an operation, or to examine the interior of the eye. Now, M. le Docteur Bouchut has shown that atrophine has no action on the pupil when death is real. In a state of lethargy, the pupil, under the influence of a few drops of atrophine, dilates in the course of a few minutes; the dilatation also takes place a few instants after death; but it ceases absolutely in a quarter of an hour, or half an hour at the very longest: consequently, the enlargement of the pupil is a certain sign that death is only apparent.

This premised, imagine a little camera-obscura, scarcely so big as an opera-glass, containing a slip of photographic paper, which is kept unrolling for five-and-twenty or thirty minutes by mean of clock-work. This apparatus, placed a short distance in front of the dead person's eye, will depict on the paper the pupil of the eye, which will have been previously moistened with a few drops of atrophine.

It is evident that, as the paper slides before the eye of the corpse, if the pupil dilate, its photographic image will be dilated; if, on the contrary, it remains unchanged, the image will retain its original size. An inspection of the paper then enables the experimenter to read upon it whether the death is real or apparent only. This sort of declaration can be handed to the civil officer, who will give a permit to bury, in return.

By this simple method a hasty or careless certificate of death becomes impossible. The instrument applies the test, and counts the minutes. The doctor and the civil officer are relieved from further responsibility. The paper gives evidence that the verification has actually and carefully been made; for, suppose that half an hour is required to produce a test that can be relied on, the length of the strip of paper unrolled marks the time during which the experiment has been continued. An apparatus of the kind might be placed in the hands of the minister or one of the notables of every parish. Such a system would silence the apprehensions of the most timid. Fears — natural enough — would disappear, and the world would be shocked by no fresh cases of premature burial.

IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH.

I THINK we created some excitement at Falmouth. Unconventional in our attire, merry in our deportment, excited in our demeanor, and altogether imbued with that excellent Mark Tapscott philosophy of being "jolly under any circumstances," it is small wonder that we did create some excitement at Falmouth. We have none of us a word to say against Falmouth, — a charming, health-giving, and delightful spot, in the most beautiful of all English counties, Cornwall, — indeed, we are all of us inclined to mark with a white stone the day that the Falmouth expedition was proposed in a certain smoking-room, of which history knoweth not, but individuals a very great deal. The little army that invaded the place of which I am speaking, where the sea is of the bluest and the harbor of the grandest description, was mixed in its tastes, talent, and temper. In this consisted our jollity. We gave and took; smothered our absurdities; advertised our excellences; offended no one, and seldom laid ourselves open to giving offence. I am not egotistical, for I am speaking of the party in its collective form. We behaved prettily on all occasions. It was too hot to put ourselves out of temper, and the society too pleasant to suggest boredom. If young Cecil, the budding poet, chose to read Tennyson's Idyls, — backed up most strongly by Isaline Langworthy, with the fair hair and blue eyes, — on the pleasant cliff underneath the castle, we raised no objection. Those who cared to hear Cecil spout listened; and those who detested poetry went to sleep. If the famous Farquaharson, briefless barrister, orator, and sucking politician, chose to discuss Mr. John Stuart Mill and the female franchise, women's rights and the rest of it, — backed up most strongly by Maude Carruthers, with the raven hair and olive complexion, — we allowed him to rap his knuckles on the table, and talk us into a semi-idiotic state of stupor. If Harry Armstrong found delight in bringing his London manners into Cornwall, and preferred the society of a certain soft-eyed little divinity who sold newspapers and gum-arabic in the town to our sweet society, we allowed him to make excuses for

deserting us, and, with the exception of a little innocent and unavoidable "chaff," he was free to "spoon" all day in the stationer's shop for aught we cared. We excused Lillian Corner's scales and morning exercises, for the sake of her Heller, Hiller, Schubert, and Chopin; her tarantellas, moonlight sonatas, and reveries, with which we were favored in the evening if we behaved ourselves very prettily. The "irrepressible Edgar," as we used to call the youngest male member of our community, was allowed to give full vent to his overflowing spirits all day long, provided he woke us betimes in the morning to get our matutinal plunge in the blue waters that curled themselves refreshingly into "Summer Cove." And what of our host and hostess? Theirs indeed was a rule of love; and as they allowed us to do exactly as we liked, we were the more considerate in meeting their wishes, and pulling all together.

We had vainly imagined that we had seen everything worth seeing in the environs of Falmouth, and enjoyed ourselves as much as is consistent with human nature, when our party received a valuable addition. A certain sweet songstress of whom the world has heard, and of whom the world will ere long hear a great deal more, came down amongst us to breathe her native air, and get new inspirations and health from the woods and caverns and rocks and sea-music, with which we were surrounded.

But the songstress did not come alone. She brought her sweet voice and all our old pet songs; the songs set to words which were poetry, and the words wedded to music which breathed of love, and was therefore quite unsealable; she brought her cheery manner and her indomitable pluck,—she has been in the saddle during the late American campaign for days and days, has this sweet songstress of mine,—and she brought her brother.

Her brother was such a good fellow that I must really introduce him with a little bit of preface. He was, if I may make use of an expression, most puzzling at school, and most useful in after life,—a walking oxymoron. He was an Englishman, and not an Englishman. An Englishman he was in heart, and speech, and bearing; but destiny had stolen him away from his native land years ago, to shed his cheeriness on other climes.

So much, however, did he love the old country, that once in every three or four years he wended his way back again,—the lucky swallow!—his pockets full of gold, and his heart full of love, to spend a holiday in England and a little fortune in generosity.

During these holiday trips he never left his sister or his parents; and as his sister and his parents had chosen to run down to Falmouth, like a dutiful fellow, Washington followed them thither.

We were at breakfast when Washington burst in upon us at Falmouth; and breakfast at Falmouth was not such an early meal as it might have been. With that generosity and unselfishness which is characteristic of Englishmen, I will at once exculpate the whole male portion of our party.

The irrepressible Edgar was bound to wake us in the morning; and we were always on our backs in the sea by eight o'clock. But the women! oh, those dear women! Well, generally speaking, we had but little to complain of. They were cheerful, and bore the fatigue which strong-legged men not unfrequently impose upon fragile women without a murmur; but they were not proof against the nightly

exercise of that highly necessary, but eminently female organ, the human tongue! At ten o'clock, deceptive yawns were chorused forth, to take us off our guard, and persuade us to allow them to go to bed. Not an objection was urged. The poet perhaps looked somewhat more lachrymose than usual, and the orator came to a dead stop in an able harangue on the "Female Franchise"; but Isaline's hand was squeezed by the poet, and Maude's eyes followed by the orator, without another murmur at ten o'clock.

I am bound to confess that I don't altogether consider that the poet or the orator were quite fairly treated. Ten minutes after Isaline and Maude had disappeared in a bevy of beauty, the strangest, wildest, and most discordant noises proceeded from the upper regions.

That strange freemasonry of women which exists solely and entirely in the upper regions, at a time which should be devoted to sleep and rest, puts aside all thoughts of weariness previously assumed. Then commence the monkey-tricks of women. They wrestle and they plunge, they dance fandangos in limited attire, they vie with one another in feats of agility and fancy; they talk, they do one another's hair, they do anything but that for which they left the sweet society of males,—go to sleep!

The consequence is that, having devoted the freshest part of the night to folly, they have to devote the smallest part of the night to sleep. And when the morning comes, the great hungry men, ravenous from fresh air and salt water, have to fling pebbles and sand and gravel up at the windows in the upper regions, from which the tantalizing sirens will never emerge.

And so it came about that Washington found us at breakfast at an unorthodox hour, and we all got outrageously chaffed. We very soon saw that there were to be no half-measures with Washington. He did not intend allowing the grass to grow under his feet. His stay in England was limited, and that which had to be done was evidently to be "done quickly."

I must say that, up to the time of Washington's arrival, we had not made the most of our time. In the little smoking-room in which the expedition had been arranged, all sorts of excursions and drives, and picnics and sails, had been mapped out.

But, once at Falmouth, we dreamed away our time. It was very pleasant. We bathed till breakfast, and basked till lunch, and lounged till dinner, and sang and strolled till tea, and talked till bedtime; and so day after day slipped away, and Washington found us at breakfast prepared for another day's dream.

I suppose we wanted a leader. Energy—that is to say, personal energy—was out of the question. Washington assumed the vacant directorate and led us. It was a case of

"Ibimus! Ibimus! utcumque precedes Washington."

To tell the truth, it was Washington who persuaded me to go into the heart of the earth.

He did not begin rashly or impetuously. He did not frighten me with an accurate description of the "man-engine," and the "bucket," and the interminable ladders; but in a light and airy way,—before all the girls, by the by,—he led the conversation gently up to mines and mining adventures. He told us how the Princess of Wales and a talented contributor to "Punch" had been down the Botallack; and then taking stock of me, after a preliminary ex-

amination of my biceps and a general examination of other muscular developments, he asked me how I should like to be introduced to the Wheal Isabel.

"Of all things in the world," I said, "provided she be young and good-looking. But why Wheal? Is it a sign of endearment or a token of respect? Am I to understand from the mysterious word Wheal that Isabel is a Cornish Countess, or a Gypsy Queen? Introduce me to the Wheal Isabel? Certainly! Wheal or woe Isabel, could anything unfortunate be synonymous with such a charming appellation?"

"Hold hard!" he said; "this Cornish air of ours has filled you too full of ozone. Restrain your ardor. Isabel is not an enchanting maiden fashioned by your poetical imagination. She is no gardener's daughter, no maid of Tregedna, no coast mermaid, no Cornish beauty. She is black, deep, dirty, and terrible. She will cause you a ten-mile ride, trouble, fatigue, and some little expense; but the Wheal Isabel is worth knowing."

"In Heaven's name, then," said I, "who or what is she?"

"The Wheal Isabel," said he, "is one of the largest mines in this magnificent district; and if you would like to be introduced to her you shall."

"Coal?" said I, shuddering.

"Or tin?" echoed the mucilaginous Armstrong.

"Gold, no doubt," whispered Isaline in my ear.

"Nonsense," said Washington; "copper."

I very soon saw that at this very early period of the entertainment there was no getting out of an introduction to Wheal Isabel.

The curiosity of the women was fairly aroused. And that was quite enough.

In an instant the programme was mapped out entirely to the satisfaction of the girls. We were all to ride over to the Wheal Isabel under the mentorship of Washington, and I was to be the unhappy victim sacrificed on the copper altar.

Friend Washington, who, at one time, had been all cockahoop about the dangers and daring of the expedition, got out of it, or rather of the fatiguing part of it, with that irritating air of indifference peculiar to leaders of expeditions.

"You know, my dear fellow, I have seen these kind of things so often before, that it is really hardly worth while the trouble of changing one's clothes for it," said he, with that charming tone of superiority which is so comforting to the man who knows that he is about to make a fool of himself for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. "But I would advise you to go down," he added, suspicious that I would back out of it at the last moment. "You will never regret it."

And then he cleverly magnified me into a hero, whereas the girls said pretty and complimentary things, and the expedition was finally arranged. Our cavalcade was not altogether pretty to look at, but I think it may be safely termed a good one to go. Falmouth was not great in saddle-horses.

We had a 'bus-horse, a hearse-horse, a fly-horse, a wall-eyed horse, and a broken pummel. With these excellent assistants to a ten-mile ride along the Cornish roads, we started, amidst much laughter of parents, and cheering of neighboring butcher-boys, on our journey to the Wheal Isabel.

Very black and barren grew the land as we neared the Queen of Copperdom. The trees, somehow or other, left off growing; the fields seemed sown with ashes instead of grass; tall chimneys emitted huge volumes of smoke, and deserted shafts,

broken wheels, and grimy-looking monsters met us at every turn.

When four cross-roads met amidst a labyrinth of shafts and out-houses in the centre of a blackened heath, we drew rein.

"I think this must be the place," said Washington. He was right. A stalwart Cornishman came out to meet us, and to him we presented our credentials, addressed to the Captain of the Mine.

The captain was somewhat disappointed, I think, when he found that we were not all to be indoctrinated into the mysteries of mining. Miners are, after all, but men, and the laughing merriment of our joyous girls had already won over the rough heart of the honest miner.

"No, it is only this gentleman," said the treacherous Washington, with the old tone of superiority again. "I have been down mines scores of times."

This was all very well of Washington vaunting his superiority in this way, but why should he, by implication, assert that I was a fool because I was a novice, and because I had *not* been down a mine?

I was quite prepared to go through all the dirty work, but I wanted to be thought a hero, not a jackass.

The girls stood by me bravely. Their sympathy relieved me from some of the humiliation I felt, and they seemed determined, at all events, that I should not go down into the heart of the earth without a cheer.

I was handed over to the tender mercies of a sub-captain, who hinted that it would be as well if two other miners were told off as a private escort, to guard me through the lower regions.

"It's as well to have two or three with you, sir," said he; "they treat you with more respect down below, and they're a rough lot, I can tell you."

I assented, of course. At such a time it would, by no manner of means, be politic to dissent from anything or anybody.

For the next hour or so my life was in the hands of the slaves of the Wheal Isabel.

The sub-captain led me into a little out-house, where he personally superintended my toilet. I had imagined that it would merely be necessary to put a rough canvas suit over my ordinary clothes. But I was very soon disabused of this notion.

"We must have everything off, sir," said my guide, in a soothing medical tone, as if he were about to operate on me. "It's an awfully dirty place down there."

The costume will bear description. I was first encased in flannel, clean, of course; and over this came an old clay-stained, muddy, stiff miner's suit. My feet were wrapped in two flannel dusters and then thrust into a pair of old miner's shoes, miles too big for me. On my head was placed a very stiff billy-cock hat, literally as hard as iron, smeared with tal-low grease. On the brim in front the captain dabbed a lump of clay, and into this he stuck a farthing rushlight. About half a dozen more rushlights were suspended to my waist, and I was then pronounced ready for action.

On our way across the open to the hut in which our party was resting, my attendant asked me which way I intended to go down. Asked me, indeed! as if I knew what the good fellow was talking about. I was only anxious not to look a fool and to do exactly what I was told. I must own that I felt a perfect child in his hands.

"Will you go down," said he, "by the ladders, or by the bucket, or by the man-engine?"

He might just as well have asked me the Hindostance for Wheal Isabel.

"The ladders," said he, by way of explanation, "are the most tiring and the most tedious. You will take a good hour to get down by the ladders. The bucket is a dirty way of going down; besides, in this mine, it is used alone for bringing up the rubble and the ore, and any interference with this arrangement stops the working of the mine. Now the man-engine is the quickest way, and it is the way all the men here go down. Would you like to try it?" and then he added, looking at me, "but you must be very careful."

This was the first suggestion that had been made to me that there was any danger in my undertaking. Now the principle of the bucket and the ladders I naturally understood, but I had no more idea what a man-engine was than the man in the moon. My mentor, for some mysterious reason of his own, kept on quietly pressing the superior advantage of the man-engine. And so I consented. If I had only known then, at that quiet moment, away from the laughing girls and the heroic Washington, what I was undertaking, and the mortal agony I was about to endure, my prudence would most certainly have got the better of my pride, and I should have been whizzed quietly down in the dirty bucket.

But as it was, in my ignorance and in the innocence of my heart, I decided for the man-engine; and in a minute more I was ushered into the hut.

My quaint appearance was the signal for a loud burst of laughter. Some would "never have known me, would you?" others pronounced me a fright; but one little soft angelic voice declared me to be "a handsome young miner."

"You're sure you are all right?" said the same little confiding voice. "Have you had some brandy?"

"All right," said I, feeling very pale. "I should think so. Particularly now."

"But how are you going down?" said the sweet voice; "the captain has been telling us all about it."

"By the man-engine."

"For mercy's sake, don't! it's very dangerous if you're not accustomed to it. He told me so."

That tone of entreaty persuaded me more than ever that I would take the most dangerous route. It was very brutal, I know, but at such a time I would sooner have died than shown the white feather.

They escorted me towards the infernal machine like a criminal on his road to execution.

"Set it a going, Bill," said the sub-captain; and then in a few terse sentences he explained the principle of the engine.

Two parallel horizontal bars provided with iron steps at intervals of about ten yards, were forever working up and down, up and down. The method of getting down the shaft was by passing from bar to bar and from step to step the very instant the word "Change" was given. It was essentially requisite to change the moment the word of command was given, and to make no bungle or shuffle about the operation. The engine waited for no man. There was no possibility of calling a halt, and no saving hand to catch one if a mis was made. All one's safety rested with one's self. One false step or false clutch at the next rung, and it would have been all over with me. Now this fun was all very well with the daylight shining down the shaft, when one could see the iron steps and see

the handles, but in the pitch darkness it was simply awful. The rushlight in one's hat gave little or no light; and it was ten chances to one if the water dashing off the sides of the shaft did not extinguish it.

They practised me at first for a turn or two about a hundred yards up and down the shaft, and even in the daylight I bungled a little.

"You must change quicker, sir," said my guide; "if the iron steps knock against you, it will be all up with you."

I was very pale, I know, after the first short practice. I felt that I was doing a madcap act; I know that the men ought to have stopped me; the little voice, now quite trembling, begged me not to go; but I bit my lips and vowed I would not show the white feather.

"Do you think you are all right, sir?" said my guide. "Will you go? You must decide now finally."

"All right," I said.

And then the bell rung and down we went. I saw the little face,—it was the very last thing I saw,—and upon my honor I really and truly felt that I should never see that little face again except by a miracle.

But there was no time then to think of anything but my own safety.

That terrible monotonous word "Change" came ringing out from the dark depths of the shaft, uttered by the sub-captain on the next ledge below me. And I knew that my life depended upon every change.

Hours, days, years, yes, and centuries, seemed to pass between every change. It was like a hideous nightmare. The awful suspense between every word of command; the feeling that something terrible might happen next time; the loneliness of my situation, the darkness of the shaft, the rush of the water, the glimmer of the rushlights going down; the sad hollow echo of the captain's voice giving the word of command, and exhorting me to be careful, now kindly, now fearfully; all these things combined made up as hideous a day-dream as it is possible to conceive.

For full five-and-twenty minutes I was in this awful suspense, and in that time went through about five hundred changes.

At last, half blinded with beads of cold perspiration and nearly dead with fright, I heard the welcome bell ring again, and I was safe on the first ledge of the mine.

The man-engine went no further, and the rest of the journey had to be accomplished by ladders. I never told the men what I suffered, but in a rough, kindly way I was congratulated on my feat.

"I never thought you would have come, sir," said one. "It frightens most after the first turn."

"Can't you signal up that we are all safe?" said I, thinking of the little face.

"Yes, sir, to be sure."

And they did.

The signal came back again, "Thank God!" and all the miners took off their hats at the last signal. They are pious fellows, these Cornish miners.

I was quite two hours away from my friends, groping about, now on my hands and knees, now down ladders from ledge to ledge, now in a stooping position, now erect in the dark, mysterious corridors I found in the heart of the earth. It was

hot, — stifling hot, hotter than the very hottest room in a Turkish bath. But the stalwart, half-clad men working away at the ore were so interesting, and the metal sparkled so on the ground, and the scene was so strange and fascinating, that I could not tear myself away.

On and on I went, still forever walking on. I was very thirsty, and would have given anything for a draught of beer. But no stimulants of any kind are found in the heart of the earth. I was allowed, however, to put my mouth to the bung-hole of a water-barrel, and very refreshing was the draught.

"You can walk on like this for hours, sir," said the captain, seeing I was tired, and still determined not to give in.

"Is it pretty much the same?"

"I think you have seen all now," said he.

So we went back.

"Which way will you go?" said my guide. I was very tired.

"In the bucket," I said, without any hesitation.

With my pockets laden with copper ore, and in the rough embrace of a stalwart miner, — for it was close quarters for two in the bucket, — we were swung up to the daylight.

Dash went the bucket against the sides of the shaft, through which the water oozed and trickled and splashed. Lighter and lighter it became, until, at last, I saw above me the clear, blue, cloudless sky; and, half dazzled with the glaring light, and blinking like an old owl, I arrived safe and sound on terra firma.

They greeted me with another loud peal of laughter, louder and merrier than the last. My appearance was certainly not prepossessing. I was covered with red mud from head to foot, hot, dishevelled, wild, and weary. And then "I smelt so pah!" as Hamlet says. However, a refreshing cold bath, a hair-brush, rough towels, and a change of clothes soon made me presentable; and after an excellent luncheon in the board-room of the owners of the Wheal Isabel, we were all very soon trotting away towards Falmouth.

One word more. A brooch made from the copper ore I brought up from the mine rests on the neck of the owner of the little face which is looking at me as I write from a distant corner of the room. Sometimes when I am out of sorts — which is not very often now — I wake up suddenly from a disturbed dream in my old arm-chair, and fancy somehow that the little face is gone, that there is a strange singing in my ears, and from a dark unearthly vault a voice keeps moaning, "Change."

THE GREAT ROMAN REVOLUTION.*

[BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

In the famous controversy between Julius Cæsar and Brutus, the present age takes a different side from the last. Brutus used to be considered in the right, but public opinion now declares for Cæsar. Cæsar's partisans, however, may state their case in two ways. They may represent him as having simply achieved a great administrative reform, and made government more efficient at the expense of republican liberties. This they may consider to have been on the whole a necessary and useful

work, and they may respect Cæsar as a practical statesman, who had the wise hardihood to abolish venerated institutions when they had become, in the lapse of time, mischievous. But it is also possible to represent him as a great popular hero, the hope of all the subject nationalities of Rome, carried to power in their arms, and executing justice in their behalf upon the tyrant aristocracy that had oppressed them. If we take this view, no admiration or enthusiasm for him can be too ardent; and we not only regard Brutus and Cæsar differently from our fathers, but, as it were, reverse their positions. Cæsar becomes Brutus, and Brutus Cæsar. Brutus is now the tyrant, for he represents the oppressive aristocracy, and Cæsar is the tyrannicide, who armed himself in the cause of the nations, and stabbed the oppressor, once at Pharsalus, again at Thapsus, and again at Munda.

This latter view might be supported if we could assume that all the consequences of the revolution which Cæsar conducted were intended by him and by his party. By that revolution in the end the exclusive domination of the Roman aristocracy and of the City was destroyed; the provincials, who before had been insolently oppressed, now began to be more considered and more mercifully treated. If this could not have happened without the deliberate intention of those who achieved it, then the Cæsarians become at once enlightened Liberals, and Cæsar the greatest Liberal leader that ever lived. We are obliged, then, to suppose a vast tide of enthusiastic sentiment pervading the better part of the citizens, and the provincials moved by an ecstatic hope as the champion of mankind advances towards his final triumph, striking down one after another the enemies of the good cause. The Roman revolution is thus made to resemble the French, and Cæsar becomes a hero, a paragon, in whom appear the popular talents of Mirabeau, without his betrayal of the popular cause; the high aims of the Girondins, without their illusions; and the genius of Napoleon for war and government, without his egotism and brutality.

But the truth is that what Cæsar and his party intended is to be carefully distinguished from what they actually accomplished. The revolution had many beneficial results, which were indirect and little contemplated by its principal authors. If we study the movement itself we shall find that Cæsar was no champion of the provincials, that his party had no notion of redressing the wrongs of the provincials, that they were inspired by no desire to establish any general principle whatever, and by no enthusiasm except a military enthusiasm for their leader. The true nature of the revolution will very clearly appear, and its resemblance to the French Revolution will be shown to be an illusion.

It is certain, in the first place, that Cæsar did not in any degree owe his elevation to the favor of the provincials. He owed his elevation to the admirable efficiency of his army, and to his admirable use of it. This army contained no doubt Gallic auxiliaries, but the great muster of provincials was on the side of the Senate. Cæsar's provincial auxiliaries were better drilled, and, like his Roman legionaries, they were no doubt personally attached to him; but that he was the champion of their interests against the Senate never occurred to them. There is no trace that the provinces conceived themselves to have any special interest in the quarrel. According to their personal connections with the two leaders they ranged themselves

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on one side or the other, — the East for the most part with Pompeius, while Gaul was at the service of Cæsar. Their hearts, apparently, were not in the contest at all; but, if we ask on which side were their hands, we shall be obliged to reply that so little did they understand Cæsar to be their champion that the majority of them were ranged against him on the side of their oppressors.

But let us go on to ask, Why should they have regarded Cæsar as their champion? What was there in his career which might lead them to suppose him more kindly disposed to them than any other proconsul of his time? His most conspicuous act was the conquest of Gaul. Let it be granted that the greatest service he could do to Gaul was to conquer it. Let us even grant, for the sake of argument, that he was himself aware of this, that he acted from purely philanthropical motives, and distinctly understood the conquest of Gaul to be a necessary stage of the evolution of humanity. Still his conduct was surely of a nature to be misunderstood by Gaul itself and by the provincials generally.

His good-will towards the non-Roman populations was not so apparent that it could not be mistaken. He stood before them covered with the blood of slaughtered Gauls, an object certainly more pleasing to Rome than to the subjects of Rome. He might not be detested so much as the plundering, peculating proconsuls, but he must have been more feared; and so far from appearing to the provincials a deliverer from the tyranny of Rome, he must have seemed to represent and embody that tyranny in its most irresistible and inexorable form.

But perhaps Cæsar had, at some earlier time, identified himself with the provincials; perhaps he had introduced measures calculated to better their condition and enlarge their franchises; perhaps he had expressed disgust at the treatment they met with, and sympathy with their suffering. The answer is, that he had not distinguished himself in any such way. One or two prosecutions of extortionate provincial governors which he had undertaken could not give him any such distinction. Such prosecutions were recognized as the established way by which young men brought themselves into notice, and also as an established way of annoying the Senate. Yet these prosecutions were the only service he had ever rendered the provinces. In his consulship, at the time when he was the recognized leader of popular legislation, he had not appeared as the champion of the provincials, but of quite a different class, whose interests were, if anything, somewhat antagonistic to the interests of the provincials, — the poorer class of Roman citizens.

Again, if Cæsar was no champion of the provincials, neither was his party, nor those earlier leaders of the party to whose position he had succeeded. Their constituency from the beginning had been a different one. When the great controversy was opened by Tiberius Gracchus, there were in the Roman world, not to count the slaves, three aggrieved classes: first, the poorer class of Roman citizens; secondly, the Italian allies, who had not yet been admitted to the Roman citizenship; thirdly, the provincials. Now if the party which the movement of Gracchus called into existence, and which went on increasing its influence until, in the person of Julius Cæsar, it triumphed over itself and its enemies together, had really been the party of

the provincials, — if the Gracchi, and Marius, and Saturninus had been representatives of the interests of the empire as against the interests of the ruling city, they would have taken up the cause of all these aggrieved classes. The Italian allies, and still more the provincials, as the most numerous and the most oppressed class, would have claimed a larger share of their sympathy than the poor Romans. Yet, in fact, none of these leaders had ever said a word about the provincials, except, indeed, to propose that lands taken from them should be granted to Roman colonists. On the Italian allies they had not been altogether silent. Caius Gracchus had even undertaken their cause, but it then appeared clear not only that the party he represented was a different one, but that it was a party decidedly hostile to the Italians. The inclusion of the Italians in the colonization scheme of Marius also, according to Appian, "gave offence to the democracy." The truth is that there had been men in Rome whose liberality was real and comprehensive, but they were not among the democratic leaders, the predecessors of Cæsar. Two men in particular had disregarded party watchwords, and had indulged sympathies not purely Roman. Both of them were aristocrats, and inclined rather to the senatorian than to the popular party. These were Scipio Æmilianus and the great Roman Whig Drusus. The former died probably by the hand of an assassin when he was on the point of bringing forward the cause of the Italians. The other succeeded for a moment in effecting a coalition between a section of the *noblesse*, a section of the people, and the Italians, and was prevented by an accursed dagger from earning a place among the most beneficent statesmen of all history.

The Italians forced their way through the pale of citizenship by a war in which the Senate and the democracy were allied in deadly hostility to them. Marius, the uncle and immediate predecessor of Cæsar, fought against them in this war, no less than Sulla, the champion of the aristocracy. When Cæsar appeared upon the scene, therefore, the cause of the Italians was already won, and there remained only two aggrieved classes, — the Roman proletariat, crushed for the time by Sulla, and the provincials. Now it was the former, not the latter of these classes of which Cæsar made himself the champion. The provincials, as such, found no champion. Particular misgoverned provinces were from time to time patronized by rhetoricians who were equally ready, as Cicero showed himself, to take a brief from accused and evidently guilty governors; but neither Cæsar, nor any one else, ever raised the cry of justice to the provincials. Except in the case of the Transpadane province, — a province only in name, being within the limits of Italy, and already in possession of the inferior or Latin franchise, — Cæsar connected himself before the civil war with no measure of enfranchisement, and had given no pledge to the world that any oppressed class except the Roman populace would be the better, or have any reason to be thankful, for his success. No writer of the time regards Cæsar in the light of an emancipator. Cicero gives no hint that Cæsar's partisans defended his conduct on those grounds. That somewhat vacillating politician repeatedly in his letters balances the two parties against each other. He explains why, on the whole, he prefers Pompeius, but he has much to say against Pompeius also. In these letters we might expect to find Cæsar's championship of the

provincials, if he had ever undertaken, or was supposed to have undertaken, any such championship, discussed, and either allowed or rejected. Cicero, as a student of philosophy, was quite alive to enlarged and philanthropic considerations; if any such considerations made for Cæsar, we should surely have heard of it. But there is nothing in his letters to show that in the hot discussions which must have been everywhere going on any general principles were appealed to by the Cæsarians; that it had occurred to any Cæsarian to suggest, what occurs so naturally to us who know the sequel, that it was a monstrous injustice that the world should be governed in the interest of a single city, that the Senate were the authors and supporters of this system; that Cæsar was the man to put it down, and had undertaken to do so. The Cæsarians were a party without ideas.

It is most easy to delude ourselves into the belief that what actually happened was intended to happen; and since in this revolution the provinces did something towards throwing off the yoke of Rome, to describe the revolution as a convulsive effort on the part of the provinces to throw off the yoke of Rome. But the facts are before us, the process by which the revolution was accomplished can be clearly traced, and we can see that the provinces had no share at all in the revolution by which they ultimately benefited; that it was a purely Roman movement; that the evil — for there was such an evil — which the revolutionaries struggled against was of quite a different nature, and that the relief which the imperial system actually brought to the provincials was an indirect and secondary consequence of a general improvement in the machinery of government.

How, then, did the revolution really come about? Undeniably the immediate cause of the revolution was the practice, which had gradually sprung up, of conferring upon eminent generals for special purposes powers so extravagant as to enable the holders of them to rise above the laws. Where such a dangerous practice prevails revolution is at once accounted for. Such an experiment may be tried and no revolution follow; but at Rome it was tried often, once too often. How, then, came the Romans to adopt such a practice? What, on the one hand, was the occasion which led them to appoint these dangerous dictators? On the other hand, how came they to overlook the danger? To both these questions it is possible to give a satisfactory answer, and to answer these questions is to explain the revolution.

Republicanism at Rome, though successful and glorious for so long a time, had, perhaps, always been, as a creed, confined to a class. Long after the expulsion of the kings, it had been necessary to watch with extreme jealousy every individual who drew public attention too exclusively to himself. Cassius, Manlius, Mælius, perished for their eminence, and this shows how large a proportion of the citizens were felt still to retain monarchical predilections. But the republic succeeded so well that such jealousy at length became unnecessary; the glory and the regal disposition of Africanus brought no danger to liberty, though they clouded the last years of the hero himself with moody discontent. The disease, however, was only kept under, it was not cured. The government of a person was the instinctive preference of the lower orders, though the great families were able, as it were, to divide their allegiance among themselves. Anything

which should weaken or disorganize this firm union of ruling houses, anything which should sever the lower orders from them, would in a moment bring the monarch upon the stage again. For more than half a century after the mortal struggle with Hannibal the ascendancy of the nobles over the lower orders continued unbroken, and then, through the mere growth of the population and change of circumstances, it began to decay. It was simply a moral ascendancy; by the constitution, the rabble of Rome could at any time take into their own hands legislation and government.

The first Gracchus, with perfectly pure intentions, showed them the way to do this. The second Gracchus, influenced perhaps by revenge and party hatred, took this city rabble in hand, organized them, and formed them into a standing army of revolution. Spurious Mælius, in an earlier age, had been suspected of aiming at the tyranny when he sold corn at a low price to the poor during a famine. Caius Gracchus adopted the same plan. By his *lex frumentaria* he at once demoralized, and attached to the cause of revolution, a vast class which had before been in the tutelage of the aristocracy. The bond was now broken that attached the people to the hereditary rulers. And how little this people cared for republican liberty became apparent the moment it began to think and act for itself. It did not at once destroy the existing government. The habit of deference and obedience long remained in a people naturally as deferential and fond of aristocracy as the English themselves. But as soon as any cause of discontent arose, or public needs became pressing, they took refuge at once in a monarch, whom they created, indeed, only for a limited period, but from whom they neither took nor cared to take guarantees that he would ever give back into their hands the power which they had intrusted to him. Thus Caius Gracchus was supreme until his liberality began to include the Italians. Marius was supreme for five years, — had, in fact, a longer reign than Julius Cæsar. Pompey in his turn received as much power as he cared to use; and, finally, by the Vatinian law, the people plainly told Cæsar that they were his subjects as soon as he chose to be their king. At this point the people disappear; in all subsequent contentions the two parties are the Senate and the army.

Still the people showed no eagerness for revolution. As I said, it was only in cases of need that they created a monarch. And it was only because these cases of need occurred frequently that monarchs were frequently created.

And here arises the second question, what were these needs for which no other expedient could be devised? Perhaps it was the oppression practised by the senatorial governors upon the provincials. If so, then it would be true that the imperial system was introduced in the interest of the subject nationalities. But nothing of the kind appears. In the quarrels between the Senate and the moneyed class (called knights), the wrongs of the provincials are often paraded, for both the Senate and the moneyed class had a strong interest in the provincials, the one as governors, the other as tax-farmers. But the democracy never concerned themselves in any way with the treatment of the provincials, for it was a question which did not at all affect their interests. Quite different were the reasons which led them to call in dictators, and, if we examine the different cases, we shall find that the real mo-

tive was always the same. There was one evil to which the empire was constantly exposed; one evil to cure which, and to cure which alone, the imperial system was introduced.

What made the people give supreme power to Marius, and continue it to him for five years? First, the failure of the aristocratic government to carry on the war with Jugurtha; afterwards, the imminent danger of the empire from the Cimbri and Teutones. What made them give extraordinary powers to Pompey, and afterwards extend and increase them? First, the alarming spread of piracy in the Mediterranean, stopping trade and threatening the capital with famine; next the necessity of exerting unusual power to crush Mithridates. What made them give extraordinary powers to Cæsar? Rumors of an intended emigration of the Helvetii, raising apprehensions of a danger similar to that which Italy had experienced from the Cimbri invasion. Nothing can be more certain than the connection of cause and effect in these cases. The history of the introduction of imperialism is briefly this: government at Rome was so little centralized that the empire was unable to grapple with any really formidable enemy that assailed it either from without or within. To save themselves from destruction they were compelled, or thought themselves compelled, to resort frequently to the obvious expedient of a dictator. The more frequently they did this, the more did the republican government fall into disuse and contempt, the more did men's minds and habits adapt themselves to a military régime. The new scheme of government, whenever it was tried, succeeded. It accomplished that for which it was created. It gave the empire inward security and good order; it crushed foreign enemies, and extended the boundaries of dominion from the Rhone to the Straits of Dover, and from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. What wonder that in the end it supplanted the older constitution, when its advantages were so unmistakable, and the one thing it took away, Liberty, was that which the proletariat of Rome and the democracy of Italy had never either understood or valued?

The Jacobins used to think of Cæsar as a great aristocrat, patriotically assassinated by the noble *sans-culotte*, Brutus. I confess it seems to me not much less untrue to describe him as a champion of nationalities, and a destroyer of aristocratic privilege and exclusiveness. It was the war-power, not the people, that triumphed in him. The people, indeed, — that is, the people of Italy, — were, in the first instance, the authors of his elevation, but it was not enfranchisement that they wanted, it was simply military protection. The enemies they feared were not a Catullus or a Cato, but Helvetian or German hordes. It was not aristocratic privilege they rebelled against, but aristocratic feebleness, — the feebleness which had led to the shameful treaty with Jugurtha and the bloody defeat of Arausio.

That the revolution was a triumph, not of liberalism, but of military organization, will become still clearer if we now proceed to examine the new institutions which it introduced.

Had Cæsar lived longer, he would no doubt have stamped a liberal character upon his work. Though he was no champion of the provinces, and though he owed his elevation immediately to the army, and only remotely to the democracy, yet his disposition was liberal, and his statesmanship bold,

original, and magnanimous. He might, therefore, have developed at once and forced into ripeness those germs of good in the new system which, as it was, ripened but slowly. He might have taken away from Italy that unjust precedence in the empire which she retained for three centuries, and raised the provinces to citizenship and participation in the honors of the state. This he might have done; but had he done it he would have accomplished another revolution. That the empire at that time did not require such changes, even if it would have borne them, is plain from the fact that his successor, Augustus, was able to found a secure and durable imperial system, — was able, in fact, to conduct the movement which his uncle had begun to its natural goal, without appealing to any liberal tendencies. Augustus was in all things aristocratically disposed; his institutions bear the stamp of a conservative, exclusive, old Roman spirit. This did not prevent him from proving a most efficient successor to the liberal-minded Cæsar. It did not prevent him from being more completely successful than almost any statesman in history. The explanation of this is, that Liberalism was not of the essence of Cæsar's work. It adorned his character, and helped him in his early struggles, but the revolution he accomplished was independent of it, and when divorced from it could go on just as prosperously as before.

After the new system had been permanently settled in the tranquillity of the Augustan age, the great change which had passed over the empire was found to be this: A standing army had been created and thoroughly organized, a uniform taxation had been established throughout the empire, and a new set of officials had been created, all of a military character, all wielding greater power than the republic had been accustomed to intrust to its officials, but, on the other hand, all subject to the effective and rigorous control of the emperor. In other words, in the place of anarchy there had come centralization and responsibility.

We have heard much lately of the power which all organisms possess of differentiating special organs to meet special needs. The operation of this law is very visible in human society. In fact, it might be maintained that the whole history of a state is the record of a series of such differentiations. To take a simple example from Roman history: At an early time the kings, and afterwards the consuls, were at the same time generals in war and judges in peace. Life had not yet become complex. But, as population and activity increased, these functions showed a tendency to separate. At first all that the citizens were conscious of was, that it was necessary to have three men instead of two to do the work. So they created a prætor, with precisely the same functions as the consuls. But nature knew better, and by the gradual operation of a silent decree took away from the consuls their judicial functions, and from the prætor his military functions. Thus a differentiation was accomplished; and whereas there had been before but one organ of government, there were now two unlike each other: and whereas before all authority was conceived as of one kind, it was now regarded as twofold, administrative and judicial. Now we may apply this principle to the great Roman revolution, and describe it as a differentiation. War had originally been conceived as a function devolving equally upon the citizens. When the military season came on, the farmer or

shopkeeper left his peaceful occupations, donned his armor, and presented himself before the consul in the Campus Martius. When the campaign was over he went back to his work. But the larger the territory of the state became, the heavier the task that devolved upon its armies, the more numerous its dangers, the more extensive its vulnerable frontier, the more imperiously did Nature call for a military differentiation. The special need must be met by a special organ. A special class of men must be set apart for special military functions. I have shown that it was the necessity of defending the State against its foreign enemies that caused the revolution. In the throes of this revolution the new organ made its appearance. On the restoration of tranquillity, the Roman Empire is seen to be guarded by an institution which had been unknown to the republic, by a standing army of twenty-five legions.

This change constitutes by itself a vast social revolution in comparison with which any changes in the form of political government are insignificant. The rise of standing armies in modern Europe is well known to mark a great epoch. But it was a much less sudden and radical change than the corresponding change in the Roman Empire. For when the citizen resigned his arms to the professional soldier, he did not merely, as might at first sight appear, relieve himself of a disagreeable duty, disencumber himself of a burden which hampered his industry. He did much more than this; he placed himself under entirely new conditions of life. He parted with all his traditions, and blindly undertook to explore a new world. In the first place he resigned his liberty. We in England, who have witnessed the reconciliation of standing armies with liberty, may have some difficulty in understanding how impossible was any such reconciliation in the Roman Empire. But it is undeniable that under the imperial system the Roman did lose his liberty. With an equivalent, or without an equivalent, he parted with it, and no one who examines the history can doubt what cause principally contributed to deprive him of it. The emperor possessed in the army an overwhelming force, over which the citizens had no influence, which was totally deaf to reason or eloquence, which had no patriotism because it had no country, which had no humanity because it had no domestic ties. To this huge engine of despotism it was vain to oppose any resistance. Human freewill perished in its presence as in the presence of necessity. Not in institutions only, but in the hearts of men, liberty withered away, and its place was taken by servility and stoicism, and Byzantine Christianity. It may occur to us that checks to the emperor's authority over the army might have been devised. But these are modern notions. The army was called into existence not by enactments, but by revolution, and there was no collective wisdom anywhere, no parliament which could call attention to the danger, or discuss it, or provide safeguards against it.

But at the introduction of standing armies the Roman citizen parted with something else, something which lies not less near than liberty to the springs of human character. He parted with the conception of war as the business of life. The great military nation of the world—the nation which had bred up its successive generations to the task of subduing mankind, which by unrivalled firmness of cohesion, by enduring tenacity of purpose, by methodic study and science of destruction, had crushed all the surrounding nationalities, not

with a temporary prostration merely, but with utter and permanent dissolution—now found its work done and its occupation gone. The destructive theory of life had worked itself out. The army itself henceforth existed mainly for defence, and the ordinary citizen was no longer concerned with hostilities of any kind, whether offensive or defensive. Human life was forced to find for itself a new object. The feelings, the aspirations, the tastes, the habits, that had hitherto filled it and given it dignity, became suddenly out of date. It was as if a change had passed over the atmosphere in which men lived, as if the temperature had suddenly fallen many degrees, making all customs obsolete at once, giving an antiquated and inappropriate look to the whole framework of life. It was a revolution which struck with incongruousness and abortiveness the very instinctive impulses of men, placed an irreconcilable difference between habit and reason, preconception and fact, education and experience, temperament and reality, the world within and the world without. This might have a bright side. Poets sang of a golden age returned, and they hymned industrialism in exquisite language:—

“Agricola incurvo terram molitur aratro.”

But the real enjoyment of the new state of things was still remote, and required to be nursed by habit. It was an uncomfortable transition when the old instincts and ardors were superannuated and no new animating principle yet discovered. The new bottles had come before the new wine: the loss was felt far more keenly than the gain; the parting guest was shaken by the hand more warmly than the comer. A sullen torpor reigned in the first years of the millennium of peace, listlessness fell upon the dwellers in that uncongenial paradise; Mars and Quirinus were dead, and He who was to consecrate peace was scarcely born. Men were conscious of a rapid cooling of the air, of a chill gathering round them,—the numbness that follows a great loss, the vacancy that succeeds a great departure:—

“In uros et altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flames at their service quaint.”

I hope to return to this subject. Meanwhile, let me point out how the other institutions of the imperial system were determined by the presence of the standing army. Such a great force could not be kept up, particularly as Augustus renounced the profitable course of conquest, without a rigorous system of taxation. Augustus organized a land-tax for the whole empire, and laid the foundation of that fiscal system which in the end crushed the very life out of the people. Further, a great military system requires that great power shall be intrusted to individuals. Personal authority is the characteristic military principle. When, therefore, the standing army was organized, this principle received a great development.

From the beginning, the empire had many more great posts than the republic. It created the *legatus legionis* or commander of a legion (the legion had before been commanded in a very ineffective way by the tribunes in succession). This new officer, commanding more than six thousand men, held prætorian rank, and there were not less than twenty-five such officers at once. Besides this, three new prefectures were created,—the prefecture of the prætorian guard, the prefecture of the city, and the prefecture of the watch. If

we compare these new city officers with the city magistracies of the republic, we find that they confer a greater amount of power because their term is not limited to a year, and also that they all bear a military character, since an armed guard was attached to each. Another office, still more characteristic of the empire, was that of the *legatus Augusti*; this was the title given to the governor of one of the great frontier provinces. He united the functions of civil governor with the command sometimes of two or three legions and as many allied troops, — that is, an army of twenty or thirty thousand men. He was appointed by the emperor, and, like every one else, responsible to him. It is true that the proconsuls and proprietors of the republic had often held power as great, and with less responsibility; but when the standing army was fully organized and the frontier of the empire finally determined, these great commands became permanent, and not merely occasional. The great legates of the Rhine were regularly appointed always with much the same range of power; and as they were not chosen by the haphazard system of popular election out of a few privileged families, but selected with tolerable impartiality, for the most part, out of those who had approved their powers of government in inferior positions, they appeared much more considerable personages than the provincial governors of the republic. This seems to me the fairest side of the imperial system. Essentially military, it was an incomparable school of great military officers. It produced in singular abundance men capable of great commands, and conducting themselves in such posts not merely with ability, but with justice and moderation, though generally also with the hardness of the military profession. Such men as Plautius, Corbulo, Vespasian, Agricola, Trajan, all held the post of *legatus Augusti*, and they are the glory of the empire.

Surrounded by this splendid staff of military officers, prefects, legates, and commanders of legions, appeared the Emperor. In modern history, only Napoleon has occupied a position at all similar, — absolute disposer of an army of 300,000 men, and keeping his eye at the same time on military operations as distant from each other as the Thames from the Euphrates. His power was from the beginning so great, and became so speedily unlimited, that we are apt to lose ourselves in generalities in describing it. But if we examine the process by which this power grew up, if we watch the genesis of Leviathan, we shall clearly see the special need which he was differentiated to meet, — we shall plainly discover that he sprang, not out of democracy, not out of any struggle for equality between rich and poor, or between citizen and provincial, but out of the demand for administrative, and especially military, centralization. That Julius Cæsar began life as a demagogue is a fact which tends to confuse our notions of the system which he introduced. Let us rather fix our attention on Augustus, who founded and organized the empire as it actually was and as it lasted till the time of Diocletian. He began as a professed Senatorian, he acquired the support of the army, he became ultimately emperor; but with the democracy he never had any connection. It was the object of his life to justify his own power by showing the necessity of it, and by not taking more power than he could show to be necessary. The profound tranquillity of his later years proved that he had satisfied the empire. The uneasiness and unrest

which had filled the whole century that preceded the battle of Actium had shown that the empire wanted something which it could not find. The peace that filled the century which followed it, the general contentment which reigned, except among the representatives of the fallen republic, showed that the empire had found that of which it was in search. Yet assuredly no comprehensive enfranchisement, no democratic levelling of classes, had taken place. If the ancient boundaries had been overleaped in the times of disturbance, Augustus devoted himself as soon as peace was restored to punishing such transgressions, and preventing the recurrence of them. His legislation is a system of exclusions, a code of privilege and class jealousy. It consists of enactments to make the enfranchisement of slaves difficult, enactments to prevent freedmen from assuming the privileges of the free-born. He endeavored to revive the decaying order of the patriciate, the oligarchy of the oligarchy itself, — a clique which excluded Cato, and into which Augustus himself had gained admission only by adoption. He took pains to raise the character of the Senate, which was the representative of the aristocratic party, and to depress the Comitia, which represented the democracy. He bore, indeed, to his uncle a relation not unlike that which Sulla bore to Marius. Assuredly, any one who studies the Augustan age alone would conclude that in the long contest between aristocracy and democracy, aristocracy had come out victorious. Both parties, indeed, had sacrificed much, but in the Augustan age democracy was nowhere; aristocracy was on the lips of the prince and in his legislation; it was unfashionable to mention the name of Julius; the great historian of the age spoke with admiration, and nowhere with reproach, of his assassins, and earned from his master the epithet of the "Pompeian." Yet we are told this did not interrupt their friendship. The truth is Augustus was very much a Pompeian himself: an aristocrat to the core, and, sympathizing with the old republic in all things, he was yet the worthy and legitimate heir of his uncle, because he labored successfully to complete what his uncle had begun; and this an aristocrat could do as well as a democrat, namely, to give the Roman world centralization.

Monarchy has often been used in the interest of the people as a means of coercing an insolent aristocracy. The Greek *τίπαιροι* of the sixth century B. C., were popular sovereigns of this kind. But monarchy can also be used in the interest of aristocracy itself. Thus the monarchy of Louis XIV. was oppressive to the people, and supported itself upon the loyalty and sympathy of the noblesse. Now the Roman world wanted monarchy for its own sake, that is, it wanted a strong and centralized government; whether the monarchy favored the democracy or the aristocracy was a matter comparatively of indifference. The first monarch was democratic, the second aristocratic, but both were equally successful, both equally satisfied the wants of the time. For, unlike in most respects as Augustus showed himself to Julius, he followed him closely in the one essential point. Though without much talent or taste for war, he jealously kept in his own hands the whole military administration of the empire. Here alone he showed no reserve and wore no disguise, though in assuming civil powers no monarch was ever more cautious, or showed more anxiety not to go further than public necessity forced him.

He became permanent commander-in-chief; and — what shows clearly the conception which was formed of his special function — all provinces which were in the neighborhood of an enemy, and in which a large military establishment was to be kept up, were committed to his care, and governed by his commissioners. He assumed, besides, the power of a proconsul in every province, by which means he became a kind of Governor-General of all the conquests of Rome. If we examine the powers which were given to Pompey in the war with the pirates, we shall see that they were very similar to these, and that in fact the imperial system may be considered as a kind of permanent Gabinian Law, an arrangement by which a general was empowered to wield at his discretion all the military force of the empire, and to interfere in civil government so far as he might consider the military exigencies of the State demanded.

It confirms this view to find that the most serious embarrassment which Augustus met with, particularly in his later years, was the evident superiority in military ability of Agrippa to himself, for this superiority carried with it a sort of natural title to supersede Augustus as emperor, and the difficulty was only surmounted by a kind of tacit compact by which Augustus bound himself to deny Agrippa nothing, and Agrippa not to claim all, while in the mean while they placed themselves as much as possible in distant parts of the empire, and so avoided the danger of a collision. This view at the same time explains the infinite alarm with which Augustus received the news of the defeat of Varus in Germany, and the loss of three legions. Rome had weathered much worse storms than this. But what struck Augustus was that his system could not stand for a moment if it did not secure that for which it existed, the safety of the frontiers; that liberty and republican pride would be felt to have been sacrificed in vain, that Cato, and Pompey, and Cicero, and Brutus would seem to have been martyrs, if the empire was still liable to barbaric invasion.

Considered in this light, the imperial system will appear to have had for a long time a splendid success. Though the imperial period is inferior as a period of foreign conquest to the period of Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and Cæsar, this is not owing to any military superiority of republicanism, but to the fact that the imperial system had been practically introduced long before it was legally recognized. It was not by republicanism, but by a temporary suspension of republican principles that the great generals I have just mentioned achieved their conquests. Pompey in the East and Cæsar in Gaul were as absolute as Trajan, and it was because they were so that they had such great success. Their conquests, therefore, may be claimed for the imperial system, though not for the imperial period; and to estimate the military effectiveness of the republican system, we must look back to the disastrous years when general after general succumbed to Jugurtha's gold, and army after army to Cimbric hordes. It is true that the imperial system did not in the long run succeed, that the very evil which it was created to avert fell in the end upon the empire, that the frontier was passed at all points, and that the barbaric world overbore the Roman. But two centuries passed before the system showed any signs of inadequacy.

Such, then, in its design and in its direct working was the imperial system, simply a concentration of military force. But since it affected such a vast

area, its indirect consequences are not less important than its direct ones. Of these the principal were two, the extinction of liberty, and the increase of material happiness. Of the first I have already spoken; it is displayed in a striking light throughout the history of the Senate in its relation to the emperors. The Senate had always been the vital institution of republican Rome. In it was embodied the force which had resisted Hannibal, which had made the Italians into a compact and homogeneous people, which had subjugated Sicily, Spain, Greece, and Carthage. Without this institution, this body of life-peers freely chosen by a people who liked neither self-government nor slavery, but liberty to choose their governors, — without the freedom of each senator with respect to the rest, and the freedom of the people in the election of the Senate, Rome could never have become great. The popular assemblies had always been insignificant by the side of the Senate, and Augustus was right to elevate the Senate rather than the popular assemblies when he wished to persuade the people that their venerated republic still existed. Henceforward the Senate and the Emperor confronted each other like the past and the present. The Senate was respected; it was replenished with the leading men of the time; trouble was even taken by the emperors to maintain its character; it was eloquent; its debates and the lives of its members preserved the tradition of old Roman virtues; it was allowed to talk republicanism, and to canonize the "Pharsalica turba," the martyrs who had fallen in resisting Cæsar; it was highly cultivated and fond of writing history, a dignified literary club. But it had not power, in truth it had not reality. It is a painful or a majestic phenomenon, according as it acts or refrains from action. When it acts it is like Lear with his hundred knights brawling in his daughter's palace. In a moment the wicked look comes upon Regan's face; the feeling of his helplessness returns upon the old man, and the *hysterica passio* shakes him. But so long as it remains passive it is an impressive symbol, and there is something touching in the respect with which the emperors treated it. Seldom has any State shown such a filial feeling towards its own past as the Romans showed in the tenderness with which they preserved through centuries a futile and impotent institution, because it represented the institutions of their ancestors. Like a portrait of the founder of the family in some nobleman's house, such was the Senate in the city of the Cæsars. It was not expected to move or act; nay, its moving seemed prodigious and ominous; it was expected "picture-like to hang by the wall"; and so long as it did this it was in no danger of being despised or thought superfluous, but on the contrary, was held precious and dear.

Meanwhile liberty was actually dead, and several centuries passed in which Europe resembled Asia. That effeminacy fell upon men which always infects them when they live for a long time under the rule of an all-powerful soldiery. But with effeminacy there came in process of time a development of the feminine virtues. Men ceased to be adventurous, patriotic, just, magnanimous; but, on the other hand, they became chaste, tender-hearted, loyal, religious, and capable of infinite endurance in a good cause.

The second indirect consequence was an increase of material happiness.

The want of system, which had exposed the empire to foreign enemies, had created at the same time much internal misery. Imperialism, intro-

ducing system and unity, gave the Roman world in the first place internal tranquillity. The ferocious civil conflicts of Marius and Sulla had sprung out of republican passions, which were now for good as well as for evil stilled. The piracy which had reigned in the Mediterranean was no longer possible with a permanent Gabinian Law, with a Pompey always at the head of affairs. One new danger, indeed, was introduced, — the danger of military revolutions; but, formidable as the power of the army was, it was found possible to restrain it from the worst extremities for two centuries. The dreadful year 69, which recalled the days of Cinna, was the only serious interruption to the tranquil course of government between the accession of Augustus and the death of Aurelius. Whatever Cæsar took from his country, he gave it two centuries of peaceful government.

Once more: he gave to the government of the empire a somewhat more equitable spirit. It was not for this purpose that his army raised him to power, but centralization carried with it of necessity this result. The cruelty with which the provinces were governed was of the kind that is always produced in government by want of system. There was no one upon whom it was incumbent to consider the interests of the provinces. The Senate, to which all such affairs were left, consisted of the very men who had the strongest interest in plunder and extortion. The provincial governments were divided among the aristocracy as so much preferment; the whole order lived upon the plunder of the world, and nothing is more manifest than that such a system could never be reformed from within.

The difficulty of getting the House of Commons to put down bribery at elections would have been as nothing compared to the difficulty of inducing the Roman Senate to reform the government of the provinces. The new power which was now created proved very serviceable for this end. The emperor had no interest in any misgovernment; he was in a position to judge it coldly, and he had power to punish it. At the same time, in the general revision of the whole administration which now took place, the establishments of the provincial governors were put upon a better footing, and, in particular, stated salaries were assigned to them. A better system undoubtedly was introduced, and we may believe that the monstrous misgovernment of the republic passed away. From this time it may probably be said of the countries conquered by Rome that they were better governed than they had been in their times of independence. But it does not appear that they were governed positively well. Oppression and extortion, though on a reduced scale, seem still to be the order of the day.

In conclusion, then, that great controversy between Cæsar and Brutus, that question whether Cæsar was a benefactor or a scourge to his kind, seems to me too vast to be answered with any confidence. The change he accomplished had remote consequences not less momentous than the immediate ones. If the nations owed to him two centuries of tranquillity, it is not less true that the supremacy which he gave to military force in the moment when he ordered the passage of the Rubicon, led to the frightful military anarchy of the third century, and ultimately to the establishment of Oriental sultanism in Europe. If he relieved considerably the oppression of the provinces, he also destroyed the spirit of freedom in the Romans, and I do not feel able to calculate exactly how much is lost when free-

dom is lost. But what it is hard for us to compute, I am persuaded that Cæsar himself could calculate far less. Like other great conquerors, he had "the hook in his nose," and accomplished changes far more and greater and other than he knew. He had energy, versatility, and unconquerable resolution, but he was no philosopher; and yet to measure in any degree the consequences of such actions would have taxed an Aristotle. I believe that he looked very little before him, that he began life an angry demagogue, with views scarcely extended beyond the city; that in the anarchy of the time he saw his chance of rising to power by grasping the skirts of Pompey; that in Gaul he had no views that any other proconsul might not have had, only greater ability to realize them; that at the head of his army and his province he felt to the full a great man's delight in ruling strongly and well; that during this period the corruption of the Senate and the anarchy of the city became more and more contemptible to him, but that in the civil war his objects were still mainly personal; and that it was not till he found himself master of the Roman world that his ideas became as vast as his mission, and that he became in any way capable of understanding the purport of his own career.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

ROGERS, the poet, said to his guests one day, "If there is any one here who wishes to say anything, he had better say it at once, for Crabb Robinson is coming." In similar spirit we may remark that if any of the reading public have a book in hand they had better finish it off or lay it by at once, for Crabb Robinson is come. The volumes* which treat of him are, like himself when he was among us, — irresistible, to be attended to whether you will or no; and worth the attention, because brimful of anecdote, incident, learning, quaint talk, profound thought, sublime philosophy, childlike fun, bold speculation, and religious feeling, lovely in its conception and practice.

To the younger public we suspect the name of Crabb Robinson will not sound familiar. It was not so with their fathers. Even they who had not the honor of being known to him had the happiness of often hearing many of his best stories repeated to them by original hearers. The flashes of his wit may not have illumined their atmosphere, but they could enjoy the coruscations from a distance. His healthy influences had boundless extension; and as for the practical religion to which we have referred, a man could hardly take his walks abroad in any direction without striking the trail of Crabb Robinson's benevolence.

Nearly a hundred years have elapsed since he was born (in 1775), a son of the handsomest young pair that ever set up home in Bury St Edmunds. The father was a well-to-do tanner; the mother, one of those lovable mothers whose name you never hear mentioned without its exciting some comment of respect or affection. The reader will learn to love her for her good sense, though she was not a clever woman. The pulses of the heart beat swifter at the beautifully expressed fondness of Robinson for his mother; how he loved her as a child! how reverently he regarded her memory, when he was an old man!

* *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister-at-Law.* Selected and edited by Thomas Sadler.

These parents were dissenters. The good people almost made their boy an infidel by "too much of it." Crabb's ever-active spirit could not bear the oppression of weary hours at meeting throughout the Sunday, and Henry's "Commentary" to listen to till supper-time, at home. It was a great relief to Crabb, while his sire was reading, to slip off his chair, and turn the apple-pie in the Dutch oven before the fire, where it awaited the hour for the evening repast. Crabb Robinson's independence of spirit and ready expression of opinion were shown at a very early age. Though he was whipped for it, by the tenderest of mothers, he could be indecorous at those dreary meeting services; and he had so little reverence for a too dolefully religious aunt, that when she approached the house her audacious nephew, not out of his frocks, would announce the fact by proclaiming, "Behold, the groaner cometh!" At five years of age his mind was already busy, and with no less a subject than recognition in a future state! The little fellow broke in upon a serious discussion on this subject among the elders by pronouncing in favor of recognition. His grandmother had recently died, and Master Crabb Robinson remarked, "I shall know my grandmother in heaven by the green ribbon round her cap."

Young gentlemen of the present day, whose school-time is only a trifle longer than their holidays, may "thank their stars" that they were not as Crabb Robinson and his contemporaries often were, kept at school three years together, without once going home. Neither are they bound to a calling without having a voice in the matter. Young Robinson, taken off the school form was clapped on to a stool in an attorney's office, and he was no more consulted about it than the stool. This was at Colchester, where he had Mr. Francis for a master. The quirks of the trade jarred on his finer sense; but he turned everything to happy and useful purpose. Hearing Erskine for the first time was the opening of a new life. The young clerk did not give himself up to rapture. He analyzed as rapidly as he enjoyed; and he at once found out Erskine's method, namely, his sticking to one point, and yet employing such varied phraseology as to seem as if he were illustrating a score of points in succession. At Colchester, too, he saw and heard Wesley, in the last days of that noble missionary. "He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible," but it was tremulously attuned to love. "He addressed the people on liberality of sentiment, and spoke much against refusing to join with any congregation on account of difference of opinion. He said, 'If they do but fear God, work righteousness, and keep his commandments, we have nothing to object to.'" The excellent gift of charity, however, was not much appreciated at that time. Young Robinson could honor Priestley for his heart and his intellect, Godwin for his free utterance of his free thought, and Holcroft for the chivalry of his politics, but he feared the penalty. The "Church and King" people looked upon these and other men like them as atheists and republicans. To be the second was almost as bad as to be the first, and Robinson, because he applied practice to Wesley's theory, came to be thought both. Robert Hall warned a household of his faith to expel the young infidel from its bosom; but Robinson wrote a letter, so frank and manly, that Hall, frank and manly

too, confessed his error, though he justified his action.

When Robinson came up to London to continue the study of his profession, — that is, or was, to learn little or nothing about it, — he had no difficulty in getting into the best intellectual society of the day. "My lodgings," he says, "were of a simple kind, in Drury Lane, and my expenses were not more than about a guinea a week." We fancy that fine and fast young gentlemen of the present day, for whom no income is sufficient, would think this "decidedly vulgar." But the young attorney's clerk had an intellect which rendered him welcome to intellectual men. Their names glorify and the stories of them brighten these pages. They crowd pleasantly about the reader, and they are capitably hit off by the diarist. All the noble, aspiring, or eccentric spirits of the time are there: among them, Southey, a republican, of having been which he afterwards said he was no more ashamed than of having been a child. There was also Thirlwall, with all the advanced politicians and reformers. Thirlwall, who would have reformed religion as well as the State, subsequently told Robinson that "he believed he should establish his name among the epic poets of England; and it is a curious thing, considering his own views, that he thought the establishment of Christianity and the British Constitution very appropriate subjects for his poem."

The acquisition of a little money, and leisure coming with it, enabled Robinson to reside during five years in Germany. The history of the time, the sketches of character, and the personal narrative, are rendered with great ability. From lofty philosophy and sublime nature the autobiographer can stoop to the pleasantest trifles when they illustrate national manners and individual wit. Thus, he copies with glee an inscription on a house in Saxony which is to this effect: "This house is in the hand of God. In the year 1795 was the wall raised; and if God will turn my heart to it, and my father-in-law will advance the needful, I will cover it with tiles." While the Diary reflects German life, letters from London written by Crabb's brother, reflect English life. It was a sad life till the peace of 1801 came. In people's purses there was nothing but paper. Heaven knows what was in their stomachs, for the millers were encouraged to mix any grain that would help to fill them. Even this stuff fetched a high price; but after the peace, writes Thomas Robinson to his brother, "in the course of about eight or ten weeks wheat has fallen in our market from 92s. to 18s. the coomb, and it is expected to sink lower." Matters were not on so expensive a scale even in the war time in Germany as here. Robinson dined every day at one hotel for 5s. a week; and he does not complain of the quality of the dinners, but neither does he describe it. He appears to have known or to have met nearly all the great German spirits of that time; and his feelings on two occasions are well expressed when he says that he talked with Wieland and gazed at Goethe. In the latter case, he was struck not only with the intellect but with the "oppressive" beauty of the great poet at Weimar. Not that even all the Weimar folk themselves gave their first homage to the poets and scholars who were its true nobility. After the death of Schiller and other sons of song, Mr. Robinson unguardedly remarked that the glory of Weimar was gradually departing. One of the Gentlemen of the Chamber

was offended. "All the poets might die," he said, angrily, "but the Court of Weimar would still remain!" Among others at that Court were Gall and Spurzheim, who were making people mad about "craniology," as it was called. The new "ology," however, attracted the Englishman, and Mr. Robinson introduced it into this country by means of a work published by him in 1807. This was some time after the author's return to England. The same packet brought him and the news that helped to kill Pitt,—of the battle won by Napoleon at Austerlitz.

Coming as Mr. Robinson did from ducal courts and aristocratic universities, and companionship with the legion of men who were kings and kaisers in the realms of intellect, one might expect that England would have seemed a little dull to him, especially as he was now a man without especial vocation, looking for employment, playing a little with literature, but not professionally, and longing to achieve some work of usefulness. England, however, was not dull. He found a certain garret in London as brilliant as the Court of Weimar, with all its intellectual glories and its dazzling Gentlemen of the Chamber. "I was introduced," he says, "to the Lambs by Mrs. Clarkson. . . . They were then living in a garret in Inner Temple Lane. In that humble apartment I spent many happy hours, and saw a greater number of excellent persons than I had ever seen collected together in one room." This is a sentiment at which the Weimar Gentlemen of the Chamber would have been ready to faint. As one reads it, the old garret where Charles and Mary tabernacled seems to light up into surprising brilliancy, and imagination peoples it again with all those choice and incomparable spirits who made the garret ring with laughter, turned it into a temple of wit, a school of philosophy, a home for the weary, — a sanctuary where every man was welcome who *was* a man, that is, had not only a head, but a good deal in it, and under whose ribs there was a heart which not only beat, but beat tunelessly in the great musical score of life. The smallest of the host's own scintillations might have given a reputation to inferior men. They were so spontaneous! For example: Lamb was once asked why the compartments in the Long Room of the East India House, with six clerks (Lamb being one) in each were called *compartments*. "What is the meaning of the word?" Lamb drily answered, "A collection of simples!"

Before Robinson went to the Bar, he was employed in various ways, at home and abroad, on the Times. Of his colleagues there, — among whom unexpectedly turns up Combe, the author of "Dr. Syntax," — there are interesting details. But it is when Mr. Robinson is sketching the outer world that he is most interesting. Society at that time, sixty years since, was anything but dull, and good things uttered by wits rattled about men's ears like hail. Some of them very much resembled the sayings of the Wise Men of Greece in their platitudes.

Even Coleridge could trip himself up over one of his own similitudes, — as, for instance, when he said that "Hume comprehended as much of Shakespeare as an apothecary's phial would place under the Falls of Niagara!" Allen, "Lady Holland's atheist," as good-natured friends called that scholar, made a worse trip in the Edinburgh, by abusing some Greek which turned out to be Pindar's! We learn, too, here, why Wordsworth was so mercilessly treated in that Review, "simply" (said Jeffrey, who

privately admired what he publicly denounced) "because the errors of men of genius ought to be exposed!" Coleridge was there, and playful enough when he said that there were "*wrongers* of subjects as well as *writers* of them!" Of all the goodly company of men in these volumes, perhaps Coleridge is the most interesting. His account of his wonderful, pitiful boy — poor, sad Hartley — is enough to stir the fount of tears. Smiles come again when Lamb, who loved the man with reverent affection, pleasantly commented on the philosopher's ways.

"Thus, lecturing on 'Romeo and Juliet,' and Shakespeare's female characters, one of a course of Shakesperian lectures, Coleridge advocated school flogging, and ridiculed Mr. Lancaster's objections to such discipline. 'It's a pity,' whispered Lamb to Robinson, 'he did not leave this till he got to 'Henry VI,' for then he might say he could n't help taking part against the *Lancastrians*!' Coleridge continued to ramble on from topic to topic, and thereupon Lamb again whispered, 'This is not much amiss. He promised a lecture on the Nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and in its place he has given us one in the *manner* of the Nurse.' There is much to be learned of Coleridge in these volumes; hardly less of Lamb, — of Lamb in his serious, earnest moods, — that is, of Lamb at his best and highest. With Lamb and Coleridge are, of course, all their surroundings; moving crowds, serried ranks, and now and then an amusing simpleton supervening. Among the latter may be reckoned Sir John Soane, whom Robinson heard lecture at the Royal Academy on Architecture. The conclusion was diverting. 'As the grammarian has his positive, comparative, and superlative, and as we say, 'My King, my Country, and my God,' so ought the lover of Fine Arts to say, 'Painting, Sculpture, Architecture.'"

In 1813, at the age of eight-and-thirty, Mr. Robinson was called to the Bar, from which he retired at the age of fifty-three. The going to it late, and withdrawing early, he considered "the two wisest acts" of his life. One of his first exploits was in procuring the acquittal of a client who had poisoned his wife. "My spirits were raised," he says, and so was the estimation of attorneys, by this unenviable triumph over justice. His cleverness, however, was always profitable to his clients. He was not like Henry Cooper, some of whose best hits told as much against as for those he had to defend. One day Cooper was entertaining the whole court, when Rolfe (then almost the junior, but who reached the woollack, and lately died under the title of Lord Cranworth) whispered to Robinson, "How clever that is! How I thank God I am not so clever!" In comparing the French with English methods of trial, Robinson was disposed to think that more innocent men were found guilty in England than in France, where, however, it always seems the object of the Judge to procure a conviction. Our author also approved of the French custom of strictly questioning the prisoner, and often forcing him to convict himself.

The studies of the French Bar are few: it is otherwise with the English. One of the most picturesque gives us sketches of Lord Ellenborough and Henry Brougham. The latter had been defending a man who was convicted of "a libel against Jesus Christ," and the man offered an affidavit in mitigation. The Judge remarked that there was nothing by which an infidel could swear; and as Brougham rose at this, Lord Ellenborough said,

"Mr. Brougham, if you are acquainted with this person's faith, you had better suggest some other sanction; you had better confer with him." Brougham, with manly spirit, replied, "It is very unpleasant to be thus mixed up with my client, of whom I know nothing but that I am his retained advocate. As a lawyer and a gentleman, I protest against such any insinuations." The Chief Justice was cowed, and faintly averred that he meant none. If there be less dignity there is more amusement in the sketch of Justice Willes, who had a bad habit of interrupting counsel. He once did this almost as soon as Mr. Blank commenced his case. "Your Lordship," said the barrister, "is a greater man than your father. The Chief Baron used to contradict me after I had done, but your Lordship understands me before I begin."

There is nothing singular in these illustrations of the Bar, but there is something uncommon in one illustration of the Bench. Baron Wood was distinguished for his "popular feelings." He hated the Game Laws; and Radicals loved him because he was "always against Church and King." Other men besides a solitary Judge shared in the first half, at least, of the latter feeling. Sir Montague Burgoyne was sued in 1817 by the Rev. Dr. Free, rector of Sutton, for the sum of £ 20 a month during all the months he was absent from church! This was on an old statute, and the Judge thought that it was of no effect since the Toleration Act; but Sir Montague had a horror of escaping as a dissenter; and he was ultimately acquitted on the merits, as he proved that during most of the time the church had been closed. The zealous rector himself was subsequently deprived of his living for immorality. Ellenborough was, as every one knows, the opposite of Wood. The deference paid to him by the Bar renders the incident of Brougham noticed above especially remarkable. When Hone was defending himself on a charge of blasphemy, he attacked the Bar, declaring that there was not a man who dared to contradict Lord Ellenborough for fear of losing the ear of the Court. "A most indecent, because a most true assertion," is the significant comment made by Mr. Robinson on this declaration. At this period, he was making £ 400 a year as a barrister, and was therewith (and literature for a crutch) content. Holding six Crown briefs at one assizes seems to have been considered good and substantial success. The author is not at all jealous at recording the fact of his friend, Charles Austin, making 40,000 guineas by pleading before Parliament in one session. When Robinson made 134 guineas during one circuit, he thought himself in a very promising way indeed. He records a curious fact of Judge Buller, told him by Judge Graham, with whom Robinson was then dining. "Graham said to-day that though Buller was a great lawyer, he was ignorant on every subject but law. He actually believed in the obsolete theory that our earth is the centre of the universe." Buller was of very old-fashioned Conservative principles, and was for moving nothing out of the groove in which it had been once set, or supposed to be set. On the other hand, we find Robinson unbelieving as to facts which are now established, but which forty years ago were only promises. At Covent Garden Theatre, he witnessed "a panoramic view of the projected improvement of the Thames, by the erection of a terrace on arches along the northern shore, — a pleasing anticipation of a splendid dream which not even in this pro-

jecting age can become a reality." The reality is now an established fact.

When the author withdrew from the Bar, that act which he described as one of great wisdom, was followed by one which he qualifies as an act of great folly, — his becoming a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, a society which Walpole himself did not hold cheaper than Crabb Robinson. It is probably rather owing to the increasing age of the latter than to the fact of his taking on him the burden of F. S. A. that from this period the entries in the Diary and the Reminiscences become somewhat more garrulous than previously; just as, if we remember rightly, Robinson himself, but in still later years, became somewhat "prosy" in his table-talk and on his side of controversies. Indeed, he was always a little given to lengthiness. At the bar he opened one of his cases by saying "This case will be short." "Do you speak in your professional or your personal character?" asked a brother lawyer, who is here pilloried as "that insolent fellow R——." Still, amid disquisitions on religion, poetry, politics, the drama, and on individuals, if the air be sometimes heavy, it is frequently moved by lively breezes and lightened by cheerful sunbursts. These often come suddenly upon the reader. We laugh at hearing Mr. Ferguson, an M. P., remark, "I never voted but once according to my own opinion, and that was the worst vote I ever gave." We smile at Flaxman quite agreeing with the King's messenger, who said, "Sir, Rome is all humbug. Rome is more like Wapping than any place I know." We rejoice at Dr. Parr being foiled by a lady whose opinion of his sermon he had been rash and vain enough to ask. "My opinion," she said, "is expressed in the first five words of the sermon itself, 'Enough, and more than enough.'" Again, walking through Rome with Goethe, we recognize the well-known spirit of the man in his outspokenness. "There is not a relic of primitive Christianity here; and if Jesus Christ was to return to see what his deputy was about, he would run a fair chance of being crucified again." And when we get back to Lamb's pleasant circle, and the character of Queen Caroline is being canvassed, we are struck by a phrase of Mary Lamb: "They talk about the Queen's innocence. I should n't think the better of her if she was what is called innocent." Robinson saw the true woman's wit in this. Mary Lamb "thought more of the mind and character than of a mere act, objectively considered." The truth is here as great as the wit is fine in Dr. Donaldson's remark on Robinson's difficulty to understand the meaning of "a sound divine." "It is a divine," said the Doctor, "who is *l'ox et præterea nihil!*" And the truth and wit of the above are both equalled by Talleyrand's remark to Madame de Staël on her "Delphine," in which she is said to have introduced him in the character of an old woman. The authoress had the courage to ask him what he thought of "Delphine." "'Delphine,' said Talleyrand; 'that is the work, is it not, in which you and I are exhibited in the disguise of females?'" This is *Talleyrandesque* in its utmost perfection.

Although the third volume * brings the reader in closer connection with persons still living, there is a goodly company of the departed, in whom and in whose doings a greater interest is generally taken. Mr. Robinson thus writes of Southey in 1841: —

"Instead of telling you of him (Southey) in this

* The American edition (Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.) is in two volumes.

sad condition, I will copy a pleasant *jeu d'esprit* by him when pressed to write something in an album. There were on one side of the paper several names; the precise individuals I do not know. One was Dan O'Connell. Southey wrote on the other side to this effect. I cannot answer for the precise words:—

‘Birds of a feather
Flock together,
Vide the opposite page;
But do not thence gather
That I'm of like feather
With all the brave birds in this cage,’ &c.

Surely good-humor and gentle satire, which can offend no one, were never more gracefully brought together. This reminds me of another story. It is worth putting down. A lady once said to me, ‘Southey made a poem for me, and you shall hear it. I was, I believe, about three years old, and used to say, “I are.”’ He took me on his knee, fondled me, and would not let me go till I had learned and repeated these lines:—

“A cow's daughter is called a calf,
And a sheep's child, a lamb,
Little children must not say *I are*,
But should always say *I am*.”

Now a dunce or a common man would not throw off, even for children, such graceful levities. I repeated this poem to Southey. He laughed and said, ‘When my children were infants, I used to make such things daily. There have been hundreds such forgotten.’”

A glance at “the Duke” is highly characteristic. The year is 1844;—

“December 26th.—(Rydal.) Slept in the room in which, after my fall, I was nursed last year by that excellent servant, James. Last night heard Wordsworth read prayers from Thornton's collection with remarkable beauty and effect. He told me that the Duke of Wellington, being on a visit, was informed by his host that he had family prayers in the morning. Would he attend? ‘With great pleasure,’ said the Duke. The gentleman read out of this book. ‘What! you use *fancy* prayers?’ The Duke never came down again. He expected the Church prayers, which Wordsworth uses in the morning.”

But far excelling all other matters in interest in the third volume are the letters of Lady Byron, especially when they treat of her Lord. They make that noble woman seem still more noble, and they bring her husband closer than before to kindly human sympathies. Here is a sample:—

“Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator I have always ascribed the misery of his life. . . . It is enough for me to remember that he who thinks his transgressions beyond forgiveness (and such was his own deepest feeling) has righteousness beyond that of the self-satisfied sinner, or, perhaps, of the half-awakened. It was impossible for me to doubt that, could he have been at once assured of pardon, his living faith in a moral duty and love of virtue (‘I love the virtues which I cannot claim’) would have conquered every temptation. Judge, then, how I must hate the Creed which made him see God as an Avenger, not a Father. My own impressions were just the reverse, but could have little weight; and it was in vain to seek to turn his

thoughts for long to that *idée fixe*, with which he connected his physical peculiarity as a stamp. Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be ‘turned into a curse’ to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? They must, in a measure, realize themselves. ‘The worst of it is, I *do* believe,’ he said. I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of Predestination. I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expression of the sentiment that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjoy. You will now better understand why ‘The Deformed Transformed’ is too painful to me for discussion. Since writing the above I have read Dr. Granville's letter on the Emperor of Russia, some passages of which seem applicable to the prepossession I have described. I will not mix up less serious matters with these, which forty years have not made less than present still to me.”

Crabb Robinson died in February, 1867. Prof. De Morgan, in an admirable supplementary chapter, thus photographs the fine old man:—

“By the time he died the tablet of his memory had more than sixty years of literary recollections painted upon it; and painted with singular clearness. He had a comical habit of self-depreciation, which, though jocose in expression, took its rise in a real feeling that his life had been thrown away. It had, in fact, been of a miscellaneous character, and, save only in his legal career, had nothing to which a common and understood name could be attached. Accordingly, it was, ‘I speak to you with the respect with which a person like myself ought to speak to a great——.’ Here insert scholar, mathematician, physician, &c., as the case might be. Or, perhaps, ‘I am nothing, and never was anything, not even a lawyer.’ Sometimes, ‘Do not run away with the idea that I know that or anything else.’ But the climax was reached when, after giving an account of something which involved a chain of anecdotes running back with singular connection and clearness through two generations, he came at last to a loss about some name. It would then be, ‘You see that my memory is quite gone; though that is an absurd way of talking, for I never had any.’”

We must now leave these copious memorials to the public. They have been carefully edited by Dr. Sadler.

ROBERT'S CAPITAL HIT.

II.

“ABOUT a gold mine, Robert!” I said. “I don't think I like the idea much. Of course, I am very ignorant about things of the sort; but it *does* seem to me that if there's any thing good in the way of gold mines going, it would not be likely to come your way. I hardly think you are what you and Mr. Shaw call ‘big’ enough for that kind of thing. Are you, Robert?”

I said it timidly, for this was one of the few points on which it was rather easy to vex Robert, and I did not like vexing him on any. He took it very well, however, and gave my arm an affectionate little squeeze, which was very reassuring, as far as convincing me that he was not annoyed with me went, but which also made me feel that he was what his mother called “new-fangled” with the

scheme, and that I should not find him easy to be persuaded.

"Not in the ordinary way, my dear, certainly," he answered. "You are quite right in supposing that really good things of this kind are not thrown in the way of little fish; but this is quite a special thing, and my having a chance of getting a pull out of it is entirely due to Wainwright."

"Who's Wainwright?" said I.

"Why, don't you know, — John's brother-in-law, or rather, John's sister-in-law's husband."

"Yes, yes. I remember now. But is he a safe person to have anything to do with, Robert? John and Mrs. John don't seem to like him."

"Did you ever know them seem to like anybody who was not prosperous and important? Did you ever hear John or his wife speak well of anybody who was so unlucky as to have been obliged at any time to ask them to do him a favor? Not that Wainwright ever wanted or got anything from John; but that Mary Anne's first husband, who married her, as Wainwright married her sister, without a shilling, and was a jolly, good-natured fellow, 'stood to' Wainwright when he had very hard lines of it; and Mary Anne looks upon every shilling given, lent to, or expended upon any other person as a direct injury to her. I believe there was some jealousy at the bottom of all this. I believe she took it into her head that poor Williams thought he had married the wrong sister, and Wainwright the right one, and the notion did not improve her temper."

"I can't wonder at that," I said, for the *esprit de corps* was aroused in me, and I could think it rather hard, even on Mrs. John, that her sister should be preferred to her. "I don't blame her for being angry at such a thing as that, — any woman would be, and ought to be, that's more."

"Don't be vehement," said Robert, laughing, "though it's decidedly becoming; and let's take a turn on the common. We need not go in yet; I want to tell you about this. It was all nonsense, all temper on Mary Anne's part; poor Williams had no such stuff in his thoughts; he restricted himself dutifully to making money, and keeping the peace with his wife. But Mary Anne can't bear Wainwright, — though it was through him she first knew John, — and she snubs him, and neglects her sister. However, Wainwright and I have become great friends lately, and he has got a good deal of business to do for Dorrisson, the contractor, speculator, — I hardly know what to call him."

"You mean the man who seems to be a director of everything, — extract of meat and patent stoves, ships' signals and tasteless medicines, street railways, humane chimney-sweeping, and gas that does not cost anything, and is warranted not to consume the air or smoke the ceiling."

"You seem to have followed Mr. Dorrisson's career pretty closely, Martha. Yes, that's the man. He is wonderfully clever; but his luck surprises me more than his ability. He goes at all sorts of things, and they all succeed, at least as long as he has anything to do with them. Wainwright has tacked himself on to Dorrisson's skirts; and though it was rather risky, it has turned out pretty well. There are very pretty pickings for a solicitor with nothing surprising in the way of practice, in the desultory business of a man of that kind. Wainwright is a very good fellow, has a great regard for me, and is inclined to help me, besides, as I believe, because John snubs us both."

"And how is he helping you in this matter of the gold mine?"

"Thus," he replied. "The gold mine in question, which has a very big name, no less than Campo de los Angeles, belongs to an eccentric sort of fellow, a man called Disney, who has seen life enough to fill a century, and gone through adventures enough to stock a circulating library. He is a very queer fellow, quite a character, and, I dare say, anything but a good one, — not in the least a gentleman; sometimes with heaps of money, which he spends with absurd recklessness; sometimes in great straits, or, as he elegantly calls it, 'up a tree.' He was in this last condition when Dorrisson got hold of him, through Wainwright, and discovered that the embarrassed Californian was the possessor of the gold mine of Campo de los Angeles, but had mortgaged it, and mismanaged it in all sorts of ways, — had, in fact, 'bedevilled it,' as people say of things which are brought into a mess by pure human stupidity. Thereupon Dorrisson proposed to buy the mine, on very advantageous terms, for himself, to get up a company to work it, and to free Disney from his present embarrassments. He has been living about in Paris, and Naples, and London, and now he wants to get off to New York, but cannot for want of money, and so Dorrisson has got hold of him. There's no doubt about the value of the mine; and I am convinced it will be a splendid thing; and Wainwright is going to give me a capital chance with it."

"In what way?" I asked. I confess I felt very uneasy; and I suppose that feeling made itself audible in the tone of my voice.

"Now I know you are frightened, little woman," said Robert, kindly, and giving my arm another squeeze so apparent that two school-boys, who were passing by, grinned expressively at one another, indicating derisively that they considered us as "keeping company." "But there's nothing to be afraid of. I have never had such a chance as this one. Wainwright has introduced me to Mr. Dorrisson; he is a curt, business-like man, with rather bad manners, but straightforward enough. And I rather think he has taken to me."

"I should think so, indeed!" I remarked, parenthetically.

"He cannot spare Wainwright to look after this affair, there is so much on hand just now in London, and he wants to settle it with Disney as far as he can on the quiet, — there are some men, in Dorrisson's own line, who would try to cut him out, if they knew how hard up Disney is, — and he is going to send me to Paris, to look into the state of his affairs there, ascertain what his debts really are, make the best arrangement I can with his creditors, and get him to conclude the sale of the mine off-hand. Disney's house and furniture in London have just been sold, and his creditors here are getting savage. Wainwright will buy up the debts here, and I hope to do the same in Paris."

Robert was so much elated, that I do not think he remembered what unpleasant news it was to me that he was going away, to leave me with his mother, in suspense and anxiety. I did not remind him of that aspect of the matter, however. But I did say: "I cannot think it quite a right thing, Robert, to speculate on the folly and embarrassments of people. If this Mr. Disney was n't in money troubles, Mr. Dorrisson would have to pay much more for the mine than he will now have to pay. Don't I understand you so?"

we compare these new city officers with the city magistracies of the republic, we find that they confer a greater amount of power because their term is not limited to a year, and also that they all bear a military character, since an armed guard was attached to each. Another office, still more characteristic of the empire, was that of the *legatus Augusti*; this was the title given to the governor of one of the great frontier provinces. He united the functions of civil governor with the command sometimes of two or three legions and as many allied troops, — that is, an army of twenty or thirty thousand men. He was appointed by the emperor, and, like every one else, responsible to him. It is true that the proconsuls and propraetors of the republic had often held power as great, and with less responsibility; but when the standing army was fully organized and the frontier of the empire finally determined, these great commands became permanent, and not merely occasional. The great legates of the Rhine were regularly appointed always with much the same range of power; and as they were not chosen by the haphazard system of popular election out of a few privileged families, but selected with tolerable impartiality, for the most part, out of those who had approved their powers of government in inferior positions, they appeared much more considerable personages than the provincial governors of the republic. This seems to me the fairest side of the imperial system. Essentially military, it was an incomparable school of great military officers. It produced in singular abundance men capable of great commands, and conducting themselves in such posts not merely with ability, but with justice and moderation, though generally also with the hardness of the military profession. Such men as Plautius, Corbulo, Vespasian, Agricola, Trajan, all held the post of *legatus Augusti*, and they are the glory of the empire.

Surrounded by this splendid staff of military officers, prefects, legates, and commanders of legions, appeared the Emperor. In modern history, only Napoleon has occupied a position at all similar, — absolute disposer of an army of 300,000 men, and keeping his eye at the same time on military operations as distant from each other as the Thames from the Euphrates. His power was from the beginning so great, and became so speedily unlimited, that we are apt to lose ourselves in generalities in describing it. But if we examine the process by which this power grew up, if we watch the genesis of Leviathan, we shall clearly see the special need which he was differentiated to meet, — we shall plainly discover that he sprang, not out of democracy, not out of any struggle for equality between rich and poor, or between citizen and provincial, but out of the demand for administrative, and especially military, centralization. That Julius Cæsar began life as a demagogue is a fact which tends to confuse our notions of the system which he introduced. Let us rather fix our attention on Augustus, who founded and organized the empire as it actually was and as it lasted till the time of Diocletian. He began as a professed Senatorian, he acquired the support of the army, he became ultimately emperor; but with the democracy he never had any connection. It was the object of his life to justify his own power by showing the necessity of it, and by not taking more power than he could show to be necessary. The profound tranquillity of his later years proved that he had satisfied the empire. The uneasiness and unrest

which had filled the whole century that preceded the battle of Actium had shown that the empire wanted something which it could not find. The peace that filled the century which followed it, the general contentment which reigned, except among the representatives of the fallen republic, showed that the empire had found that of which it was in search. Yet assuredly no comprehensive enfranchisement, no democratic levelling of classes, had taken place. If the ancient boundaries had been overleaped in the times of disturbance, Augustus devoted himself as soon as peace was restored to punishing such transgressions, and preventing the recurrence of them. His legislation is a system of exclusions, a code of privilege and class jealousy. It consists of enactments to make the enfranchisement of slaves difficult, enactments to prevent freedmen from assuming the privileges of the free-born. He endeavored to revive the decaying order of the patriciate, the oligarchy of the oligarchy itself, — a clique which excluded Cato, and into which Augustus himself had gained admission only by adoption. He took pains to raise the character of the Senate, which was the representative of the aristocratic party, and to depress the Comitia, which represented the democracy. He bore, indeed, to his uncle a relation not unlike that which Sulla bore to Marius. Assuredly, any one who studies the Augustan age alone would conclude that in the long contest between aristocracy and democracy, aristocracy had come out victorious. Both parties, indeed, had sacrificed much, but in the Augustan age democracy was nowhere; aristocracy was on the lips of the prince and in his legislation; it was unfashionable to mention the name of Julius; the great historian of the age spoke with admiration, and nowhere with reproach, of his assassins, and earned from his master the epithet of the "Pompeian." Yet we are told this did not interrupt their friendship. The truth is Augustus was very much a Pompeian himself: an aristocrat to the core, and, sympathizing with the old republic in all things, he was yet the worthy and legitimate heir of his uncle, because he labored successfully to complete what his uncle had begun; and this an aristocrat could do as well as a democrat, namely, to give the Roman world centralization.

Monarchy has often been used in the interest of the people as a means of coercing an insolent aristocracy. The Greek *ῥιπαῖοι* of the sixth century B. C., were popular sovereigns of this kind. But monarchy can also be used in the interest of aristocracy itself. Thus the monarchy of Louis XIV. was oppressive to the people, and supported itself upon the loyalty and sympathy of the noblesse. Now the Roman world wanted monarchy for its own sake, that is, it wanted a strong and centralized government; whether the monarchy favored the democracy or the aristocracy was a matter comparatively of indifference. The first monarch was democratic, the second aristocratic, but both were equally successful, both equally satisfied the wants of the time. For, unlike in most respects as Augustus showed himself to Julius, he followed him closely in the one essential point. Though without much talent or taste for war, he jealously kept in his own hands the whole military administration of the empire. Here alone he showed no reserve and wore no disguise, though in assuming civil powers no monarch was ever more cautious, or showed more anxiety not to go further than public necessity forced him.

He became permanent commander-in-chief; and — what shows clearly the conception which was formed of his special function — all provinces which were in the neighborhood of an enemy, and in which a large military establishment was to be kept up, were committed to his care, and governed by his commissioners. He assumed, besides, the power of a pro-consul in every province, by which means he became a kind of Governor-General of all the conquests of Rome. If we examine the powers which were given to Pompey in the war with the pirates, we shall see that they were very similar to these, and that in fact the imperial system may be considered as a kind of permanent Gabinian Law, an arrangement by which a general was empowered to wield at his discretion all the military force of the empire, and to interfere in civil government so far as he might consider the military exigencies of the State demanded.

It confirms this view to find that the most serious embarrassment which Augustus met with, particularly in his later years, was the evident superiority in military ability of Agrippa to himself, for this superiority carried with it a sort of natural title to supersede Augustus as emperor, and the difficulty was only surmounted by a kind of tacit compact by which Augustus bound himself to deny Agrippa nothing, and Agrippa not to claim all, while in the mean while they placed themselves as much as possible in distant parts of the empire, and so avoided the danger of a collision. This view at the same time explains the infinite alarm with which Augustus received the news of the defeat of Varus in Germany, and the loss of three legions. Rome had weathered much worse storms than this. But what struck Augustus was that his system could not stand for a moment if it did not secure that for which it existed, the safety of the frontiers; that liberty and republican pride would be felt to have been sacrificed in vain, that Cato, and Pompey, and Cicero, and Brutus would seem to have been martyrs, if the empire was still liable to barbaric invasion.

Considered in this light, the imperial system will appear to have had for a long time a splendid success. Though the imperial period is inferior as a period of foreign conquest to the period of Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and Cæsar, this is not owing to any military superiority of republicanism, but to the fact that the imperial system had been practically introduced long before it was legally recognized. It was not by republicanism, but by a temporary suspension of republican principles that the great generals I have just mentioned achieved their conquests. Pompey in the East and Cæsar in Gaul were as absolute as Trajan, and it was because they were so that they had such great success. Their conquests, therefore, may be claimed for the imperial system, though not for the imperial period; and to estimate the military effectiveness of the republican system, we must look back to the disastrous years when general after general succumbed to Jugurtha's gold, and army after army to Cimbric hordes. It is true that the imperial system did not in the long run succeed, that the very evil which it was created to avert fell in the end upon the empire, that the frontier was passed at all points, and that the barbaric world overbore the Roman. But two centuries passed before the system showed any signs of inadequacy.

Such, then, in its design and in its direct working was the imperial system, simply a concentration of military force. But since it affected such a vast

area, its indirect consequences are not less important than its direct ones. Of these the principal were two, the extinction of liberty, and the increase of material happiness. Of the first I have already spoken; it is displayed in a striking light throughout the history of the Senate in its relation to the emperors. The Senate had always been the vital institution of republican Rome. In it was embodied the force which had resisted Hannibal, which had made the Italians into a compact and homogeneous people, which had subjugated Sicily, Spain, Greece, and Carthage. Without this institution, this body of life-peers freely chosen by a people who liked neither self-government nor slavery, but liberty to choose their governors, — without the freedom of each senator with respect to the rest, and the freedom of the people in the election of the Senate, Rome could never have become great. The popular assemblies had always been insignificant by the side of the Senate, and Augustus was right to elevate the Senate rather than the popular assemblies when he wished to persuade the people that their venerated republic still existed. Henceforward the Senate and the Emperor confronted each other like the past and the present. The Senate was respected; it was replenished with the leading men of the time; trouble was even taken by the emperors to maintain its character; it was eloquent; its debates and the lives of its members preserved the tradition of old Roman virtues; it was allowed to talk republicanism, and to canonize the "Pharsalica turba," the martyrs who had fallen in resisting Cæsar; it was highly cultivated and fond of writing history, a dignified literary club. But it had not power, in truth it had not reality. It is a painful or a majestic phenomenon, according as it acts or refrains from action. When it acts it is like Lear with his hundred knights brawling in his daughter's palace. In a moment the wicked look comes upon Regan's face; the feeling of his helplessness returns upon the old man, and the *hysterica passio* shakes him. But so long as it remains passive it is an impressive symbol, and there is something touching in the respect with which the emperors treated it. Seldom has any State shown such a filial feeling towards its own past as the Romans showed in the tenderness with which they preserved through centuries a futile and impotent institution, because it represented the institutions of their ancestors. Like a portrait of the founder of the family in some nobleman's house, such was the Senate in the city of the Cæsars. It was not expected to move or act; nay, its moving seemed prodigious and ominous; it was expected "picture-like to hang by the wall"; and so long as it did this it was in no danger of being despised or thought superfluous, but on the contrary, was held precious and dear.

Meanwhile liberty was actually dead, and several centuries passed in which Europe resembled Asia. That effeminacy fell upon men which always infects them when they live for a long time under the rule of an all-powerful soldiery. But with effeminacy there came in process of time a development of the feminine virtues. Men ceased to be adventurous, patriotic, just, magnanimous; but, on the other hand, they became chaste, tender-hearted, loyal, religious, and capable of infinite endurance in a good cause.

The second indirect consequence was an increase of material happiness.

The want of system, which had exposed the empire to foreign enemies, had created at the same time much internal misery. Imperialism, intro-

money Mr. Dorrisson will have paid? Mr. Disney is not likely to give it back; and if he does not buy the mine in the long run, it will all have been spent for nothing."

"My dear Martha," said Robert, "that little calculation of yours is remarkably feminine, and exceedingly wise. But the essence of speculation, and indeed of more regular business, more amenable to routine, is, that you must make up your mind to throw out sprats, if you would catch whales. Nothing venture, nothing have. If the mine of Campo de los Angeles is what Dorrisson believes it to be, he will never have made a better investment in his life than the money it will have cost him to do the thing quietly, keeping it away from public competition; and if it does not, why, such small losses are all in the day's work of a man like him."

"But, if the mine does not turn out as well as Mr. Dorrisson expects, what about you? Of course I cannot but think chiefly of you, Robert. In that case, all your trouble, and your journey to Paris, and going away from me, and — and — everything, will be all no use, won't it? And what does Mr. Shaw say to it?"

"O, never mind him. Shaw is a very good fellow, and thinks, with reason, that his best place is at the office, looking after the odd six-and-eightpences, — very odd they have been up to this time, I am sorry to say. He does not want to interfere in anything of this kind. And as for me, it cannot be a loss to me, for I shall have all my expenses and a liberal fee from Dorrisson, if nothing comes of it: and if it turns out well, I shall have made a capital hit."

Something certain was to come of it, then, at any rate. This explicit statement elicited from Robert, my spirits rose. I did not tell him so. I felt I *must* provoke him, however long-suffering he might be, by such an avowal; but in my heart I thought a great deal more of the liberal fee, which was a certainty, than of the capital hit which "might" be made.

Robert went off on his journey the next morning; and after our early dinner, my mother-in-law departed, in the lop-sided brougham, — the horse looking more than ever repulsive, in consequence of his having rubbed some hair off his tail, thereby establishing a bare patch to match that on his side; and the coachman more than usually sullen and odious. The day was beautiful, however; and as we lumbered heavily along, I enjoyed the summer weather, followed Robert mentally on his way, and felt extremely glad that one of Mrs. Heron's peculiarities was a dislike to talking in a carriage. The visit was not more than ordinarily tedious. Robert's trip to Paris was of course commented upon, and loftily pronounced by Mrs. John to be "very much calculated to unsettle a young professional man"; as if Robert were a naturally dissipated and unprincipled person, — not to be trusted away from the wholesome restraints of office hours and Clapham evenings. But she charitably hoped Robert had made a profitable business connection, as he was employed by a person who required him to go "abroad" in his service. I replied that I hoped so, that I believed Robert expected it would prove so, but said generally as little as possible, — a line of tactics, on my part, which did not please Mrs. John, who was insatiably curious, but induced her to remark, spitefully, that it was evident Robert adhered to the masculine belief that women were not

to be trusted with business matters, and to the masculine practice of keeping his affairs to himself. I did not contend the point with her. If she chose to regard me in the light of a victim, — esteemed unworthy of my husband's confidence, in consequence of the inferiority of my understanding, — she might do so. I was perfectly satisfied with knowing better, and knowing also that nothing was less satisfactory to Mrs. John than my imperturbable calmness on such occasions. It was rather hard on John that I declined to lose my temper, for Mrs. John always lorded it over him frightfully, when she was more or less defeated in her little manoeuvres; and he not unfrequently had a bad time of it when my mother-in-law and I had been to Acanthus Lodge, Kingston-on-Thames.

[To be continued.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Pall Mall Gazette has reduced its price to one penny.

AN English paper remarks, with a slight touch of sarcasm, that Goldwin Smith "appears to have become deeply attached to his own country."

A COMMITTEE of scientific men has been formed in England to raise a monument to Faraday, the Prince of Wales acting as president of the society.

THERE is a "Carlyle and Emerson Association" in London. Its object is not altogether plain to unanointed eyes, but "every admirer of Carlyle, Emerson, Matthew Arnold, &c., is earnestly engaged, whatever his position, to co-operate in the movement." The Association publish a magazine called "The Idealist." That this magazine is in want of subscribers is perhaps a sordid reflection.

It is well known that in many parts of Ireland and Scotland the natives prefer their ragged dirty one-pound notes to the brightest sovereign. Indeed, the more soiled and worn the paper the better it is liked, the theory being that it must be genuine since it has passed through the hands of so many different people; had there been anything wrong with it, it would have been discovered before.

A FRENCH doctor has discovered that turpentine is a sure antidote to phosphorus, and he commends this discovery most especially to parents whose children have been sucking lucifer matches. It appears that, in more than twenty cases of this kind he has employed turpentine (one teaspoonful neat) successfully; and his report on the subject of these cures has been favorably received by the Academy of Medicine.

THE new opera house at Vienna, the first stone of which was laid in 1862, has cost £600,000. There were two architects, one to superintend the construction, and the other the decorations, but neither lived to see the completion of the building; both died last year. The house is lighted by 4,000 jets of gas. The *salle* is decorated in white and gold, with red hangings, and illuminated with 420 jets of gas and numerous candelabra.

As Mr. Lecky's book has given a fresh stimulus to the old controversy on the genesis of morals, the following concise statement of French opinion on the subject (from the *Vie Parisienne*) may perhaps be interesting at this moment; at least, it is decided enough: "Il n'y a ni bien ni mal; ni vice, ni

vertu; ni beauté, ni laideur; il y a des traditions reçues, des usages admis, et des appréciations relatives au temps et à la société dans laquelle on vit."

THE Rangoon Times describes a Burmese festival called the "Nga Thoob Pwai," — the fish-liberating feast, — which occurs every year. The Burmese believe it highly meritorious to save all kinds of life, and during the month of April they go through the bazaars and buy up all the live fish they can find, as well as fowls, ducks, goats, cows, turtles, and other animals. The fish are set free in a large lake in the neighborhood of Rangoon, and the birds and beasts are turned loose in the jungle.

It would appear that the business of printing and publishing is not without its unpleasantness in Paris. Here is a case in point: M. Schiller is a publisher in Paris; and for some time he printed two sheets, — the *Rappel* and the *Pays*. The *Rappel* is revolutionary; the *Pays* is ultra-Imperialist. When the elections were over the police began to lock up the editorial excitors of hatred, &c., and such was M. Schiller's alarm that he refused to continue publishing the *Rappel*. But when the offices of the *Rappel* were searched, and the last numbers of the paper found to be seditious, M. Schiller was prosecuted by the Minister of Justice. On the other hand, no sooner was one prosecution commenced than another was begun by the proprietor of the *Rappel* for breach of contract. In both instances the unhappy M. Schiller was found guilty; the verdicts costing him a month's imprisonment and 2,000 francs.

A PARISIAN journal points out with some grimness how it may be safer in France, under certain circumstances, to slay one's neighbor than to thrash him. An unfortunate man named Patry, having acquired proofs of his wife's infidelity, recently killed her and fired at her lover, a learned but gallant attorney. For this double crime, murder and intent to murder, he was tried at the assizes of Tours, and acquitted with honors. "Now," remarks the journal, "if instead of killing his wife, this man had merely given her a beating; and if, instead of shooting three slugs at the attorney, he had caught hold of that worthy by the neck and belabored him in the market-place the law would certainly have punished him with a fine of 100 francs on the first count, and two months' imprisonment on the second. Whence it ensues — such at least is the obviously French conclusion — that a double-barrelled gun is a more useful adjunct to a marital trousseau than a horsewhip.

A PARIS correspondent tells the following anecdote of the venerable Count de Flahault.

The Count took an active part in the three days at Waterloo, and, unlike his chiefs, did not distinguish himself by betraying his sovereign. He had a servant, one Peter, who died lately, devoted in his attachment, which attachment, however, now and then proved somewhat inconvenient, owing to the persistence with which he manifested it. A heavy storm of rain, as well as of bullets, was pouring down on the field of Waterloo. The general absorbed by watching the movements of his brigade, suddenly perceived Peter following him. "Go back," he said; "I forbid your being with me," and, putting spurs to his charger, moved his position. An hour later a shriek of anguish uttered on his right made him turn his head, and he then saw Peter on the ground, his thigh-bone smashed

by a splinter from a ball. Furious, and without reflecting on his words, "Serve you right," exclaimed the Count; "why did you not obey my orders?" "Well!" replied the devoted servant, "if these English had broken your thigh instead of mine, who would have carried you to the rear?"

ONE of the London theatres is playing an extraordinary drama, the scene of which is laid in America during the late war. The play is entitled "Edendale." The plot appears to be this: —

Edendale is a Virginian estate owned by one Colonel Vandeleur, a Southern gentleman, whose daughter Ada, the Juliet of the play, finds her Romeo in Esmond Fairholt, an officer in the United States army. Edendale is first exhibited while peace yet prevails, and the course of true love between Ada and Fairholt is running smoothly enough. Then come the news of the attack upon Fort Sumter. Fairholt has to join the forces of the North, and to take arms against the Vandeleurs and the South. The lovers, parted under these painful circumstances, do not meet again until Edendale has been ravaged by war and the Confederate cause has suffered terribly. Ada hardens her heart against her lover, and holds him in detestation as one of the oppressors of her country. Colonel Vandeleur is killed in action and his son is taken prisoner. An interval of eighteen months separates the events of the second and third acts. The war is over. Fairholt has become a general, and has received from the President a grant of the Edendale property as a reward for his services in the field. (1) He restores the estate to Mrs. Vandeleur, and obtains the release of her son from captivity. Ultimately Ada softens towards the generous conqueror, and the curtain falls upon her complete reconciliation with him.

THE *Gaulois*, it would appear, is in search of a theatrical critic, its own having married. The *Gaulois* bethought of a combination by which it could secure the popular name of Alexander Dumas fils as a substitute for that of its late critic, and accordingly wrote to beg of the author of "*La Dame aux Camélias*" to fix his own terms, select his own hours, write not ordinary *feuilletons de théâtre*, but a series of articles that might subsequently appear *en volume*, and thus add another leaf to his wreath of literary fame; in fact, the *Gaulois* clothed the suggestion in tempting attire, and gives us M. Dumas's reply, which, unfortunately for that most amusing paper, contains an unqualified refusal, chiefly grounded on the fact of the growing indifference of the present generation to any serious literary work. "The public," writes M. Dumas, "puts La Patti, Mdlle. Favart, Blanche d'Antigny, Thérèse, Schneider, Le Petit Faust, Julie, La Belle Hélène, *les inutiles*, *rares émeutes*, all in the same bag, considers them as on the same level, and weighs them all in the same balance. Whatever attracts the public from home is equally popular, because in truth, *ils'embête* at home; friends no longer meet on intimate terms, family ties are loosening, reflection terrifies, and solitude becomes unbearable. The public, therefore, rushes out, and goes wherever there is most excitement, and therefore wherever there is most chance of distraction. We may ask for applause and for money, but we shall not obtain attention. Talk of the work that has been the most frequently acted, applauded, or hissed, the public will not listen to you. What does it care for the art, the object, the merit, or

the influence on society of a literary composition? All it asks for is the sensation of the moment." In these few lines Alexander Dumas *fil's* photographs the Parisian public of the year of grace 1869.

CLOSE upon the deaths of Rossini, Berlioz, and Molique has come that of Albert Grisar, a composer whose works will long have a place upon the French operatic stage. Grisar, born at Anvers in 1808 and apprenticed to a commercial house at Liverpool, did not devote himself entirely to music till 1830. His success, however, was rapid. In 1833 his first opera, "Le Mariage Impossible," was produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and proved so far successful that it encouraged him to try his fortune in Paris. Two years afterwards he wrote "Sarah" for the Opéra Comique, following it up by other works which successively added to his reputation. "Gilles Ravisseur" (1848) was the beginning of a series of triumphs. "Les Porcherons" (1850), "Bon soir, M. Pantalon" (1851), "Le Carillonneur de Bruges" (1852), and "Le Chien du Jardinier" (1855), were all received with acclamation. In the last-named year Grisar's fortune culminated. Afflicted with a long and serious illness, he did nothing till 1862, while his subsequent productions added little to his fame and attained but a moderate success. During the last few years his life seems to have been sadly embittered. He grew taciturn and morose. "A great beer-drinker," says M. Arthur Pougin in *La France Musicale*, "he went every evening to a café, cowered down in a corner, apart, wrapped in his large brown cloak, and there swallowed innumerable glasses without speaking a word." With this morbid condition his end was in keeping. More and more tormented by "un noir chagrin," apoplexy, it is said, brought him relief. He was found dead in his bed. As a composer Grisar was remarkable for the degree in which he illustrated the best of traits of the French school. Lively and graceful melody united to piquant and effective orchestration distinguish all his works.

FLO AND FIDO.

FLO is devoted to sketching,
 She's painting the slow-setting sun,
 But Fido, he fain would be stretching
 His legs in a walk or a run.
 Flo finds it ample enjoyment
 The beauties of nature to trace,
 While Fido — oh, pleasant employment! —
 Must gaze in his mistress's face,
 With a whine now and then,
 As if asking her when
 She will lay by her sketch-book and come for a race.

Of all save her picture forgetful,
 Flo finds the time rapidly go,
 While Fido — rude dog — has grown fretful,
 And weary of looking at Flo.
 He is longing like mad for a scamper,
 And wishing the picture were done;
 The waiting cools down, like a damper,
 His natural spirits and fun.
 So he makes this remark,
 In the form of a bark,
 "Pray leave off that drawing and let's have a run!"

O Fido! would I were your proxy,
 I'd sit there and worship all day!

I'd dream of no heterodoxy
 Like wishing to scamper away.
 You — fortunate dog — are permitted
 To contemplate Flora the fair;
 You may stare, but you'll never be twitted
 With hints that it's vulgar to stare.
 You ill-mannered cur,
 While you're sitting near her,
 What taste to be wishing that you were elsewhere!

Why Fred, Tom, Augustus, and Harry
 (The ground that she treads on they love)
 Would be proud, sir, to fetch or to carry,
 As you do, her kerchief or glove, —
 Would feel themselves amply rewarded
 By one of the smiles she gives you,
 They'd jump at the least chance afforded
 To lie at her feet as you do!
 O Fido, fie, fie
 You're more happy than I,
 If you only your exquisite happiness knew.

Come, leave off that fretting and whining;
 What numbers of fellows I know
 Would, their liberty gladly resigning,
 Like you, become servants of Flo!
 For to gaze on sweet Flora, unchidden,
 As long as her sketching endures,
 Is a bliss which to man is forbidden —
 Which your blest position insures.
 Ay, with Flo for my wife,
 I could lead "a dog's life" —
 Provided, of course, "a dog's life" is like yours!

THE RED BREAST OF THE ROBIN.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Of all the merry little birds that live up in the tree,
 And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,
 The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me,
 Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat.
 It's cockit little Robin!
 And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.

Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him;
 For he sings so sweetly still,
 Through his tiny slender bill,
 With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the
 ground,
 To other little birdies so bewilderin',
 Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,
 "Singing Christmas stories to the children:
 Of how two tender babes
 Were left in woodland glades,
 By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em;
 But Bobby saw the crime;
 (He was watching all the time!)
 And he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us
 thickly fall,
 And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,
 Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall
 Singing what is solacing and gladdening.
 And sure, from what I've heard,
 He's God's own little bird,
 And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;
 But once he sat forlorn
 On a cruel Crown of Thorn,
 And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

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VICTOR HUGO: "L'HOMME QUI RIT."

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ONCE only in my life I have seen the likeness of Victor Hugo's genius. Crossing over when a boy from Ostend, I had the fortune to be caught in mid-channel by a thunder-storm strong enough to delay the packet some three good hours over the due time. About midnight the thunder-cloud was right overhead, full of incessant sound and fire, lightening and darkening so rapidly that it seemed to have life, and a delight in its life. At the same hour the sky was clear to the west, and all along the sea-line there sprang and sank as to music a restless dance or chase of summer lightnings across the lower sky; a race and riot of lights, beautiful and rapid as a course of shining Oceanides along the tremulous floor of the sea. Eastward, at the same moment, the space of clear sky was higher and wider, a splendid semicircle of too intense purity to be called blue; it was of no color nameable by man; and midway in it, between the storm and the sea, hung the motionless full moon; Artemis watching with a serene splendor of scorn the battle of Titans and the revel of nymphs, from her stainless and Olympian summit of divine indifferent light. Underneath and about us the sea was paved with flame; the whole water trembled and hissed with phosphoric fire; even through the wind and thunder I could hear the crackling and sputtering of the water-sparks. In the same heaven and in the same hour there shone at once the three contrasted glories, golden and fiery and white, of moonlight and of the double lightnings, forked and sheet; and under all this miraculous heaven lay a flaming floor of water.

That, in a most close and exact symbol, is the best possible definition I can give of Victor Hugo's genius. And the impression of that hour was upon me the impression of his mind; physical, as it touched the nerves with a more vivid passion of pleasure than music or wine; spiritual, as it exalted the spirit with the senses, and above them, to the very summit of vision and delight. It is no fantastic similitude, but an accurate likeness of two causes working to the same effect. There is nothing but that delight like the delight given by some of his works. And it is because his recent book has not seldom given it me again, that I have anything here to say of it.

It is a book to be rightly read, not by the lamplight of realism, but by the sunlight of his imagination reflected upon ours. Only so shall we see it as it is, much less understand it. The beauty it has, and the meaning, are ideal; and therefore can-

not be impaired by any want of realism. Error and violation of likelihood or fact, which would damn a work of Balzac's or of Thackeray's, cannot even lower or lessen the rank and value of a work like this. To put it away because it has not the great and precious qualities of their school, but those of a school quite different, is just as wise as it would be, on the other hand, to assault the fame of Bacon on the ground that he has not written in the manner of Shakespeare; or Newton's, because he has not written like Milton. This premised, I shall leave the dissection of names and the anatomy of probabilities to the things of chatter and chuckle, so well and scientifically defined long since by Mr. Charles Reade as "anonymuncles who go scribbling about"; there is never any lack of them; and it will not greatly hurt the master poet of an age that they should shriek and titter, cackle and hoot inaudibly behind his heel. It is not every demigod who is vulnerable there.

This book has in it, so to say, a certain elemental quality. It is great because it deals greatly with great emotion. It is a play played out not by human characters only; wind and sea, thunder and moonlight, have their parts too to fill. Nor is this all; for it is itself a thing like these things, living as it were an elemental life. It pierces and shakes the very roots of passion. It catches and bends the spirit as Pallas caught Achilles and bent him by the hair. Were it not so, this would be no child of the master's; but so, as always, it is. Here, too, the birthmark of the great race is visible.

It is not, whatever it may seem, a novel or a study, historical or social. What touches on life or manners, we see to be accidental byplay as soon as we see what the book is indeed; the story of the battle of a human spirit, first with Fate, then with the old three subordinate enemies: the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. And here I will say where the flaw, as I think, lies; for, like other great things, a great book must have a flaw. The Flesh and the Devil, Josiane and Barkilphedro, are perfect; the World is drawn wrong. And the reason is not far to seek. We all brush daily against the Flesh and the Devil, we must all rub shoulders and shake hands with them, and they are always much the same at root, only stronger and weaker with this man than with that; therefore it needs only the hand of a great poet to paint them greatly, after their true and very likeness. But the World is multiform. To paint one aright of its many faces you must have come close enough on that side to breathe the breath of its mouth and see by the light of its eyes. No accumulation of fact upon fact

gleaned and laid up never so carefully will avail you instead. Titian himself cannot paint without colors. Here we have canvas and easel duly made ready but the colors are not to be had. In other words, here are, many curious and accurate details painfully studied and stored up for use, but, alas! it is not seldom for misuse. Here are many social facts rightly retailed and duly laid out side by side, but no likeness of social life.

Here are the Mohocks of the day for example, much as we find them in Swift; here is often visible even a vexatious excess of labor in the research of small things; useless, because the collector of them has never applied his spirit to the spirit of the time in which these small things played in passing their small parts. He cannot because that time has no attraction for him on any one side to temper the repulsion he feels from another side of it. Pure hate and scorn of an age or a people destroy the faculty of observation, much more of description, even in the historic mind; what, then, will they do in the poetic? Doubtless there has been, as doubtless there is now, much that is hateful and contemptible in social matters, English or other; much also, as certainly, that is admirable and thank-worthy. Doubtless, too, at one time and another there has been more visible of evil and shameful than of noble and good. But there can never have been a time of unmixed good or evil; and he only who has felt the pulse of an age can tell us how fast or slow its heart really beat towards evil or towards good. A man who writes of a nation or a time, however bad and base in the main, without any love for it, cannot write of it well. A great English poetess has admirably said that a poet's heart may be large enough to hold two nations.* Victor Hugo's, apart from its heroic love of man, a love matchless except by Shelley's, holds two nations especially close, two of the greatest. It has often been said he is French and Spanish; that is, he loves France and Spain, the spirit of them attracts his spirit; but he does not love England. There are great Englishmen whom no man has praised more nobly than he; but the spirit of historic England has no attraction for him. Hence, far more important than any passing errors of grotesque nomenclature or misplaced detail, the spiritual and ingrained error of the book, seen only from its social or historic side. We catch nowhere for a moment the note of English life in the reign of Anne.† Those for whom I write will know, and will see, that I do not write as a special pleader for a country or a class, as one who will see no spot in England or nobility. But indeed it is an abuse of words to say that England is governed or misgoverned by her aristocracy. A republican, studying where to strike, should read better the blazon on his enemy's shield. "England," I have heard it said, "is not 'a despotism tempered by epigrams,' but a plutocracy modified by accidents."

* I know not if it has been remarked how decisive a note of the English spirit there is in Molière, a Frenchman of the French: an English current, as recognizable as indefinable, passing under and through the tide-stream of his genius. There is a more northern flavor mixed into his mind, a more northern tone interlarded, than into any other of the great French writers, Rabelais excepted. Villon for instance, in so many ways so like them both, is nothing if not Parisian. And if I am not wrong, no third great Frenchman has ever found such acceptance and sympathy among Englishmen unimbued with the French spirit as Rabelais and Molière. For them instinct breaks down the bar of ignorance.

† For one instance, if a court lady had indeed insulted Swift, she would certainly have had, by way of answer, something (in De Quincey's phrase) "as monstrously Swiftian for quotation"; something so monstrous that the Dean might thenceforth have held the next place to Gwynplaine in her heart.

Enough now of the flaws and failures in this work, "enough, with over-measure." We have yet before us the splendor of its depth and heights. Entering the depths first, we come upon the evil spirit of the place. Barkilphedro, who plays here the part of devil, is a bastard begotten by Iago upon his sister, Madame de Merteuil: having something of both, but diminished and degraded; wanting, for instance, the deep dæmonic calm of their lifelong patience. He has too much inward heat of discontent, too much fever and fire, to know their perfect peace of spirit, the equable element of their souls, the quiet of mind in which they live and work out their work at leisure. He does not sin at rest: there is somewhat of fume and fret in his wickedness. Theirs is the peace of the devil, which passeth all understanding. He, though like them sinning for sin's sake, and hating for the love of hate, has yet a too distinct and positive quality of definable evil. He is actually ungrateful, envious, false. Of them we cannot say that they are thus or thus; in them there is a purity and simplicity of sin, which has no sensible components; which cannot be resolved by analysis into this evil quality and that. Barkilphedro, as his maker says with profound humor, "has his faults." We fear that a sufficient bribe might even tempt him into virtue for a moment, seduce him to soil by a passing slip the virginity of vice. Nevertheless, as the evil spirit of envy rather than the devil absolute, he is a strong spirit and worth study. The few chapters, full of fiery eloquence and a passion bitter as blood, in which his evil soul is stripped and submitted to vivisection, contain, if read aright, the best commentary ever written on Iago. We see now at last what no scholiast on Shakespeare could show us, how the seed may be sown and watered which in season shall bring forth so black a blossom, a poison so acrid and so sure.

In this poem, as in the old pictures, we see the serpent writhing, not fangless, under the foot of an angel, and in act to bruise as of old the heel that bruises his head. Only this time it is hardly an angel of light. Unconscious of her office as another St. Michael, the Angel of the Flesh treads under the unconquerable Devil. Seen but once in full, the naked glory of the Titaness irradiates all one side of the poem with excess and superflux of splendor.

Among the fields and gardens, the mountain heights and hollows of Victor Hugo's vast poetic kingdom, there are strange superb inmates, bird and beast of various fur and feather; but as yet there was nothing like this. Balzac, working with other means might have given us, by dint of anxious anatomy, some picture of the virgin harlot. A marvellous study we should have had, one to burn into the brain and brand the memory forever; but rather a thing to admire than desire.

The magnetism of beauty, the effluence of attraction, he would not have given us. But now we have her from the hands of a poet as well as student, new-blown and actual as a gathered flower, in warm bloom of blood and breath, clothed with live color, fair with significant flesh, passionately palpable. This we see first and feel, and after this the spirit. It is a strange beast that hides in this den of roses. Such have been, however, and must be. "We are all a little mad, beginning with Venus." Her maker's definition is complete,—"a possible Astarte latent in an actual Diana." She is not merely spotless in body; she is perverse, not

unclean. There is nothing of foulness in the mystic rage of her desire. She is indeed "stainless and shameless"; to be unclean is common, and her "divine depravity" will touch nothing common or unclean. She has seven devils in her, and upon her not a fleck of filth. She has no more in common with the lewd, low hirelings of the baser school of realism than a creature of the brothel and the street has in common with the Mænads who rent in sunder the living limbs of Orpheus. We seem to hear about her the beat and clash of the terrible timbrels, the music that Æschylus set to verse, the music that made mad, the upper notes of the psalm, shrill and strong as a sea-wind, the "bull-voiced" bellowing under-song of these dread choristers from somewhere out of sight, the tempest of tambourines giving back thunder to the thunder,* the fury of divine lust that thickened with human blood the hill-streams of Cithæron.

It is no vain vaunt of the modern master's that he has given us in another guise one of those Æschylean women, a monstrous goddess, whose tone of voice "gave a sort of Promethean grandeur to her furious and amorous words," who had in her the tragic and Titanic passion of the women of the Eleusinian feasts "seeking the satyrs under the stars." And with all this fierce excess of imaginative color and tragic intonation, the woman is modern and possible; she might be now alive, and may be. Some of her words have the light of an apocalypse, the tone of a truth indubitable henceforth and sensible to all. "You were not born with that horrible laugh on your face, were you? No? It must be a penal mutilation. I do hope you have committed some crime.—No one has touched me, I give myself up to you as pure as burning fire, I see you do not believe me, but if you only knew how little I care!—Despise me, you that people despise. Degradation below degradation, what a pleasure! the double flower of ignominy! I am gathering it. Trample me underfoot. You will like me all the better. I know that.—Oh! I should like to be with you in the evening, while they were playing music, each of us leaning back against the same cushion, under the purple awning of a golden galley, in the midst of the infinite sweetnesses of the sea. Insult me. Beat me. Pay me. Treat me like a street-walker. I adore you."

The naturalism of all that is absolute; you hear the words pant and ring. Some might doubt whether her wild citations of old stories that matched her case, her sudden fantastic allusions to these at the very height of her frenzy, were as natural; I think they are. The great poet had a right if it pleased him to give his modern Mænad the thought and the tongue of a Sappho, with the place and the caprice of a Cleopatra. Such a pantheress might be such a poetess; then between fancy and fury we should have our Bassarid complete, only with silk for fox-skin. And this might be; for the type of spirit can hardly be rare in any luxurious age. Perversity is the fruit of weariness as weariness is the fruit of pleasure. Charles Bandelairo has often set that theme to mystic music, but in a minor key: his sweet and subtle lyrics were the prelude to this grand chorus of the master's.

We have seen the soft, fierce play of the incessant summer lightnings, between the deep sky full of passing lights and dreams, and the deep sea

full of the salt seed of life; and between them Venus arising, the final and fatal flower of the mystic heaven and of the ravenous sea. Looking now from west to east, we may see the moon-rise, a tender tear-blinded moon, worn thin and pure, ardent and transparent.

A great poet can perfect his picture with strangely few touches. We see Virgilliar as clearly as Imogen; we see Dea as clearly as Esmeralda. Yet Imogen pervades the action of *Cymbeline*, Virgilia hardly speaks in crossing the stage of *Coriolanus*. It is not easy to write at all about the last chapters of the book; something divine is there, impalpable and indefinable. I must steal the word I want; they are "written as if in a star-fire and immortal tears." Or, to take Shakespeare's words after Carlyle's, they are "most dearly sweet and bitter." The pathos of Æschylus is no more like Dante's, Dante's no more like Shakespeare's, than any of these is like Hugo's. Every master of pathos has a key of his own to unlock the source of tears, or of that passionate and piteous pleasure which lies above and under the region of tears. Some, like Dante, condense the whole agony of a life into one exquisite and bitter drop of distilled pain. Others, like Shakespeare, translate it pang by pang into a complete cadence and symphony of suffering. Between Lear and Ugolino the balance can never be struck. Charles Lamb, we may remember, spent hours on the debate with a friend who upheld Dante's way of work against Shakespeare's. On which side we are to range the greatest poet of our own age, there can be no moment of question. I am not sure that he has ever touched the keys of sorrow with surer hand to deeper music than here.

There is nothing in his work of a more heavenly kind; yet, or it may be because, every word has in it the vibration of earthly emotion; but through it rather than above, there grows and pierces a note of divine tenderness, the very passion of pity that before this has made wise men mad. Even more than the pathos of this close, its purity and exaltation are to be noted; nothing of common is there, nothing of theatrical. And indeed it needed the supreme sweetness of Dea's reappearance, a figure translucent with divine death, a form of flesh that the light of heaven shines through more and more as the bodily veil wears thinner and consumes, to close with music and the luminous vision of a last comfort a book so full of the sound and shine of storm. With the clamor and horror yet in our ears of that raging eloquence in which the sufferer flings into the faces of prosperous men the very flame and hell-fire of his suffering, it needed no less than this to leave the mind exalted and reconciled. But this dew of heaven is enough to quench or allay the flames of any hell. There are words of a sweetness unsurpassable, as these: "Tout cela s'en va, et il n'y aura plus de chansons." And upon all these dwells the measureless and nameless peace of night upon a still sea. To this quiet we have been led through all the thunder and tumult of things fatal, from the tempestuous overture of storm and whirlwind; from sea again to sea. There is a divine and terrible harmony in this chorus of the play, secretly and strangely sustained, yet so that on a full reading we feel it, though at first sight or hearing it must be misread.

Of the master's unequalled power upon natural things, upon the elements we call inanimate, knowing even less the laws of their life than of ours, there is happily no need, as surely there are no words, to

* Æsch. Fr. 54 ("Hærooi").

speak. Part of this power we may recognize as due to the subtle and deep admixture of moral emotion and of human sentiment with the mysterious motion and passion of nature. Thus, in "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*," the wind and the sea gain strength and depth from the human figure set to fight them: from the depth and strength of the incarnate spirit so doing and suffering. Thus in this book there is a new sense and a new sublimity added to the tempest by the remorse of men sinking at once under sin and storm, drowned under a double weight of deeds and waves.

Not even in that other book is the supreme mastery of nature, the lordship of the forces of things, more admirable and wonderful than throughout the first part of this. He who could think to describe might think to rival it. But of one point I cannot but take note; there is nothing, even at the height of tragic horror, repellent, ugly, hateful. It has been said there is, and will be said again; for how should there not be distorted eyes and envious tongues in the world? Indeed a *pieuvre* is no pleasant playfellow; the "tree of man's making" bears a fearful fruit; the monstrous maidenhood of Josiane is no sister to the starry virginity of Dea; but how has the great poet handled these things? The mutilation of a child's face is a thing unbearable for thought to rest on; but have we not seen first the face of a heroic soul? Far elsewhere than in the work of our sovereign poet must we look for the horror which art will have none of, which nature flings back with loathing in the bringer's face. If not, we of this time who love and serve his art should indeed be in a bad case. But upon this matter we cannot permit the blind and nameless leaders of the nameless blind to decide for us. Let the serious and candid student look again for himself and see. That "fight of the dead with the dark," that swinging of carrion-birds with the swing of the gibbeted carrion, might have been so done into words as to betget in us mere loathing; but how is it done here? The mighty manner of Victor Hugo has given to this ghastly matter something even of a horrible charm, a shocking splendor of effect. The rhythmic horror of the thing penetrates us not with loathing, but with a tragic awe and terror as at a real piece of the wind's work, an actual caprice of the night's, a portion of the tempest of things. So it is always; handle what he may, the touch of a great poet will leave upon it a spell to consume and transmute whatever a weaker touch would leave in it of repulsion.

Whether or not we are now speaking of a great poet, of a name imperishable, is not a question which can be gravely deliberated. I have only to record my own poor conviction, based on some study and comparison of the men, that precisely as we now think of those judges who put Fletcher above Shakespeare, Cowley above Milton, the paid poets of Richelieu beside Corneille, and I know not whom beside Molière, will the future think of those judges who would place any poet of his age by the side of Victor Hugo. Nor has his age proved poor — it has rather been singularly rich — in men and in poets really and greatly admirable. But even had another done as well once and again as the master himself, who has done so well as much? Had he done but half, had he done but a tenth of his actual work, his supremacy, being less incontestable, would no doubt have been less contested. A parsimonious poet calculates well for his own time. Had Victor Hugo granted us but one great play, —

say "*Marion de Lorme*," — but one great lyric work, — say "*Les Contemplations*," — but one great tragic story, — say any one you please, — the temptation to decry and denounce him by comparison would have been less; for with the tribe of Barkilphedro the strength of this temptation grows with the growth of the benefit conferred. And very potent is that tribe in the world of men and of letters.

As for me, I am not careful to praise or dispraise by comparison at all. I am not curious to inquire what of apparent or of actual truth there may be in any charge brought against the doer of the greatest things done, the giver of the greatest gifts given among men in our time. Goethe found his way of work mechanical and theatrical; Milton also lived to make oblique recantation of his early praise of Shakespeare; we may, and should, wish this otherwise: yet none the less are they all great men. It may be there is perceptible in Victor Hugo something too much of positive intention, of prepossession, application, of composition and forethought: what if there were? One question stands forth first and last; is the work done good work and great, or not? A lesser question is this; these that we find to be faults, are they qualities separable from the man's nature? could we have his work without them? If not, and if his work be great, what will it profit us to blame them or to regret? First, at all events, let us have the sense to enjoy it and the grace to give thanks. What, for example, if there be in this book we have spoken of errors of language, errors historical or social? Has it not throughout a mighty hold upon men and things, the godlike strength of grasp which only a great man can have of them? And for quiet power of hand, for scornful sureness of satiric truth, what can exceed his study of the queen of England (Anne)? Has it not been steeped in the tears and the fire of live emotion? If the style be overcharged and overshadowing with bright sharp strokes and points, these are no fireworks of any mechanic's fashion: these are the phosphoric flashes of the sea-fire moving on the depth of the limitless and living sea. Enough, that the book is great and heroic, tender and strong; full from end to end of divine and passionate love, of holy and ardent pity for men that suffer wrong at the hands of men; full, not less, of lyric loveliness and lyric force; and I for one am content to be simply glad and grateful: content in that simplicity of spirit to accept it as one more benefit at the hands of the supreme singer now living among us the beautiful and lofty life of one loving the race of men he serves, and of them in all time to be beloved.

BEHIND A SOFA.

I LIKE to creep away into corners and hide myself with the fold of a curtain, or half-open door, or behind one of the great painted fire-screens, or in the shadow of the tallest furniture. There I have odd little fancies all to myself, and wish things and dreams things which nobody knows anything about. For I am different from all the rest; my parents are tall and handsome, and Louise is the prettiest girl I ever saw. Then my brother Harry, who was killed in the Indian Mutiny, was like a prince in a fairy story, so brave and beautiful. But I! I am small and feeble. I cannot run or wrestle, and there is something growing on my shoulders which keeps me from standing straight, and they call me deformed. I shall never grow any more; strangers think me nine or ten years old, but when

I count the years from the date in the family Bible, I find I am sixteen. People always speak kindly to me, with a great pity in their eyes, and once in a while I pity myself, but not often. I like to be this queer little figure. Louise is like the lovely ladies in legends and ballads, and I am like the imps and dwarfs; when I read about them I look at myself in the mirror, and make grimaces, and whirl over on one hand and then on the other, till Louise looks distressed and begs me to stop. Being what I am, of course I don't often go anywhere, except in summer when we leave town; and nobody makes me do anything; so I roam all over the house, and read, and lie with my eyes shut for day-dreams, and am merry and happy almost all the time. I wish I were only six inches high, what fun I would have in the world! Then when we are in the country, I could ride on the birds' backs, and down in the woods I could sit astride of the great lush toad-stools, and drink from acorn-cups, — or by the sea-shore, I fancy I could launch a nautilus and sail away like any grim little sprite. However, to be four feet high has its advantages.

When Harry was wounded, and lay in the hospital, knowing he must die, he wrote a long letter to my father and mother, full of grief, and comfort, too; and then he told them a thing which surprised them greatly. How he was engaged to marry a girl in a town in which they had been quartered. How sweet and lovely she was, and how desolate she would be now: and he wanted them to send for her, and to love her like a daughter. I clapped my hands at that. I like to have people do things to interest me; and the idea of poor Harry having fallen in love! For I know very well what love is: I have read the "Faery Queen" all through, and a great many romances. And some time ago I began a sly watch over Louise, on account of a certain Philip Rayburn coming to the house very often.

But about Harry's lady-love. My mother does not like strangers very well, but being for Harry's sake made a difference, and my father urged the plan. As for Louise, it seemed as if she could not be eager enough for the coming of this Miss Emily Grey, she was so determined to cherish and love her. For my part, as home is all the real world there is for me, I like to have as many characters in it as possible. So when we heard that Emily Grey was coming to England, we invited her to stay with us.

She would not come at once. She was timid, it seemed; or perhaps, Harry being dead, she would rather avoid his household. But Louise pleaded for her, and wrote her a great many loving letters, and at last Emily came.

Emily came. That first evening when they brought her into the parlor, I was lying under the table with my head on a hassock, thinking about the Old Man of the Sea in the Arabian Nights, and wishing I had been one of the genii of those days. But when Emily entered, I forgot everything else, and peered out from under the table-cover at her. What a dainty little lady she was! so pale and slight, she made me think of frail, fluttering, yellow butterflies; partly, I suppose, because of her yellow curls, which fell all over her shoulders when Louise took away her hat and shawl. Her eyes were wide and pale and blue, her cheeks were colorless, and she had a frightened, deprecating way of looking up, even after my stately mamma had embraced her. But Louise kept about her, and cheered her, and talked to her, till she began to

look brighter. Louise was so different, such a darling "nut-brown mayde," with honest, dark eyes and rosy cheeks, and lips always ready to smile. Louise is my beauty.

My father and mother went out after a while, and Louise still talked to her guest, while I lay very contentedly on the floor, all curled up just where I could see all that passed without turning my head. Louise went to an *étagère* at the other end of the room to get a little picture of Harry, and I idly kept watch of Emily. That moment she interested me; her wide, pale eyes narrowed and grew intense, she cast a quick, furtive glance after Louise, and around the room, curving her little white neck, and a strange, bright smile fitted over her lips. I thought instantly of Coleridge's Geraldine with the evil eye, and just for fun I lifted the table-cover and put my head and shoulders out so that she could see me. I am afraid I grinned at her. She shrieked and flung her hands before her face. Louise came running back, and asked what had frightened her.

"Oh!" she whispered, "such a dreadful face peered at me from under the table! There it is again!" And she shuddered.

"Charles!" exclaimed Louise, looking around, "come out, you naughty boy, and speak to Miss Grey. It's only my brother Charlie, our pet. He is full of freaks. One never knows where he is."

Emily Grey looked at me like the saddest and sweetest little creature that ever lived, as I went up to her, and she reached out her small white hand to me, and said, in a low, musical voice, "So this is dear Charlie. I have heard of him. We will be friends, won't we?"

"Will you tell me stories?" I asked. She laughed merrily.

"Yes, heaps of them, child."

"Did you love Harry?" I asked again.

She shivered at that, and looked imploringly at Louise.

"Charlie, you are unkind," said Louise, reproachfully.

"Well, then, I won't ask her if she loved Harry. I'll go off and read my book of hobgoblins."

"O no! don't be vexed, Charlie," said Emily, with great sweetness. "Stay by me, and I will tell you a story." So I stopped, and she told me a senseless story of two girls who went to school. When I saw it was not going to amount to anything, I started to leave her.

"I don't like that," I said. "I like witch stories."

"Ah!" she replied, smiling, "perhaps this will be better." And then she told me a story of an old witch who had a throne down in the slime of the sea, with a string of bones around her neck, and a toad perched on each shoulder. And this witch bought souls, and gave people power over hearts in exchange.

"That was a good story!" I said at the end.

"And now, dear Charlie, go to bed," Louise directed. So I kissed my pretty sister's hand and glided off.

Emily very soon learned to be perfectly at home with us. She seemed to wind herself about the hearts of my father and mother, and as for Louise, — Louise would have walked over burning ploughshares to do her service. I liked her about half the time, and the other half I felt like teasing her. She would grow so white and terrified when I sprang out at her from behind curtains or doors. More

than ever I wished that I had fairy power, to change myself into all sorts of shapes, — a tiny flea to hop into her ear, a yellow snake to twine myself with her curls, a mouse to run over her pillow, or an elf in her desk to open her letters! She was such an absurd coward. But being four feet high and not a fairy, I could only find my wicked pleasure in annoying her by constant surveillance and sudden starts. She seemed afraid to be angry with me, and never exposed me. Perhaps her conscience made her uneasy, for my dear innocent-hearted Louise never was startled or terrified by her dwarf Charlie's tricks.

O, slender, willowy Emily, yellow-haired Emily, my brother's darling! why were you not all Louise dreamed you, pure-hearted and true, sorrowing and loving? My father treated her as another daughter, and declared she should never leave us; my mother gradually came to consult her exquisite taste in all little matters which Louise formerly decided. And at last they even insisted on her putting off the badge of her fidelity to Harry, — her mourning, — despite the sad little shake of her head in remonstrance.

"She shall not make a nun of herself," exclaimed my father.

"My heart will be in mourning all the time," she whispered to Louise; and Louise kissed her.

Spring came, and our mother commenced house-cleaning on a grand scale; every room was visited, scoured, and painted, and the furniture rearranged. How she made the servants fly about! Every one wished it well at an end; every one but me; I found too much fun in it. I rolled over on mattresses; made nests to curl myself up in among heaps of blankets; revelled in hidden relics brought to light; perched myself on cupboard shelves; read Gulliver's Travels undisturbed in the pantry by a jar of sweetmeats; and a dozen times nearly tripped up our portly butler as he was carrying loaded trays up stairs. When the raid extended to the sitting-rooms, I found unanticipated pleasure. The statuettes of bronze and marble had always looked at each other so unmoved from their different corners that it provoked me. I had read somewhere in a German story of a house where the China figures of a shepherdess and a chimney-sweep made love to each other when no one was in the room, and finally ran off together. I was always hoping something of the kind might happen in our art collection, and now, when all the casts and figures were set down in a crowd on the great centre-table, it really seemed as if they could not keep silence. At night, when every one had gone to their rooms, a whim seized me to creep softly down stairs, and peep into the drawing-room to see what was going on among the bronzes and marbles. The moonlight lay across the table, and Clytie unchanged never breathed or moved, though a bronze Pan made mute music on his pipes before her, as motionless as she. Faust did not kiss Marguerite; and Mercury, poised on one toe, did not catch at the chance to substitute the other foot. Altogether the assemblage was a failure. Have the fairies, then, never yet crossed the ocean from Germany?

There was a low hum of voices in the kitchen below; so, disappointed in my miracle-seeking, I thought I would slip down stairs, and see what was going on so late. The butler, the cook, and the chamber-maid, each stood, candle in hand, lingering over some dispute.

"Well, leastways," said the butler, "Miss Em-

ily have a very sweet manner, and that's all I know."

"She have her own way, that's what she have!" said the cook.

"Hum!" interrupted Kitty, "she makes cold chills run over me. She's winding 'em all about her two little fingers, and she has the evil eye for certain. Mind you, she, brings no good!"

Next morning, as I met Emily on the staircase, I stopped her and looked straight up at her face.

"What's the matter now, Charlie?" she asked, with a toss of her yellow curls.

"I want to see your eyes; please look at me."

"What for?" she demanded, without meeting my glance.

"Kitty says you have the evil eye for certain. What does she mean, Emily?" I asked, mischievously.

"I should think, Charlie, you might know by this time that what servants mean is not of the slightest importance." And she moved haughtily by me.

A week after Kitty was dismissed. Louise pleaded for her in vain. She had lived with us for six years, and I asked my mother what fault she had committed.

"Emily has discovered her in some dishonesty," mother said, quietly. "I don't know what I should do without Emily."

Evidently Emily was quite usurping Louise's place, but Lou did n't seem to mind, and loved her just as well. One day I asked Lou if she was n't jealous. She blushed brightly, and said, with a shy smile, "Why, Charlie, if I should ever be leaving home, you know, I should feel so much better to have my place filled, so that they would not miss me!"

"I should miss you! I should miss you!" I exclaimed, clinging to her, and half crying. She bent and kissed me.

"My darling boy, do you think I should not take you with me? We will never be parted, Charlie. I could not bear any one to take my place in your heart!"

I suppose when she spoke of leaving home, she was thinking of Philip Rayburn, for I had heard several little hints and whispers lately, which made me pretty sure that some things were settled between them; and he came to the house oftener than ever.

When the reception-rooms were all arranged again, my mother disposed the furniture differently, moving chairs and tables and sofas to quite different positions, Emily advising her. One great, richly carved sofa, with a high antique back, she insisted should be placed transversely across a corner.

"It looks so much easier than to have it stiff and straight by the side of the wall," she said. I chuckled to myself, for I foresaw a rare hiding-place, which might remain unsuspected for a long time if I were careful; and the next chance I had, when no one was in the room, I collected a few things in that corner for private delectation. I put the softest hassock there, and a Scotch plaid to lie on, one of my little chloroform bottles which I keep to smell at when I am nervous, and some of my favorite books. Of course I could not read in there, but just the laying my hand or my cheek on a volume makes it seem like a companion, and brings its contents all into my mind. Such a snug little triangle as I made of it, shaded and secluded entirely by the high back of ancient carving, and the only

light which could reach me there must crawl along the carpet, under the damask and fringe. It was very satisfactory, and all my own secret.

Emily began to be invited everywhere; under mamma's chaperonage society received her with open arms; bouquets and cards of invitation kept our little waitresses doing duty at all hours, and gentlemen made calls of an evening, inquiring especially for Miss Grey. My mother scolded her for receiving them so coolly; but, despite the coldness, Emily infused some nameless charm into her manner which made them call again and again.

It was during these days that Louise and Philip had a falling out; why, I did not know, but some trouble there evidently was. Louise grew sad and constrained, but made no confidant of any one unless it was Emily. I would have cut my right hand off at any time to serve Louise, but she never asked me to serve her.

One day I heard her say to Emily, "You must see him when he comes this afternoon. I cannot. And O make him understand that I never could have written those dreadful letters, and tell him that I cannot see him till he has faith in me again. It would break my heart to see distrust in his eyes. O Emily!" And my bonnie Louise bowed her head and wept.

It cut me to the heart, and I was so helpless to aid her! For the first time in my life I regretted my peculiar *physique*, for other brothers were expected to defend their sisters, and did it; but what could I, a poor dwarf, do to bold, athletic, handsome Philip Rayburn? I felt very ignominious, and crept away to my corner and my chloroform behind the sofa for consolation, and there fell asleep in my misery.

I awoke suddenly at last, hearing voices. I am always on the alert, and never startled into making a noise, so I lay perfectly still and quiet to hear what was going on. Emily Grey was talking to Philip Rayburn in her characteristic, low, sweet voice, and I could imagine just how her lovely pale face looked with its great, sad blue eyes, and her yellow curls floating over her shoulders.

"It puzzles me so," she said, hesitatingly; "I cannot bear to believe that Louise wrote them: and yet—what can I believe, Mr. Rayburn? O do not say you are sure of her guilt!"

"Miss Grey," said Philip, sternly, "your affection must not mislead you. The letters were sent from this house, and the writing is undeniably that of Louise. She is afraid to meet the one she has so deceived and injured. Do not let your kind heart excuse her too far, Miss Grey!"

Emily's voice trembled as she replied: "O Mr. Rayburn, I cannot bear it! To deceive *you*—you who are so true and noble! She could not, indeed, she could not!"

Philip spoke in softer tones,—"You pity me, Emily? The world is not all false, then."

A moment's silence ensued. O, if I could only have peeped out at them unseen, for I certainly believe that Emily bent her graceful head over Philip's hand and wept upon it. I was fierce with indignation, but perfectly collected. Perhaps the dwarf could help his darling, after all.

Presently Philip rose to go.

"I suppose, then, we shall not see you any more?" murmured Emily, plaintively. How I hated that false, plaintive murmur!

"Hardly again," he said, gloomily. "And yet, Emily, I shall not wish to lose your friendship. In

ten days I will call and inquire for you, and give into your hands the letters which I have received from Louise, and you can return them to her."

Then he went. As the street-door closed after him, Emily threw herself down upon the sofa, and with her face in the pillows, muttered very low, "I love him, and I shall win him now. And yet, and yet, his heart will never be really mine. O cruel fate! Why was Louise ever born to spoil the only love I care for?"

And she writhed upon the sofa in her malice, till she seemed to me like some creature of olden time possessed by a demon within, which raved and tore. I lay hidden away in my corner, thinking deeply, with a volume pressed to my cheek.

What was Emily plotting against my sister? I began to believe her capable of any Borgia scheme and resolved to spy upon her unremittingly, and foil her where I could. How low I breathed, lest she, so near me, should catch a sound. Twilight shadows crept into the room at length, and in them she floated away, and I presently emerged from my lurking-place. How I wished I were an invisible gnome to chase her, and haunt her, and find out all her dark deeds! But I had to content myself with smearing phosphorus all over my face, and meeting her with a horrible grin in the unlighted upper hall when she came out at the ringing of the tea-bell. It did my very heart good to see the white terror in her face as she crouched back in a corner to escape me. I had appointed myself a Nemesis to punish her, but she did not know that.

I had noticed that when Emily went out alone to walk without naming her destination, she was always absent three or four hours. And the next day bringing an occasion of this kind, as soon as she was safely down the steps I went straight to her room and looked all about it. The white bed, dainty and pure, the drooping curtains, the flowers, the books, were all correct and maidenly enough, but I was a detective for the nonce, and passed them carelessly by. A small desk-table fastened my attention; I attempted to lift the lid, but in vain; it was locked. Still, the key, with a blue ribbon attached, rested in the key-hole, and I tried to turn it to unlock the desk, but it would not move,—the wards did not fit. The key evidently was not put there to help prying fingers. The next thing to do was to find the right key, and to that end I glanced curiously about. The recent reading of some of Edgar Poe's strange analytical stories sharpened my perceptions to painful keenness. I threw myself down in Emily's easy-chair, and leaned my head back in a position I had often seen her adopt. Then I narrowed my eyes and compressed my lips as she did when thoughtful, thinking that so, perhaps, my mind might momentarily take the turn of hers, and give me some insight into the mode of concealment she would be likely to practise. With my head thus thrown back, my eyes naturally fell upon the cornice above the long lace window curtains, and I distinctly saw, half hid by a projecting gilded grape-leaf, a bit of blue ribbon. Still keeping my features after Emily's fashion, the thought suggested itself to me how natural it would be to put blue ribbon on each of the two keys, that a spectator might never know that more than one was used. Full of excitement, I sprang from the chair, and taking the long gas-lighting rod which stood in the corner, I reached up and dislodged the bit of blue ribbon. As I expected, a key fell with it to the floor. With trembling fingers I tried it in

the lock; it turned easily, and I lifted the lid. That way at last I discovered Emily's treachery! There on sheets of paper were words and sentences carefully written and rewritten dozens of times, in evident imitation of my sister's hand. Cleverly done too. I looked them over hastily, and found beneath copies of two letters purporting to be from Louise to Philip Rayburn. I read them in a sort of delirious glee, for now I held the clew to the whole labyrinth in my hand. But what base letters! In them Louise was made to avow her falseness to Philip, — to confess that she never really loved him, — that all had been a pretty farce to conceal her passion for another; that remorse had seized her, and a determination to be honest at length; so now these letters begged him to set her free and to keep her secret.

A shallow plot indeed, which a few straightforward words between the two would have set right at once; but Louise was proud and Philip pitiless. Emily hazarded much, and had so far won, depending on the pride and the pitilessness. Then the handwriting! It would have deceived my own parents; but I — I, the cunning dwarf — had fathomed the whole, and held the proofs in my hand. Then came the question, what to do with them? If I took them away with me, she would discover the loss at once, and take measures accordingly. Was the hour arrived for exposure? I thought not. I determined to leave the papers, trusting to that fatuous blindness which so often leads criminals to retain the damning proof of their guilt. The justice of romances suggested itself to my mind; you know the true will is always hidden somewhere undestroyed, the fatal letter always found, the deed or certificate lost for years, but not forever; and I felt sure these letters would wait for me. Was I not the servant of Nemesis? So I unlocked the desk lifted the true key with its bit of blue ribbon to its hiding-place behind the gilt grape-leaf again, and placed the false key with its bit of blue ribbon also in the lock. Then I crept away to think it all over.

In the hall I met my sweet, sad Louise, with that new look of desolateness in her face. I kissed my hand to her. She stopped instantly, and winding her dear arms about my neck said, softly, "You will always love me, won't you, Charlie?"

"Yes, I will, and every one else shall too!" I answered, stoutly, at which her smile was sadder than tears could have been, and she passed on.

You may be very sure I kept close watch of the yellow-haired Emily during the days which followed. Many a lone reverie of hers had me for spectator, peering through a key-hole or the crack of a door, or with one eye bent on her from behind a curtain. I knew her reveries meant mischief. One afternoon my vigilance had its reward. My mother asked Emily if she would get her some violet silk when she went out, and Emily answered, sweetly, "I thought I should not go out this afternoon. I have a headache; but rather than disappoint you —"

Of course my mother interrupted her with an assurance that she should not think of letting her go. A little after, I asked, just to see what she would say, "Will you buy me a little ivory skull this afternoon, Emily, if I give you the money? There's a man down an alley two streets off who carves such things."

"I'm not going out, Charlie," she answered shortly.

Under these circumstances I thought it best to be on guard in the drawing-room, so went quietly down, climbed over the back of the antique sofa, and so down into my lurking place. There, with that horrible, fascinating book, "Frankenstein," under my head, I lay dreaming and waiting. Presently the door-bell rang, and Philip came, inquiring for Emily: only Emily. I heard her quick step on the staircase, and she glided into his arms, — could it be that it was into his arms? A subtle instinct told me it was so. Philip's voice was changed from the old light tones, and there was no tenderness in it, though he called her "darling."

"Here is this package," he said, "which I wish you to return to Louise with my forgiveness. She will soon see her heartlessness has not destroyed my happiness!" and he laughed bitterly.

"Dear Philip!" murmured Emily's false, sweet voice.

"Emily, you are the only true woman I know, after all. My life shall be devoted to you."

"And you love me, Philip?" she asked, longingly.

"You know my love's not worth much; such as it is now you may have it, Emily," and his tones were reckless. "Let us have it over at once. Can you be ready to-night at eleven?"

"Yes," she answered, breathlessly.

"I will have a carriage here at that hour. When the clock strikes, you must come down to the door all ready. You will find me there, and I will carry you away at once. A pleasant surprise to Louise, to-morrow morning, to find her lover so easily consoled! She hardly knows how frequently we have met."

"Do not marry me only from pique!" said Emily, with a touch of sadness which was real, I think.

"I simply ask you, Will you marry me, Emily?" was all his answer; and Emily said "Yes," without hesitation.

I did not want to come out and denounce them then and there; I had a better plan: so Philip went at last no wiser than he came, and Emily fled to her room, full of her plots; whilst I climbed up out of my ambush, and lay down as any one else might on the sofa, thinking my own thoughts. I wanted those letters now, quick too, — how could I secure them? I could think of no opportunity till tea-time, unless fortune favored. Fortune did favor about an hour after, for a young lady in silk and velvet came to call on Miss Grey. As the servant hesitated, not having received instructions, I called out from the drawing-room, "Emily is at home; she is up in her room. I'll call her."

So the young lady swept in and took a seat. In high glee I went up to Emily's room and rapped on the door.

"Emily, there's Flora McFlimsey down in the drawing-room to see you!"

"Tell her I'm not at home, Charlie."

"O, but I can't, Emily; I have already told her you were up-stairs, and I would call you."

"Then I suppose I must go down!" she said, in a tone of vexation, and came out, carefully closing and locking her door after her. So much the better! I knew another way to reach her room, — by going through my mother's, and my mother had gone herself for her violet silk, so there was no danger of being waylaid. This plan succeeded, and I stepped boldly into the pretty chamber, where a subtle perfume of heliotrope pervaded

the air. Emily had laid out all her dresses on the bed, and her trunk was open. I wondered if she would have the effrontery to send for it some time. But my business was with letters, not dresses, so I sought the little desk-table; the true key was in the lock this time, and in a moment I possessed myself of the fatal documents. How fortunate that Flora came just at that time, for it might be that Emily was about unlocking that desk to destroy the papers! My heart beat fast with excitement as I left the room again, by the same way that I entered, and hastened to my own little den, a flight above, bolting my door after me.

Then I sat down and wrote a letter to Philip Rayburn, telling him all I had heard, and all I had done, enclosing the sheets of paper as proofs. I felt very manly at last, so to vindicate my sister's truth; and it made me smile to be able to write that I expected him to apologize fully to Louise, and after that never to darken our doors again. I finished the letter, sealed it, coaxed the butler to deliver it at once into Mr. Rayburn's hands, and had ten minutes to compose myself before Emily politely attended her visitor to the door. Then she flew up to her room again.

My spirits ran so high I could hardly keep from shouting my secret aloud. I found Louise sitting lonesomely in her chamber, like "Mariana in the moated grange," and I kissed her hand again and again, telling her I would set everything right, while she looked at me half-frightened, and wholly puzzled. Then I imitated an Indian war-whoop at Emily's keyhole, and as it grew darker lay in wait for her behind an open door, and sprang out at her when at last I heard her gliding step. I liked to see her shrink and shudder. At tea she was pale and thoughtful, while my father and mother and Louise grew kinder than ever, heaping her plate with delicacies, and delighting to pet her. But I took no trouble to pass her anything but strawberry jam, which I knew she hated.

The night was clear,—there were stars in the heavens. After tea we all went into the parlor; Emily played, and sang, and chatted, with now and then a restless glance at the clock on the mantel-piece. At ten she said she would retire, and bade us all "good-night." That was the signal for a general departing, and before long I was going up stairs noisily, so that Emily might hear me and think all were out of her way at last. But no sooner had I slammed my door than I turned again, and crept down stairs quieter than any mouse, past all the sleeping-rooms, down to the drawing-room, and there I waited in the dark. I always liked to stay in the dark, imagining grotesque creatures in every corner unseen, and there I lay on the sofa very contentedly, hearing the clock tick and my heart beat.

At last I became conscious by some instinct finer than hearing, that Emily was coming down from her room. The clock chimed eleven, and I began to fear my plot would fail, for why was there no word to me from Philip? How softly Emily glided down, like some impalpable presence! She stood hesitating an instant on the lower stair, when the door-bell rang a peal which startled all the sleepers.

I ran out with a shout. Emily would have fled from me, but I caught her hand and dragged her to the door, which I opened. There stood Philip Rayburn, his eyes ablaze with fierce indignation, grasping the fatal letters in his hand. He held them up before Emily; he compelled her to recognize their meaning; then casting them at her feet with a ges-

ture of utter scorn, he strode into the parlor, drawing me with him.

I was proud then, as I collected all my four-foot-high dignity, and called him to account. He did not notice my manner though, he was too full of wrath and grief and contrite love. I almost began to pity him at last, but remembered that would never do, so I told him that I accepted his apologies, but he must never insult us by his presence again. That moment Louise came in hurriedly, looking terrified and perplexed.

"Where is Emily, Charlie? Who rang the bell, and why is the door open? O Philip!"

"I will go and find Emily," I said. "I will leave you with Mr. Rayburn. He has a confession to make to you, Louise, and after that you will forbid him the house!"

Emily was not to be found; I hunted for her above and below, but she was gone. The hall-door still stood open. She had fled away with her guilty conscience under the keen-eyed stars. So I went back to the parlor without her; Louise and Philip were at the door.

"I will come early to-morrow," he said, smiling brightly, and Louise smiled brightly too.

"What! have you not forbidden him the house?" I exclaimed.

"No, Charlie! That I cannot do!" And with an astonishing lack of spirit she let him fold her in his arms.

I have decided to have nothing more to do with my sister's love-affairs or the family dignity. My little part is played, and now I will hide away behind the curtain with my dreams of fairies and elfs.

MARTIN FÉREOL.

A TIRED poet might sigh to rest, his bones within the little churchyard of St. Cyril. It lies alone, at some distance from the village, on the borders of a pathless common, inclining gently from the forest to the sea. All day the sea-bird wheels and screams around its rude stone Crucifix, and at night the timid rabbit sports amidst its graves and flower-beds.

At low water the listener hears nothing of the sea, beyond a distant murmur from the Gulf of Gascony; but at full tide the waves grate noisily through the bed of silex that divides the churchyard from the level sands, recalling the poet's picture of the dying tempest, when the wind lulls into reluctant peace, and the angry waves retiring,—

"With harsh concussion rake the flinty beach."

The inscriptions on the tombstones are, some of them, simple and touching, but mostly short and quaint. One of them informs the reader that the deceased, Jean Pomex, lived a smuggler and died of an œdematous leg. On reference to a dictionary of medical terms, it appears the word œdematous comes from the Greek verb *oîdēai*, "I swell," and signifies the being in a state of tumefaction. The village doctor states further, that an œdematous affection arises when abnormal fat collects beneath the skin in any particular part, and that if you impress the part with your finger, the hole remains just as you made it, precisely as it would in a bladder of lard. At the same time he knows of nothing in such an affection necessarily to determine dissolution, and he does not know why Jean Pomex died of it.

The same tombstone bears testimony to a fact

which it was probably not designed to perpetuate, — namely, that the statuary who cut the inscription must have very nearly forgotten their Latin. Most of the tablets have the statuary's name engraved on them in a corner thus: "Messier, fecit; Pascant, fecit," &c.; but that of Jean Pomet appears to have been got up by a firm of statuary, and the word "fecit" is pluralized accordingly to meet the case; thus: "Poutis and Dindo, fecits."

But the thoughtful stranger, compelled to smile at the rustic blunder, or offended at the ill-timed humor of the funereal vagary, may flatter his pensive mood without reserve by turning to the northwest corner of the little cemetery, where, on a stone which spans a double grave, may be read the following inscription: —

"Ci-git un centenaire: —

MARTIN FÉREOL,

Naturaliste distingué, né à St. Cyrille (Landes),
Le 12 Août, 1749,

Mort en Bourgogne, au Château-la-Garenne,
Au même jour de l'année 1849;
Agé par conséquent, de cent ans juste.

Zoologiste passionné, comme fiévreux misanthrope,
Autant recherchait-il l'amitié des bêtes,
Qu'il dédaignait celle des hommes,
Oubliant que le Christ est mort pour ceux-ci.

A ses côtés on a depuis déposé
Le squelette de sa sœur Babotte;
Le reste a été mangé par les fourmis.
Elle ne l'eût pas voulu autrement."

The term "naturaliste," as used in the epitaph, expresses simply the vocation of an animal and bird-stuffer. Martin Féreol, though personally little known, was perhaps, in this sense, the most distinguished naturalist of his age. In a scientific sense, his want of education and solitary life precluded him from excellence; but he was unsurpassed in the practical knowledge of native zoology, and more than once he had had to decline the duty of arbitrament offered to him by critical and learned disputants.

From his earliest infancy the passion of his life made itself manifest. Disdaining the companionship of children, he spent his leisure hours in exclusive communion with the animals of the village; and one of the few occasions which induced him in after life to relax his taciturnity was the temptation to relate how his mother seriously feared the gift of speech had been refused to him, from the fact of his being unable, at three years old, to articulate a single word, whilst able at the same time to bark with significant and ominous correctness.

At ten years old he had mastered the local ornithology, and was employed by trappers as an adept at calling. At twelve he deceived the parish with a wren's nest of his own construction, and had earned at sixteen the reputation of an accomplished bird-stuffer.

The first half-century of his life was passed in his native village, where the conscription and the levy, joined to the military vexations of the period, and the entire loss of his savings, through an elaborate fraud, contributed to foster in his heart misanthropic tendencies, which ultimately ripened into settled hatred under the smart of an aggravated slight.

Though averse to notoriety, and though sullenly repelling the advances of friendship, he was courted by the admirers of his art, and consulted by its leading members. It was he who classed the

Egyptian waders for the Museum of Prague, who restored the specimens of the Royal Cabinet at Athens, and who mounted, with Kempfen, of Maestricht, the eleven egrets of the Duke of Parma.

At the age of sixty he accepted an engagement as conservator of a private museum. The proprietor, the Baron Raoul de Lermuzeau, a man of large fortune and scientific tastes, invited him to take up his abode at the château, offering to lodge and entertain him, without deducting anything from his stipend. This generous proposition Féreol, dreading to compromise his independence, declined without thanks, preferring to reside in an isolated cottage at the extremity of the village, where he was afterwards joined by his sister Babotte, who there lived with him till the day of his death, surviving him by thirteen weeks.

His engagement at the château procured Féreol, for the rest of his life, an occupation congenial to his tastes. The museum was as extensive as the design of its proprietor, which was to render it a complete cabinet of European zoology. Commenced by the baron's father, under the auspices of Buffon himself, the collection had been enriched by successive additions, till, during an interval of confiscation, the museum had been ravaged and disorganized by wanton or sacrilegious hands.

When confided to Féreol's care, the museum was an assemblage of confusion. Scientific distinctions had been effaced by neglect and insects, dust and exposure had obliterated color, and scarcely a vestige remained of the artistic labor bestowed on the original arrangement.

Féreol entered on his work with passion, and, after restoring the few specimens not hopelessly disfigured, he presented the baron with an endless catalogue of deficiencies, the gradual supply of which was to be thenceforth the pride and labor of his life. Ten years of diligence sufficed, however, to complete his task. With unlimited means at his disposal, and in a position, through the baron's influence, to command effective co-operation, he was able, at the expiration of that period, to regard the collection as fairly representing the science of the age in respect of European zoology.

From that time forth he became the exclusive guardian of his trust, never absenting himself during the day, and never departing at night without retaining the custody of the keys. The baron treated him as a spoilt child, encouraged his eccentric genius, and humored his belief in the sovereign importance of his art. It followed that he regarded as paramount whatever concerned the museum; and when the baron, summoned suddenly to Paris to take part in the deliberations of the Royalist coalition, was about to depart in haste, Féreol reproachfully reminded him that he had forgotten to write for a duplicate skin to the ambassador of France in London.

Into all his arrangements he imported the most inexorable order. Nothing offended him more than even a momentary displacement of any article under his care. Attached to the library was a cabinet devoted to specimens of foreign ornithology, and the presence of one of these in the European gallery threw him, on one occasion, into a fit of nervous anguish, which lasted till the impropriety was removed. The baron's grandson had entered the room with a florican, which he was stuffing under Féreol's directions, and came to show what he had done and to receive advice. Féreol for a while suppressed his uneasiness, till compelled at length

by the force of his displeasure, he expressed it thus to his astonished pupil: "Emportez-moi donc d'ici cet oiseau de la zone torride; nous ferons mieux la leçon chez lui." What would he have thought of the great national Museum of London, where the saurians of Egypt are deliberately exposed to view in the cabinet expressly and designedly consecrated to the productions of the British Islands!

Subject to a certain reserve, Féreol entertained a feeling of friendship for the baron and his family, including the Abbé Gassendi, the baron's chaplain, and a serving youth, by name Désiré. For all other persons, with the one exception of his sister Babotte, he evinced unmingled and inveterate aversion. Gassendi solemnly reproached him with his hatred to men, condemning his exclusive sympathy with brutes as a bestial charity maintained at the expense of Christian love. Féreol retorted that long study of nature had redressed his intellectual perception, and that, for him, the moral type was not in man. When pressed home by the uncompromising abbé, he took refuge in a sneering generality, expressed in a motto of his own devising, and engraved on the collars of his dogs: "La pire viande, c'est l'homme."

He was not the less a true man at heart; his misanthropy was negative, and it would have cost him no effort to forbear a tempting vengeance. He clung grimly to his opinions, but would not suffer himself to be dragged by prejudice beyond the limits of good faith. He scrutinized with eager spite a new proposition in natural history, but accepted it with resignation if he found it true. The burden of his life had been the necessity of giving up strict classification. He would have classified even the intermediate links; but nature revealed herself in the course of his discoveries, and he found her absolutely independent where he and his predecessors had assigned her the bondage of a system.

Gratuitous speculations offended him, and he was especially shocked with the views of certain naturalists which lead the mind to deism. He had purchased the treatise of Bolitho, and, when read, had burnt it lest it should fall into weaker hands. He knew by heart his Buffon. The grand old count was his saint and hero. Eloquence came to him with the bare mention of Buffon's name; he was now the Druid of Montbar, enshrined in yearning memories, and canonized with tears of love; he was now the true knight who entered the lists without flourish, not to do battle for the high-born lady, but to assert the rights of the oppressed ass. For Buffon's sake he pardoned man. He was, nevertheless, not blind to the errors of Buffon. He even deemed him impious in his theory of the promiscuous propagation of birds.

He had paid during his life but one visit to Paris, and the impression he retained of it was of the most dismal kind. He had gone there to feed his pride, counting on the status of his art in the great metropolis of European science. He returned abased and humiliated, fuming with resentment, and irrevocably settled in his estimate of man. What first annoyed him were the "charges," or grotesque imitations of human groups by stuffed frogs and other creatures so common in Paris shops; but these he ended by tolerating as mere trivial offences to a low taste. More painful still to his mind were the permanent lies and stuffed libels upon God's creation he saw in the windows

of the capital, such as animals represented in combinations unwarranted by their kind, and associations unknown in nature. Strange-looking creatures, for example, he beheld, perverted or disguised, and presented to a staring public as "inhabitants of the moon, discovered on the coast of Normandy after a heavy storm." These, and the like, roused his professional wrath, and he forthwith wrote to the Minister of Public Instruction imploring his paternal interference to prevent the misleading of the ignorant by the publication of such impostures. The Minister's secretary replied that the publication in question, though decidedly regrettable, did not amount to a contravention of any existing law, and that there were, therefore, no grounds for official interference.

Thus repulsed, Féreol resolved, for the reputation of the cloth, to expostulate personally with the offending brotherhood. His first attempt was with a naturalist of the Rue Graffigny, who received him with politeness, but gave him to know that in Paris the honor of the profession took rank after the success of the business, and that a successful "charge" was an excellent advertisement.

In despair at this result, Féreol stationed himself outside the establishment. The object of his anger was a glass case containing the representation of a northern landscape, with rocks and icebergs, amongst which latter several small animals, ingeniously mutilated, personated tiny white bears in divers attitudes. Féreol watched with agony the admiring multitude, earnestly assuring them there were no such bears in creation, and that the animals in the glass case were ermines with their tails cut off. But, finding at length that his exposure of the fraud served only to increase their admiration, he gave up his mission in disgust, much marvelling that Sudom and Gomorrah should be destroyed by fire, and Paris be allowed to stand.

He nevertheless repaired next day to the Rue Quincampoix. Here he found represented a white owl pursued by a goshawk. Féreol affected to suppose the proprietor was himself under an erroneous impression as to the authenticity of the facts represented. He informed him apologetically that a peregrine of his own had killed a brown owl, confined with it in a root-house; but that in a state of liberty, and free to follow its instincts, neither a falcon nor a goshawk would molest an owl. The man replied he had no doubt monsieur was quite correct, but that the group, as represented, was attractive and imposing, which sufficed for the purposes of the trade. Féreol thereupon immediately left Paris, to whose deceitful bird-stuffers he ascribed the calamities of France.

The most charming images of Buffon are most often those which are the least truthful. The captivated votary refuses to be undeceived. For him the lion will be ever lofty, generous, compassionate; the buzzard mean, cruel, and sneaking. Féreol struggled for a compromise, but his friend the abbé refused to leave him the shadow of an illusion.

"Brutes, sir, differ only by their constitution, their powers, and their necessities; they are essentially alike in their unscrupulous pursuit of the expedient. Their moral qualities are determined by their incentives, and both the lion and the eagle, to advance their ends, would be as ruthless and as horrible as the rat."

Féreol assented with reluctance to this disenchanting doctrine. Were all brutes to be thus levelled to the standard of man? Might he not claim

speak. Part of this power we may recognize as due to the subtle and deep admixture of moral emotion and of human sentiment with the mysterious motion and passion of nature. Thus, in "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*," the wind and the sea gain strength and depth from the human figure set to fight them: from the depth and strength of the incarnate spirit so doing and suffering. Thus in this book there is a new sense and a new sublimity added to the tempest by the remorse of men sinking at once under sin and storm, drowned under a double weight of deeds and waves.

Not even in that other book is the supreme mastery of nature, the lordship of the forces of things, more admirable and wonderful than throughout the first part of this. He who could think to describe might think to rival it. But of one point I cannot but take note; there is nothing, even at the height of tragic horror, repellent, ugly, hateful. It has been said there is, and will be said again; for how should there not be distorted eyes and envious tongues in the world? Indeed a *pieuvre* is no pleasant playfellow; the "tree of man's making" bears a fearful fruit; the monstrous maidenhood of Josiane is no sister to the starry virginity of Dea; but how has the great poet handled these things? The mutilation of a child's face is a thing unbearable for thought to rest on; but have we not seen first the face of a heroic soul? Far elsewhere than in the work of our sovereign poet must we look for the horror which art will have none of, which nature flings back with loathing in the bringer's face. If not, we of this time who love and serve his art should indeed be in a bad case. But upon this matter we cannot permit the blind and nameless leaders of the nameless blind to decide for us. Let the serious and candid student look again for himself and see. That "fight of the dead with the dark," that swinging of carrion-birds with the swing of the gibbeted carrion, might have been so done into words as to begot in us mere loathing; but how is it done here? The mighty manner of Victor Hugo has given to this ghastly matter something even of a horrible charm, a shocking splendor of effect. The rhythmic horror of the thing penetrates us not with loathing, but with a tragic awe and terror as at a real piece of the wind's work, an actual caprice of the night's, a portion of the tempest of things. So it is always; handle what he may, the touch of a great poet will leave upon it a spell to consume and transmute whatever a weaker touch would leave in it of repulsion.

Whether or not we are now speaking of a great poet, of a name imperishable, is not a question which can be gravely deliberated. I have only to record my own poor conviction, based on some study and comparison of the men, that precisely as we now think of those judges who put Fletcher above Shakespeare, Cowley above Milton, the paid poets of Richelieu beside Corneille, and I know not whom beside Molière, will the future think of those judges who would place any poet of his age by the side of Victor Hugo. Nor has his age proved poor — it has rather been singularly rich — in men and in poets really and greatly admirable. But even had another done as well once and again as the master himself, who has done so well as much? Had he done but half, had he done but a tenth of his actual work, his supremacy, being less incontestable, would no doubt have been less contested. A parsimonious poet calculates well for his own time. Had Victor Hugo granted us but one great play, —

say "*Marion de Lorme*," — but one great lyric work, — say "*Les Contemplations*," — but one great tragic story, — say any one you please, — the temptation to decry and denounce him by comparison would have been less; for with the tribe of Barkilphedro the strength of this temptation grows with the growth of the benefit conferred. And very potent is that tribe in the world of men and of letters.

As for me, I am not careful to praise or dispraise by comparison at all. I am not curious to inquire what of apparent or of actual truth there may be in any charge brought against the doer of the greatest things done, the giver of the greatest gifts given among men in our time. Goethe found his way of work mechanical and theatrical; Milton also lived to make oblique recantation of his early praise of Shakespeare; we may, and should, wish this otherwise: yet none the less are they all great men. It may be there is perceptible in Victor Hugo something too much of positive intention, of prepossession, application, of composition and forethought: what if there were? One question stands forth first and last; is the work done good work and great, or not? A lesser question is this; these that we find to be faults, are they qualities separable from the man's nature? could we have his work without them? If not, and if his work be great, what will it profit us to blame them or to regret? First, at all events, let us have the sense to enjoy it and the grace to give thanks. What, for example, if there be in this book we have spoken of errors of language, errors historical or social? Has it not throughout a mighty hold upon men and things, the godlike strength of grasp which only a great man can have of them? And for quiet power of hand, for scornful sureness of satiric truth, what can exceed his study of the queen of England (Anne)? Has it not been steeped in the tears and the fire of live emotion? If the style be overcharged and overshadowing with bright sharp strokes and points, these are no fireworks of any mechanic's fashion: these are the phosphoric flashes of the sea-fire moving on the depth of the limitless and living sea. Enough, that the book is great and heroic, tender and strong; full from end to end of divine and passionate love, of holy and ardent pity for men that suffer wrong at the hands of men; full, not less, of lyric loveliness and lyric force; and I for one am content to be simply glad and grateful: content in that simplicity of spirit to accept it as one more benefit at the hands of the supreme singer now living among us the beautiful and lofty life of one loving the race of men he serves, and of them in all time to be beloved.

BEHIND A SOFA.

I LIKE to creep away into corners and hide myself with the fold of a curtain, or half-open door, or behind one of the great painted fire-screens, or in the shadow of the tallest furniture. There I have odd little fancies all to myself, and wish things and dreams things which nobody knows anything about. For I am different from all the rest; my parents are tall and handsome, and Louise is the prettiest girl I ever saw. Then my brother Harry, who was killed in the Indian Mutiny, was like a prince in a fairy story, so brave and beautiful. But I! I am small and feeble. I cannot run or wrestle, and there is something growing on my shoulders which keeps me from standing straight, and they call me deformed. I shall never grow any more; strangers think me nine or ten years old, but when

I count the years from the date in the family Bible, I find I am sixteen. People always speak kindly to me, with a great pity in their eyes, and once in a while I pity myself, but not often. I like to be this queer little figure. Louise is like the lovely ladies in legends and ballads, and I am like the imps and dwarfs; when I read about them I look at myself in the mirror, and make grimaces, and whirl over on one hand and then on the other, till Louise looks distressed and begs me to stop. Being what I am, of course I don't often go anywhere, except in summer when we leave town; and nobody makes me do anything; so I roam all over the house, and read, and lie with my eyes shut for day-dreams, and am merry and happy almost all the time. I wish I were only six inches high, what fun I would have in the world! Then when we are in the country, I could ride on the birds' backs, and down in the woods I could sit astride of the great lush toad-stools, and drink from acorn-cups, — or by the sea-shore, I fancy I could launch a nautilus and sail away like any grim little sprite. However, to be four feet high has its advantages.

When Harry was wounded, and lay in the hospital, knowing he must die, he wrote a long letter to my father and mother, full of grief, and comfort, too; and then he told them a thing which surprised them greatly. How he was engaged to marry a girl in a town in which they had been quartered. How sweet and lovely she was, and how desolate she would be now: and he wanted them to send for her, and to love her like a daughter. I clapped my hands at that. I like to have people do things to interest me; and the idea of poor Harry having fallen in love! For I know very well what love is: I have read the "Faery Queen" all through, and a great many romances. And some time ago I began a sly watch over Louise, on account of a certain Philip Rayburn coming to the house very often.

But about Harry's lady-love. My mother does not like strangers very well, but being for Harry's sake made a difference, and my father urged the plan. As for Louise, it seemed as if she could not be eager enough for the coming of this Miss Emily Grey, she was so determined to cherish and love her. For my part, as home is all the real world there is for me, I like to have as many characters in it as possible. So when we heard that Emily Grey was coming to England, we invited her to stay with us.

She would not come at once. She was timid, it seemed; or perhaps, Harry being dead, she would rather avoid his household. But Louise pleaded for her, and wrote her a great many loving letters, and at last Emily came.

Emily came. That first evening when they brought her into the parlor, I was lying under the table with my head on a hassock, thinking about the Old Man of the Sea in the Arabian Nights, and wishing I had been one of the genii of those days. But when Emily entered, I forgot everything else, and peered out from under the table-cover at her. What a dainty little lady she was! so pale and slight, she made me think of frail, fluttering, yellow butterflies; partly, I suppose, because of her yellow curls, which fell all over her shoulders when Louise took away her hat and shawl. Her eyes were wide and pale and blue, her cheeks were colorless, and she had a frightened, deprecating way of looking up, even after my stately mamma had embraced her. But Louise kept about her, and cheered her, and talked to her, till she began to

look brighter. Louise was so different, such a darling "nut-brown mayde," with honest, dark eyes and rosy cheeks, and lips always ready to smile. Louise is my beauty.

My father and mother went out after a while, and Louise still talked to her guest, while I lay very contentedly on the floor, all curled up just where I could see all that passed without turning my head. Louise went to an *étagère* at the other end of the room to get a little picture of Harry, and I idly kept watch of Emily. That moment she interested me; her wide, pale eyes narrowed and grew intense, she cast a quick, furtive glance after Louise, and around the room, curving her little white neck, and a strange, bright smile flitted over her lips. I thought instantly of Coleridge's Geraldine with the evil eye, and just for fun I lifted the table-cover and put my head and shoulders out so that she could see me. I am afraid I grinned at her. She shrieked and flung her hands before her face. Louise came running back, and asked what had frightened her.

"Oh!" she whispered, "such a dreadful face peered at me from under the table! There it is again!" And she shuddered.

"Charles!" exclaimed Louise, looking around, "come out, you naughty boy, and speak to Miss Grey. It's only my brother Charlie, our pet. He is full of freaks. One never knows where he is.

Emily Grey looked at me like the saddest and sweetest little creature that ever lived, as I went up to her, and she reached out her small white hand to me, and said, in a low, musical voice, "So this is dear Charlie. I have heard of him. We will be friends, won't we?"

"Will you tell me stories?" I asked. She laughed merrily.

"Yes, heaps of them, child."

"Did you love Harry?" I asked again.

She shivered at that, and looked imploringly at Louise.

"Charlie, you are unkind," said Louise, reproachfully.

"Well, then, I won't ask her if she loved Harry. I'll go off and read my book of hobgoblins."

"O no! don't be vexed, Charlie," said Emily, with great sweetness. "Stay by me, and I will tell you a story." So I stopped, and she told me a senseless story of two girls who went to school. When I saw it was n't going to amount to anything, I started to leave her.

"I don't like that," I said. "I like witch stories."

"Ah!" she replied, smiling, "perhaps this will be better." And then she told me a story of an old witch who had a throne down in the slime of the sea, with a string of bones around her neck, and a toad perched on each shoulder. And this witch bought souls, and gave people power over hearts in exchange.

"That was a good story!" I said at the end.

"And now, dear Charlie, go to bed," Louise directed. So I kissed my pretty sister's hand and glided off.

Emily very soon learned to be perfectly at home with us. She seemed to wind herself about the hearts of my father and mother, and as for Louise, — Louise would have walked over burning ploughshares to do her service. I liked her about half the time, and the other half I felt like teasing her. She would grow so white and terrified when I sprang out at her from behind curtains or doors. More

Tame owls have nevertheless been known to take bats without any symptoms of aversion.

Désiré's veneration for Martin was tempered with a kind of awe. His regard for the aged Babotte was a feeling of unmingled love. Babotte was no less a character than her brother Martin, but of an originality quite distinct from his. What in him was acrimonious bile, in her was indiscriminating goodness, and her sole wrong to man was an uncompromising preference for brutes. Her intellectual faculties were of the lowest grade, and the reputation of her childhood had been that of a hopeless idiot. She was unable to read or write, and had never learnt to tell the clock. But she needed neither books nor time-piece. She knew the hours from the dial that needs no repairing, and she read from the statute-book of Nature, in no ambiguous characters, that order, thrift, and cleanliness are God's first law. She lived in uninterrupted conversation with the dumb beings around her, and possessed means of intelligence which were secrets between herself and her correspondents. She could ascertain from the cat what ailed her kitten, and understood an application from the cow for change of pasture. Her parallel has been imagined by Victor Hugo in his romance of "Conscience l'Innocent." The legion tongues of nature, whether expressed in cries, in squeaks, or croaks, were as familiar to her as the voice of her own brother. The birds and frogs gave her warning of the approach of rain and sunshine, and she prepared for change with all the certainty of unerring instinct. She lived amongst the dumb natives of the field, unfear'd and unavoids. No bird suspected her of wrong, no reptile fled at her approach. In the meadow, the magpie refused to move out of her path; on the plain, the skylark flew to its nest before her eyes; and in the wood, the squirrel remained in sight upon the tree which sheltered her. With Hugo's Innocent she had brought home clustered bees from forest hives; and with Legouvé's *Mélicerte* had nursed and cured a dying duckling, which had been seized and partly devoured by a hog.

Had Babotte been free and friendless, she might well have smiled on society and passed her way.

Her home was ready found in some secluded wood, her food the roots and berries, and her companions the birds and beasts. But Martin, her sole relative and guardian by law, had charge of her person and estate. She had for some time pined under restraint, but had, taken strength from habit, and was for many years her brother's only house-keeper. She ordered his cottage with superstitious minuteness, deferred to him with conviction, and revered his profession with a religious awe. Her aversion to flesh was invincible, and her brother's taste was so little carnivorous that he abstained habitually. Babotte's resources provided ample compensation. Her larder was the open field, and the forest her kitchen-garden. She had wild salads for all seasons, and fragrant herbs in endless and refreshing variety. Martin took all his sister presented him, relying on her instinct with blind faith. Désiré affirms he would have eaten a furze-bush, if Babotte had set it before him.

Martin's affection for his sister was profound, but contained in it a leaven of grimness. He accepted her submissiveness as his due, and notwithstanding her rare talent as a herbalist, he conceived himself removed above her by a gulf of intellectual distance. He nevertheless admitted the reality of her myste-

rious sympathy with birds and animals, and he held her unrivalled in the preparation of coffee.

He had had with her but one serious quarrel during the course of their companionship, and that one was on the subject of spiders. Babotte objected to disturb the spiders after they had once spun their webs and become fairly domiciled in the apartment. She argued they were not like foul parasites that attack your substance or annoy your person, and that to remove them without motive was a selfish abuse of power. To the plea of cleanliness she replied that the spiders themselves were not inherently dirty, and that she kept the webs clean by dusting them with the parlor bellows. Refuted by Martin, she submitted her defence to the abbé, who treated it as a perverse whim, and the spiders were condemned accordingly.

It was not that Martin at all shared the repugnance shown in general to those most repulsive insects. Spiders made no exception to the universality of his taste for animals, and his apology for their life and usefulness was a point of standing issue between himself and the Abbé Gassendi. The abbé admitted much, but confessed he could imagine a Paradise complete without spiders. It was true, he said, they had their merits like all created beings. Though it was quite false that they exhaled noxious vapors, it was certain they destroyed great quantities of flies in places where birds had no access. They were invaluable in sultry summers when flies greatly plagued the poor, infecting their dwellings, spoiling their food, and buzzing them out of their senses. He recognized further in spiders three distinct qualities, — two positive and one negative; they were diligent and patient, and not bloodthirsty. They killed for hunger, but did not massacre for rage, like stoats and martens. It might be said the spiders were less destructive than their webs, which were often filled with flies untouched; and these webs supplied the swallows when insects in the air were scarce. Sometimes, also, the fly struggled through the net, and, falling to the ground, became food for beetles; for nothing is lost in nature's careful system.

Still, it was difficult to be human and not detest the spider. He passed by common consent as the emblem of a cruel fatality. Poets used him as the extreme term of an odious contrast, and the most impartial writers said unpleasant things of him. Voltaire assigned him the standing epithet of execrable. The English poet, Thomson, described him as a villain, and Boileau denounced him as the assassin with six legs. Solomon, it was true, refers to him advantageously; but this is apparently by way of apology for his being found in king's palaces, which Solomon does not pretend are any the better for his presence. It was true also that entomologists wrote of spiders with great complacency, but with them the eulogy was professional, and passed for nothing; there were also men who wrote complacently on virulent pustules, or described with rapture a well-developed pimple on the nose. In fact, no doctrine was too untenable for desperate or eccentric apologists.

Babotte's latest wish was to be eaten by ants, and she had secretly enjoined Désiré to convey her corpse immediately after her death into the forest, and lay it between two ant-hills in a particular spot. Martin had at this time lost all consciousness, and was being gradually extinguished by extreme old age. He died in his hundredth year, and was buried in his native village, conformably to a wish to that

effect he had expressed some years before to the baron's family. Babotte, though twenty years younger, survived him only by a few weeks. On the day following that on which she died her body was nowhere to be found. An inquiry was forthwith instituted to unravel the mystery, but the commission, after a searching quest, was compelled to separate without result. Some weeks afterwards, the skeleton was discovered in the forest, perfectly white and dry, every particle of the flesh having been cleanly extracted by the ants. Désiré had meanwhile confessed his pious outrage, but the matter was hushed up through the baron's influence.

The remains of Babotte were afterwards interred with those of her brother in the little churchyard of St. Cyril, where the legend on the tombstone describes in comprehensive terms her singular but characteristic destiny.

A STORY OF THE MOSCOW RAILWAY.

I WAS at Moscow in the winter of 186-, and had exhausted the programme of "sights" which every true believer in the British system of travelling is bound to go through. I had traversed the glittering halls of the Imperial Palace, and made the circuit of the red turret-crowned wall which girdles the Kremlin; I had looked down upon the frozen Moskva from the summit of the Iván Veliki tower, and marvelled at the fantastic coloring of the pineapple-shaped church of Vassili the Blessed. I had stood within the voiceless lips of the Mammoth Bell, and peered into the muzzle of the Monster Cannon. I had bought photographs in the Kouznetski Most, and sipped tea in the Troitski Trakteer, and I was now awaiting the arrival of a friend from St. Petersburg, in whose company I proposed extending my travels eastward as far as Nijni.

An eminent authority has said, "In travelling through a romantic country, select a practical companion; in a flat country, select a romantic one." Strictly speaking, the scenery of Central Russia can hardly be called romantic, the best way to form an idea of it being to multiply a billiard board by five millions, and subtract the cushions; but my proposed companion was one who would have neutralized the effect of a tropical sunset or a moonlight view from Mount Olivet. A more thoroughly practical man than Fred Allfact never breathed; and I would confidently have prescribed him as a corrective to an imagination as luxuriant as that of Victor Hugo or the author of "Phantastes." No play of fancy had a moment's chance with that remorseless Manchester intellect, and we had a joke against him on that score at Rugby which is hardly forgotten yet. One of the inmates of our dormitory was telling a story (*horresco referens*) of a phantom ship, the crew whereof had perished in mutual conflict, and were thenceforth doomed to remain lifeless on the deck during the day, while at midnight they acted again the butchery which had been the closing scene of their mortal career. Just at this moment, while the indrawn breath of the audience testified their emotion, Fred's slow, sententious tones were heard: "Well, I really don't see why the poor fellows might n't have gone and amused themselves during the day, and then come back in time for the fight in the evening!"

I had got a good breakfast ready for Fred, for the practical man has a practical appetite, likely to be doubled after such a journey. To go

from St. Petersburg to Moscow in winter is no light matter; in the first class you are stewed alive; in the second you are frozen to death; and in both smothered with smoke by your fellow-passengers; and although in point of speed a great advance has recently been made (the time of transit being reduced from twenty hours to nineteen and a half), yet this, under such circumstances, is quite long enough. Ten A. M. being the usual hour of arrival, I had a plentiful repast on the table by 10.30, concluding that (as the train stops only nine times for refreshment), my friend would probably stand in need of it. The half-hour struck, and he did not appear. I went to the window, in the hope of speedily beholding a sledge come jolting into the snow-heaped courtyard, bearing Fred and all his fortunes, but nothing was to be seen. The three-quarters struck; then the hour, — and I was beginning to feel surprised, for these creeping trains are usually punctual, — when the long-expected guest made his appearance. But instead of bursting into the room with a loud laugh and a boisterous greeting, according to custom, he entered with the uncertain step of a sleep-walker, and without uttering a sound. It needed but one glance at his face to tell me that something extraordinary must have befallen him. The jovial, rubicund visage was now deadly pale; the firm lips quivered convulsively; the clear bright eye was dilated with horror. Few men who had seen Fred Allfact on the brink of an Alpine precipice, or in the midst of an Atlantic hurricane, would have recognized him now.

"What on earth's the matter with you, man?" asked I. "Why, you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I've seen worse," replied he, in a tremulous voice. "Good Heavens! I've often heard of such things, but I never believed in them before. By Jove! it's too horrible!"

"What is it? what's it all about?"

"Give me some breakfast, and then I'll tell you. Perhaps I'll be able to eat now. I have n't touched a morsel all the way."

"What, not for twenty hours? You ought to be hungry, then. Well, eat first, and talk afterwards."

He made the attempt, but it was a miserable pretence. To me, who remembered his breakfast before ascending Mont Blanc, and his supper after swimming across the Vistula, there was something portentous in this sudden loss of appetite; and I eagerly awaited the recital of his adventures, which he commenced as follows:—

"We left Petersburg at the usual time yesterday, and I, wishing to make myself comfortable (for it was desperately cold), got into a first-class compartment, where I found an officer, a lady, and a man who might have been anything, for his fur collar and cap hid his face completely. The train was just going to start, and that was perhaps the reason why no more people got in; though, indeed, there would not have been much room for them anyhow, for each of us had a good deal of baggage, except, to be sure, the wrapped-up man, who seemed to have nothing with him but a large bundle. Well, off went the train, and for the first fifteen or twenty versts I was as silent as poor Albert Smith used to say the English always are in foreign society; but by and by I got to exchanging a few words with the officer, and presently the lady, who was with him, joined in. They spoke in French, at which I'm pretty fluent, as you know" (Fred could never

"be bothered" to learn Russian), "so in a little time we rattled away famously, and by the time we got to Luban, where the first twenty minutes' halt is made, we were all as thick as thieves. Here my two friends got out to take a snack, but I, having made a big dinner just before leaving, did n't think it worth while eating again so soon, and just strolled up and down the platform, till, noticing that the muffled man did n't get out, I went to see what he was doing.

"All the time we had been talking this man never said a word, but sat in his corner like a wax figure; and when I looked in and saw him still sitting there motionless with his bundle beside him, it reminded me somehow of a picture I saw long ago where a murderer was sitting watching beside the body of his victim."

"What!" cried L. "Fred Allfact turning imaginative! Wonders will never cease."

"Ah, it's all very well for you to chaff," retorted Fred, rather acrimoniously; "you think that because a fellow knows how to take care of himself he's got no more imagination than a codfish, but I've got as much as you, anyhow."

"My dear fellow," replied I, "I'll concede you the imagination of Shakespeare if you like; only go on with your story, for I'm rather anxious to hear the *dénouement*."

"Perhaps you won't like it so much when you do hear it," said Fred, gloomily; "but to continue. The man looked up in a quick, suspicious way as I got in, exposing a part of his face for the first time. He was so coarsely dressed that I wondered how he came to travel first-class at all; but in that moment I caught a glimpse of a face which never belonged to one of the *bourgeoisie* since the world began."

"Miracle upon miracle!" exclaimed L. "Can this be Fred Allfact, whose favorite maxim used to be that one man is as good as another?"

"Ah, you may laugh," responded my friend; "but wait till I get to the end of my story, and then laugh if you can. Well, presently the officer and the lady got in again, and we resumed our conversation. I don't know how it was, but somehow our talk turned upon murders, and one horrible story succeeded another, till at last I got quite sick of it, and said, rather excitedly, 'There is one thing to comfort one over all these horrors, — that the villains who cause them are certain to be found out and punished.'

"I had scarcely uttered the words when a low, chuckling laugh came from under the wrappings of the unknown, which made me start as if I had been stung. There was something in the sound so positively infernal that I really felt as if it had been the devil himself. But before I could speak, the stranger joined in the conversation for the first time.

"'Montieur is of opinion, then,' said he, in the most perfect French, 'that it is impossible to commit a murder without being detected?'

"'Just so,' replied I, rather curtly, for there was a latent sarcasm in his tone which made me think he was laughing at me, though I could not tell how nor why.

"'Then I fear I must take the liberty of differing from Monsieur on that point,' returned he, in a smooth, slippery kind-of voice, that gave me the same feeling one has in looking at a snake. 'I have known many cases where all investigation proved fruitless, and where the murderer is probably at large still.'

"'Were these cases of which you speak in Russia?' asked I.

"'In Russia and elsewhere,' he rejoined. 'But it strikes me that even in England murderers are not always brought to justice. I have some remembrance of a story called the "Waterloo Bridge Murder," which seemed to end in nothing. Messieurs de la Police are very clever, but they are not omniscient.'

"'They're cleverer than people think them, perhaps,' said I, rather sharply, for I already felt an unaccountable aversion to the man, although I had hardly spoken with him for two minutes.

"'Perhaps!' he returned, with a slight sneer; 'but for all that I would not mind laying a wager that you might sit opposite to a murderer, and talk with him — ay, just after the deed was done — without finding him out.'

"He pronounced the last words in a tone almost of triumph, which made me tingle from head to foot. Had I followed my impulse at that moment, I should have collared him and cried out, Seize this man! he's a murderer.

"And you'd have been right, I suppose," interrupted I, beginning to feel interested.

"You'll find out about that later on," returned Fred, who never likes to be hurried in a story. "I saw that my two companions had their suspicions of him likewise, and no wonder; for to hear a man dressed like a porter talking pure French, and expressing himself as this fellow had done, was enough to set any one a-thinking. Whether they had an idea of anything wrong, or merely took him for some young swell out on a frolic, I can't say; but just as I was going to hint my suspicions to them, the train stopped at Volkhoff, and my two friends got out to eat as before. Directly they were gone the stranger got out too, saying to me, very politely, 'Will you kindly see that no one takes my place while I get some dinner?' Of course I agreed, and away he went. You'd hardly believe that even I, unimaginative as you call me, felt a sort of horror at being left alone there, just as if some evil presence were with me in the carriage; though (excepting our baggage and the stranger's bundle) there was nothing there but myself. And the feeling gained so upon me that at last I got out and stood by the door.

"My two companions were soon back again, but when the train started the stranger was still missing. I noticed this to the officer, who replied that he had probably got into another carriage by mistake, and that we should see him at the next station. However, he did n't appear, and as station after station passed without any sign of him, we at last called the guard (I forget what station it was) and told him the whole story. The guard laughed and said something in Russ, and then got out; when the officer turned to me and said, 'He tells me that this man is probably a rogue who has left his package on purpose, intending by and by to claim some one else's luggage instead of his own; and so, to make all safe, he means to open the bundle at once, and we are to go with him and see it done.' So we all went into the guard-room, and the man undid the bundle, which seemed to contain nothing but a fine velvet cloak tightly rolled up. He unrolled it, and instantly jumped back with a loud 'Ach!' as if he had trodden upon a serpent; and no wonder, for when I stepped forward to look, what should I see but a woman's head!"

"A woman's head!" echoed I, incredulously.

"Pooh! it must have been a wax model, or the head of a lay figure."

"Not a bit; it was a real head, if ever I saw one, and not very long cut off, either. The face was the most beautiful I ever saw, looking quite like ivory upon the black velvet, and not the least distorted; she must have been killed sleeping. There was a jewelled tiara in the hair, as if for a ball; but the strangest thing was a small piece of paper fixed on the forehead, inscribed, 'The jewels for Moscow; the head for St. Petersburg.'"

"What did that mean?" asked I.

"I can't imagine; but the man who wrote it was most likely half mad at the time. Well, you may fancy what a to-do there was; the news soon got abroad, and a whole crowd came flocking in, and we had to tell all we knew, and to leave our addresses, in case our evidence should be required. Altogether it was nearly an hour before we got off, and that's why I arrived so late. What do you think of that now?"

"It's a frightful story, certainly," said I; "but there must be some explanation shortly. The murder must have been done in St. Petersburg, and will soon be known there. Let us see what to-day's paper says when it arrives. It ought to be in to-morrow."

The next day Fred pounced upon the first attainable copy of the Petersburg news, and hastily casting his eye over it, exclaimed, suddenly, "This must be it. Listen!

"*Shocking and Mysterious Occurrence.*—The whole capital has just been thrown into consternation by one of those atrocious murders which from time to time seem to recall the crimes of the Dark Ages. The victim, as all will grieve to learn, is the well-known and charming Princess Hedzoff.*

"It appears that yesterday morning the Princess's maid, on taking a cup of chocolate to her mistress (who had graced a ball with her presence the evening before), was horrified to find the latter stretched lifeless on the floor bathed in blood. Frightful to relate, the head had been completely severed from the body, and was nowhere to be found. . . . We regret to add that there is reason to fear that this appalling bereavement has driven to self-destruction the unfortunate Prince, her husband, who has not been heard of since the night of the murder."

"Very neatly smoothed over, that last bit," remarked Fred, significantly. "But it's not to self-destruction that he's been driven, anyhow. Well! who would believe this, I wonder, if they were to see it in a book?"

"L'impossible est toujours vrai, you know," observed I. "It seems there are white Othellos as well as black. Well done the nineteenth century! Let us go and get a mouthful of fresh air."

And out we went accordingly.

THE TWO BREATHS.

A LECTURE TO LADIES.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I HAVE been honored by a second invitation to address you here, from the lady to whose public spirit the establishment of these lectures is due. I dare not refuse it, because it gives me an opportunity of speaking on a matter, knowledge and ignorance about which may seriously affect your health

and happiness, and that of the children with whom you may have to do. I must apologize if I say many things which are well known to many persons in this room: they ought to be well known to all; and it is generally best to assume total ignorance in one's hearers, and to begin from the beginning.

I shall try to be as simple as possible; to trouble you as little as possible with scientific terms; to be practical; and at the same time, if possible, interesting.

I should wish to call this lecture "The Two Breaths"—not merely "The Breath," and for this reason: Every time you breathe, you breathe two different breaths; you take in one, you give out another. The composition of those two breaths is different. Their effects are different. The breath which has been breathed out must not be breathed in again. To tell you why it must not would lead me into anatomical details, not quite in place here as yet: though the day will come, I trust, when every woman intrusted with the care of children, will be expected to know something about them. But this I may say: Those who habitually take in fresh breath, will probably grow up large, strong, ruddy, cheerful, active, clear-headed, fit for their work. Those who habitually take in the breath which has been breathed out by themselves, or any other living creature, will certainly grow up, if they grow up at all, small, weak, pale, nervous, depressed, unfit for work, and tempted continually to resort to stimulants, and become drunkards. If you want to see how different the breath breathed out is from the breath taken in, you have only to try a somewhat cruel experiment, but one which people too often try upon themselves, their children, and their work-people.

If you take any small animal with lungs like your own,—a mouse, for instance,—and force it to breathe no air but what you have breathed already; if you put it in a close box, and while you take in breath from the outer air, send out your breath, through a tube, into that box, the animal will soon faint; if you go on long with this process, it will die.

Take a second instance, which I beg to press most seriously on the notice of mothers, governesses, and nurses: If you allow a child to get into the habit of sleeping with its head under the bed-clothes, and thereby breathing its own breath over and over again, that child will assuredly grow pale, weak, and ill. Medical men have cases on record of scrofula appearing in children previously healthy, which could only be accounted for from this habit, and which ceased when the habit stopped. Let me again entreat your attention to this undoubted fact.

Take another instance, which is only too common: If you are in a crowded room, with plenty of fire and lights and company, doors and windows all shut tight, how often you feel faint,—so faint, that you may require smelling-salts or some other stimulant. The cause of your faintness is just the same as that of the mouse's fainting in the box: you and your friends, and, as I shall show you presently, the fire and the candles likewise, having been all breathing each other's breaths, over and over again, till the air has become unfit to support life. You are doing your best to enact over again the Highland tragedy, of which Sir James Simpson tells in his lectures to the working-classes of Edinburgh, when at a Christmas meeting, thirty-

* I have here made use of a fictitious name, for obvious reasons.

six persons danced all night in a small room with a low ceiling, keeping the doors and windows shut. The atmosphere of the room was noxious beyond description; and the effect was, that seven of the party were soon after seized with typhus fever, of which two died. You are inflicting on yourselves the torments of the poor dog, who is kept at the Grotto del Cane, near Naples, — to be stupefied, for the amusement of visitors, by the carbonic acid gas of the Grotto, and brought to life again by being dragged into the fresh air: nay, you are inflicting upon yourselves the torments of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta; and, if there was no chimney in the room, by which some fresh air could enter, the candles would soon burn blue (as they do, you know, when ghosts appear), your brains become disturbed, and you yourselves run the risk of becoming ghosts, and the candles of actually going out.

Of this last fact there is no doubt; for if, instead of putting a mouse into the box, you will put a lighted candle, and breathe into the tube as before, however gently, you will in a short time put the candle out.

Now, how is this? First, what is the difference between the breath you take in, and the breath you give out? And next, why has it a similar effect on animal life and a lighted candle?

The difference is this. The breath which you take in is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid.

The breath which you give out is an impure air, to which has been added, among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid.

That this is the fact you can prove for yourselves by a simple experiment. Get a little lime-water at the chemist's, and breathe into it through a glass tube; your breath will at once make the lime-water milky. The carbonic acid of your breath has laid hold of the lime and made it visible as white carbonate of lime, — in plain English, as common chalk.

Now I do not wish, as I said, to load your memories with scientific terms: but I beseech you to remember at least these two — oxygen gas and carbonic acid gas; and to remember that as surely as oxygen feeds the fire of life, so surely does carbonic acid put it out.

I say "the fire of life." In that expression lies the answer to our second question: Why does our breath produce a similar effect upon the mouse and the lighted candle? Every one of us is, as it were, a living fire. Were we not, how could we be always warmer than the air outside us? There is a process going on perpetually in each of us, similar to that by which coals are burnt in the fire, oil in a lamp, wax in a candle, and the earth itself in a volcano. To keep each of those fires alight oxygen is needed; and the products of combustion, as they are called, are more or less the same in each case, — carbonic acid and steam.

These facts justify the expression I just made use of (and which may have seemed to some of you fantastical), that the fire and the candles in the crowded room were breathing the same breath as you were. It is but too true. An average fire in the grate requires, I believe, to keep it burning as much oxygen as three human beings do; each candle or lamp must have its share of oxygen likewise, and that a very considerable one; and an average

gas-burner — pray attend to this, you who live in rooms lighted with gas — consumes as much oxygen as six candles or eleven men. All alike are making carbonic acid. The carbonic acid of the fire happily escapes up the chimney in the smoke; but the carbonic acid from the human beings and the candles remains to poison the room, unless it be ventilated.

Now, I think you may understand one of the simplest, and yet most terrible, cases of want of ventilation, — death by the fumes of charcoal. A human being shut up in a room, of which every crack is closed, with a pan of burning charcoal, falls asleep, never to wake again. His inward fire is competing with the fire of the charcoal for the oxygen of the room; both are making carbonic acid out of it; but the charcoal, being the stronger of the two, gets all the oxygen to itself, and leaves the human being nothing to inhale but the carbonic acid which it has made. The human being, being the weaker, dies first; but the charcoal dies also. When it has exhausted all the oxygen of the room it cools, goes out, and is found in the morning half consumed beside its victim. If you put a giant or an elephant, I should conceive, into that room, instead of a human being, the case would be reversed for a time; the elephant would put out the burning charcoal by the carbonic acid from its mighty lungs; and then, when it had exhausted all the air in the room, die likewise of its own carbonic acid.

Now, too, I think we may see what ventilation means, and why it is needed.

Ventilation means simply letting out the foul air, and letting in the fresh air: letting out the air which has been breathed by men or by candles, letting in the air which has not. And, to understand how to do that, we must remember a most simple chemical law, that a gas, as it is warmed, expands, and therefore becomes lighter; as it cools, it contracts, and becomes heavier.

Now the carbonic acid in the breath which comes out of our mouths is warm, lighter than the air, and rises to the ceiling; and therefore in any unventilated room full of people, there is a layer of foul air along the ceiling. You might soon test that for yourselves, if you could mount a ladder and put your heads there aloft. You do test it for yourselves when you sit in the galleries of churches and theatres, where the air is provably more foul, and therefore more injurious than down below.

Where, again, work-people are employed in a crowded house of many stories the health of those who work on the upper floors always suffers most.

In the old monkey-house at the Zoölogical Gardens, when the cages were on the old plan, tier upon tier, the poor little fellows in the uppermost tier (so I have been told), always died first of the monkey's constitutional complaint, consumption, simply from breathing the warm breath of their friends below. But since the cages have been altered, and made to range side by side from top to bottom, consumption (I understand) has vastly diminished among them.

The first question in ventilation, therefore, is to get this carbonic acid safe out of the room, while it is warm and light, and close to the ceiling; for if you do not this happens. The carbonic acid gas cools and becomes heavier; for carbonic acid gas, at the same temperature as common air, is so much heavier than common air that you may actually

(if you are handy enough) turn it from one vessel to another, and pour out for your enemy a glass of invisible poison. So down to the floor this heavy carbonic acid comes, and lies along it, just as it lies often in the bottom of old wells, or old brewers' vats, as a stratum of poison, killing occasionally the men who descend into it. Hence, as foolish a practice as I know is that of sleeping on the floor; for, towards the small hours, when the room gets cold, the sleeper on the floor is breathing carbonic acid.

And here one word to those ladies who interest themselves with the poor. The poor are too apt in times of distress to pawn their bedsteads and keep their beds. Never, if you have influence, let that happen. Keep the bedstead, whatever else may go, to save the sleeper from the carbonic acid on the floor.

How, then, shall we get rid of the foul air on the top of the room? After all that has been written and tried on ventilation, I know no simpler method than putting into the chimney one of Arnott's ventilators, which may be bought and fixed for a few shillings, always remembering that it must be fixed into the chimney as near the ceiling as possible. I can speak of these ventilators from twenty-five years' experience. Living in a house with low ceilings, liable to become overcharged with carbonic acid, which produces sleepiness in the evening, I have found that these ventilators keep the air fresh and pure; and I consider the presence of one of these ventilators in a room more valuable than three or four feet additional height of ceiling. I have found, too, that their working proves how necessary they are, from this simple fact, — you would suppose that as the ventilator opens freely into the chimney, the smoke would be blown down through it in high winds, and blacken the ceiling; but this is just what does not happen. If the ventilator be at all properly poised, so as to shut with a violent gust of wind, it will at all other moments keep itself permanently open, proving thereby that there is an up-draught of heated air continually escaping from the ceiling up the chimney.

Another very simple method of ventilation is employed in those excellent cottages which her Majesty has built for her laborers round Windsor. Over each door a sheet of perforated zinc some eighteen inches square is fixed, allowing the foul air to escape into the passage, and in the ceiling of the passage a similar sheet of zinc, allowing it to escape into the roof. Fresh air, meanwhile, should be obtained from outside, by piercing the windows or otherwise. And here let me give one hint to all builders of houses, — if possible let bedroom windows open at the top as well as at the bottom.

Let me impress the necessity of using some such contrivances, not only on parents and educators, but on those who employ work-people, and above all on those who employ young women in shops or in workrooms. What their condition may be in this city I know not; but most painful it has been to me in other places, when passing through warehouses or workrooms, to see the pale, sodden, and as the French would say, "etiolated" countenances of the girls who were passing the greater part of the day in them; and painful, also, to breathe an atmosphere of which habit had, alas, made them unconscious, but which to one coming out of the open air was altogether noxious, and shocking also; for it was fostering the seeds of death, not only in the present but in future generations.

Why should this be? Every one will agree that good ventilation is necessary in a hospital because people cannot get well without fresh air. Do they not see that by the same reasoning good ventilation is necessary everywhere because people cannot remain well without fresh air? Let me entreat those who employ women in workrooms, if they have no time to read through such books as Dr. Andrew Combe's "Physiology applied to Health and Education," and Madame de Wahl's "Practical Hints on the Moral, Mental, and Physical Training of Girls," to procure certain tracts, published by Messrs. Jarrold, Paternoster Row, for the Ladies' Sanitary Association; especially one which bears on this subject, "The Black Hole in our own Bedrooms"; Dr. Lankester's "School Manual of Health," or a manual on ventilation, published by the Metropolitan Working Classes Association for the Improvement of Public Health.

I look forward — I say it openly — to some period of higher civilization, when the acts of parliament for the ventilation of factories and workshops shall be largely extended, and made far more stringent; when officers of public health shall be empowered to enforce the ventilation of every room in which persons are employed for hire; and empowered also to demand a proper system of ventilation for every new house, whether in country or in town. To that, I believe, we must come; but I had sooner far see these improvements carried out, as befits the citizens of a free country, in the spirit of the Gospel rather than in that of the law, — carried out, not compulsorily and from fear of fines, but voluntarily, from a sense of duty, honor, and humanity. I appeal, therefore, to the good feeling of all whom it may concern, whether the health of those whom they employ, and therefore the supply of fresh air which they absolutely need, are not matters for which they are not more or less responsible to their country and their God.

And if any excellent person of the old school should answer me, "Why make all this fuss about ventilation? Our forefathers got on very well without it," I must answer that, begging their pardons, our ancestors did nothing of the kind. Our ancestors got on usually very ill in these matters: and when they got on well, it was because they had good ventilation in spite of themselves.

First they got on very ill. To quote a few remarkable instances of longevity, or to tell me that men were larger and stronger on the average in old times, is to yield to the old fallacy of fancying that savages were peculiarly healthy because those who were seen were active and strong. The simple answer is, that the strong alone survived, while the majority died from the severity of the training. Savages do not increase in number; and our ancestors increased but very slowly for many centuries. I am not going to disgust my audience with statistics of disease; but knowing something, as I happen to do, of the social state and of the health of the Middle and Elizabethan Ages, I have no hesitation in saying that the average of disease and death was far greater then than it is now. Epidemics of many kinds, typhus, ague, plague, — all diseases which were caused more or less by bad air, devastated this land and Europe in those days with a horrible intensity, to which even the choleras of our times are mild. The back streets, the hospitals, the jails, the barracks, the camps, — every place in which any large number of persons congregated, were so many nests of pestilence, engendered by uncleanness,

which defiled alike the water which was drank and the air which was breathed; and as a single fact, of which the tables of insurance companies assure us, the average of human life in England has increased twenty five per cent since the reign of George I., owing simply to our more rational and cleanly habits of life.

But secondly, I said that when our ancestors got on well, they did so because they got ventilation in spite of themselves. Luckily for them, their houses were ill-built, their doors and windows would not shut. They had lattice-windowed houses too, to live in one of which, as I can testify from long experience, is as thoroughly ventilating as living in a lantern with the glass broken out. It was because their houses were full of draughts, and still more, in the early middle age, because they had no glass, and stopped out the air only by a shutter at night, that they sought for shelter rather than for fresh air, of which they sometimes had too much; and to escape the wind, built their houses in holes, such as that in which the old city of Winchester stands. Shelter, I believe, as much as the desire to be near fish in Lent, and to occupy the rich alluvium of the valleys, made the monks of old England choose the river-banks for the sites of their abbeys. They made a mistake therein, which, like most mistakes, did not go unpunished. These low situations, especially while the forests were yet thick on the hills around, were the perennial haunts of fever and ague, produced by subtle vegetable poisons, carried in the carbonic acid given off by rotting vegetation. So there again they fell in with man's old enemy, bad air. Still, as long as the doors and windows did not shut, some free circulation of air remained. But now our doors and windows shut only too tight. We have plate-glass instead of lattices; and we have replaced the draughty and smoky but really wholesome open chimney, with its wide corners and settles, by narrow registers, and even by stoves. We have done all we can, in fact, to seal ourselves up hermetically from the outer air, and to breathe our own breaths over and over again; and we pay the penalty of it in a thousand ways unknown to our ancestors, through whose rooms all the winds of heaven whistled, and who were glad enough to shelter themselves from draughts in the sitting-room by the high screen round the fire, and in the sleeping-room by the thick curtains of the four-post bedstead, which is now rapidly disappearing before a higher civilization. We, therefore, absolutely require to make for ourselves the very ventilation from which our ancestors tried to escape.

But, ladies, there is an old and true proverb, that you may bring a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. And in likewise it is too true that you may bring people to the fresh air, but you cannot make them breathe it. Their own folly, or the folly of their parents and educators, prevents their lungs being duly filled and duly emptied. Therefore, the blood is not duly oxygenated, and the whole system goes wrong. Paleness, weakness, consumption, scrofula, and too many other ailments are the consequences of ill-filled lungs. For without well-filled lungs robust health is impossible.

And if any one shall answer, "We do not want robust health so much as intellectual attainment. The mortal body, being the lower organ, must take its chance, and be even sacrificed, if need be, to the higher organ, the immortal mind," to such

I reply, You cannot do it. The laws of nature, which are the express will of God, laugh such attempts to scorn. Every organ of the body is formed out of the blood; and if the blood be vitiated, every organ suffers in proportion to its delicacy; and the brain, being the most delicate and highly specialized of all organs, suffers most of all and soonest of all, as every one knows who has tried to work his brain when his digestion was the least out of order. Nay, the very morals will suffer. From ill-filled lungs, which signify ill-repaired blood, arise year by year an amount not merely of disease, but of folly, temper, laziness, intemperance, madness, and, let me tell you fairly, crime, — the sum of which will never be known till that great day when men shall be called to account for all deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil.

I must refer you on this subject again to Andrew Combe's "Physiology," especially chapters iv. and vii.; and also to chapter x. of Madame de Wahl's excellent book. I will only say this shortly, that the three most common causes of ill-filled lungs, in children and in young ladies, are stillness, silence, and stays.

First, stillness; a sedentary life and want of exercise. A girl is kept for hours sitting on a form writing or reading, to do which she must lean forward; and if her mistress cruelly attempts to make her sit upright, and thereby keep the spine in an attitude for which Nature did not intend it, she is thereby doing her best to bring on that disease so fearfully common in girls' schools, lateral curvature of the spine. But practically the girl will stoop forward. And what happens?

The lower ribs are pressed into the body, thereby displacing more or less something inside. The diaphragm in the mean time, which is the very bellows of the lungs remains loose; the lungs are never properly filled or emptied; and an excess of carbonic acid accumulates at the bottom of them. What follows? Frequent sighing to get rid of it; heaviness of head; depression of the whole nervous system under the influence of the poison of the lungs; and when the poor child gets up from her weary work, what is the first thing she probably does? She lifts up her chest, stretches, yawns, and breathes deeply, — Nature's voice, Nature's instinctive cure, which is probably regarded as ungraceful, as what is called "lolling" is. As if sitting upright was not an attitude in itself essentially ungraceful and such as no artist would care to draw. As if "lolling," which means putting the body in the attitude of the most perfect ease compatible with a fully expanded chest, was not in itself essentially graceful, and to be seen in every reposing figure in Greek bas-reliefs and vases; graceful and like all graceful actions, healthful at the same time. The only wholesome attitude of repose which I see allowed in average school-rooms is lying on the back on the floor, or on a sloping board, in which case the lungs must be fully expanded. I have seen that plan work much good, not only with girls, but with delicate boys, especially when combined with moderate reading aloud.

This last word brings me to the second mistake, enforced silence. I said moderate reading aloud, because where there is any tendency to irritability of throat or lungs, too much moderation cannot be used. You may as well try to cure a diseased lung by working it as to cure a lame horse by galloping him. But where the breathing organs are of aver-

age health, let it be said once and for all, that children and young people cannot make too much noise. The parents who cannot bear the noise of their children have no right to have brought them into the world. The schoolmistress who enforces silence on her pupils is committing — unintentionally no doubt, but still committing — an offence against reason, worthy only of a convent. Every shout, every burst of laughter, every song; nay, in the case of infants, as physiologists well know, every moderate fit of crying, conduces to health by rapidly filling and emptying the lung, and changing the blood more rapidly from black to red, — that is, from death to life.

Andrew Combe tells a story of a large charity school, in which the young girls were, for the sake of their health, shut up in the hall and school-room during play hours, from November till March, and no romping or noise allowed. The natural consequences were, the great majority of them fell ill; and I am afraid that a great deal of illness has been from time to time contracted in certain school-rooms, simply through this one cause of enforced silence. Some cause or other there must be for the amount of ill-health and weakness which prevails especially among girls of the middle classes in towns, who have not, poor things, the opportunities which richer girls have, of keeping themselves in strong health by riding, skating, archery (that last quite an admirable exercise for the chest and lungs, and far preferable to croquet, which involves too much unwholesome stooping). Even playing at ball, which has been popular ever since the time of old Homer, who makes the Princess Nausicaa and her maidens play it on the sea-shore, after they have washed the garments of the royal household, — even a game of ball, I say, — if milliners and shop-girls had room to indulge in one after their sedentary work, — might bring fresh spirits to many a heart, and fresh color to many a cheek.

I spoke just now of the Greeks. I suppose you will all allow that the Greeks were, as far as we know, the most beautiful race which the world ever saw. Every educated man knows that they were also the cleverest of all races; and, next to his Bible, thanks God for Greek literature.

Now these people had made physical as well as intellectual education a science as well as a study. Their women practised graceful (in some cases even athletic) exercises. They developed, by a free and healthy life, those figures which remain everlasting and unapproachable models of human beauty; but (to come to my third point) they wore no stays. The first mention of stays that I have ever found is in the letters of dear old Synesius, Bishop of Cyrene, on the Greek coast of Africa, about four hundred years after the Christian era. He tells us how, when he was shipwrecked on a remote part of the coast, and he and the rest of the passengers were starving on cockles and limpets, there was among them a slave girl out of the far East, who had a pinched wasp-waist, such as you may see on the old Hindoo sculptures, and such as you may see in any street in a British town.

And when the Greek ladies of the neighborhood found her out, they sent for her from house to house, to behold with astonishment and laughter this new and prodigious waist, with which it seemed to them it was impossible for a human being to breathe or live; and they petted the poor girl and fed her, as they might a dwarf or a giantess, till she got quite fat and comfortable, while her owners

had not enough to eat. So strange and ridiculous seemed our present fashion to the descendants of those who, centuries before, had imagined, because they had seen living and moving, those glorious statues which we pretend to admire, but refuse to imitate.

It seems to me that a few centuries hence, when mankind has learnt to fear God more, and therefore to obey more strictly those laws of nature and of science which are the will of God, — it seems to me, I say, that in those days the present fashion of tight-lacing will be looked back upon as a contemptible and barbarous superstition, denoting a very low level of civilization in the peoples which have practised it. That for generations past, women should have been in the habit, — not to please men, who do not care about the matter as a point of beauty, — but simply to vie with each other in obedience to something called fashion, — that they should, I say, have been in the habit of deliberately crushing that part of the body which should be specially left free, contracting and displacing their lungs, their heart, and all the most vital and important organs, and entailing thereby disease, not only on themselves, but on their children after them, — that for forty years past physicians should have been telling them of the folly of what they have been doing; — and that they should as yet, in the great majority of cases, not only turn a deaf ear to all warnings, but actually deny the offence, of which one glance of the physician or the sculptor, who know what shape the human body ought to be, brings them in guilty, — this, I say, is an instance of — what shall I call it? which deserves at once the lash, not merely of the satirist, but of any theologian who really believes that God made the physical universe. Let me, I pray you, appeal to your common sense for a moment. When any one chooses a horse or a dog, whether for strength, for speed, or for any other useful purpose, the first thing almost to be looked at is the girth round the lower ribs, the room for heart and lungs. Exactly in proportion to that will be the animal's general healthiness, power of endurance, and value in many other ways. If you will look at eminent lawyers and famous orators, who have attained a healthy old age, you will see that in every case they are men (like the late Lord Palmerston, and others whom I could mention) of remarkable size, not merely in the upper, but in the lower part of the chest; men who had, therefore, a peculiar power of using the diaphragm to fill and to clear the lungs, and therefore to oxygenate the blood of the whole body. Now it is just these lower ribs, across which the diaphragm is stretched like the head of a drum, which stays contract to a minimum. If you advised owners of horses and hounds to put their horses or their hounds into stays, and lace them up tight, in order to increase their beauty, you would receive, I doubt not, a very courteous, but certainly a very decided refusal to do that which would spoil not merely the animals themselves, but the whole stud or the whole kennel for years to come. And if you advised an orator to put himself into tight stays, he, no doubt, again would give a courteous answer; but he would reply (if he was a really educated man) that to comply with your request would involve his giving up public work, under the probable penalty of being dead within the twelvemonth.

And how much work of every kind, intellectual as well as physical, is spoiled or hindered — how many deaths occur from consumption and other

complaints which are the result of this habit of tight lacing, is known partly to the medical men, who lift up their voices in vain, and known fully to Him who will not interfere with the least of his own physical laws to save human beings from the consequences of their own wilful folly.

And now — to end this lecture with more pleasing thoughts — What becomes of this breath which passes from your lips? Is it merely harmful, merely waste? God forbid! God has forbidden that anything should be merely harmful or merely waste in this so wise and well-made world. The carbonic acid which passes from your lips at every breath — ay, even that which oozes from the volcano crater when the eruption is past — is a precious boon to thousands of things of which you have daily need. Indeed, there is a sort of hint at physical truth in the old fairy tale of the girl, from whose lips, as she spoke, fell pearls and diamonds; for the carbonic acid of your breath may help hereafter to make the pure carbonate of lime of a pearl, or the still purer carbon of a diamond. Nay, it may go (in such a world of transformations do we live) to make atoms of coal strata, which shall lie buried for ages beneath deep seas, shall be upheaved in continents which are yet unborn, and there be burnt for the use of a future race of men, and resolved into their original elements.

Coal, wise men tell us, is on the whole breath and sunlight, — the breath of living creatures who have lived in the vast swamps and forests of some primeval world, and the sunlight which transmuted that breath into the leaves and stems of trees, magically locked up for ages in that black stone, to become, when it is burnt at last, light and carbonic acid, as it was at first. For though you must not breathe your breath again, you may at least eat your breath, if you will allow the sun to transmute it for you into vegetables; or you may enjoy its fragrance and its color in the shape of a lily or a rose. When you walk in a sunlit garden, every word you speak, every breath you breathe, is feeding the plants and flowers around. The delicate surface of the green leaves absorbs the carbonic acid, and parts it into its elements, retaining the carbon to make woody fibre, and courteously returning you the oxygen to mingle with the fresh air, and be inhaled by your lungs once more. Thus do you feed the plants, just as the plants feed you, while the great life-giving sun feeds both; and the geranium standing in the sick child's window does not merely rejoice his eye and mind by its beauty and freshness, but repays honestly the trouble spent on it, absorbing the breath which the child needs not, and giving to him the breath which he needs.

So are the services of all things constituted according to a divine and wonderful order, and knit together in mutual dependence and mutual helpfulness. A fact to be remembered with hope and comfort, but also with awe and fear. For as in that which is above nature, so in nature itself; he that breaks one physical law is guilty of all. The whole universe, as it were, takes up arms against him; and all Nature, with her numberless and unseen powers, is ready to avenge herself on him, and on his children after him, he knows not when nor where. He, on the other hand, who obeys the laws of nature with his whole heart and mind will find all things working together to him for good. He is at peace with the physical universe. He is helped and befriended alike by the sun above his head and the dust beneath his feet; because he is obeying

the will and mind of Him who made sun, and dust, and all things, and who has given them a law which cannot be broken.

ROBERT'S CAPITAL HIT.

III.

I DID not expect to hear from Robert for two days, and I expected that his first letter would contain little more than the announcement of his arrival at Paris. In order to make things as little unpleasant for me as possible, he had promised to write such letters as I could show to his mother, and to put all the private intelligence about the "little bit of a venture" on a separate sheet. The first letter came, and merely announced his arrival, and that he had put himself in communication with the person with whom his client's business was to be transacted. This letter had no enclosure, and its vagueness made no impression upon my mother-in-law. It was quite in keeping with Mrs. John's theory respecting the degree of confidence in matters of business of which I was held by Robert to be intellectually worthy. But the third envelope had a tiny sheet of very thin paper, closely covered with waiting, inside the ostensible contents; and I escaped as soon as I could from the breakfast-table to my own room, to peruse this document in peace.

I had not read six lines of it before I saw that Robert was disheartened. He had found Mr. Disney more unmanageable, more flighty, more unreasonable than he had expected. He could not get him to settle anything definitely, — he would, and he would not. He acknowledged that he must sell the mine, but it had been so badly managed as to have decreased seriously in value, and that he had been going on in so reckless a fashion that he could not hope to set his affairs right at any less cost than the immediate sale.

"All this," Robert wrote, "I have told Dorrisson, who, by the way, has gone off to Scotland about some tremendously weighty undertaking in iron ship-building in the Clyde, — and also that I am sure, from Disney's manner, that some one else has got hold of him, and he is shuffling in this way in order to see which of the two offers is the better. I have very little of the detective faculty, but I have scented so much, at all events; and I strongly suspect that when he kept me waiting an hour for him yesterday at one of his two addresses, he was seeing somebody else on similar business at the other. He is a reckless being, but at the same time slippery and uncertain. However, Wainwright knows all about his liabilities in London, and I am getting to know about them here; and if we can arrange them on decent terms, and get him to take a reasonable sum, and sign the agreement for the sale, all will be well. By one of those accidents, which I dare say are not so very uncommon, if one only knew, I met yesterday, as he stood staring up in wonder at the demolitions and reconstructions here, which are sufficiently astounding to strangers already, — but are, they say, the merest faint outline of what is to be done in that way, — our old acquaintance Thaddeus Flynn. Don't you remember his being at our wedding, and going to California immediately afterwards? Well, he made a fortune there, and he seems inclined to spend a fair share of it in Paris; than which there is no more convenient sphere for such an operation. The bearing of these particulars is, that

Flynn is able to give me important information about the mine of Campo de los Angeles. He knows it well, says it is of immense value, and needs only honest and intelligent management to be a splendid concern,—a 'safe fortune,' says Flynn, to every one concerned in it. With this additional motive for believing in my purpose, it is not a little vexatious to be balked and puzzled by Disney's queer, unsatisfactory, shuffling ways, and to feel sure that some one is countermining me. I must have patience and prudence, I suppose, but I confess I am rather tired of this uncertainty already. I am to see him this afternoon, and will report progress. I am quite sure that there is some one in the field, whose tactics are of the same nature as ours, and I am almost sure that some one has got at his information through an inadvertence of Walnwright's."

Robert's letter worried me a good deal. I found I had been cherishing much more hope in this case than I usually felt in anything speculative. I hated the idea of his being disappointed, after all his toil and anxiety, and was not adequately consoled by the remembrance of the certainly liberal fee, and the presumably valuable connection. I was very dull all day; I could not rouse myself; I could not try to be companionable with my mother-in-law; and when the evening post brought an announcement from Mrs. John, that she intended to honor us with her company on the following day, and would have the pleasure of bringing her "two toddlers," who were two extremely odious spoiled children, to see their dear grandmamma, but begged we would not "put ourselves out," or introduce unwholesome pastry at tea,—then I felt I could not endure it; I must get away, I must bear the next day's anxiety somewhere away from Clapham.

"I'm sorry I shall not be able to see Mrs. John, ma'am," I said, when my mother-in-law had read out the note; "but I am going to Sydenham tomorrow, to see my cousin, Miss Eccles."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Heron, with a perfect performance of the sniff condemnatory. "I wonder you did not mention the engagement before. But, I dare say, Mrs. John will not mind."

I felt quite sure she would not, and that the two ladies would have a comfortable talk over me during my absence, so I did not make any apology. The next morning, the weather being still serenely beautiful, I set off, in a chocolate-colored omnibus, to perform the first stage of my journey to London Bridge, from whence alone, in those days, Sydenham was attainable by railway.

If there be such a thing in England as a cheerful waiting-room, which I do not believe, it certainly was not to be found at the London Bridge Railway Station ten years ago. It is almost that time since I have seen the dingy apartment, with the deplorable, high-silled windows; the shabby floor-clothed floors; the ingeniously uncomfortable benches; the heavy, dust-laden tables; the leather-bound Testaments; the dumpy bottle of stale, undrinkable water; the muggy glass; and the out-of-date timetable, which rendered a sojourn in the precincts of the London Bridge railway a penitential exercise. Everything may be changed now, for aught I know, and the general first-class waiting-room may be as handsome, cheerful, refined, and habitable an apartment as those assigned to a similar purpose on the other side of the Channel, where the railways belong to the government, and the government best

secures its own interests by consulting the convenience and the tastes of the people. I only know that waiting-room was a fearsome place on that fine summer forenoon, when I, finding I had missed a train for Sydenham, and should have an hour to wait for the next, seated myself despondently on one of the benches, on the surface of whose leather covering dust and grease contended for the supremacy, and made up my mind, ruefully, that this was almost as bad as putting up with Mrs. John at Acanthus Villa.

A woman, whose face wore an expression of chronic discontent and fatigue, and two tired children, were in the dreary waiting-room; the former leaning her head forlornly in an angle of the wall; while the latter kicked the panels under the high-silled windows, and drummed upon the dirty lower panes, which they could hardly reach. I had bought a morning paper, but I did not feel inclined to read it. I am not a sufficiently large-minded woman to find solace for private trouble in public affairs, and my own small sphere occupies me to the exclusion of nobler themes. If the philosopher who defined the difference between the male and female intellect as integral, consisting in the incapacity of women to entertain abstract ideas, had known me, I am sure he might have cited me triumphantly in support of his theory. I remember one day when we were talking on this very subject of speculations, Robert said to me: "Martha, my dear, you are a true woman as to your brain; you have no faculty of generalization." And I replied: "I dare say not. I have not the least notion what you mean; but I don't want to have the notion or the faculty either." I found out afterwards what he meant, and I know he is right. If Robert were an officer in the army, I know I could not understand or care about war or peace, except as his safety and welfare should be concerned in them; and so it would be in every other case; so it was in this particular case. The Campo de los Angeles, with all its public and private interests, resolved itself for me into Robert's being mortified or pleased by the result of his undertaking and journey. Of all the unheroic, unambitious, narrow-minded women in the world, I do believe I am the most unheroic, unambitious, and narrow-minded.

No, I could not read the morning paper; and I took to gazing listlessly out at the large, intricate, dirty, comfortless station, where trains were arriving, departing, or standing about, having their doors slurred with water, and their windows pulled violently up to be imperfectly rubbed with dirty cloths. The time passed heavily, and I had just ascertained that only a quarter of an hour of waiting had gone over, when I saw a man, whose appearance seemed familiar to me, coming along the platform from a train which had stopped at some distance, and approaching the waiting-room. In a few moments he had reached the threshold, followed by a porter, to whom he was speaking, and carrying a black bag. This person was Mr. Sloane, of whom Robert had spoken, whom we had met occasionally at Acanthus Lodge; and the porter seemed to know him, and his infirmity, for he roared his replies to the questions which were put to him.

"You're sure you have n't seen him?"

"Yes, sir, quite sure," shouted the porter.

By this time they were both in the room, and Mr. Sloane had placed his black bag on the huge dusty table. He sat down with his back to the window at which I was standing.

"Very extraordinary," he said, in a voice almost as loud as that in which the porter had spoken, and which, together with his frowning and forbidding appearance, sent the children to their mother's side, whence they directed alarmed looks at the large gentleman who made himself so very much at home,—"very extraordinary. I never knew him to be late before—never."

"Perhaps the message did not reach him soon enough, sir," the porter said, and evidently wished to get away, for he looked fussily out of the window, as if he saw a train coming.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" and Mr. Sloane roared, more loudly than before. "The message was in plenty of time. However, I must wait. Do you look sharp out there; you'll be on the platform, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man.

"I can't stand about there; and if he isn't watched, he may go away without seeing me. Look out for him. I'll wait a quarter of an hour or so; and if you see him, send him in here."

He gave the man a shilling; and turning sulkily to the table, undid the spring fastening of his bag, and took out several papers tied together with red tape. The porter passed the window the next moment with one of his fellows, nodding his head and jerking his thumb in the direction of the unconscious Mr. Sloane, who was mumbling and growling over his papers like a discontented bear. He had not seen me, and I had no wish to attract his attention. He would probably think it a great nuisance to have to talk to me during our common durance, and I found it always very fatiguing to talk to him, for he was uninteresting, deaf, rude, and irritable. He had just come up from Sydenham, I supposed, and had made an appointment with some individual, who had not kept it, to meet him at the station. I continued my unobservant lookout upon the platform, and Mr. Sloane sat with his back to me, but not far from me as I stood, still growling over his papers, while the tired children continued to watch him with round, alarmed eyes.

Presently I heard him scrabbling among the papers still in his bag, and muttering, "Now where the deuce is it? Where can I have put it? I certainly had it this morning, and I did not take it out in the train. Let me see. Did I?—No, certainly not." Then he clicked his tongue against his teeth, with that sound unrenderable in words which signifies vexation, and searched through the papers again. I turned half round, and watched the search, but he did not notice me. He grew more and more angry and impatient; turned his bag up with the open mouth downwards; shook all its contents out upon the table; turned them over unavailingly, muttering all the time, sometimes inaudibly, but at others so that I could catch his words: "There, if I've come without that, he might as well have stayed away as not. What the deuce have I done with it? If I could even remember the address.—Hôtel de l'Univers, was it? Hôtel de Rouen? Hôtel de Calais? Hôtel de something or other. *What* was it?" Now he was frantically searching his pockets, of which—as he was wrapped up as if in mid-winter on this fine afternoon in May—he had several; and presently he pulled out a white silk muffler, and with it a letter, which fell to the ground, and on which he pounced with a grunt of satisfaction, muttering, "How the deuce did it get there?"

"Your train, ma'am," said the porter, to whom

Mr. Sloane had given the shilling, "just starting. Come along, little uns"; and he good-naturedly took the smaller child in his arms, while the mother led the other away, who went with a backward glance at the gruff old gentleman, with whom I now found myself alone.

He unfolded the letter, which was written on large business-like paper, and spreading it out on the table, set his elbows on either side of it, and holding his head between his hands began to mutter and mumble more continuously and loudly than before. My position was not pleasant; he was evidently skimming the letter in order to find out some particular passage,—probably the name of the hotel he had been trying to recall. I could distinctly hear what he said where I stood, and I could not change my position without attracting his attention, which I particularly wished to avoid. I was thinking that I must do this unpleasant thing, however, when Mr. Sloane said, quite aloud: "Hôtel d'Espagne! That's it, of course. That's where Dorrisson's man found him!" and proceeded to make a memorandum in his pocket-book. The words so startled me, that I turned quite round, and then and there proved myself incapable of entertaining, or at least of acting on the abstract idea of honor, for I felt instinctively that if I listened to this deaf gentleman's communing with himself, I should learn something which it might be of importance to Robert to know, and it never occurred to me not to listen. Indeed,—so confused are the feminine "moral ideas,"—I had a notion that there was something "providential" in the circumstances. At any rate, I stood quite still, and sideways, at a few feet from Mr. Sloane, who presently began to read the letter before him in an audible voice, and almost consecutively. The earlier passages of the letter were of no importance; but soon I heard this: "Disney is playing an artful game; but I dare say as much for the fun as for the profit of it. But to prolong this kind of fun does not suit us, so I have determined to bring the matter to a conclusion. I have not happened to meet Dorrisson's man, though I know he is in Paris; indeed, Disney has said" as much, and almost acknowledged the game he is playing; so I suppose he has given him a rendezvous somewhere else. Of course, if it were worth our while we could ascertain that very easily, but it is not. I am resolved now to use the five hundred pounds assigned debt, which Colvill prepared as a last resource, in case Disney was unmanageable, or Dorrisson's man was treading too closely on our heels. Fortunately, the method of procedure here, in matters of the kind, is very summary; and I know, as a fact, that it would not be possible for Disney to lay his hands on five hundred pounds. Indeed, living the life he does, I am surprised he has five pounds in his pocket. I have just now given instructions to Fayolle's people. The five hundred pounds debt to Roberts and Smith is safely assigned to them, as you are aware, and they will take immediate action. Disney will find himself in a very short time lodged at Clichy; and the man who brings him the ready money to get him out will be the successful candidate for Campo de los Angeles. It is fortunate there is such an effectual screw ready to be put on, for he really is the most tiresome fellow, the most slippery customer, I ever had to deal with. But we have him now. Yesterday, he was so cool upon our bargain, had so much the air of a man who

was going to slip through my fingers, I made up my mind this must be done at once. Fayolle's people will act to-morrow, so don't let any time be lost on your side. Let me have a draft on Lafitte for five hundred and fifty pounds by the tenth. I will report progress to-morrow." Then came a pause, and some mumbled sentences which I did not catch. I had listened with painful intensity, I had heard with perfect distinctness, but my mind was not clear enough to take note, in any practical sense, of its own impressions. I knew I should not forget a word that I had heard, though some portions of the letter came back to me with more force than the others. I knew my memory was quite trustworthy, but there might be more for me to hear. After a little, I should be able to collect my thoughts, and decide on what was to be done. I remained motionless, and still intently listening; but Mr. Sloane thrust the letter, with a final impatient grunt, into his bag, snapped the lock, and rose. I turned my face to the window, and leaned my forehead against the glass. It would have been unfortunate that he should recognize me just then, as he probably knew who was "Dorrison's man," whom his correspondent was so very certain about outwitting. Mr. Sloane was walking heavily to the door, when the porter again made his appearance, and said; "Mr. Colvill's a comin' in, sir"; and in the next breath; "Your train now, ma'am."

Mr. Sloane hurried out, and I caught sight of a slight dark man, whom he met a few paces from the door of the waiting-room, and with whom he walked away.

"Your train, ma'am," repeated the waiter.

"Thank you," I answered; "I have changed my mind; I am not going."

The man looked a little surprised, but I suppose railway porters see a good many eccentric and foolish people in the course of their lives; and this one said nothing to indicate that to have waited nearly an hour for a particular train, in such an uninviting place, and then change one's mind about travelling by it, was not the most orderly and rational of proceedings. I left the station and crossed over to the enclosed passage, which led, in arcade fashion, in those days, to the Tooley Street side, but which no longer exists. In that passage there were queer little shops, where the railway passenger could rush in and purchase fruit, cakes, confectionery, dolls, writing-desks, railway-rugs, spectacles, paper-knives, slippers, and other useful commodities.

I entered the cake-shop near the entrance, bought some pastry, which gave me an excuse for asking for a seat; and then, opening my pocket-book on the counter, I wrote down every word of the letter I had heard read out by Mr. Sloane. I had no doubt of the entire correctness with which I reproduced it; the sentences arranged themselves in my memory with unerring exactness: "*Disney will find himself in a very short time lodged at Clichy; and the man who brings him the ready money to get him out will be the successful candidate for Campo de los Angeles.*"

I tried to recall what it was I had heard Robert telling John about the summary action of French law in cases of debt, and how creditors in England could assign their debtors' obligations to French holders, and so bring them under the action of the law; but I had no very clear notion of it all. It did not matter, however. No doubt, the writer of that

letter knew what he was about, and my business was to act on the information I had obtained.

I had Robert's letter with me, and now read it carefully again. The other formed a startling commentary upon it. Mr. Dorrison was not in town, so that I could not go to him, tell him what I had found out, and leave him to circumvent the designs of the other party. I retraced my steps to the London Bridge Railway Station, and entering the continental department, ascertained the hour at which the mail-train for Paris, via Dover and Calais, would be despatched. Six o'clock P. M. It was now half past eleven. There was time enough, but none to spare, for what I had to do.

Mr. John Hackett had his place of business, and also his place of abode, at No. 800 Lincoln's Inn Fields. He was the quietest and most business-like of men, and held Lincoln's Inn, out of whose precincts he rarely stirred, in reverence and admiration worthy of Tim Linkinwater. He had been an old friend of my parents, and took a kindly interest in myself and Gerty. He had not approved of my marriage, not on particular, but on general grounds. He did not see the good of it. Let people keep to themselves, and spend their little or much money, as the case might be, on themselves, — that was his doctrine. He was very consistent; he had never married, or been suspected of the remotest notion of paying attention to any woman in his life. I don't know what his exact connection with the legal profession was; I believe he had some, though not "a lawyer," in the precise sense of the term; but, whatever his business was, he stuck to it pertinaciously, never went out, or had company at home, and cherished nothing except his cat and his cough. I believe to have lost either would have grieved him sorely.

The first thing I had to do was to see Mr. John Hackett. That was easy; but I was not so sure about what was to come after, and had plenty of time to become very uncertain and uncomfortable about it, before a dreadful jingling, jolting "four-wheeler" deposited me at his door. What a fool I was not to have gone in a hansom, but I am as inconsistent as most women. I had made up my mind to do rather a daring thing, but I had not the courage to get into a hansom by myself! It is ten years ago, you must remember.

Mr. Hackett was at home, and could see me; and in a short time I found myself in his private office, — a gloomy room, with a very oppressive smell of parchment and mouldy ink about it, — and explaining to him, while he maintained profound silence, that I had come to ask him for my five hundred pounds. I am sure my stammering speech and confused countenance would have justified Mr. Hackett in suspecting me of the most nefarious designs in making this application. If he had thought I wanted the money in order to run away from Robert, and endow a gay Lothario with all my worldly goods, I should not have blamed him. This suspicion did not present itself to him, but I saw at once that which did.

"It is very odd that you should come in this way, and ask me for this sum, without giving me any notice," said Mr. Hackett, severely.

"I know it is," I replied; "but Mr. Heron told me he had explained to you that I had the right to claim it, of my own accord, at any time, and I am sure you will not make any difficulty about letting me have it. It is of immense importance to me, to Mr. Heron, that there should not be an hour's delay."

"Soh!" said Mr. Hackett, slowly; "this is to follow the rest, I suppose. Well, well, it is of a piece with the folly of all you women. I thought the nest-egg would not be left long."

How angry I felt with him! Afterwards, when Robert explained that Mr. Hackett, who did not know any of the circumstances, had taken a perfectly correct and sensible view of the case, and had been very right and very kind in deploring his inability to prevent my committing what it was impossible for him to regard otherwise than as an act of arrant folly, I pretended to be convinced, but I was not. More want of generalization, I suppose, another instance of inability to take in "abstract ideas!"

"I cannot explain myself fully, Mr. Hackett," I said; "and of course I cannot make you give me the money, if you won't; I can only assure you that if you do not give it to me, you will do me an irreparable injury."

"Don't excite yourself," said Mr. Hackett; "you shall have the money, — not with my free will, remember; and I hope you will never regret having insisted upon it. I hold your husband's letter of instructions; you are quite right about that; but I am sorry to have to act on it. I hoped your husband would have had more wisdom and self-control."

"My husband has plenty of wisdom and plenty of self-control," I answered, sharply; "but the money is wanted for a matter in which the need could not have been foreseen."

"Ay, ay, I know, — the old story. No one ever foresees. However, it's no business of mine."

"You shall know all about it afterwards, Mr. Hackett," I said, imploringly; "only believe me now that I want the money for a good purpose. Indeed, it shall be replaced in your hands in a few days."

He shook his head, but said nothing; then turned his chair round to his desk, and opened a long drawer, from whence he took a check-book and a slip of paper with a stamp upon it. Slowly and deliberately he made out the check. I watched the writing of every letter of it. Then he wrote something on the oblong slip of stamped paper, and telling me that it was a receipt for five hundred pounds, directed me to sign it. I did so, and he then handed me the precious check.

"Shall I send and get it cashed for you?" he asked me.

"No, thank you," I said, eagerly; "I am going to the neighborhood of the Bank, and will cash it myself."

"Take care where you put it," he said; "and look sharp after your purse as you come out of the Bank."

"Good-by, Mr. Hackett, and a thousand thanks."

"Good-by, Mrs. Heron: you are a very foolish woman, and I hope you may not yet be very sorry for this day's work."

He came with me to the cab, for all that, and shook hands with me when I was seated in it, and said, "Tell Heron I should be glad to see him."

"I will, when he returns from Paris."

The cab moved on, and I left Mr. Hackett looking surprised. It had not occurred to me that he did not know Robert was away. He must have wondered more than ever what I wanted with the money.

It was just one o'clock when I reached the Bank of England. I cashed my precious check, taking

the money in five notes of a hundred pounds each; and having fastened my purse securely into the bosom of my dress, I drove once more to the London Bridge Railway Station, and found a train, in which I took my place, just about to start for Sydenham.

My cousin, Mrs. Eccles, lived close to the station at Sydenham, in a small house, with the prettiest of gardens, and the greenest of palings. She was a widow, neither young nor handsome, but both clever and sensible, and I enjoyed her society very much. I did not see her often, because nothing would induce her to encounter the best-parlor régime of Clapham, and my mother-in-law regarded her as an eccentric person, a dubious companion for a well-regulated young woman. If Mrs. Heron did not "hold with" speculators, she held still less with clever women. She did not see the good of it, for her part; literary women never made good wives, or housekeepers, and they had much better leave "such things" — by which my mother-in-law meant the writing of books — to men, who had sense. One of the trials, then, that had attended my removal to Clapham, and the relinquishment of our own happy little house, was the decrease in my opportunities of seeing my cousin. Mrs. Eccles was writing in her tiny drawing-room, and was surprised and pleased to see me. I told her at once what had happened, and was much reassured by her composed acquiescence in my own plan of proceeding.

"Yes, of course," she said. "You must go to Paris by to-night's mail, and take the money to your husband. Whether this Mr. Disney is in Clichy or out of it, this will secure Mr. Heron's success; and equally, of course, your mother-in-law, and that detestable British matron, Mrs. John Heron, must not know anything about it."

"That was my chief difficulty; I felt it ought to be avoided, if possible: I could not explain things to them; and if they thought I had merely gone off to Paris, to join Robert, for a freak! oh, my goodness, I am sure I don't know what they would say of me, or when I should hear the end of it!"

"I should think not, indeed. No, they must not know. You must do this little bit of business quietly — just going to Paris to-night, and coming back by the mail to-morrow night. When you have put the money and the information into your husband's hands, you have nothing more to do in the matter; leave him to make use of them."

"I understand all that," I replied; "but the difficulty is to account for my absence. My mother-in-law will be so surprised and alarmed, if I don't return. I came down to ask you how I should explain my going, for I did not see how I could by any ingenuity conceal it."

Mrs. Eccles thought for a moment, then said briskly, "She would never think of coming here to look for you, would she, if you told her you would remain with me for a couple of days?"

"No, I don't think she would; but I am sure she would make my staying here, during Robert's absence, a cause of offence, and harp upon it for many a day."

"Never mind that; something must be encountered in a case like this; and it is better you should be blamed for staying here than subjected to the frightful accusation of being a clever woman, who is doing a sensible thing to help her husband in a difficulty. You'll get over the one, — but the other? Think of the inconsistency, my dear! It would never do. You must write a note from here,

—Mrs. Heron will get it to-night, just when she will be expecting you home — and in that note you must tell a fib or two. You must say I have prevailed upon you to remain here for a couple of days, and that you will return to Clapham on Saturday afternoon."

"Well — but — if she should ever find it out?"

("Moral ideas" again.)

"I don't think she will; but if she ever does lay the blame on Robert. My belief is you will succeed in managing this affair, and your share in it will never be suspected: and Robert's capital hit will elevate him in the opinion of his mother, — success always does elevate people in every one's opinion, you know; and all will go on much better for the future."

"You will have to lend me the money for my travelling expenses," I said; "I have only ten shillings, beside my five hundred pounds."

"I'll do that," replied my cousin; "and also I will lend you a little bag and a brush and comb; and those, with a collar and a couple of pocket-handkerchiefs, will be all the luggage there can be any occasion for you to take with you. And now, you are going to lie down and rest, until your dinner is ready, and to put all care and anxiety off your mind, for I will undertake that you shall be at London Bridge in time for the mail-train to Dover."

She was a very cheering, helpful sort of woman; a capital person to have with one in any trouble, or when one was nervous or undecided. There was no indecision about her. I wrote the note, which I made as vague as possible, with a cowardly kind of notion that thereby I reduced the magnitude of the fibs which I had to resort to. There was clearly no alternative but to keep my mother-in-law in ignorance of my audacious act in taking the last money I possessed to Robert, on such an errand. I had a good rest, though I could not sleep, and a good dinner, during which Mrs. Eccles talked to me in her cheery, bright, encouraging way, and made fun of my first appearance in the character of an unprotected female. She kept her word in every particular. She came with me to London Bridge; she bought my ticket, and selected a corner seat for me in a comfortable carriage; and as the train moved out of the station, I saw her bright, plain, sensible face to the last, and felt as if she were still patting me on the back.

I shall never forget Robert's face when he came to the door of the carriage in which I sat, at the *porte-cochère* of the Hôtel de Calais, and saw who was the "lady" who had requested to see him; and I shall never forget what he said to me, when he had heard my story, told with the utmost incoherence and nervousness, for I broke down the moment I saw him, and felt that I need not be strong-minded any longer. But I made him understand it somehow, and put the money into his hands. What he said was very precious to me, and might have been dangerous, as provocative of self-conceit, had I not had the counterpoise of my mother-in-law and Mrs. John to any risk of my thinking myself ready-witted. I asked him only one thing, in return for what he was pleased to call a service of incalculable importance: it was that he would never tell any one, if he succeeded, that I had had any part in the transaction. He promised; and I think he has kept his word pretty well. But Mr. Dorrisson asked to be introduced to me not long after, when every-

thing had succeeded, and took an early opportunity of presenting me with some beautiful ornaments, and has ever since evinced a livelier interest in me than is to be quite accounted for by the business relations between him and Robert.

I had a long rest, while Robert hurried away to see what had befallen Mr. Disney. In some hours he returned, and told me his adventures. They are easily summed up, in the words of Mr. Sloane's discomfited correspondent, who narrowly escaped being thrown out of window the next day by the enraged colonial, — in the words which Robert quoted from my notes of the letter: "*The man who brought him the money to get him out of Clichy is the successful candidate for Campo de los Angeles.*" The bargain was concluded that very day, and the triumphant result telegraphed to Dorrisson. Then Robert and I drove about Paris for a while, and dined in a wonderful room, so full of velvet and flowers, and gilding and looking-glasses, that I could hardly eat my dinner for bewilderment. It was on that occasion that we sketched out the scheme of a future visit to Paris; and I am afraid we were as much pleased and amused as a pair of naughty children at the escapade I had effected, and the little secret he and I and my cousin, Mrs. Eccles, possessed in common. He put me into the train, and we parted quite gayly, laughing at the idea of my having made a journey which would have been talked about for a month at Clapham with perfect ease. He did not mean to lose sight of Mr. Disney until the final signing and sealing had been done. His last words to me were, "I wonder if our dear old house at Hampstead is to be had?" And then I knew that Robert thought the turn in the long lane of our troubles had been reached, and this "little bit of a venture" was to be the broad way out of them.

When I made my appearance at Clapham I was very coldly received, and my conciliatory attempts were received with a long series of sniffs. I was not afraid of questions; Mrs. Eccles was a person concerning whom my mother-in-law would not condescend even to be curious.

Robert came home a few days after, and called on Mr. Hackett within a few hours of his return. My five hundred pounds were safely lodged in his cautious keeping again; and I suppose Robert made a satisfactory apology for me, as, when I next saw Mr. John Hackett, he told me he had believed me to be a much more foolish woman than I had turned out to be, and he congratulated Robert on having made a less fatal blunder in his marriage than almost any man of his acquaintance.

Campo de los Angeles was a brilliant success, and did prove to be the turning-point in our fortunes. "The very clever way in which Robert managed a critical and difficult affair for Mr. Dorrisson, and the confidential and profitable relations resulting therefrom," is a favorite theme with my mother-in-law, who likes us almost as well as she likes John and Mrs. John, now that we have a finer house than Acanthus Lodge, and Heron and Shaw are no longer "rising" young men, but in an assured and prosperous position. She is not, however, altogether inconsistent; she still declares, on occasion, that she does not "hold with" speculations; though in that mine affair, somewhere in America, a place with a name which she would not pronounce if she could, regarding it as Spanish and impious, Robert had certainly made a Capital Hit.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MISS YONGE.

"Books for children,"—the press groans with their multitude, and their illustrations have absolutely become exquisite works of art. Each risen generation repeats to the rising one that there was nothing like it in its departed childhood, and each mourns over the dissipation of mind created by the profusion of reading, till we are sometimes startled to find that the same things were said of us that we are now saying of our children.

The fact is, that infantine literature, as indeed all sorts of class-literature, is a recent production. Up to the Georgian era, there were no books at all either for children or the poor, excepting the class-books containing old ballads, such as "Chevy Chase," "Fair Rosamond," "Jane Shore," "The Children in the Wood," and short tales such as "The King and the Cobbler," "Whittington and his Cat," "Robin Goodfellow," "The History of the Seven Champions," "The Seven Wise Masters," "The Nine Worthies," all told without any endeavor to simplify the language, but rather dealing in grandiloquence. Little gilt books, the covers clouded with scarlet and blue, with a running pattern of gold creeping over all, and probably representing the last tradition of illumination, appeared at fairs in company with gilt gingerbread equally gaudy, and, when the gentlefolk paced through the booths in stately graciousness, were often bought and conned by the young people, pleased to exercise the powers painfully acquired upon horn-book or primer.

Nor did their elders trouble themselves with scruples as to the ideas they might derive from their studies, nor think that they would be corrupted by the tears plentifully bestowed on Rosamond in her bower or Jane in her white sheet. A book was a book, in the eyes of squire and dame, let it be what it might; and Master Jacky's "bookish turn" was thought to mark him as a scholar and parson, whether he read "Tom Jones," "Robinson Crusoe," or "The Pilgrim's Progress."

For after the gilt-book stage, or indeed during it, the child, if he read at all, read the books provided for the grown-up part of the family. Evelyn's wonderful boy, "Master Clench," read history and classics in their ponderous folios, and even later than this, children still depended on the odd worn volumes of the "Spectator," or any other book that chance consigned to their hands. Hannah More's father repeated the lines of Homer and Virgil in the original to please his own ear and hers, and then translated them; and Mrs. Trimmer (then Sarah Kirby), when only fourteen years old, carried about "Paradise Lost," in her pocket as well as in her head, and was presented by Dr. Johnson with the "Rambler," in testimony of approbation. Some years later the solace of Walter Scott's long illness was acting over the sieges and battles in Orme's "War in Hindoostan." There can be little doubt that those who read at all in those days must have done so from genuine taste for literature, and that though an idle child could not be safely disposed of by setting it down to a baby book, yet that real power was cultivated, and the memory provided with substantial stores, at the time when it is most retentive; and as there was no harassing the young mind by examinations, and requirements of all being comprehended and immediately repro-

duced in words, the brain was not overwrought, but left free to assimilate what it could or would.

Already, however, these days of comparative neglect—shall we call it wholesome?—were fast waning.

The spontaneous manufacture of the little books of mere amusement had received a great impulse from France, by the translations of the Comtesse d'Aulnoy's and M. Perrault's adaptations of the old mythic lore common to all nations. A queer book, indeed, is Mme. d'Aulnoy's, where the immortal fairy tales stand imbedded in a course of lengthy romances of the Italian or Spanish order, but where predicaments occur in which the heroes and heroines sit still to tell and hear their tales with exemplary patience, or use them to lull the jealous guardian till the elopement is ready. Some unknown caterer for English readers imported the choicest of these tales separately into their little books, and the "Contes de Commère l'Oie" alone seem to have continued in their unbroken condition. "The White Cat,"—her previous and subsequent history judiciously shorn away—"The Sleeping Beauty," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," and "Fortunio," then took possession of the British mind in their present shape,—the more completely, perhaps, for meeting with some old more homely forms of the same tradition which it must have since absorbed. Poor authors were employed by the booksellers in the translation of these or in original composition, and thus "Goody Two Shoes" came forth as a bit of hack-work, but sparkling all over with brilliancy, a true grain of gold among the sand around her, and winning tender remembrances from many an admirer who never suspected her of being a chip from the wheel of a veritable Goldsmith (if the pun be allowed us). Do the present generation know Margery Two Shoes and Tommy her brother? How well we remember our own old copy, a small square paper book, with a frontispiece in which Margery elaborately displayed her new shod feet in the first position, and where the eagerness of the parish to receive her instructions must have been taken from Irish eagerness rather than English stolidity. Then there is a chapter fully worthy, in its quiet humor, of "The Vicar of Wakefield," entitled "How the whole Parish was Frightened."

"Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or who does not know how she was buried at this parish church?" Alas! in the last edition that fell into our hands, the ghost had been exorcised as a concession to the theory that children are never to hear of ghosts. Margery is by chance shut up in the church, and rings the bell to procure her release, but the disturbance is taken to be "Lady Ducklington's ghost dancing among the bells." "A ghost, you blockhead," says Mr. Long in a pet, "did either of you ever see a ghost, or know anybody that did?" "Yes," says the clerk, "my father did once, in the shape of a windmill; and it walked all around the church in a white sheet, with jack-boots on, and had a gun by its side instead of a sword."

Margery's own account of her sensations is very simple and sweet, and stamps the authorship upon the tale.

Mr. Marshall, "at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard," commenced a manufacture of little books of which some have a real merit, independent of the curious pictures they give of manners. We knew a few of them in a reprint already forty years old, and confess to still loving them much.

There was the "Village School," to which the clergyman's, farmers', and laborers' sons and daughters all came on terms of perfect equality. Good Mrs. Bell does not scruple to put Miss Polly Right into a corner with a surreptitiously introduced doll's tea-chest suspended from her neck, though Mr. Right marches through the playground in shovel hat, wig, gown, and bands, looking the picture of ancient orthodoxy; and Roger Riot, the squire's son, is always far subordinate to the pattern Frank West, child of a cobbler, whose companion in perfection is a young lady called Miss Jenny Meek, in long gloves, and a little flat shepherdess's hat. Was this a Utopia, or were village schools thus really universal and impartial? We suspect that they did in truth collect all those capable of payment, and that the children of the better classes frequented them, while the lowest class of all ran utterly wild.

The "Perambulations of a Mouse" was another favorite, in spite of language such as might be anticipated from the name. To say the truth, it is the only impossible autobiography we ever really relished. There was an exceeding charm in the first start in life of the four brother mice, Nimble, Longtail, Brighteyes, and Softdown, and considerable pathos (at least to the infant mind) in the gradual diminution of the brotherhood, until Nimble remained to the last, alone to tell his tale. And the conversations he overhears are related with such spirit, that one only longs to hear more of such interesting people. There is a dialogue between two little girls in bed on imaginary terrors of robbers, which is as good as anything we ever read; and another about fears of mice, which we did not appreciate the less because it is carried on between a nurse, in the act of undressing the baby, and the footman whom she has called in to destroy poor Softdown, already caught in a trap. We should like to know who was the author of the "Perambulations," for it certainly obtained the sort of lodgement in our mind that has generally been unconsciously taken possession of by works of real inherent talent. "Jemima Placid" had more renown, but we doubt if it were as good as the mouse. In recalling it the old nurse's injunction always to pin up the hole at the top of a nightcap for fear of catching cold at it, is the prominent recollection; together with a story of a spur which was applied by the Mentor of a family in every case of ill-manners or awkwardness. These three, and "Keeper's Travels," were, we believe, the *élite* of the St. Paul's Churchyard literature,—with, perhaps, the addition of "Mrs. Teachem," a most grotesque picture of a young ladies' boarding-school; but, to judge by their advertising lists, and by the notices in Mrs. Trimmer's "Guardian of Education," there must have been many more.

For the didactic age of youthful literature was fast setting in. Mrs. Trimmer was its parent in England, and her impulse probably came far more than she knew from Rousseau. Or it may be true that the religious woman, as well as the original thinker, both felt that tools were wanting to them in forming the young mind, and simultaneously set the forge to work. Rousseau, indeed, did not personally write for the young, but his "Emile" set many pens going in France, Germany, and England, such as Berquin, Madame de Genlis, Kampe, and the Aikin, Day, and Edgeworth school, while Mrs. Trimmer was soberly and earnestly working at her didactic works for the young. "The Rational Dame" is to modern eyes intolerably dull and

dreary, and we are sensible of the famine that must have prevailed when we find that it was regarded with enthusiastic delight by the children of the last century, whose next step was into Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." Her "Fabulous Histories" have quite another kind of charm: Robin, Dicky, Flapsy, and Peckay have real character, quite enough to carry the reader over all the long words in which the parent robins and their patrons indulge, and all the rigid "delicacy" that makes Mrs. Benson hesitate to allow her eleven years' old daughter to ascend three rounds of a ladder to look into the redbreast's nest four feet from the ground. We are glad to see them reproduced with beautiful illustrations.

Yet these were still counted as baby-books. In "Cælebs" we find that in the pattern family the children at eight years old have to resign *en masse* their story-books, and take to "such books as men and women read." The father inaugurates this stage with "John Gilpin"; and probably the "Spectator," Rollin and Goldsmith, Shakespeare, and Pope's "Homer," would have been Hannah More's staple reading for the young.

She herself was the real originator of books written exclusively for the poor in the "Cheap Repository Tracts," which were called forth by her desire to arm the peasantry against the doctrines more or less afloat at the time of the outbreak of the first French Revolution. Both she and her sister Patty were really masterly writers in this line, full of good sense, humor, and real insight into character. "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," though taken from an actual character named John Saunders, is a sort of Christian Arcadian, and "Black Giles the Poacher," "Tawny Rachel," and "Hester Wilmot" are capital reading to this day, though probably the change of manners would prevent persons of the class for which they were designed from caring for them. These tracts were not intended for children, but their simplicity and interest made them to be eagerly read by the young, especially when there was an absolute dearth of all interesting comprehensible "Sunday reading," except the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The tide of what we have called the Rousseau-inspired books was by this time setting into England. Perhaps one of the cleverest of them was by the German, C. S. Salzmann, translated, or, perhaps, more truly adapted, by Mary Wollstonecraft, under the strange name of "Elements of Morality." There must have been a strong flavor of genius about the book, for we, without possessing it, heard the traditions of it from the older generations that had been nurtured thereupon, and always regarded a reading of it as one of the pleasures of the houses where the ancestral copies still abode. What the German originals were we cannot tell, but they must have been much transmogrified, since the father of the family figured as Mr. Jones. We suspect that he was formal and prosy, but the noble art of skip carried us over all that, and the adventures were admirable, and indeed were the originals of many a subsequent story in other books. There was the boy bewildered in a wood (which we now know must have been a German forest), seeing "gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire" in every bush, admirably given in the illustrations, until he is found by a virtuous curate, who takes him to his home, and regales him with simple fare and good advice.

This curate must have been a regular German

pastor, for the grateful Charles, going afterwards to make him a visit, finds the whole family prostrated by the small-pox, all in one room. There are the children left to spend the day after their own devices (an idea often repeated); and the horrid disaster of the boy who, kicking against a door, impaled his foot on a projecting nail. We well remember that in one of the two copies we had the occasional felicity of studying there was a print of this unhappy being, on which we used to gaze with awed fascination; and there was also a miser in a ragged garment, and a benevolent Jew, whose forms impressed themselves on our imagination before our tenth year, though what part they played in the story is so entirely forgotten that probably it was beyond the childish comprehension. And well might these be so memorable, for the designer was no other than Blake, though then we little knew it. This first edition had, however, an objectionable preface, which we never attempted to read. It is odd that the almost coeval work, the "Swiss Family Robinson," did not find its way to England till many years later. It was written by Joachim Heinrich Kampe, tutor to Baron Humboldt; and one longs to know whether the pupil's spirit of enterprise fired the tutor, or the tutor formed the pupil. The English edition is greatly and advantageously abbreviated. It has been one of the greatest of favorites, until Captain Marryat's nautical criticisms cruelly disclosed its absurdities. To be sure, when one comes to think of it, no one but a German could have thought it practicable to land the whole family in a row of washing-tubs nailed together between planks, and the island did contain peculiar fauna and flora; but the book is an extremely engaging one for all that, and we decidedly would prefer reading it at this moment than the rather characterless "Masterman Ready" by which Marryat superseded it in the youthful library.

But we are anticipating. "The Swiss Robinson" was still in his native German, when Berquin's bright little tales and dramas, terse and rounded as only French powers could make them, were already widely spread. Many were transferred into an English book, pompously termed "The Looking Glass for the Mind." There figured the four sisters who quarrelled and retired, like the four bulls of fable, into the four corners of the room, but, unlike the bulls, made it up in peace, and never fell out again. There was the boy who rudely fumigated his father's tenant when he came to pay his rent, and was punished by being left behind when his sister was taken to the farm, and regaled with rural dainties. There was "the pert little vixen, whose name was Cleopatra," and whose ill-temper was suddenly cured by a visitor's remark, that a pair of mustaches would suit the fierceness of her countenance. There is the kind, bird-feeding girl, said to have been suggested by the example of Madame Helvetius. There, too, is the capital description of the little Caroline, who insisted on taking a country walk in the full fashionable dress of the period, including powdered hair, pea-green shoes with high heels, and the tightest possible of stays. The dramas, which are not translated in the "Looking Glass," but are so in the "Children's Friend," are likewise very pretty. There is a very droll one (lately reproduced among Warne's Victoria stories) of a little boy, whose longing for a sword is gratified on condition he never draws it. In a passion he breaks his promise, and brings to light a tur-

key's feather. The insolent airs of the young noble, and the cringing of his *roturier* guest, give us a lucid notion of the pre-Revolution manners.

Berquin's tales were suggestive to the Aikin family of their "Evenings at Home." But the two collections remind us of the French criticism on our national gait, that while a French lady walks easily and gracefully, an Englishwoman always moves as if bent on hurrying somewhere. . . .

The Taylors of Ongar were an offshoot of the Aikin school, but, deserve special mention as the best of the poets for childhood. Of hymn-writers children have had only three really successful ones, — Dr. Watts, at a much earlier period, Jane Taylor, and recently, Mrs. Alexander; and of these Jane Taylor was the least really able. Her *sorte* lay in her secular poems, their astonishing simplicity without puerility, their pathos, and arch drollery. The incident of the little girl, in "Original Poems," who, seeing a lady in the towering headdress of the period, exclaimed, —

"What naughty tricks, pray, has she done,
That they have put that foolscap on!"

was, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck tells us, taken from herself. "Meddlesome Mattie" paying the penalty of a peep into grandmamma's snuff-box; the

"Duck who had got such a habit of stuffing,
That all the day long she was panting and puffing";

the little boy who in his new nankeens, and "buttons bright as gold," fell into the embrace of a chimney-sweeper; the vain child who held herself to be "better than Jenny, my nurse," and is finally told,

"For 't is in good manners, and not in good dress,
That the truest gentility lies";

are all fixed in our mind by the peculiarly lively lilt of the verse. We never enter Cavendish Square without recollecting how "little Ann and her mother were passing one day" in that direction, and the pathos must have been great in the sadder poems, for the only compositions that ever drew tears from us in childhood were "The Lamentation of Poor Puss" and the "Life and Adventures of Poor Dog Tray," both of which we hated accordingly.

Rousseau had, as we said before, set people theorizing on education, and two more of his brood remain to be noticed. All were contemporary, but for the sake of convenience we will mention Madame de Genlis first. The extraordinary vanity of the woman has made her autobiography lower our estimate of her, and scarcely do her justice, for really the governess who trained up Louis Philippe so exactly in the way he *did* go could have had no common powers. To read of the young prince in the Chevalier de Roseville's correspondence in "Adele et Theodore," and watch the career of the heir of Orleans, is really enough to make one believe that human nature is the wax educational theorists would have us believe it. However, "Adele et Theodore" is not a child's book. It was the "Veillées du Château" on which the authoress set her fame as a writer for children, so that she was firmly persuaded that it was personal animosity that conferred the prize of the Academy by preference upon "Conversations d'Emilie." We confess to agreeing with the Academy so far, that ever since we could appreciate the delicate aroma of French wit and irony, we have infinitely more relished "Emilie" than Madame de Genlis's "Veillées," though a young child would, of course, like story better than mere dialogue. We suppose the book

is hardly extant now, except where old juvenile libraries have been tenderly preserved, but it is worth reading for its freshness and grace, and the delicate refined banter with which the mother treats Emilie's little follies. The child's confused way of telling a story is drolly depicted, and so is her self-sufficiency in having learnt the three names, "Animal, vegetable, and mineral." There is a capital dialogue when Emilie comes in from the Tuileries gardens immensely scandalized by a little girl whom she describes as attracting the attention of "*tout le monde*" by her airs and appreciation of her own *nœuds de manches*. *Tout le monde* is reduced by the mother to two little girls and their *bonnes*, and Emilie's indignation is turned back on her own foibles most dexterously. . . .

Success has certainly been with its rival, the "*Veillées du Château*." The three children, César, Caroline, and Pulchérie, were portraits of M^{de}. de Genlis's own, the two girls by name; and the giddy but warm-hearted Pulchérie is so engaging that it is disappointing to know that her original was in after life estranged from her mother. According to the fashion that had prevailed ever since the days of Boccaccio, there is story within story. The virtuous mother, Madame de Clémire, retires to spend the time of her husband's absence with her three children and their grandmother in the country, in the dismal Château de Champceery, where the wolves are said by the disconsolate maids to parade on the snow every winter night. Here the children are weaned from the Countess d'Aulnoy's fairy tales, by tales related in turn by their mother and grandmother. Delphine, the spoilt child, who was reformed by a residence in a cow-house, under the treatment of an excellent Swiss doctor, — then really the fashionable cure for consumption; Eglantine, the excellently described indolent young lady, who was cured by losing her fortune; and the humble couple who built a house for themselves in the wood, are all excellent; and best of all is the story Madame de Clémire writes on being challenged to produce authentic wonders equalling those of fairyland. It somewhat reminds us of those school illustrations of natural phenomena where rainbows, waterspouts, volcanoes, earthquakes, geysers, flood and fire, and all possible catastrophes, are represented as occurring on one square foot of paper, but the ingenuity is really wonderful.

Alphonse, the frivolously educated son of a *parvenu* minister in Portugal, is interesting for his simplicity and wonderful proneness to get into scrapes. His father is first disgraced, and then loses all his property in the great earthquake of Lisbon, when poor Alphonse, by one of Madame de Genlis's touches of irony, perils his life to save the false pedigree in which he devoutly believes, but leaves the jewels to their fate. Wandering subsequently about the country, Alphonse, while sentimentalizing at the fountain of *Ilêes de Castro*, saves a beautiful young lady from a mad bull, which immediately after is demolished by a poisoned pin stuck into the nape of its neck by the fair Dalinda's father, the wise Thelismar. (The good lady's explanatory notes never mention how to stick your pin into your bull.) Desperate love for Dalinda is the consequence, and finding that Thelismar is a Swede sent to travel on a scientific mission, Alphonse runs away from his father and follows him, in spite of beholding a meteor and of being caught in a bloodlike shower, and then stuck fast by the nails in his boots to a loadstone mountain, for

which Madame de Clémire must really have gone to the calendars with one eye. In spite of these slight obstacles he joins Thelismar, and obtains leave to accompany him, but in the mean time the fair daughter has been sent back to Sweden. It is too long to relate how all wonders of nature and art combine to persecute or amaze Alphonse; how he gets nearly murdered in a cave of the Guanches, and is almost drowned by an inundation in the Azores; how the "guide, Indicator, shows him the road" to a bees' nest, and the grotto of Policandro dazzles him with its native sculpture and jewelry; how automatons draw and play to rebuke his conceit, and pistols go off when he tampers with the locks of drawers; how Thelismar repeats Franklin's experiments with lightning, and becomes perfectly intolerable by his cool superiority on all occasions; until at last Alphonse's poor old father is discovered — of all places in the world — at the bottom of the silver mines of Dalecarlia; there is a general forgiveness and a happy ending. It is a very amusing and instructive story, allowing for the century of subsequent discovery, and Policandro still is invested in our imagination with a charm derived therefrom. Madame de Genlis made use of somewhat the same notion in a much less known work, where in, one story the hero's eyes became microscopes, and spiders, flies, moss, &c., appear in distressing detail and proportion, — an idea since repeated in "Good Words for the Young." . . .

But while no one in France could do more than watch aghast the fearful march of public events, the quickened spirit of thought in England was in full activity. Children, as far as common sense would allow, were being brought up on the Rousseau system; R. L. Edgeworth tried it on one of his sons, and found it in its full completeness such a failure that the son was allowed to drop out of sight. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck weathered it by her own strong warm nature; and Thomas Day after capturing two girls, to afford him a choice of a wife, brought up on the most perfect plan of simplicity in habits and cultivation of intellect, found one break down from native dulness, and cast off the other when on the point of marrying her, because she turned out too sophisticated to wear an unfashionable dress.

As we know, Felix Graham tried the same experiment with Mary Snow in our own day, just as Miss Edgeworth had portrayed the like attempt and failure on the part of Clarence Harvey in her novel of "Belinda." Her "Forester," the uncouth original youth in "Moral Tales," is we believe a far truer likeness of Day than the fine gentleman Clarence, only for the sake of the moral Forester had to be tamed, and Day never was. He is best known as the author of "Sandford and Merton," once a child's classic standing next to "Robinson Crusoe," and really containing much that is very charming, though mixed with much queer unsatisfactory stuff of the theorist author. Miss Zornlin has of late years tried to weed it, but it is one of those books that there is no paring down, — they must stand or fall all together; and we doubt if many of the present young generation have ever had enterprise enough to learn how Tommy Merton tried sledging with a kitchen chair and the big dog, — how Harry Sandford piloted him across the heath by the aid of the pole star, and saved him from the violence of a baited bull: another strange trait of past manners. There is another tale of Day's, much less celebrated but very effective, called "Little Jack," where a foundling is nursed

by a goat, reared by an old man on a common, becomes first a blacksmith, then a soldier, is cast on a desert coast and taken prisoner by the Tartars, when his genius in saddlery raises him to high favor with the Khan, and he finally comes home a rich man, and builds a house on the original common. Probably Mr. Day meant to inculcate the advantages of the beautiful simplicity of Jack's nurture, but the story was to us a mere charming tissue of enterprise and adventure, and conveyed no lesson of democracy.

Our copy of "Little Jack" was the first in a volume named "The Children's Miscellany," a sort of prevision of an annual, and containing likewise, besides an unreadable history of the world, and "John Gilpin," the story of "Philip Quarl," by Defoe, — a desert island story, in which the cast-away sailor was solaced by a delightful monkey; and a very clever story of a child queen who, being despotic, banishes all insects because a wasp stung her, and then finds she can have neither honey nor silk; and when she is incommoded by the leaves, has them all stripped off and their place supplied by rose-colored gauze.

A general rebellion is caused, and her father returns to the rescue. We remember, too, a "Spoilt Child," who was taught to read an alphabet of spun sugar, and allowed to eat every letter he knew; then cured of cruelty by the dreadful warning of Charles the Ninth's history; and recreated with historical anecdotes of Damon and Pythias, Alcander and Septimius — one of the latter of whom got into trouble by firing a pistol in a robber's cave. But the books of the last century, with their dim type, long s, and united ct, were already scarce in our time; and perhaps the last of the period was a French story, published by subscription in England, (how we used to wonder at the list of names!) called *Le Souterrain*, where Gabrielle and Angélique, two young ladies whose parents were in trouble in the Revolution, spent seven years in a cavern, and were finally discovered there in a grand *tableau*, playing on the harp and the *clavecin*, both dressed in white muslin, and *jonchées* with rose-leaves. How beautiful we thought it, and how little we concerned ourselves with the salubrity of the *Souterrain*!

But that age of sentiment and improbability was waning, and with the nineteenth century reason came into the nursery, and with it realism and purpose strong; and before entering on the didactic school we pause.

FOREIGN NOTES.

RECENT French papers announce the arrival in Paris of Mr. Stuart Mill and Mr. Longfellow.

THE Viceroy of Egypt is said to have ordered 1,700 costumes for his theatre of a Paris consumer at the price of \$ 80,000.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON is to deliver a series of lectures before the Philosophical Institution, Newcastle, on "The Great Prairies and the Rocky Mountains."

DOCTOR BÖHM, a celebrated German surgeon, has just performed the operation of separating two female children, five years of age, who were joined together in the same manner as the Siamese twins. The German papers state that the operation was at-

tended with perfect success; but one of the patients seems to have died the same day. The survivor is in good health.

THE *Journal de Liege* states that M. Rochefort is preparing to shake the dust of Brussels from his feet, the government having advised that ferocious editor to lower the key-note of his journal.

THERÉSA has kept the American tempters at bay. They have sought to lure her with splendid offers from her Tusculum at Asnières; but she means to sing no more. Thérèse aspires to histrionic fame.

THE King of Bavaria lately had *Lohengrin* performed for his own special behoof. The representation began at ten o'clock in the morning, the theatre was brilliantly illuminated, and the orchestral players had to appear in dress coats and white ties.

SINCE the great impulse given to the manufacture of velocipedes by their universal adoption throughout Europe, innumerable improvements have been patented. We hear from France and Geneva of two startling novelties. A Frenchman, Monsieur Bluin, has adapted to his velocipede a pair of sails, and in a fair wind skims along like a terrestrial nautilus, at a rate exceeding the greatest speed hitherto attained with the ordinary vehicle propelled by the feet; while, at Geneva, an ingenious musical-box maker has actually constructed a "vélocipède à musique."

GARIBALDI's health is reported to be in a very precarious state. A correspondent of a Paris paper, who had been admitted to an interview with the general, writes: "His features appeared contracted, his body appeared emaciated, and he was lying on a sofa suffering horribly from an attack of chronic rheumatism. The ex-dictator, bent like the tower of Pisa, is but a shadow of the past, and with difficulty one recognizes in the trembling and delicate old man the fierce republican of former days." It is, for the sake of Italy, to be earnestly hoped that this report is exaggerated.

MME. ADELINA PATTI was recently announced to appear in the "Figlia del Reggimento," but at the last moment, after the doors were opened and the audience had begun to arrive, notices were posted up that Mme. Patti was suffering from a severe hoarseness, and quite unable to sing. Another opera was therefore substituted. The severe hoarseness which prevented her from appearing at Covent Garden did not in the least disable her from singing before the Prince of Wales and Pasha of Egypt at Marlborough House the same evening, where, indeed, it is said, she never warbled more clearly and enchantingly.

A REALLY curious piece of musical patchwork will be the Grand Requiem now being written at the proposal of Verdi by no less than thirteen composers, as a monument to the memory of Rossini. The performance of this work is not to take more than one hour and a half, thus allowing about seven minutes to each composer. No restriction of key or time is laid on any one of them beyond the obligation of beginning and ending in the initial key. The following are the names of the contributors to this strange work, which is expected to be terminated on the 15th of September: Bazzala, Bazzini, Pedrotti, Cagnoni, Ricci, Nini, Boucheron, Coccia, Gaspari, Platancia, Petrella, Mabella, and Verdi.

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SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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SOCIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Soon we shall have no social superstitions, I suppose. They are destined, no doubt, to disappear with political superstitions and religious superstitions,—or what people are pleased to consider as such,—in the natural course of the abolition of most things. How many have gone in our own time!—or in a time within the experience of men and women still among us, and familiar at least in a reflected light.

The superstitions to which I refer are not very important perhaps, but they mark changes in manners, and changes in manners mark changes in a great many other things. A great number have gone, as I have said. The superstitious observance of the custom of getting drunk after dinner, for instance, is among the disappearances. A great many people still get drunk, it must be confessed; but they usually pay the homage which intoxication owes to sobriety, and deny or conceal the fact. There used to be a superstition among a certain class of fine gentlemen that it was “bad form”—or whatever was the equivalent phrase of the period—to be able to do anything for one’s self, and that a state of utter apathy and indifference to things in general was the surest mark of good breeding. There may be such men about now, but they are very carefully cut, I should think; and a negative condition of mind and body would certainly not in these days be considered a sign of *bon ton*. There was a superstition once in favor of snuff-taking. Long since the days when a snuff-box was as necessary an appendage to a gentleman as his shoe-buckles, the habit of putting it to use was still general, and it has disappeared only in the present generation. During the rule of snuff, smoking was the exception; and though the latter had many votaries, the “vice” was a secret one,—to be indulged only in out-of-the-way places. A stable or a harness-room was thought quite good enough, and the tap-room at a low tavern most appropriate. When rooms were set apart for the purpose at clubs they were always the worst in the house; and up to so late a period as to be called the other day there was no smoking-room at one of the leading clubs in London. Now, not only are smokers in clubs luxuriously provided, but every house of sufficient size and pretensions—in the country, at any rate—has an apartment available for the weed; and in connection with billiards ladies endure it with a charming docility,—developed in some cases, so scandal declares, into the most practical expression of tolerance. In the old

times only the most hardened offenders would venture to smoke in the streets or public places. I need scarcely say how this superstition has been disposed of in these days, when Royal Princes lead the way, and a Royal Duke may be seen on most mornings on Constitution Hill in company with an enormous regalia.

There was a superstition prevalent for many years that a gentleman could not be properly costumed unless half strangled in an enormous stock. This machine was wonderfully and fearfully made, with a slight pretence of elasticity, but intended evidently to keep the head up, and promote an appearance of dignified apoplexy in the wearer,—with the occasional effect of a divergence from appearance into reality. The custom originated through the “most finished gentleman in Europe” not being proud of his neck; and it became so rigorous as to ruin any man who refused to follow it. There is only one known instance of such hardihood, however, and that is in the case of Lord Byron. It is generally supposed that society set its face against the poet because he was supposed to be an immoral man, to ill-treat his wife, and exhibit a vicious tendency in his writings. I believe nothing of the kind. Society at the time made pets of men who were far worse than Byron was even supposed to be, who got on no better with their wives, and who set quite as vicious an example in their lives as Byron was alleged to set in his writings. Society cut Byron because he turned down his collar, and that is the whole fact of the matter. Had he worn a stock he would have been one of themselves, and they would have forgiven him as they did other people.

Stocks are seldom seen now, except in the army, where, in a certain but not sufficiently modified degree, they are still the rule; at the discretion, however, of commanding officers, who may allow them to be dispensed with if they think the relaxation necessary or desirable. Nobody, in fact, wears a stock in these days unless he is obliged to do so, except a few fogies who cling to the superstition as a link to life.

“What do you think of my uncle?” asked a man not long since of his friend, with whom he was walking in Pall Mall. They had just met the gentleman in question.

“Think of him!” was the contemptuous reply; “why, he wears a stock and buckles it behind,—that’s what I think of him.”

You see by this little incident the kind of feeling that stocks excite in the present day.

If there are superstitions among men there are

superstitions among women, you may be sure, and among the latter as among the former there have been a great many that are now exploded. As regards dress and deportment there was one connected with the ideal of a lady which seems to have no believers in these times. A lady was supposed to be arrayed in the plainest manner, — to wear robes of the soberest colors and the simplest cut. Anybody who deviated from the rule was supposed not to be a lady; and the French, who set the fashions then as they do now, were far in advance of the English in this respect. That this superstition no longer prevails need scarcely be pointed out. The change in the present direction has been accompanied, too, by some incidental superstitions which have also come to an end, — or very nearly so. One was that ladies in order to attain elegance in skirts must be encased in a steel cage, absurdly — considering the derivation of the word — called a crinoline. Another was founded upon the idea that a lady could not appear out of doors without wearing upon her head a preposterous contrivance, which, had it been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii, or in some such place, without any indication of the use to which it was applied, would have been a mystery to succeeding ages, and remained perhaps a puzzle to antiquarians up to the present time. The thing I mean was called a bonnet.

What a monstrosity it was! It stood alone in creation. Nature never produced anything like it in her wildest and most colonial moods. Art could never have conceived such an object. For the bonnet was like our old friend Topsy, according to that young person's idea of her origin: it was never born of the fancy of any one man or woman, — "I guess it grew." You could not indeed resemble it to anything else. It was not like a coal-scuttle, to which some of its varieties have been flatteringly compared, for it would not stand on its end, if indeed it had an end to stand on; and for similar reasons among others it could not be supposed to be intended for a coffee-pot, a bread-basket, a card-tray, a toast-rack, a mouse-trap, or a warming-pan.

It was certainly not like a hat; for though it contained a place where you could put part of a head, there was nothing to indicate — in the absence of previous information — that such an uncomfortable receptacle was meant for such a use. The coincidence, was altogether insufficient. You may put your head into a bag or a portmanteau, but nobody would guess those useful articles to be head-dresses on that account. The bonnet, in its ultra days at any rate, was as shapeless a monster as the *Picuvre*, first described by Victor Hugo, and since made familiar to us in collections of aquaria; with bows and flowers for "feelers," turning up in arbitrary and unexpected places. Had we — innocent of it ourselves — found it in use among the Cherokee Indians, we should have fancied it connected with some religious rite, since it would be difficult to suppose that anybody would voluntarily wear such a thing for its own sake. That it is an exploded superstition among civilized nations is a fact for which everybody blessed with eyesight ought to be grateful. The present substitute is called by the same name; but nobody, seeing the two things together, would guess that they were put to the same use. The bonnet of the period is a charming little decorative arrangement, which may be quite useless as far as shelter is concerned, but is scarcely more so than its predecessor, which was

ineffectual against sun or rain, and had not the excuse of being ornamental instead.

Another superstition of the past was the corset. I am not quite sure that I shall be allowed to allude to such a subject, but must take my chance. I will be content, however, to observe that the garment, — it can scarcely be called a garment though; what am I to call it? — the article? — the machine? The machine will do. It was a point of faith that this machine was indispensable to the female kind, or at any rate that it ought to be, and it was worn when not wanted as a distinction of the sex.

One need not be the oldest inhabitant of any place to remember these curious contrivances of which wood or steel, and whalebone inevitably, formed such important features. Such things may exist in the present day; but they could never have been necessities; for the interesting wearers of the modified mysteries now in use under the same name do not seem to suffer from the absence of their predecessors. On the contrary, they evidently flourish the more for the change, look a great deal better, and must feel a great deal better if they can feel at all.

Among social observances which may be classed among exploded superstitions, I may include the circulation of wedding-cards and wedding-cake among the friends of married couples. The cake went first, and the cards are fast following. I am not quite sure that the omission in either case is an advantage. People always liked getting the cake, though it is a horrible thing to eat, and the cards certainly answered their intended purpose, — that of marking the feeling towards old acquaintances under new conditions, and influencing them in paying congratulatory visits. Now, under the new arrangement, half the acquaintances of the bride and bridegroom are uncertain whether to call or not; and as they are very apt to give themselves the benefit of the doubt which gives the least trouble they frequently remain upon anomalous terms with the happy pair for an indefinite period, — determined in the end perhaps by an accident.

The superstition which dictates the use of cards in general intercourse is not likely to die out. Society cannot get on without them. But calling — where you actually want to see the people — has been relieved of half its horrors by the practice of appointing certain days for being at home, and adding the attraction of tea, which, whether visitors want that refreshment or not, at least gives them something to do. A great many people would prefer that these rites should be performed after dinner instead of before, and it would be well to allow them the alternative. I dare say we shall come to this some day. Meanwhile many take kindly to what has been called the social treadmill, and grind away for the fun of the thing. It is hard perhaps to have to drop additional cards after having dined at a house, and such *visites de digestion* are usually paid with the kind of gratitude known as a lively sense of benefits to come.

Among existing superstitions that which necessitates introductions at balls in private houses has a great many heterodox enemies. They are mere matters of form, since the persons introduced are frequently no wiser as to one another's personality than they were before; and the observance has the effect of curbing individual ardor. There is no harm in them; they are often an assistance; but they should not be held necessary, and in a happier state of existence I dare say they will be dispensed with.

Among exploded superstitions upon such occasions may be reckoned speeches after supper. Where there is no regular supper to make speeches after, the evil naturally cures itself; but even where there is, the bore in question is never met with except in offensively old-fashioned society. So much the better, say all sensible people. Speeches after dinner, when the dinner has a business object, of course can't be helped, and come under a different category.

Apropos to dinners I may mention a very old superstition which gave the palm to English dinners over all other dinners in the world. "Foreign kick-shaws," compared with them, were held in contempt as unwholesome abominations. And an English dinner, when well cooked, is no doubt a very fine thing, and better for people leading an active life than, say, a French one, as a continuous arrangement. But it is the old story still, — our dinners come from a sacred, our cooks from a profane source. To cook an English dinner well, a person ought to be capable of cooking a French one. The principles are the same, and the ornate variations, in the latter case, are mere matters of special attainment, easily acquired from prescribed formulæ.

But the popular delusion with the common run of cooks is, that an English dinner, in order to have "no nonsense about it," should be essentially solid, and leave digestibility an open question. Any suggestion of an advance upon these conditions is met by the response that Mary Jane does not profess to understand foreign cookery; and an intimation, if she is disposed to be candid, that she considers "plain English" entitled to the preference in every respect. She can never be made to understand that food prepared in the English fashion is not necessarily crude, comfortless, and injurious. Her main idea is that everything English ought to be substantial, that is to say, heavy; and in pursuance of this I have known her send up such a thing as suet pudding with particular joints. The accompaniment is well known in schools, where it is accepted as part of the discipline of the establishment, — but surely nobody ever ate suet pudding as a free agent! This is perhaps an aggravated instance of infatuation, but it is quite within the compass of common "plain cooks," who minister to the middle classes of society. How the poor fare who are their own cooks is a sad consideration. That they eat at all is a marvel; and it is a still greater marvel, considering the savage character of their meals, that they do not drink twice as much as they do.

The superstition which exalts bad cookery and calls it English is less strong than it was, and among the educated classes is rapidly passing away. But unhappily the greater part of the population are not educated, — even to an appreciation of the commonest comforts, — and are still willing victims to a delusion unknown in any other civilized country.

The popular delusion in the matter of wines, which was endured for more than a hundred years, has a greater chance of being dispelled; and if the mass of the wine-drinking population — so largely increased of late — still cling exclusively to port and sherry, it is surely not for want of other wines being suggested equally to their palates and their pockets. Port is now favored by only two classes of persons, — the few who will pay fabulous sums for the little that can be got of the best kind, and the many who are not yet influenced by the light wine movement, and still incline themselves —

from superstitious motives — to any concoction called by the name.

The former need not be converted. Their taste is entitled to the highest respect, and I trust that they will long enjoy the means to gratify it. The latter are being converted by degrees, if we may believe in statistics; for the consumption of port which comes from Portugal has sensibly decreased of late years, and it is not to be supposed that the production of the spurious article can have increased in the face of the increased facilities for obtaining the real one. The wines of all other wine-producing countries are now largely consumed in this country; and the natural conclusion is beyond a doubt, — that the majority of habitual or occasional drinkers of wine do not drink port, while the minority drink it in less proportion than formerly. Sherry has made a firmer stand, and is still considered a necessary wine, whatever be the other wines which find a place in the public favor. There is a competition, too, in the market between sherry and sherry, — that is to say, between sherry as usually prepared for English consumption, and sherry as it is in its natural state; and other Spanish wines which are not sherry, but which have the same character, are also entering the field of opposition. The "natural" wines, as the merchants call them, have a hard fight for it at present; for the mass of wine-drinkers undoubtedly prefer the old fiery mixtures. But there is a demand for the "dry" qualities rapidly spreading, and palates educated to these — dreadfully doctored as they commonly are — will find out in time that they can be better gratified by unadulterated vintages, or vintages which are at least not deprived of their original character. Between Spanish wines as they ought to be and French wines as they are — to say nothing of Italian, Hungarian, and Greek, which are making their way — the time is probably not far distant when the superstition which gave exclusiveness to port and sherry will be known no more.

Port is associated with prejudice; and prejudice of many kinds is breaking down with port. I allude especially to English prejudice — to be classed with superstition — in reference to things continental. There was an old belief that one Englishman was always able to beat three Frenchmen. That delusion must surely have exploded; and I may mention as a matter of personal experience, that I once made the experiment with only two of our lively neighbors, — and signally failed. But the superstitious sense of superiority on the part of our travelling countrymen on the Continent still prevails to a great extent; the principal exception being the members of the gentler sex, who have thrown off their traditional reserve in a remarkable manner, and dash about in out-of-doors diversions with an affability which is a wonder, not to say a scandal, and utterly confutes the stock caricatures which, in Paris especially, still represent the *blonde misses* of Albion as embodiments of prudish affectation, — wearing green veils and actual bonnets, and regarding the social freedom of France as *shocking*, quite in the old style. There has, to be sure, been lately opened a rival vein of satire, represented in periodicals like the *Vie Parisienne*, which gives the English girl in her gushing, hatty, high-heeled aspect, and has just begun to understand the joke about "the period"; but this development is quite recent, — the *blonde miss* still holds her own in the shop windows, and it will be years before she is accepted in her new character.

I am not quite sure that the English superstition as regards our relations towards our lively neighbors has been dissipated with unmixed advantage, — as far as the gentler sex is concerned. But it must be admitted that, whether through French or other influence, English women — including English girls of course — dress a great deal better than they did, and — except when they make caricatures of themselves — cannot be accused of failing to set off their beauty to the best advantage.

The mention of dress again suggests that an old superstition concerning costume has just exploded. I mean that which made it *de rigueur* for gentlemen, unless in some kind of uniform, to go to court in the habits as they lived of our forefathers in the middle of the reign of George III. The dress was both uncomfortable and incongruous, and nobody liked it; and the change has at least this advantage, that it enables a man to wear in the presence of his sovereign a dress of the shape to which he is accustomed in common life. But innovation begets innovation, and now we find certain levellers condemning the court dress worn by ladies as a superstition. Why, they ask, cannot ladies go to the drawing-rooms in morning dresses with high bodies? These agitators would, it seems, get rid of the "feathers, blonde-cappets, and diamonds," and all the rest of it, at one fell swoop, on the ground that full dress happening in these days to be rather scanty, ladies who go to drawing-rooms are apt to take cold. The agitators may depend upon it that some stronger reason than this must be discovered before the ladies concerned will join the agitation, even if such a simplification would ever be permitted by the milliners. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle* is a social decree submitted to more philosophically than is the fate of most legal decrees. And if those who wear court dresses are content to suffer in one way, you may be sure that those who make them will not be content to suffer in another. So the question, I fancy, may be safely left at rest between the two.

Among superstitions which still survive may be mentioned the belief in some apocryphal period known as the "palmy days of the drama." When these days existed, and what they were like, is not easy to determine. For we find no contemporary evidence of their existence; it has never been handed down to us that people have said, "These are the palmy days of the drama; I am content with the condition of the stage." On the contrary, from the earliest times of which we are able to take anything like a near view, the cry has always been that the regular drama was neglected whenever there were counter-attractions in the form of French dancing girls, performing dogs or monkeys, or even such exhibitions as puppet-shows.

Nobody seems ever to have heard of the palmy days of the drama until they had passed away, and then the praises had a suspicious appearance of being rung for the *tempora acti* in the abstract. Great actors and actresses have lived no doubt before the Agamemnons of our own time, and their Homers have kept their fame alive; but it must be doubted if the drama — that is to say, the regular drama — has had such great days for its own sake as has been made out. The days of which we have the most distinct idea are those comparatively early in the century, when enthusiastic people used to go to the pit door of Drury Lane, and wait from two o'clock in the day to see Mrs. Siddons, or the Kembles, and later still the elder Kean, — buy a bill in the

street, and struggle for the attainment of three hours' intellectual ecstasy. One may suppose that the reward was greater than could be gained now by a similar process, — supposing the process to be necessary; but the fact was due to exceptional circumstances; and if the public taste was high, it had not so many invitations as it has in the present day to become low. If there were better actors there were certainly worse, and the same may be said of the pieces which obtained popularity, — the inferior class of which would not be listened to now, as has been proved by occasional experiments. There is a larger public in these times; but even making allowance for the fact, a larger proportionate amount of money is spent upon the drama than used to be spent, dramatic authors make larger profit, and dramatic performers are better paid.

It is true that plays of a low class, and players of a low class, sometimes succeed, as well as plays and players of a higher class, — sometimes better, indeed, when a thorough hit is made. But this has always been the case; and they do not fail *because* they are of a high class. When such pieces are unsuccessful it is because there is something wrong about them, — because they are cumbersome, dull, and unfitted for the stage. A great deal of false sentiment would once pass for real, and a great many situations which we have discovered to be claptrap were accepted by our forefathers in good faith. On the whole, judging by the number of theatres we have, and the number of pieces that fill them, and the standard of excellence demanded by most of the audiences, it must be a mistake to suppose that the drama has declined or is declining. Therefore the belief in the palmy days, as compared with our own, — which, however, is far weaker than it was, — must be ranked among the superstitions.

An alleged cause of the supposed decline of the drama is the late hour at which most of us dine. It has become later and later in the course of the last few years, and we seem rapidly arriving at the fashionable point said to have been attained by a late American president, who was such a great man that he never took his dinner until the next day! But it is made later, and worse than later because less certain, by a superstitious custom which prevails of the host fixing one time and the guests assembling at another. The inconvenience was pointed out the other day in a morning journal, and it is one which decidedly demands reform. Everybody understands that a little grace is allowed beyond the quarter past seven, quarter to eight, or eight, set down in the invitation; but nobody knows exactly how much, unless well acquainted with the custom of the particular house. And as few choose to incur the embarrassment of being too early, a great many run the hazard of being too late.

The consequence is an amount of confusion and annoyance which is felt equally by host and guest. There is only one way of destroying this monstrous delusion, and saving the enormous amount of time and temper which it wastes in the course of the year; that is, to issue invitations for the exact hour at which the party is expected to be assembled, with a special provision as to punctuality until the rule becomes generally understood.

While on the subject of dinners, I may mention a custom which is surely founded upon superstition, and ought to be banished forever from civilized society, — the only society in which it prevails. Why should we be obliged to perform the not very difficult operation of dividing our food into morsels fitted

for the mouth with a weapon so formidable and effective that we could employ it with the greatest ease to cut the throat of our next neighbor from ear to ear? Had we to kill the meat in the first instance one could understand the propriety of being so armed; for the sake of carving joints that bore and birds that bewilder, such an instrument is appropriate enough. But why place it in the hands of persons who have only their own mouths to accommodate? It is enough to embarrass a nervous man, and how that very uncomfortable person, "the most delicate lady," manages to survive the responsibility is one of those marvels which can be accounted for only by custom founded on the grossest superstition. The anomaly exists but in association with European manners. The natives of the East, and semi-civilized people elsewhere, would not dream of such an enormity. I do not insist, of course, that people ought to eat with their fingers; and chopsticks are naturally unfitted for dividing a steak. But when knives are wanted,—and they are not wanted, nor used, for many dishes,—why should we be made to use a murderous weapon? One can fancy them fitted for the days of old, when knights carved at the meal in gloves of steel and drank the red wine through the helmet barred; but in those times people used their own knives at the table, and employed them, upon occasion, in casual combats. Such is not now the custom, though there are instances of the proceeding on the part of violent persons even when engaged at the meal itself; and the temptation is one which should not be thrown in the way of men of ungovernable tempers, exasperated, it may be, by the bad dinner of humble life. But these enormous knives are given us advisedly, and so careful is custom in measuring the supposed necessities of the case, that for the lighter descriptions of food smaller knives are given, so that you are supposed to calculate the amount of force required at every course, and always employ it accordingly. It is always a comfort to get to a little knife after a large one,—it is like the sense of peace and security that comes after a fray,—and no knife need be larger than the silver one put on for dessert, if indeed it need be so large; and I need scarcely add that forks might be modified in proportion.

There are a few superstitions in connection with our language which may be pointed out in this place. There have been a great many in most times; but some have disappeared while others have arisen, and there are not many now remaining. Among them I will note only some peculiarities in pronunciation. We still call Derby Darby and Berkeley Barkeley, Pall Mall Pell Mell, not to add other instances. Contractions, too, are not unfrequent. Thus we cannot ask if the Marquis of Cholmondeley is at home, giving the syllables their legitimate sound, without running the risk of being told by a facetious servant that he will refer us to some of his peopole. If we ask for the Marquis of Chumley we shall be treated at least with respect. Again, we must not say Leveson Gower, but Leuson Gore, unless we wish to be supposed out of the pale of society; and Mr. Majoribanks would consider us a Goth if we called him anything but Marchbanks. These are only some of the cases that might be cited. Are they not founded upon superstition?

There are other superstitious observances in social life to which I might refer; but I dare say I have cited illustrations enough, and the rest may suggest themselves to your mind without my assistance.

MOSCO'S AUTOMATON.

I HAVE got a hard and heavy head; it's like wood. I don't think I ever think; and don't know as I ever did, except about nothing; and I often set doing that for hours at a time.

"You blockhead!" father hē ses to me (which is a shipwright), "you're only fit to cut up into a figure-head, you great, hungry, hulking, wooden-headed lubber you"; for he had put me to lots of trades, and it was no use; everybody said I had no head-piece,—no, not for going errands, nor giving away handbills even. It's no good dunning things into my head, for the only thing I ever could remember is meal-times. Nothing I eat hurts me, and nothing don't seem to do me any good. Nothing makes me laugh nor puts me out of temper. The only thing ever I see makes me feel like laughing is meals, and then I've got something better to do; and the only thing makes me feel like getting out of temper is getting out of bed of mornings to chop wood; but when you are out of bed, you may as well chop wood as do anything else, for aught I know. The snail gets to his bed as quick as the swallow, and don't get near so tired.

Well, there was a conjurer chap came into our town,—a brisk lively sort of chap that could talk like a pump, in a regular stream. He see me loafing about, and give me an order to see his show, providing I would go up on the platform to hold some things for him. I went up, and did what he told me. It seemed to amuse the people very much, for they laughed themselves nearly into fits, and said: "Did ever you see a man keep his countenance like him?" and, "It's just as if he was cut out of wood." Now, unless a man sees something to laugh at, he has got no call to laugh,—and that's why I did n't.

After it was over, the conjurer chap come to me, and ses: "I never see your living equal. You must be used to the public, not to mind them any more than as if you was a stone idol?"

"I never see the public before," I ses.

"You did n't?" ses he.

"No," I ses.

"Well, look here," he goes on, "I don't mind standing you half a crown if you'll tell me what you was a-thinking of when the public was screaming with laughing at you."

"Victuals," I makes answer.

"Come and have some along with me," he replies, "for I think I can put you in the way of getting them regular."

So I did.

Next day, he goes to see my father.

"Your son has a wonderful talent, sir."

"Hang his talent," ses my father: "it's a pity he can't use it on any other tool than a knife and fork!"

"A natural gift, sir, for not laughing at anything, such as I never see before out of the reserved seats. The question is, could he be depended upon always to keep his countenance as he did last night?"

"I never see him smile in my life," father makes reply, "nor get angered, nor put out; in fact, I never see him take notice of anything. There's no mistake he can keep his countenance, which is a good deal more than his countenance 'll ever do for him."

"I don't know so much about that," the conjurer ses, "for I'm open to give him two pound a week and his board, if he'll sign articles with me for twelve months."

"And what is he to do?" ses my father.

"Nothing, — except to be looked at, and that won't hurt him, I suppose?"

"Well," father ses to me, "is it a bargain?"

"I don't care," I ses. So I joined the show.

The public is an obstinate lot, for when you laugh, they won't; but if you set your face against laughing, or if you've got no call to laugh, through not seeing anything to laugh at, they will laugh like mad, — leastways, so I've found it.

Signor Mosco was the conjurer's name, or, at any rate, the one he went by in public. He was called a pretty good hand, but I could n't see much in what he did. I knew where the bullets went to when he made believe to ram them into a pistol with a barrel like an ear-trumpet. I stuffed the gold watches in the half-quartern loaves, and ironed out the ladies' and gentlemen's pocket-handkerchiefs, while he was pretending to burn them. It's surprising what little things amuse the public. I used to tell 'em so, when Signor Mosco had done one of his best tricks, but they only grinned, and said, "Lord, how he does keep his countenance!" and, "What a nerve he must have to be sure!" There was the hat-trick. The tins, and the feathers, and things look a good deal when they are all thrown about, but they took up no room scarcely when I'd put 'em together, ready for use. And as to rolling two rabbits into one, what was there to surprise me, knowing all along very well what was become of the second rabbit, when I should n't have took on very much even if he *had* rolled 'em into one, except it was at dinner-time. There was the decapitated head and the basket-trick, and the magic flowers, and the woman setting on nothing, which was called Mecca. Well, I see the looking-glasses and the false bottoms, let alone the legs of the decapitated head; and, consequently, I could n't see anything in any of it.

There was only one part of the entire performance that ever I *could* see anything in, and that was, as the bills put it: "The Marvellous Mechanical Man or Wooden Automaton, on whose construction no less than twenty-five years have been expended, to bring it to its present perfection as the greatest wonder of the age."

I will tell you about it.

First of all, there was a large box, or pedestal, for the figure to stand on, and containing the works which was carried off the stage, and into the centre of the reserved seats. It had a winch, to turn with a handle like a bed-post key, to wind up the man, and when wound up made a noise like an engine getting up steam, which was the works running down. Then the man was brought down off the stage, carried upright by four strong fellows. His feet were fastened to a round wooden stand like children's soldiers stand on, in which was a worm for the great screw on the top of the pedestal. When brought down, he was hoisted up on the pedestal, and turned round and round until screwed on. There were a great many tubes, and wires, and levers connecting the figure with the box, and sticking out round it, which looked very curious, and, besides, showed the working parts. But a worse finished man no one ever see at a tobacconist's shop-door, which made it the more singular his doing what he did. About his neck and the back of his head the paint was wore off, showing the bare wood; and the same with the point of his nose, which was splintered; and likewise his hands, which were glued and cracked. Signor Mosco

used to explain this had occurred in packing, and that he would repair the injuries. But it seemed as if it always did occur in packing, for the injuries never were repaired. Then, as to his complexion, it would have been a disgrace to any house-painter. It was red and whitewash, varnished, and done so badly, that it looked as if you could see the grain of the wood through the paint. I've often asked Signor Mosco why he did n't paint his automaton better, but he only grinned, and said, "How precious green *you* are, ain't you?"

Everybody who see the man used to say: "How stupid of Signor Mosco, after making such a clever figure, not to have spent a pound or two in finishing it properly, instead of leaving it such a clumsy wooden scarecrow."

The newspapers, too, used to speak most disrespectful of the man; like this which I've cut out:—

"Signor Mosco revisited our town with his interesting exhibition last week. His remarkably skilful feats of pretidigitation were the admiration of large and fashionable audiences. To the other attractions of his entertainment, the professor of the quick-fingered art has now added what he is pleased to term *The Marvellous Mechanical Man*. The performances of this automaton are particularly clever, but it belies its name. It might with more correctness be termed a figure, for it is so roughly constructed as to bear no more resemblance to humanity than the effigies which are carried through our streets on the 5th November. We cannot help thinking that if Signor Mosco would devote a little more pains to the finish of his wooden effigy, and to concealing some of the cords and levers by which the life-like motions are too obviously conveyed to the limbs, the illusion would be rendered more complete."

So far from being angry at reading such notices, Signor Mosco always used to chuckle and slap me on the back, and want to know why I did n't laugh too. I ses, very naturally: "Because I don't see anything to laugh at." "Well," says he, "you *are* a cure, you are, and the biggest I ever see."

But that figure only got worse, and more shabby and rickety, the more that was said about it, until at last, whenever the men used to carry the automaton to his pedestal, one of its arms would drop off. The professor always said it was an unforeseen accident, and apologized for it. But it was an unforeseen accident that used regularly to occur every evening, and get apologized for. And what was another singular thing, the worse the figure was, and the more rickety he got, the more clever people thought his performance was.

Well, when the Mechanical Man was screwed down on the pedestal for his performance, Signor Mosco would commence with a short lecture on the powers of the lever, the screw, the pulley, and the spiral spring. He would then go and wind up the machine, with the handle like a bed-wrench. It made a great clatter, and took a long while to wind, owing to the power of the spring. When he had done, the whole concern began to go "Cr-r-r-r-r," and kept on going so all the time, whilst the people could see the works going round through one side of the pedestal, which was of glass. The professor would then strike sharply with his wand, and pull a cord that worked the levers of the automaton's head. "Wake, Francisco!" ses he; and Francisco, which was the wooden figure, begins to move his head,

very slow, first from right to left, then from left to right. Then Signor Mosco pulls another string, and Francisco opens his eyes, very gradually, or quick, according as the string is pulled. Then it would be: "Raise the right arm, and salute the company"; which the figure would do, rather stiff and jerky, but still he did it. That stiffness and jerkiness of the movements (and they were all like that) was what people seemed disposed to grumble at. "We want to see 'em a little more airy and graceful," the public see. "Ladies and gentlemen," sees the Signor, "what can you expect from machinery?" — which was very true. "But to show you the command I have over the automaton when at a distance from it, I will now return to the stage, after simply pressing a spring in the figure's back, and, sitting before the index-board connected with the figure, I will enable you to put its abilities to the test."

He sat at a small table in front of the stage, where there was a board like a draught-board, but covered all over with knobs. People were then to question the automaton. The figure did numbers and counting, by slowly jerking up its right hand as many times as was wanted. "Yes" and "No" he did with his head, by bending it for "Yes" and shaking it for "No," and this way he would tell fortunes and ages quite equal to a learned pig or an educated pony. Indeed, there was no end to the questions he could answer, and they were very often right, which was a wonder for machinery. Francisco used to finish up by whirling his arms round like the wooden sailors do on weather-cocks, and he would keep on till the professor touched a button and stopped the works, when his arms would remain sticking straight up, until a string was pulled to let them down, and even then they would still keep on swinging backwards and forwards for a bit. There were some people wanted the automaton to do more, but the Signor said it could n't be done, not by machinery.

In due time, as we went round the provinces, we come back again to the town where my father lived. I was against going there at all. I told Signor Mosco so; and I did n't want him to show the Mechanical Man there, as I told him they were n't good judges of machinery in that place. But he would n't listen, and so the automaton was done there the first night. We had got about half-way through his performance, and the professor had gone on to the stage, whilst Francisco was answering questions. There is mostly a crowd of people round the figure at such times, but to-night there was a wiry old man pressing his way close up to the wooden effigy, and looking into its eyes.

"Now, sir, will you keep your hands off that figure, if you please, — do you hear me?" Signor Mosco sees.

"Mother!" the old man bawls out to his wife, taking no notice, — only laughing fit to split, — "mother! come here, I tell ye, — I'm blowed if they have n't been and made a figure-head of our Bill!"

I could n't see anything to laugh at, for it was two pound a week and victuals out of my pocket, let alone the exposure.

THE QUESTIONING OF PADDY MUL- LOWNEY'S GHOST.

THE following is a literal narrative, the names of some of the actors being modified, every incident in which occurred precisely as we relate.

In a certain flat county of Ireland, between a hill renowned in the Ossianic lays, and the pretty village of Rathangan, stands the hill of Dunganstown, an oblong ridge of limestone about a mile and a half long, and three hundred feet in height. From the top a charming view is obtained over a vast extent of arable land, once occupied by forest, marsh, and meadow, and hunted over by Fionn MacCumhaill and his warriors, or at least by chiefs of the era in which they are supposed to have lived. From the Grand Canal, distant about a mile, extends a "togher," or causeway, to within a short distance of the hill, and proves of great service to cow-herds and carriers of turf and other country produce. On one side of this togher extends a reclaimed bog, intersected in sundry places by drains never deficient of water in rainy weather, and this causeway and bog form the scene on which our bizarre drama was enacted. Our authority, now, a business-loving Dublin merchant, assisted at the exhibition which was well calculated to make a lively impression on an intelligent and inquisitive youth of eleven years of age, still in blessed ignorance of bulls, bears, stags, and other monsters, which infest the forest where men of stock take their forenoon exercise.

Mike Donegan was a boy in the service of a farmer in the neighborhood, and every evening was in the habit of driving his charge, when milking was ended, to the reclaimed flat we have mentioned. It was enclosed by the "togher" on one side, and a field of rape on the other. Mike was a smooth, easy-going youth, of few words, and as little likely to "set the Liffey or any greater river on fire" as any boy in Leinster.

One evening, while on returning home after having driven his cattle to their pasture, he met with an acquaintance, the servant-boy of a neighboring farmer, and addressed him in words to this effect: "Faith, a strange thing happened to me just now. Just as I was driving the cows into the pasture a big white cat jumped out of the rape-field and ran towards me. It was mighty playful at first, and miaowed at me, and rubbed the head again my legs, and purred, the way they do when they do be pleased. After a while he stopped this, and began to walk round me, and growl, and the eyes of him sometimes were like two coals of fire, and other times like the green spots in a paycock's feather. Faith myself got frightened, and at last I let a screech out of me, for he looked as big as a dog, and if he flew at my throat with them claws and teeth of his, I had no way to save my life. Well, what would you have of it? the next minute there was n't a sign of him to be seen; but I made no flays in the place you may depend. You must bring the mastiff dog with you to-morrow evening when I'm dhruvin' out the cattle; that's the boy for to match any cat in Ireland."

Next evening the neighbor came, bringing the dog, and accompanied by a few curious village folk, who had heard the story in the course of the day. When they reached the spot indicated, Mike, pointing in an agitated manner to the fence of the rape-field, cried out, "There he is, there he is! Why don't you set the dog at him? Ow, ow, here he comes!" "Hie, cat! hie, cat!" cried the assistants, getting rather terrified by the boy's apparent fright, and his cries. The dog barked and jumped about in great excitement, but it was evident that he neither saw cat nor rat in any direction. "O, don't yous all see him sittin' there on

the edge of the gripe? He turned back when Thigeeen began to bark, but he 's now lookin' at me, and growlin' like vengeance." The standers-by began to be more frightened at the cat they did not see than Mike at the cat he did see; and off they drew without more delay. That evening and the next day the story had travelled a mile or two in every direction, and the following evening, at the same hour, a hundred people, at least, including our authority, were on the spot.

Mike's attention was again painfully arrested by the cat, to the terror of some and the derision of a few. It changed its position several times, and Mike's features were expressive of great trouble, blended with awe. After this state of things had continued for a while some one proposed to send for the schoolmaster, whose house stood by the side of a neighboring by-road. A deputation waited on him, but on learning their business he scoffed at the thing altogether, said that ghosts or spirits were out of place in the nineteenth century, that he was tired, and that it was too late, and that he would be on the spot next evening, and make a hare of Mike or the ghost, whichever deserved it.

At the usual hour of the cow's visit to the pasture on next evening, our informant was one among a thousand spectators at least. While waiting for the young ghost-seer they formed knots and indulged in various surmises. Some were of opinion that it was what has since been poetically termed a sell, while a young man, who had made the Pantheon his study, and had got a glimpse of the Metempsychosis, conjectured that some evil liver of past days was now obliged to do penance in the shape of the cat, and hinted at the expediency of giving the animal a wide berth. The schoolmaster arriving, and finding a good deal of desultory chat going on, mixed with some laughter (for a little factitious courage is always generated in a crowd), raised his voice, and requested decorum to be observed. "If there is any truth in the boy's story," said he, "the spirit must be either a good or evil one, and in either case levity should not prevail. O, here is the spirit-seer!"

The cows were seen approaching, and the young herd, feeling himself the observed of the multitude, slowly advanced, assuming whatever gravity he could in face and movement. When he came opposite the locality of the former apparition, he cried out, in real or assumed fright, "The cat, the cat!" All became hushed and attentive; then, following with his eyes the supposed movements of the apparition towards a little hillock occupied by some women and children, he cried, "Take care! he is going that way!" There was a general scamper among the little group, mixed with some cries and ejaculations, and the operation was repeated a couple of times more with other groups. This caused some general annoyance, and one discontented individual called out, "Now is your time, master, if you have anything to say to Mike or the ghost. You know you boasted last night there was no such thing as ghosts. Let us see what you're good for."

"Well," said he, "one thing or the other must be taking place, — a spirit is present in the shape of a cat, or the child is making fun of us all. I do not believe in these apparitions; but if any one of you that has more faith or more folly than myself directs the boy to order the thing, in the name of the Holy Trinity, to appear in its own shape, and reveal what is troubling it, you'll see or hear some-

thing out of the common if the boy is not humbugging you all. Mind, I don't believe a word of his story."

A voice was now heard from the fore ranks. "Well, then, I believe in ghosts, but am not a bit afraid of any mother's son of 'em. Mike, my boy, do as the masher says, and I'll be your bail for any harm that can happen you."

Here the mother of the boy rushed at him out of the crowd. "Mick, my darling," said she, "take care what you do! Maybe when you spake them words it's tare you limb from limb he'll do." "I'm not a bit afeard, mother. I said my prayers comin' along, and do you think the wickedst spirit in the world could have any power over a Christian that wasn't in mortal sin, and was after blessin' himself?"*

"That's my brave little boy," said the gratified mother, hugging and kissing him. "May the holy angels be about you this night."

"Well," said the schoolmaster, "if you must go through with the ceremony, form a semicircle; let the child go to the front, and then every one kneel down and pray for God's protection. It was done, and then the stout fellow began. "I command you in the name, &c. — to, to, to — co, co, co." — "Master, something is sticking in my throat; will you say the rest, if you please?" "Well, this is too bad," said the schoolmaster; "but not to disappoint us all, begin again, child." "I command you, &c., &c., to leave that form, to take your own that you had when alive, and answer me such questions as I shall solemnly ask you." A pause.

"Well, Mike, is the cat there still?" "No; don't you see the smoke?" Here there was a getting up off knees, and a few charges over the togher. "Keep still," said the schoolmaster. "While you stay on your knees, and arm yourself with the sign of the cross, the devil himself and all his imps won't have power to touch a hair of your head. What now, boy?" "A face coming like the moon out of the smoke, a three-cocked hat on his head, a long waistcoat, a square gray coat, knee breeches, blue stocking, brogues."† All these came from Mike one after another, his eyes wide open and his teeth chattering. There was no small consternation among the people. The boy now began to move forward beyond the more advanced line of the congregation, and all eyes were anxiously following his movements. One of the nearest to him said "Where are you going, Mike?" "Ach! he's beckonin' me farther." "Have a care. Maybe he wants to get you into his power." "O, never fear! I'm a little in dread, but God won't let him harm me. What had I better ask him first?"

To repeat the babel of directions given to Mike would be neither agreeable nor interesting. Mike proposed the first question with the adjuration, alluded to before it, and then seemed to listen attentively; and all bent forward, silent as the dead, to catch the answer. But if an answer came, no one heard it but the boy. After he had waited for a while he turned round, and requested to be told what he should ask next. "Let him answer the first question before you go to a second." "Did n't yous all hear what he said?" "We heard nothing

* Making the sign of the cross and invoking the Three Persons of the HOLY TRINITY is, in our country parlance, "blessing one's self."

† If Mike was only a clever young pupil of some knave, his tutor had given him a hint of the dress in use just before the Rebellion of 1798.

but your voice asking him." "O, I see, no one can hear him but myself. Well, the answer he gave was that his name was Paddy Mullooney, and that when he was alive he lived in these parts." Then issued a volley of observations and ejaculations. "Tshu, tshu! Well, to be sure! See there now! That flogs! I wish we could hear himself! It's all a piece of gother. Whisht, whisht! no use to be too hard of believing." This portion of the narrative would occupy too much space if given in detail with all the interjections, cross-questions, interruptions, &c. So we confine ourselves to the statements made by Mike the interpreter.

"He says that his name was Pat Mullooney; that he lived in these parts; that he was twenty-two years old when he died; that it is twenty-two years since; that he is all that time wandering about Lord Drogheda's demesne along the banks of the canal, and in the demesne of Oldcourt; that he feels the cold as if he was alive; that what he suffers is what is called a 'cold purgatory'; that it's all because he owed Mr. Jonathan Payne of Oldcourt eight pounds when he was dying; that ghosts cannot reveal their grievances but to those fitted by grace to receive them," &c.

What with adjurations, the proposing of frivolous questions, and other interruptions, the night was far advanced by the time this information was completed, and an adjournment was resolved on.

A deputation waited on Jonathan Payne, Esq., next day, and the awful disclosures made, but they only added to a peck of ill-humor he was nursing at the moment of the visit. "How, in the name of Pluto!" (he worded the expression differently) "could he tell whether any thief of the name of Mullooney worked for him or robbed him twenty-two years ago? He was probably a rascally boatman that cheated him, maybe, more than that. His books were in Dublin, and he'd see Mullooney farther off than purgatory, hot or cold, before he'd take the trouble of going so far, or investigating such a cock-and-bull story." He looked at the poor men as he said this with an expression that said as plainly as possible, "I'd see yourselves along with Mullooney in that farther region before I'd take any trouble." Just as they were taking leave he condescended to add, "If Mullooney or any of his friends sends me the money I'll take it. I'm pretty sure he or some other knave made me the worse by that sum and a great deal more."

They returned and acquainted the schoolmaster with the unsatisfactory result. "I am sure," said a man who had taken most offence at Mr. Payne's manner, "that we are imposed on. Would any soul be kept in punishment for owing such a trifle to a cursing ould thief that does not know what to do with the tithe of the money he has?" "Ah," said the schoolmaster, "but maybe he stole it." "And sure it's not to purgatory he'd be sent for that." "But do you recollect what happened to the penitent thief?" said the master. "Well, well! the more I think on this thing the more I'm puzzled. That boy can't be deceiving us, I'm sure. No one of his age could be so deep as to invent all that he has put out of him. We were great ganders for not asking the ghost the most important things to be known. Like Jack in the story, we'll be wiser next time."

The fatal hour coming round again and the crowd—considerably augmented since last night—having taken their station on and near the togher, Mike stood at some distance in front, and announced

that the spirit was again visible, being forever freed by the adjuration of the previous evening from the appearance of the cat. In the various answers he redelivered he could not have received any assistance owing to his isolated position, yet he showed wonderful discretion. When he was obliged to ask frivolous or hazardous questions, the ghost, according to him, frowned or remained silent. This evening the following information was elicited. He was a native of Monasterevan; his father and mother and brothers and sisters were dead; one relative, M'Ardle by name, lived at 22 High Street, Dublin, but was unable to assist him; he had been a boatman, and had met his death in his boat at Salins (while sleeping) from the effect of choke-damp; his corpse lay in the churchyard of Clane; the number of his boat was 22.

The frequent recurrence of this number set the thinkers to work, but they could not agree whether it betokened deception or the reverse, and the perquisition continued. "Where were you waked?" "I was not waked at all." This reply seemed strange, and the question was repeated. Same answer. "Why were you not waked?" "They were troubled times." This answer electrified the assembly. Twenty-two years before, the rebellion of 1798 was raging. How could the child be up to that piece of chronological information? Very few doubted of his sincerity after this point in the scrutiny. "What day in the week were you smothered?" "Sunday. It was a just punishment for working on the Lord's day; but the owner of the boat was more in fault than me. He is not far from his end, let him look to it."

This stroke went home also. There was a secret agitation at the time to put an end to Sunday business on the canal. Very many in the crowd would have applauded the ghost if they only knew how to set about it.

Next arose the question of raising the supplies. Some proposed that Mr. Payne should be appealed to for forgiveness; but one of the deputation so feelingly described the reception of the embassy that the proposition fell unseconded, and the demand was formally made of the ghost, "how was the money to be raised?" The answer came, "Mr. Phil Gilchrist, of Glounthann, must advance it." Here there arose shouts of merriment, for every one in the crowd was well aware of Mr. Gilchrist's weak points.

Query. "Why is Mr. G. to advance this money?" Answer. "He is a very close man. He deals too hard with the poor people that have *conacre** with him. He makes his turf-cutters work from sunrise to sunset in summer. He grinds the faces of the poor that owe him money. His end is not far off, and he must strive to make some reparation before death calls on him." "I'm sure," cried Phil, "the ghost never said that. Anyway, I must get time to consider." "An', faith," uttered a voice in the crowd, "that's the very thing yourself never gave anybody." There was a general explosion of laughter at this home touch, still, without any misgiving in regard to the supernatural presence. Most of the crowd had firm faith in its being there; but, as in other *concesses* of life, two nights' familiarity had much diminished the awe felt at first.

* A farmer sets a large field to several poor people, each of whom gets his portion ploughed, and manured, and sown with potatoes, and pays the patron so much for his half or quarter acre, or whatever it may be, before he is allowed to remove his crop. This is *conacre*.

Phil's voice was heard as soon as opportunity was given, announcing, in a very sulky tone, that he, Phil Giichrist, was ready to advance the money if the ghost of Mullowney would make itself visible to him. Mike having consulted the spirit, beckoned the speaker to come forward to the little hillock on which he himself was standing and have his desire gratified.

The poor victim advanced very leisurely. His terror was not small, but it was mastered by his desire to save his darling guineas. Just as he reached the spot and was being led a little onward by the young adept, and becoming conscious of the frightful disorder of his ideas and sensations, a loud squib was let off among the people (whether by design or not our authority could never ascertain), and completed the unsettling of the poor man's nerves. He shouted out, "O, anything but that! I'll give the money." And without waiting for an interview with the ghost he darted back, preferring the jeering and the noisy reception of the crowd to the unknown terrors on the other side.

Here Paul Downey, the schoolmaster, was obliged to exert his authority to restore order. He particularly addressed himself to a man whose name was Darby Duncan, a bruiser, a sheebeen-house keeper, and the owner of a boat or two. He had felt himself aggrieved by the ghost's denouncing of Sunday work on the canal, and seemed zealous to promote a riot among the spectators. Darby, however was a man of moral as well as physical courage, and boldly turned on the village oracle. "Mr. Downey," said he, "you are a cunning fellow, but you won't put your finger in my eye. This is a plan contrived to stir up ill-feelings against persons of any property or standing in the place, and I'll uphold you as the head contriver if the ghost does not make his appearance to myself face to face." "O Mr. Duncan, you need not turn on me. I'm neither art nor part in the matter. I am only striving to ascertain whether the little boy is an impostor or not, and I am very glad of your offer. It will make a cat or a dog of the affair, and speaks well for your resolution. There are very few who would voluntarily seek communication with spirits, for who knows what power they may get over a person to harm him here and hereafter?"

If Mr. Downey was striving by false praise to work on Darby's fears, he did not succeed. "Come, Mike, my boy," said he, "if you are not circumventing us to please the master, let us see the spirit." "Well, Mr. Duncan, come forward a bit. You must put back the people. He says he does not like their breaths. He is moving off into the water, and we must follow him, he is beckoning." Here the urchin paused for a little. "He bids you come a little farther, and he will show himself to you in case you pay the eight pounds." "O, indeed I will, and I am sure to get some help from the neighbors. Mr. Gilchrist, won't you stand to me, and you, Mr. Downey?" "O, we will, we will."

On the side of the hillock farthest from the togher a portion of the flat meadow was at this time flooded by water as deep as three feet in some parts. Into this pool was poor Darby obliged to wade till the water reached his knees. Worse still, at the direction of the ghost conveyed through Mike, he was obliged to kneel down, and there wait, with the water up to his arm-pits, till it was the ghost's convenience to reveal himself. "Speak to him, Mike," said the poor man, feeling his condition verging on

the intolerable. Thus exhorted, the youth began his adjuration. "In the name, &c., I command you, ghost of Paddy Mullowney, to show yourself as I see you, to Mr. Darby Duncan, of the Lock public-house." A pause. "Do you see him, Mr. Duncan?" "Indeed, and I don't, not a shine of him." At this point of the drama there was not a sound from voice or movement in the crowd. All hung on the countenances and voices of Mike and Darby. After a painful pause the interpreter proceeded. "In the name, &c., I command you, ghost of, &c., to reveal why you don't appear to," &c. Another pause. "He says he can't appear to you." *Confusion.* Order being restored, and the ingenious youth requested to demand the reason, the reply came in proper time. "He says that when he strove to appear the weight of sin on your conscience put it out of his power." *Disturbance, cries, shouts, and laughter.* "Faith," said the stout bruiser, getting up, and coming forward with the water pouring down from his clothes "I believe Paddy Mullowney's ghost is not far wrong. Let any one else take my place that likes."

Incredulity and discontent were fast stealing on the crowd, and schools of discussion were forming, when one of the practical division of the mass cried out, "Be the laws, I'll call on Father Stokes, and bring him here to-morrow night, and we'll see how the ghost behaves to him." "I'd be glad," said a sage, who had come a distance of four or five miles, "to hear from the spirit whether he'll think well to appear to the priest or not." "Put that question to the ghost," said one of the people in front. . . . "He says he won't answer it till the priest is kneeling in the water before him like Darby. He can't bear the smell of any one that's in sin, and Father Stokes is too apt to be meddling with things that don't concern him."*

Here an unlucky Protestant, the only one in the crowd, indeed, jocularly remarked that the ghost must be of the Established Church, he showed so little respect to the clergy. However, he made more haste than good speed, for it was immediately objected to him that the poor spirit's grievance arose from the existence of a purgatory. The controversy, ending in the utter discomfiture of the man without a friend, now assumed such an irreverent shape that we are obliged to omit the particulars.

The mention of the priest's visit introduced much uncertainty into the after proceedings, and the crowd separated without any distinct understanding about meeting or not meeting next evening. There was a gathering, indeed, but it was a poor affair compared with the late ones. Father Stokes made his appearance, and Mike was seen uneasily moving from point to point, unsuccessfully (as it seemed) looking out for the ghost. The priest called Mike and his father before him, but not being satisfied with their answers, he directed both to come to his house next morning. Among the absentees were the schoolmaster, and divers worthies known or suspected to belong to the illuminati of the neighborhood. Father Stokes did not say much on that occasion. He requested the few that were present to go about their business, and be more on their guard for the future against hoaxing reports. He had an interview with Mike and his father next day, but as neither he nor they could ever after be induced to allude

* This, translated from ghostly to human speech, meant that the good priest interfered with the movements of the secret society of the neighborhood more than was agreeable to its ruling members.

to it, the conference was probably confined to the confessional. Mike assumed a pedler's pack when strength permitted, but found the occupation below a youth of his genius. Mr. Downey emigrated in time to Canada, and his ghostly pupil was obliged to emigrate to Australia, both departures being probably for the good of their country.

We have before us the circumstantial account of this transaction, written in choice English by our friend the Dublin Citizen.

We would have much preferred to give the narrative in his own racy and energetic sentences, but needful economy of space interfered. He acknowledges his inability to account for the young rascal's self-possession, and judgment, and discretion, unless by allowing him a remarkable degree of precocious talent, and supposing a strict tutoring on the school-master's part. The question still remains — how was he provided so well for contingencies, when he was out of earshot of promptings by the secret members scattered through the crowd?

The objects of the original contrivers seem to have been to obtain the money which certainly would not have found its way into the strong-box of Jonathan Payne, Esq., to expose the priest, and Gilchrist, and Duncan, to contempt, and — what were really desirable things — to confine turf-cutting operations to twelve hours in the day, and to put a stop absolutely to Sunday labor on the canal. The public excitement caused by the imposture aided in a considerable degree to effect both reforms.

THE NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD.*

IN Mr. Charles C. Coffin we have a traveller after the latest and best transatlantic pattern. He has thrown himself thoroughly into the spirit of his age and race; yet, while loyal to the backbone, and indorsing to the full his country's claims to present grandeur and future pre-eminence, he has a corner in his soul for the merits of other lands, and is open to the lessons of Old-World wisdom. There is everything to hope from an enterprising and intelligent citizen of the New World who, after an absence of two years and a half, during which he has made the circuit of the globe, can return to his home with the impression that "America does not possess all the virtues in the world. We have something yet to learn." He and his party have "lost some prejudices, and gained new views." From the outset he appears to have conceived the true idea of travel, and the success which crowned his efforts is the deserved result and confirmation of the foresight and resolve with which he laid down his plan from the first. He is true to the proverbial maxim of his country, and has verified it over the length and breadth of the earth. "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead." "The secret of travelling with ease is to know where to go, and how to get there, making all necessary preparations, and never to worry." It is care and fuss, as he says, which kills us, or, at all events, takes all the life out of our travel.

The tourist who cannot proceed leisurely had better stay at home, or submit to chalk out for himself a more limited field of exploration. "To be benefited by travel time must be taken for study and reflection. No man can eat all the time; if he attempts it, digestion ceases." A man may get round the world in ninety days, but he must be a fool or a slave to undertake it. A year Mr. Coffin

thinks little time enough. To see all that he saw, and to read, mark, learn, and digest it thoroughly as he did, cannot easily be brought within less compass than it was in his case, though he lays down a programme by which it can be compressed within eighteen months. To attempt the feat with the same headlong unreflecting speed with which one might despatch a bale of goods will only result in weariness of body and dizziness of brain:—

"Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos, and Arabs will be so completely mixed,—there will be such indistinct recollections of joss-houses, pagodas, mosques, temples,—of junks, sampans, proas, and other queer craft,—such a snarl of streets, lanes, and alleys, filled with myriads of people, carrying baskets, bundles, chests of tea, and dressed in blue blouses, baggy trousers, flowing robes, long gowns, turbans, broad-brimmed or steeple-shaped hats,—or wearing nothing at all except a narrow strip of cloth about the loins,—with pigtails, cues, or shaven crowns, plucked brows, painted faces, tattooed skins,—riding in sedans, palankeens, or on donkeys, elephants, and camels,—that the brain instead of retaining distinct pictures will be in the condition of a sportsman whose horse turns a somersault in a steeple-chase, and the unfortunate rider beholds only a whirling landscape of fields, trees, hounds, hedges, and blinking stars!"

The tour adopted by Mr. Coffin's party was that from west to east. But the true course for the circuit of the world, experience has now taught him, is with the sun. By starting at the right time, and by travelling westward, every country will be seen at its best season. The tourist will be pretty sure of calm seas and pleasant weather all the way from San Francisco to Japan, thence by way of China and India to Suez, and so on to Europe. It was doubtless the natural hankering after the sights and ways of Europe that turned our traveller's steps in this direction before exhausting the marvels and novelties of his own land. Rapid as was his flight, and superficial as was his purview of the multitudinous objects that daily crowded his path, his powers of observation are, we are bound to say, keen and vigorous, and his judgments upon men and things both shrewd and impartial. Be it the aspects of nature, the historical monuments, the national traits or the social idiosyncrasies that come before him, we find him invariably alive to what is most beautiful or august or original or piquant, as the case may be. He is at all times happy in hitting off the salient features, or picking out the weak spots, in local life and manners. While full of aspirations for the future, he is far from ignoring the glories or the legacies of the past. He is not the man to have to fall back, like a certain traditional fellow-countryman of his, for his recollections of Rome upon the entry in his diary of "the place where the buildings were so much in want of repair." Rome, indeed, we regret to say, lay out of his adopted route, but Greece was happily so nearly in the direct line from Marseilles to the East as to render possible a bird's-eye view of classic sites and cities, and to call up a swiftly passing panorama of Attic grandeur and decay. Skirting the Dorian peninsula, the gray ribs of limestone broken into rugged caves tell him of "the puny Spartan children dropped into these dark chasms, to be devoured by wolves."

Earlier echoes still of siren voices float upon the ear, and fancy might people these quiet nooks with graceful forms of nymphs and water-goddesses, only that it is "sheer nonsense to undertake to go into ecstasies about them with a steam-engine beneath our feet, and the screw of the steamer churning the ocean to a foam." The mutations of history flit

* Our New Way Round the World. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Fully Illustrated. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1896.

rapidly past the eyes of our New World philosopher. From the Phœnician rovers, or robbers, bringing West the "seed corn of civilization," through the glorious harvest of Western prowess and intellect and art, the eye travels swiftly down to the poor gleanings of to-day. On Sunium's lofty steep, maybe, a hermit builds his nest, "a philosopher in a hair shirt digs and delves for potatoes in a garden-spot as large as a common dining-table." A railway car whirls us up from the Piræus to the Acropolis. Polyglot commissionaires strive noisily for the honor of showing us the lions of the Parthenon. At a restaurant hard by, "thirty or forty descendants of noble Greeks—a great way descended—are singing the songs of Bacchus, guzzling wine, smoking abominable tobacco in Turkish pipes, shuffling dominos and cards." "Call with tenderest voice for the Mighty Past, amid such associations, and it will not come. It is far better to get into a carriage and ride to a good hotel in Athens, five miles distant, than to endeavor to work ourselves into a fine frenzy by thinking of Demosthenes, Socrates, and Plato."

In the same practical and cosmopolitan spirit our traveller takes in with equal eye the wonders of Pharaonic rule and the no less striking marvels of modern Egyptian progress. It is hard to say whether more strict, albeit summary, justice is done to the Pyramids or to the Suez Canal, to the solemn associations of the Exodus or to the smartness of the Pasha's railway management. In one respect, he is disposed to yield to young Egypt the palm, not only above all early types of the proverbial wisdom of the Egyptians, but over what we had blindly thought to be the 'cutest of all existing races. The Arabs turned out "sharper than any Yankee at a bargain. The keenest Vermonter would be outwitted and fleeced by them. It is easier for them to lie than to tell the truth." They have also a keen eye for marks of nationality. The naked rascals who swarm in the human ant-hill at the base of the Great Pyramid met our party with sardonic grins, and with offers of service in tortured English,— "Me help you, master; me good for Yankee Doodle."

The great highway of nations opened up by the Overland route furnishes an unparalleled field for the study of diversities of national type. Whilst others, however, rub off their angles in the great attrition of humanity, the Briton shows his angularity even enhanced. His very pronunciation of English, his "extra h or o" jars upon the sensitive ears of an American. The polish and courtesy of the P. and O. officers, and the equipment, speed, and comfort of their vessels are notwithstanding beyond all praise. The history of British rule in India, and the tokens of material and social advancement everywhere beside his path, are themes after the American's own heart. We have never seen a more graphic or telling sketch of Anglo-Indian life and characteristics within anything like the compass of Mr. Coffin's flying experiences. Landing at Bombay, his route lay across the Ghâts by the Great Indian Peninsular Railway to Nagpore, and thence to Jubbulpore, by the Deccan horse dak, of which novel yet primitive mode of locomotion he retains lively reminiscences. The mercury at 180° by day and 100° by night enables the chances of dissolution or sun-stroke in the "Orient" to be weighed against those of the most fiery of Western prairies. From Allahabad the railway whirled our party down the valley of the Ganges to the capital, leaving leisure, however, by the way, for a summary of Indian mythology, history, and economics, from the dawn of time to

the present day, for the edification of the American public. From the literary annals of the Veda or the origin of caste his lively pen runs on to the American mission, its fruits, and expected harvest, though the utmost to be boasted of as regards its effect upon the native mind is but what is termed a "state of betweenity."

The Hindoo has given up his idols, eats beef, and drinks champagne or Bass, but has made no further progress towards Christianity. One institution or "notion" is of universal adoption, and grateful to thirsty souls of all races and creeds. From the veranda of his heated bungalow the traveller's weary eye rested upon the sign next door,— "American Ice." The Indian Ice Company has been fifteen years in operation in Allahabad. Machine-made ice is discarded by the natives as containing something possibly unclean. The Wenham is absolutely pure. Three years ago the ice in our author's tumbler crystallized thousands of miles away towards the setting sun. The thought furnishes occasion for one of the few passages in the gushing or "high faluting" vein in which his muse permits him to indulge:—

"The most extravagant tale of the Orient is not more romantic than the story of this solidified water from Wenham Lake. It is a piece of imprisoned cold, a fragment of a bygone winter transported by sea and land to this city of Central India, to minister to our health and comfort.

"How romantic to think of it!—of boyhood's rosy cheeks and girlhood's laughing eyes, the joining of hands, the swiftly flying feet sweeping the gleaming field, the linking of hearts for a wider curve across the stream of life;—a picture of happiness without a counterpart in the world, and as much in advance of life in this tropical land as the Sistine Madonna of Raphael is superior to the figures on a Chinese tea-chest!

"Call it rhapsody, sentiment, what you will; how can one help this outburst of enthusiasm with a piece of ice from Wenham Lake clinking in his tumbler, melting in his mouth, cooling his parched tongue, and bringing to his soul a breeze of old associations?

"Blessed be the ice, and prosperity to the Tudor Company!"

Mr. Coffin's studies of life in China are eminently piquant and original. Nothing is too old or too new to escape his notice. His vista of Chinese history opens with the Deluge and comes down to the latest iniquity of the British Government in pushing the opium trade. The laws of Confucius, the Hia, Shang, Chun, and Tsin dynasties, the contact with Greek and Roman civilization, and the later annals that tell of the still-growing intrusion of "foreign devils" are reeled off in a few lines apiece. Never, perhaps, has the history of the staple manufacture of China been put before Western readers so fully and clearly within so brief a compass, though ardent tea-drinkers are hardly to be congratulated upon the ample light here thrown upon many of the mysteries of the craft. The chapter upon the future of China embodies, and goes far to justify the most sanguine dreams of the political and commercial destinies of the flowery land that Mr. Burlingame and other prophets of the new dispensation have made us familiar with. Still more golden and blissful are the visions opened by the immense success of the great line of steam communication between China, Japan, and California. Here is one of the most novel and piquant themes that the new circuit of the globe suggests for contemplation. The details of this extraordinary traffic may well fill European read-

ers with surprise. Every month a steamer, second only to the Great Eastern in tonnage and power, leaves Hong Kong for San Francisco, touching at Yokohama. Each carries from a thousand to twelve hundred Chinese emigrants at forty dollars a head, generally carrying back on the return voyage more than half that number who have made their little fortunes. The Colorado, the pioneer ship of this line, which started January 1, 1867, netted, we are told, some 60,000 dollars over all expenses. Who can predict the effect, not only upon American, but even European civilization, as the mighty tide of emigration swells in range and volume, bearing, by the new highway just opened across the Western continent, the growing overplus of a nation at once the most populous, the most prolific, and the most restless upon earth? Mr. Coffin's narrative comes down as late as the laying of the last rail between the Atlantic and the Pacific. To his patriotic eye America looms greater and greater in the distance as the centre and heart of the human system, the teacher of the nations, the world following in its path. "The people of Europe are keeping step to the march of the great Republic."

With his foot, so to say, once more on his native heath, we should have been surprised if Mr. Coffin had turned aside from exploring the great social and religious portent of the New World. The story of his visit to the Salt Lake City will be found not only one of the shrewdest and most impartial accounts that we have seen of the "new institution," but a corrective of much of the sensational clap-trap that recent travellers have been wont to indulge in. Upon the author of New America he is successful in turning the tables. Instead of polygamy being peculiarly an outgrowth of American institutions, the great body of Mormon recruits are from the old country. Neither is there anything in democracy more than in autocracy to give growth to such an excrescence as that of Utah. And as slavery has disappeared from the land, so is the time not far distant when the country will be purged of polygamy, — "by peaceful means if possible, by forcible if there is no other way."

Of the physical marvels encountered by our traveller in his way round the world, none could exceed that which bursts upon his view when the new way round the world brings him once more home to the continent of his birth. He would be cold indeed to the glories of his native land who touched the shore of San Francisco, and did not make the slight detour of 150 miles to the southeast which brings him to the "big trees" and the Yosemite valley. Of the former of these wonders of the world, Londoners have of late lost the opportunity of judging which they had prior to the lamentable fire at the Crystal Palace. Of the latter they still possess the means of forming somewhat of an estimate in the large and expressive picture of Mr. Bierstadt now on view at South Kensington. Mr. Coffin's powers of description are exhausted upon these truly sublime monuments of nature's grandeur. The vast cones of granite that border the valley have taken their names from a fancied resemblance to the Domes of a cathedral or mosque. But what is the architecture of Damascus or Stamboul to this handiwork of the Almighty? —

"The domes of St. Sophia and Suliman, so beautiful from the Bosphorus, so mean when we approach them, bear no more comparison to those of the Sierras than the card-houses reared by children bear to the city of

London. The gray granite fashions itself into mansions, palaces, and cathedrals. Imagination pictures a celestial city above the clouds. The setting sun, falling on fields of gleaming snow, illumines its jasper walls and pearly gates with heavenly light.

"Suddenly we find ourselves on the brink of an awful chasm. One mad leap of our horse, and we should fall three fourths of a mile! The heart ceases for a moment to beat. We hold our breath. The brain reels. No word of exclamation. Every voice is hushed. The soul stands in awe before this revelation of Omnipotence. This is God's work. Eternal might alone cleft the chasm, rived the rock, and reared the lofty domes. So vast, grand, majestic, so filled with God's presence, is this cathedral of his, that we dare not speak. Hang over the chasm, if your nerves are steady enough, and look into its depths. Those little green points, like plants just springing from a garden bed, are gigantic forest-trees. That foliage of brighter hue, no larger than a tuft of grass, is an oak, which has withstood the storms of centuries. That thread of silver winding through the valley is a river, which has poured its flood down a precipice twenty-seven hundred feet. The opposite wall of the chasm rises three fourths of a mile. It is a perpendicular rock, without seam or scar to mar its beauty.

"Overwhelmed by the scene, we can only gaze as one who has suddenly passed into a higher existence and beholds things 'not lawful for a man to utter.' We think of that holy city which Bunyan's Pilgrim saw beyond the river, from the Delectable Mountains. The sublimest imagery of the Revelation of St. John, portraying the transcendent glory of the New Jerusalem, alone is adequate to describe it. White clouds rest above it as the angelic host hovered over the hills of Bethlehem, and sung the sweetest music ever heard on earth. The Merced, like the river of life proceeding from the throne of God, winds down from the celestial city, making glad the peaceful vale.

"Like the song of the redeemed is the music of the many-voiced waters swelling upward through the evening air. We behold beauty, grandeur, majesty, immensity, and omnipotence, and hear the *Te Deum Laudamus* ever ascending.

"There are eight persons in our company and we join in singing Old Hundred; but how insignificant! The only fitting choir would be the whole church militant singing the Hallelujah Chorus of the Messiah!"

The falls of the Yosemite have a descent of nearly 2,700 feet, broken at one point by a cascade. From the summit of the granite cliff of Tu-toch-arnu-lah — the "Great Chief" or *El Capitan* — the Po-ho-no, or "wind spirit," otherwise christened the "bridal veil," falls in silver spray 900 feet. From the lake to the summit of the South Dome, is not far from 6,000 feet. This dome has been riven perpendicularly "as by the sword stroke of the Almighty." And what a chasm is the result! "Bring New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, — all the churches, warehouses, shops, stores, dwellings, — tumble them all in, and it will not be full."

We are constantly reminded how much purer English is spoken and written by Americans than by ourselves. It behooves us, therefore, to take heed of such casual lessons as may enable us to bring up our notions of what is correct or chaste in style to the level of the latest and best transatlantic standard. We are grateful for any hints which a visitor so recent and so vivacious as our author has to bring to bear upon our old-fashioned diction. The novelty of certain idioms to our ears involves, we have sometimes to complain, somewhat of obscurity, as when we are told at a Chinese dinner "there is no letting up of etiquette." We are not so familiar as our teachers and models in precision with walking "on the streets," nor do we find fault with our

ships for omitting to arrive "on time." We hardly know whether to credit the printers or the scientific men of America with the discovery of the rotation of the earth "on its axes," or with so much tampering with the transmutation of metals as is implied in the "wealth of the plains being transmuted into golden grain."

Haste, or want of familiarity with local names or events, may excuse such minor slips as making Sir H. Laurence telegraph "from Calcutta" during the mutiny. Mr. Coffin's style is in general correct and clear, and his information not less sound than varied. The wood-cuts interspersed among his pages deserve a word of commendation. They are drawn with vigor and truth, often showing touches of quaint and quiet humor. The group of perspiring wretches melting away in the stateroom of the Baroda down the Red Sea, and the imperious Briton (uncovenanted, we will suppose) with his full-blown, vulgar wife and limp, washed-out children "going home," are remarkable for compressed fun. Altogether, if there is nothing new under the sun, Our New Way Round the World shows there may be much novelty and freshness in the mode of telling even a thrice-told tale.

FRIENDS IN HIGH LATITUDES.

EVERYBODY knows what manner of creature an Eskimo * is; the "strange infidele, the like of whom was never seen, read, nor heard tell of," as stout Martin Frobisher describes him. From morning to night under my window in Jakobshavn Kirke—in nearly 70° north latitude—there stands a group of the queer little folks; fur clad from head to foot; good-naturedly grinning at our small witticisms in very bad Greenlandish, until the dirt cracks into huge asterisks on their brown, globose, good-humored cheeks. All the children have their hair in their eyes, and their hands in the pockets of their ragged mangy-looking skin-breeches. It is summer-time, and their toes protrude through their seal-skin boots without fear of frost-bite. No sooner do they devour their rather more than modicum of the blubbery seal which their father has killed in his skin kayak, than they hurry over the bleak, lichen-covered rocks with flowers and ferns and creeping things, on the chance of a skilling or a biscuit from the *Nalegak Tuluut*,—the big Englishman,—and they will scramble amid the snow and slush, with merry shouts, for the smallest coin thrown out to them. "*Kuyanke! Kuyanke!* Thank you! thank you!" the fortunate one shouts, the last syllable echoing from behind the rocks, for young Greenland is off to Herr Mörch's, the trader, to buy lump-sugar. Then there are the women,—some of them good-looking enough when clean and tidy; for the old ones, they are so hideous that I do not at all wonder at some of old Frobisher's sailors pulling the boots off one of them, to see if her foot was not cloven, after the traditional fashion ascribed to the Evil One! There is now very little pure Eskimo blood in Danish Greenland; fair hair and blue eyes are just about as common as black hair and black eyes. Everybody, however, dresses à la *Eskimoiske*,—man, woman, and child, blonde or brunette. The woman's dress is not at all inelegant, and is much more suited to the climate than would be European garments. In the winter all is fur, but in the summer-time a little lighter and more

varied raiment is ventured on. The round-hooded jacket is made of checked calico, tartan silk, or even blue velvet, fur-lined; made rather short, to show the white chemise beneath. It would, no doubt, be warmer to have it a little longer, but then fashion sways as much in Greenland as in Europe; and the Arctic belles would rather shiver and catch cold than disobey its dictates. Then the trousers are of seal-skin, striped with eider-ducks' necks, or ornamented with little strips of the curious skin-embroidery so much affected among these people. The boots are the grandest of all the articles of wardrobe, and are made of dyed seal-skin leather. Some of them have regular "tops" like a pair of hunting-boots, and between the foot of the boot and the top is a piece of white calico,—often embroidered, so that the general effect of red and green boots and calico embroidery, when collected in a mass on some rocky point, as you sail in a Greenland fjord, is sufficiently striking.

A white nun-like scarf is sedately folded round the neck and over the breast; and the hair is twisted into a top-knot doubled upon itself, and tied with a piece of colored ribbon. Now this constant pulling up the hair to the top of the crown is apt to result in a circle of baldness. To conceal this defect the Greenland coquette, from eight to eighty, folds a handkerchief, generally of black silk, round her head, finishing off with a fancy knot in front. This knot is pinned on, and, like the ladies' *chignons* in Europe, is a hollow sham, lined with all sort of rubbish, such as old rags and clippings of sealskins. The color of the ribbon with which the knot is tied denotes the condition of life of the wearer. When unmarried it is pink, when married blue; if a widow in service it is green with gold; if a widow at home black; while if the damsel has, as is not uncommon in Greenland, loved not wisely but too well,—to the scandal of priest and kirk,—she is doomed to wear one of green. When this custom originated it is difficult to say, though it must have been since the Danes came to the country; yet, nevertheless, it is religiously obeyed, whether it implies honor or disgrace. The description of seal used for dress is also of importance; the smooth mottled *Kassiglak* (*Phoca vitulina*) being most highly valued for this purpose. When a Greenland Pyramus would grow in favor with his Thisbe, instead of *bijouterie*, he presents her with what she values rather more (albeit she is not insensible to the charms of trinkets), a dappled sealskin to make her a pair of—trousers. Some of the young men are stalwart, handsome fellows, and the admixture of Danish blood shows itself in the features, the nose especially,—that organ in the regular Eskimo being merely a flattened tubercle,—meandering on either side to his cheeks in an expanse of nostril.

The population lives solely by hunting and fishing; seal and white-whale killing being the staple occupations. A few go hunting reindeer in the summer, and trapping or shooting polar hares and white foxes in the winter. The produce of these hunts is sold to the Government of Denmark, which, at various localities along the coast, has established little trading ports, presided over by a governor and other officers, administering the trade for the benefit of the natives. The object of this strict monopoly is to prevent the Greenlanders being demoralized and ruined by contact with unprincipled traders. According to the strict letter of the law none can enter Danish Greenland or leave it without

* Or, as it is usually written, *Esquimaux*.

permission of the Government. The trading monopoly is directed in Denmark by a board called the *Kongelige Gronland ske Handel*, or "Royal Greenland Merchant Company," the chief of which is a "Director." Under this board again are a Royal Inspector of North Greenland and a Royal Inspector of South Greenland, both of whom are resident in the country. The former division extends from 72° north latitude to 67°, and the latter from 67° to Cape Farewell. All these settlements are on the west coast, the east being almost altogether unexplored. Each of these trading settlements is called a "colonie," and is presided over by a "colonibestyrrer," or the "best man in the colony"; in other words, a governor, to whom are responsible various little outposts commanded by a petty officer, — generally a carpenter or cooper, — called an "udliger" or "outlyer." Each of these colonies is the centre of a "district."

After the expenses of the very elaborate machinery of a company of Government merchants is defrayed, a quarter of the profits of the trade is credited to each district, to be again distributed among the natives. About £11,000 is the average amount derived from the sale of the oil, walrus and narwhal ivory, whalebone, sealskins, &c. in Copenhagen; and supposing the share of the profit from this falling to the settlement of Egedesminde to be £50, — which is, I suspect, more than the average, — it would be distributed in the course of the year by a sort of hyperborean parliament called the *Partisok*. This assemblage is composed of representatives chosen by universal suffrage from all the little Eskimo fishing-stations, each outpost returning one member, — generally some talkative old fellow, not of much use as a seal-hunter, but who is intimately acquainted with everybody. The president of this body is the governor; and the priest, doctor, and assistant-trader have also seats in it. All the native members wear a scarlet cap with a white band, with the badge of the Royal Board of Greenland Trade in front, — a bear rampant, its head surmounted by a crown. They meet generally in the winter, when travelling from settlement to settlement over the frozen sea is easy. Then assemble from all the outposts the claimants, — the clients of the *Partisok*. A widow will say that her husband is dead, and it is now time that her boy should learn to kill seals in his kayak; but she cannot afford to pay anybody to teach him. The *Partisok* in its wisdom votes the munificent sum of five rigsdaler per annum for that purpose. Then a young fellow comes, — blushing through the oleaginous dirt on his cheeks, — and avows that he is going to be married, and has not money to purchase a musket or a kayak; and, with a deal of good advice from the assembled sages, he is lent the money for a term of years; or a family is in poor circumstances, the seal-catcher of the family being sick, and to them a sum for their immediate necessities is voted, and so on until the balance is expended.

The Government gives the Greenlanders little for their produce; but then again, it sells them articles very cheaply. For instance, it buys their blubber at about a farthing and a half a pound; their ivory at 6*d.* per lb.; their white bearskins at 11*s.* 3*d.*; the white fox at 1*s.* 1*d.*; and the blue, which will sometimes bring £1 in Copenhagen, is bought at the outside price of 4*s.* 6*d.* Common sealskins do not fetch many pence, though the kas-

sigiak before mentioned will often be sold for three or four rigsdaler.

On the other hand, the Government sells handy little rifles at a trifle more than two pounds sterling, while a plainer sort may be had at 30*s.*; powder at 6*d.* per lb., being rather less than it costs in Denmark, and other things in proportion. Some articles are sold below prime cost. For instance, a stove, which would be worth about thirty rigsdaler in Copenhagen, will be sold for ten rigsdaler in Greenland. To make up for this disposal of articles of necessity at so low a rate, articles of luxury are sold at a good profit. Accordingly, the Greenlanders, being very fond of coffee, has to pay for the green beans 8*d.* per lb.; for chiccory 3*d.* per lb.; and for *sugkut*, or candy-sugar, 6*d.* per lb. Now these, though not ruinous prices by any means, are yet tolerably high, when it is considered that the goods are taken out of bond in Copenhagen; that the freight is not heavy; that there are no custom-house duties, or shop-rents in fashionable streets to pay in Greenland. All this information I derive from a little pamphlet, redolent of stale oil, which I picked up in an Eskimo hut. It is the price-list of all sort of things sold in Greenland, printed in two dialects of the Eskimo language, with a Danish translation. It is carefully classified, and informs us that "timmisetkernertut" or coarse Scandinavian ship's-bread, something like half a roll toasted hard, sells for 3*d.* per lb.; that white shirting, or "satoralakaglalak," is sold at 4*d.* per yard; and that "illupainakpanmkaissialik," which is another description of calico, sells for 8*d.* per yard. I also know, having bought one, that a very coarse pocket-knife useful for opening preserved meat tins, but for little else, can be purchased of Good King Christian, at his "handel" in Greenland, for 3*d.* This is called a "Savtikissungnikipugdlit"; but if I am of a more extravagant turn of mind, I can buy a "Savtikussartutangisut," or a large-sized English knife, for twenty skillings, or 7*d.*, and so on, the list concluding with a table of the price of blubber, — a sort of ready-reckoner, by which our Eskimo friend can immediately cast up the sum-total value of the greasy load he has thrown down in the blubber-house. There is no barter now in Greenland, as in most other out-of-the-way places in the world. All the transactions are on a money basis, and for this end the Government has issued a series of paper notes from 6 skillings, or 1*d.*, up to one rigsdaler, or 2*s.* 3*d.*, for use in Greenland. These notes are signed by the Director of the Trade in Copenhagen, and the image and superscription is a bear rampant, with certain words informing all whom it may concern that this note is worth so much money, "rigsmont." They soon get very ragged and very greasy. The Government is now beginning to withdraw them, and soon there will be only coin in circulation, when these Arctic bank-notes will probably command a large price from collectors. The native names for them are peculiar; being, in reality, the names of what they will purchase, or rather what they represent in produce. Six skillings (1*d.*) is called "Arningnoako," a small skin; twelve skillings, "Amingnoakomirdloakako," a large skin; twenty-four skillings, "Napardlangnoako," a small cask of blubber; and one rigsdaler is dubbed "Napardasok," a large cask of blubber. These are big words, — or rather conglomerations of words, — but it is impossible to pronounce them separately. What would a hardware merchant — say in the city of London —

think if any "intelligent foreigner," clad in fur, five foot four in height, and with very long black hair hanging over very fat and very dirty cheeks, were to come into his shop, and in a voice loud enough to be heard at the North Pole, shout, as he threw sixpence on the counter, "*Savekenearreatoresooarat-laromarouatetok*?" Yet this is done every day in 70° north latitude, and all this tremendous collection of letters strung together means is only, "You must try and get me a good knife!" This is really several words, but it is in vain that you ask any native to separate them.

Let us look in on what English voyagers jocularly call the "Lieutenant-Governor." His duties are really more those of a country shop-keeper's assistant than anything else. "Herr Assistant" he is called in the settlement; in the books of the Government he is styled a "volunteer"; though why he should be so called, it is hard to say, as he receives pay, though certainly that is small enough. He is at present in the shop of the settlement, very busy, but yet with leisure enough to smoke the biggest of big pipes. "Merchanting," he assures us, "is strong work." He has absolutely toiled three hours to-day. He has just sold three skillings' worth of soft-soap to an old woman, and six skillings' worth of coffee to a small boy, and is now putting up some eider-down for Herr Pastor, the new missionary who has just arrived with the "Hvalfiak." Every officer and missionary coming out for the first time is entitled to forty-eight pounds of uncleaned eider-down at 6d. per pound, and two bearskins for a sleeping-bag, at the country trade-price of five rigsdaler. Troops of little boys and women drop in and out, for the shop is only open so many hours a day, and there is no opposition. If you are not pleased with your purchase, you will be (always most politely) told to go to the next shop, which is in Reikjavik in Iceland, or possibly Moose Factory in Hudson's Straits! "Kavit," or coffee, notwithstanding its high price, seems to be the article chiefly in demand. Whatever else may be wanted, *kavit* must be had, and to procure this a woman will allow her children to go about like half-skinned seals; and her husband to want the most common necessities. No spirits being allowed to be sold, the natives take coffee instead, and to such an extent that it has been not inaptly styled "the curse of Greenland." For a family to consume one and a half pounds per diem is no uncommon extravagance; and the polite little trader turns to his books, and shows me that some families, when in luck (the father having killed a white whale or many seals), will use as much as five pounds of coffee daily. Half of this is wasted in the preparation. The green beans are roasted in a pot, or on a flat stone, until they are charred black; they are then *smashed* up with a stone in an old leather mitten, without fingers, until they are roughly bruised, when they are thrown by the handful into water and boiled for some time. The result is a liquid, black enough in all conscience, with half-beans floating about in it, and very bitter; but it is *strong*, and that is the main thing. A bit of candied sugar is taken into the mouth, and the coffee is sipped, the sugar meanwhile dissolving, and imparting a certain degree of sweetness to the bitter liquid.

This is drinking coffee *à la Gronlandice*; but practice is required to accomplish it satisfactorily, for the sugar *will* slip down without the coffee, and the coffee without receiving its proper saccharine addition. Herr Assistant asks a hulking-looking Green-

lander, standing at the door with his hands in his pockets, why he is not out seal-hunting? (For independently of his regard for the welfare of the natives, Herr Colonibestyrrer is directly interested in the produce of the hunt.) He gives a growl and replies: "I have had no *kavit* to-day"; and then, as if correcting himself, "Besides, there is a hole in my kayak, and my boy is not well, and—"; but the real truth was "no *kavit*." Just as I am talking to him, a little boy who is working for me begs a few skillings on account, as he is out of "*kavit*," and finds it impossible to get along without his accustomed beverage. Then arrive two brothers from a distant settlement with blubber and skins, which net nearly £ 2. What do they buy? Some bread, some butter, some tobacco, a little powder and shot; the rest all goes in *coffee* and sugar. The butter is of course quite in their way; my friend the schoolmaster of Christianshaab is rather fond of fenks (or the refuse of the blubber) and butter, — a rather greasy dish. However, the traditional blubber-eating of the natives is, so far as Danish Greenland is concerned, rather mythical. Blubber is too precious for winter light and heat to be rashly expended as food, and accordingly we find that they use it but rarely, and only as we would use fat to lean meat. The shop itself is about as dirty a little shop as could be imagined, containing everything which could possibly be required for use either among the Danes or Eskimo, all heaped up in confusion. Women are here in the trader's shop in abundance, most of them trying to obtain goods on credit. Greenland women, as a rule, are excessively bad housewives. Before marriage they are clean in their persons and attire, and everything that an Arctic lover of right constituted mind could desire. But once married they sink into slatterns, — careless of person, house, and family, and negligent of the duties expected from every Greenland's wife. There was a great seal-hunter at Claushavn, called Timotheus David, known, in one day, to have killed twenty-three seals and one white whale. I saw him once bring some skins to trade, which were refused on account of their being half rotten. "What can I do?" the poor man replied. "*She*" (looking cautiously around) — "she won't look after them." This man's wife, before marriage, was the best tailoress in the settlement. Now she is a dirty slattern and will do nothing, not even make her husband's and children's clothes, nor even dress the skins, as every Greenland wife is expected to do. He is camped on an island just off shore, and has come for a woman to dress the skins, for which service he must of course pay her, while his lazy wife looks on. Yet the unfortunate wight cannot, as in the old times of Tournoursoak and the heathen Angakoks, send his worthless wife about her business, because the Lutheran Church, which he has adopted, does not allow of such a proceeding; and if he gives her a good caning (as she richly deserves), or even speaks crossly to her, then she will inform the "proester" when he comes round, and the poor man will be read a long lecture upon the iniquity of his ways, and forever there will settle upon him the priestly scowl, as he is pointed out as a vicious creature, an example unto all refractory seal-catchers. Now, as the poor fellow does not care to be sent to a clerical Coventry, the wife sips her "*kavit*," while another woman dresses his skins. The father of this man, Matthias, was a stern Arctic parent, and brought up his son in the way he should

go. When the dreaded southwest wind was driving the breakers high over the rocks at Claushavn, he would place his son in the kayak and throw him into the surf. The little fellow, with the double paddle in his hand, would watch his opportunity and right himself as he descended, and then triumphantly paddle through the boiling sea to the little haven where the canoes land. Though Claushavn is called the "shut harbor" by some jocular old Dane in times past, on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, — the harbor is merely an open roadstead, exposed to every wind that blows round Disco Bay. People used to say to Matthias père, "You will drown your boy"; to which advice this sage hunter of seals and white whales replied: "If the boy cannot right a kayak in a stormy sea he cannot kill a seal, and if he cannot kill a seal he cannot live in Greenland, in which case he might just as well go to —" the sentence being left unfinished.

On the subject of morality there is little to be said for the Greenlanders. But in this respect the Danes set a very indifferent example to the natives. Half-castes of illegitimate origin abound, and the Government, whatever may be said about it otherwise, really offers a premium for errors against church discipline. If a young officer of the Government is adjudged to be parent presumptive of a brass-colored baby, all he has to do is to pay thirty-six rigsdaler — or about four pounds — to the Governor, and he will be troubled no further about the matter. Murder is almost unknown now in Danish Greenland; very few cases of even a suspicious nature having occurred for many years, and no provision is made for punishing it, so little is the commission of the crime calculated on. In the "good old times," if two men quarrelled, they would watch an opportunity, until a harpoon driven through the back of one, while in his kayak, settled the dispute. The cardinal virtue of the Greenlanders is his honesty. Theft is almost unknown in the country. Nobody, unless, indeed, he be very weak, or very suspicious, ever thinks of locking his door against thieves. When he goes out he draws it to, to prevent things being meddled with, or dogs running in, but not with an idea that if he should leave his table covered with money a skilling of it would be gone.

Only one case has occurred for a number of years, of a thieving Greenlanders, and this person was altogether so remarkable an individual, and of such special interest to Englishmen, that I think he ought to be introduced to the notice of the reader. One autumn evening my boatwomen rowed me into the little harbor of Ritenbenk, a dreary little settlement on the Waigatz Strait, — very far in the outer world.

I missed Governor Anderson's hearty welcome at the landing; but a rascally looking Eakimo (with a head shaped like the Neanderthal skull), who, to my astonishment, spoke tolerable English, flavored with a fair sprinkling of the oath of British commerce, informed me that the Governor was out "training his (blessed) dogs." This worthy I subsequently discovered to be Samuel Immanuel, who accompanied Sir Leopold M'Clintock on the voyage of the Fox. He bears the reputation of having degenerated from his residence among British seamen, notwithstanding his linguistic accomplishments. He was found guilty of robbing Kivittut store-house, up Disco Fjord, and it was thought necessary that he should be publicly punished.

Accordingly, at the flagstaff at Godhavn, Mr. Inspector Olrik caused to be administered seven-and-twenty lashes on his bare back. Again, the district surgeon, worthy "Laege" Pfaff, complains that when Samuel was in the hospital at Jakobshavn, he stole half of the Doctor's winter supply of pork. When M'Clintock discharged him from the Fox he presented him and Anton, the other dog-driver, with about two boatloads of stuff, and describes how these greasy worthies intended disposing of their wealth. If I recollect rightly, one was to build a house for his mother, and a church, or something of that sort; but the Captain's back was scarcely turned before the two sold everything for a mere trifle, and guzzled until the proceeds were finished, when, having contracted a mode of living above their income, Anton took to general loafing (a very fashionable occupation in Greenland), and Samuel to indiscriminating theft, which, it appears, brought him into trouble. As a rule, however, everything is safe in Danish Greenland, — a fact which certainly speaks volumes for the teaching of the missionaries, when we know how villanously addicted to picking and stealing are the natives on the other side of Davis Strait, and to the north of the glaciers of Melville Bay. Everything is safe, with one exception, — that being a bottle of anything in the shape of grog. The Greenlanders are passionately fond of spirits, no matter how vile may be the quality, so long as it "brings on the drunk." They are allowed a glass on the King's birthday, and other high festivals; and when rowing in boats the Danish officers are accustomed to give them one small glass of *schnapps* (costing 5d. per quart) every four miles. It is remarkable how quickly they know when the distance has been accomplished. If the officer is not so cognizant, coughs and a pantomime of swallowing a glass of grog soon remind him that the boatmen require their "brandymik." The priest at one of the settlements had engaged an old fellow to feed his dogs in winter, the stipulated payment being a little money and a glass of *schnapps*. Every morning, after emptying his grog, he was seen to bend his head reverently; until, being watched, he was observed to squirt the spirits back again into a bottle concealed in the breast of his jacket. This he mixed with water and sold to the other natives, so that the old rascal lived royally on Herr Pastor's morning dram. When the annual ship comes from Denmark a crew of natives board her outside the harbor with a dusky pilot. For their services, in addition to pay, they receive a glass of *schnapps*. Sometimes this glass is sold to another long beforehand. A captain of one of these ships told me that he could never understand how yearly it constantly happened that one or two of the crew were intoxicated after receiving the dram, until a trusty old boatswain put him "up" to the trick. A man after receiving his grog will go behind a boat or a mast and squirt the contents of his mouth into that of his neighbor to whom he had sold it, though the amount of self-denial required to be exercised in a case of this nature must, to an Eskimo, be enormous! Though rather addicted to striking very close bargains with their good friend, the *Tuluit*,* they are yet, apart from business, exceedingly hospitable, and you can always depend upon the best

* Their name for the English. It is probably derived from *Tuligak*, — a raven, — in reference to the black-tarred sails of the old whalers. *Kabluunak* — applied elsewhere to all the whites — is in Danish Greenland reserved for the Danes alone.

their huts afford, if by chance you are driven to seek their shelter from the storm, no return being asked; though the custom in such cases is to ask the master of the house to share what provisions you may have, especially your brandy-flask, and to present the wife with a rigsdaler when you come away. An invitation to drink coffee before their threshold is looked upon as a mark of great regard and friendship. The giving of *vails* to servants prevails to an alarming extent in Greenland, however. One of the young gentlemen who acted as secretary to the Royal Inspector, and had, therefore, to travel much about, assured me that the first winter he was in the country, the *douceurs* he gave to the servants at the different ports where he halted for the night really exceeded his pay. Servants, moreover, not costing much, and being worth still less, are kept in considerable numbers. There is one servant whose business it is to feed the dogs, another will limit her exertion to softening the stiff sealskin boot with the Kamik-stick, or, as it is sometimes called, the *Reiser-coonah*, or travelling wife, because, when on their travel, the men have to apply it themselves to the soles of their boots, and then dry the dogskin socks, which soon get wet with perspiration. The woman whose business it is to look after the boots, if asked to bring a pitcher of water would never think of doing so, but would send for the boy whose special duty it is, though he may be at a considerable distance. They are as improvident as they are hospitable; rarely thinking of the future, and often neglecting to lay up sufficient food for the winter; so that they will sometimes die of starvation in the little outposts in the winter before they can arrive at the colonies through broken ice and water, to receive the bread which the Government declares no man shall die for the want of. Again, their own law is that everything shall be divided, and it is painfully amusing to see a crowd of hungry natives standing on the shore, waiting for an adventurous man who has gone out among the broken ice and trembling bergs to kill a seal for the starving settlement; yet their hunger once satisfied, the offer of a halfpenny diamond ring, or a scarlet cotton pocket-handkerchief (such as is sold by the Birmingham Christians to the slave-traders on the Zambesi), would be quite sufficient to tempt them to dispose of the rest for dogs' food.

It is thus much the same whether the government gives high or low prices for the oil or ivory. The more a Greenlander receives the more he wastes. Pay a native a few rigsdaler, and the chances are that ten minutes afterwards you will see him disposing of the whole amount in the trader's shop. Thus a little change is quite sufficient for a settlement, because it does not long remain in any single individual's pocket. No doubt this sharing of the product of the hunt is absolutely necessary in a community always struggling between plenty and starvation, but it conduces to the standstill of the natives in civilization: a hunter having no stimulus to, or reward for superior exertion or skill, except the vainglory of the thing, — the lazy, worthless loafer being every whit as well off as he.

They are a humorous people, fond of little rough jokes, and most communicative and pleasant with those whom they like and trust; but they are very little to be depended on, and are curiously vacillating and fickle. However, if they once decide not to go anywhere with a person whom they

despise or dislike, no bribe will tempt them to change their determination; though, on the other hand, even if you are a favorite, it is not altogether certain that they will really go with you until you are fairly outside of the place. The only way to secure them is to advance a little of their pay beforehand. They are never known to break a contract of this nature. But then they must have their own way, and to pass a trading-post without sleeping and drinking kavit would be an innovation unheard of in Greenland. On all sides you would be told that it was impossible. They are fond of ridiculing the Europeans; indeed, this forms their principal amusement in the winter. Any little peculiarity in person, manner, or conduct will be instantly noted within a day of your arrival. The result is that no European in the country is known by anything but some *sobriquet*, sometimes not over-complimentary. One of the Governors who has a remarkably prominent nose is called "Kringalik," the nose; another *Tulgak*, the raven, from his dark complexion; a third pitted with the small-pox is known as "Cheese-rind"; Vahl, the naturalist, was known by a word which signifies the "diligent catcher," the name being applied in derision of his entomological and botanical researches, and not in admiration of his ability to catch seals, of which, indeed, he caught none. One of our party being a little stout man was called at one place *Apalearsok*, the little auk or rotje, and at another settlement he used to be known as "the pedler," Herr A — being a collector of all sorts of Eskimo curiosities; while another foreigner, who did not impress the people much with his wisdom, is remembered as *Pitokiak*, — the weak-minded man, or fool. The present writer was first called "Usuk," the bearded seal, and finally settled down, as being the tallest man of the party, into "Nerkersok," — great muscle — (*Nerke* flesh, *sok* great). They are very fond of a name which by a slight twist of the tongue can be converted into a *double entendre*, as many Eskimo words can be, several only differing slightly in the sound, though with an entirely different meaning. Of course, you are the last man to know of your own name. Among themselves they are not a whit better. Ask a native his name, and he will hesitate to tell you. If it is very good his modesty will keep him from mentioning it, but if it is the contrary his shame will equally act a barrier to your acquiring the desired information.

In reality very vain and great braggarts, they are affectedly modest when speaking of themselves, and laudatory of their neighbors or their property. "Would you lend me," they would say, "your large fine kayak, as my miserable thing has got a hole in it?" In every district or two the Government appoints a parson, and all the natives are nominally Christians, and are baptized, married, and buried after the Lutheran fashion. The priest comes round when he has time, and marries them in batches, a certain dispensation being allowed in the mean time, and a refusal to complete his engagement being perfectly unknown on the side of the male lover. The Lutheran missionaries are supported by the Government, and come out for a term of years, Greenland falling to the lot generally of the least brilliant of the theological licentiates of Copenhagen University. The Moravians — the celebrated *Unitas fratrum* of Herrnhut in Germany — also have missions in South Greenland, but they are not allowed to stretch further north

than 65°, and it is only recently that they were allowed to baptize and marry. They are a self-denying set of men and women, but much too austere for the Greenlanders' temporal welfare. Round a Moravian settlement the natives are generally a miserable ragged set of wretches; attendance at church three times a day allowing of little time to attend to seal-catching. The Danes, though they bring out stores to them, yet do not like them; the proverbial professional hatred not being starved even out of Greenland, and, moreover, the Herrnhutians are — Germans! There is not now a real healthy Pagan in Danish Greenland, — Hans Hendreich's Smith Sound wife, so celebrated in Dr. Hayes's narrative, being the last: but Shanghai's pretty daughter, whose love-episode poor Kane has told us all about, is now settled down at Proven, a regularly christened woman. Occasionally a wandering savage or two comes round Cape Farewell, from the east coast, from unknown lands. Only a few years ago some came to Pamiadluk, declaring that it was two years since they had left their homes in the far north, somewhere near the pole doubtless. Such windfalls are, however, soon pounced upon by the nearest parson and baptized *volens volens*, under the name of Peder or Jens, or Hans, and a most gushing description of his conversion instantly despatched by the next ship, to the *Danske Missionair Tidsskrift*! The last real Pagan, however, was an old fellow who lived at Upernavik, in 70° north latitude. When asked to be a Christian, he would slap his broad chest, and shout in a voice as if from a drum, "Why should I be baptized? I can provide for my family, — I don't hang on the whites like the baptized Greenlanders"; and so a Pagan lived and died this representative man.

Every Sunday there is service in the little wooden church, the men sitting on one side, and the women on the other. The priest is a sight for gods and men, — clad in his sealskin trousers and boots, with a dogskin jacket, the collar of which peeps up above his high Lutheran ruff. Service is in Eskimo, as are also the sweetly sung hymns. An Eskimo plays the organ very well indeed, while the congregation intone out some such hymn as the following:—

"Soerbaermets tanko okautigat
S rapok innardlungalloornerput," &c., &c.

On a summer morning, when it is in session, there issues through the cracks in the church-door an unmistakable odor of ancient seal. The church wall seems to be a regular place for hanging up all sorts of implements of the chase. For instance, there is a musket or two hanging in the corner, some paddles, harpoons, and seal-lines, all on the outside. It seems as if some of old Pliny's Hyperborei had hung up their arms on the walls of the Temple of Neptune, in gratitude for their escape from shipwreck.

Though certainly civilization engrafted on savagedom shows itself in a tolerable form in Danish Greenland, yet even here missionary influence has its less bright side, and we still find some of the uglier features of paganism peeping out from under the grab of transmarine sanctity. At Christianshaab (where, however, there is no resident priest) they yet drown the groans of dying people with their heathen songs as of yore. Old people they are strongly suspected of putting out of the way; and every trader knows that, thoughtless and improvident in everything else, they buy the soap to

wash the dead a good while before the last moment comes, and often, such is their horror of touching a dead body, they sew up the sufferer, while yet alive, in his sealskin grave-clothes. After the head of a family dies, you can generally buy a kayak tolerably cheap, because there is a prevalent objection to occupy the kayak of a dead man. The *angekok*, or "wizard," though according to missionary report his influence has long since ceased, is not so dead as some people would imagine. At Mancetsok, near Egedesminde, there is said to be an old fellow who does a little in that way during the dark winter, though he stoutly denies it, knowing full well what a priestly frown, with all its attendant inconveniences, would fall upon him. I have heard of another who yet makes a fuller display of his scepticism in regard to Luther's doctrines; and I know a family who practise an even darker piece of superstition within the sound of the kirk bells of Jakobshavn, with its fourteen catechists and three priests. When the members of this family kill anything, they expose a portion of the animal to propitiate *Tournoursoak* (half god, half devil), in a cave in the mountains. One of our party was once delayed by a contrary wind near an Eskimo settlement, and an *angekok*, under promise that he would receive two rigsdaler and "a schnapps" if successful, agreed to get up a northwest wind; but on no condition was the priest to be told of the exercise of the black art. He took a stick and dipped it in some grease: then selecting a lively specimen of an insect occasionally found on Eskimo, he placed it on the grease and extended it in the air. The nasty little creature struggled hard to get free in the direction of the wished-for wind, and then the wizard pronounced the charm complete. The young Greenlanders are sharp at learning, and in the school will acquire the elements of education every whit as quickly as Danish children. There are very few children in Greenland above the age of nine or ten who cannot read and write. In art the people do not excel, though they are good imitators. Nothing can they design, but yet they will produce exact imitations of any picture or piece of carving. Models of their canoes, houses, &c. are continually offered for sale; and you cannot go round some of the settlements without being dodged round corners by women, boys, and girls, wanting you to buy gaudily embroidered slippers, belts, or tobacco-pouches of dyed seals'-leather. The native cooper at Claushavn wrought for more than two years at copying a set of chessmen in ivory. At one of the southern missionary establishments they produce a yearly newspaper with gorgeous lithographs, nearly all copied, however, from the Danish illustrated papers. Many of the illustrations in Rink's *Grønland* are by native draftsmen.

Engage a woman to make you a suit of sealskin clothes or a pair of boots, and she must have another suit or a pair of boots to copy from. I asked a girl to make me a sealskin jumper of the same pattern as the natives', and gave her an English shooting-coat for the size. What was my horror to find my garment returned in a day or two, exactly imitated — buttons, pockets, lids, and all in sealskin!

I do not know into what class Mr. Ruskin would put icelands as art-producing; probably the formula would be, — icelands, shrewd intellect, and very material art. Yet with all the care a philanthropic government can exercise over them, the Greenlanders are slowly but surely becoming extinct. In the old Hans Egede's days, — not a cen-

tury and a half ago, — the population was estimated to be about 20,000, though he knew but comparatively little of the northern portions; but soon after the effects of civilization became evident. In 1731 small-pox was introduced from Europe, and 3,000 were cut off; and so with one disease and another, until in 1820 an exact census now before us showed the total population to be 6,286 people.

In 1824 the total population was	6,331
" 1830 " "	6,997
" 1835 " "	7,356
" 1840 " "	7,877
" 1845 " "	8,501
" 1850 " "	9,185
" 1855 " "	9,644

Of these (1855) 1,327 were married males, 3,081 unmarried males, 183 widowers, 1,371 married females, 3,166 unmarried females, and 561 widows.

Twenty-one males reached from 66 — 70, and 39 females were about the same age; 8 individuals were aged from 76 — 80, and one woman had reached the very mature age of ninety. At that time, October, 1855, there were 248 Europeans in Greenland. Since then I have seen no later census; but until 1867, the population remained in numbers about stationary, with a slight decrease in the Moravian settlements. In 1867, an epidemic bronchial disease cut off about four per cent of the entire population (one settlement suffered to the extent of about ten or eleven per cent); so that the gradual increase shown by the table is now reversed. Moreover, the dogs are dying off; and whenever a native loses his dogs, it is remarked that he goes very rapidly down hill in the sliding scale of Arctic respectability, becoming little better than the hanger-on of the fortunate possessor of a sledge-team. Without his dogs the Greenlander cannot exist. He requires them to drag home the seals, the white whales, the sharks, and the narwhals, which he kills at the open place at the ice in the winter. When the dogs die off then the master must follow. He has no ulterior resource of agriculture or the arts of civilization, like most other aborigines. He must be a *Greenlander*, or he is *nobody*. He has no higher civilization to flee to, no place of escape; and hence, whatever may be said about the Greenland monopoly, and the management of affairs there (and volumes are written about it every now and again, and lengthy speeches made in the Danish Rigsstad), still, I do not see how it could be greatly improved. The Greenlander must follow a savage's mode of making his living, or die. A few may be educated and become Catechists and officers of the Company; one even became a missionary and an author, but these are rare exceptions.

Such was the people among whom we lived, — not unhappily, indeed, on the whole. The time comes when we must leave, and all is packing up and good by with "Herren Engländer." Every day little deputations arrive to ask us to drink coffee before some hospitable threshold, or to take some little farewell dinner. One of these kindly acts of hyperborean (though by no means frigid) hospitality seems worthy of being recorded in these notes, as being one of the last of the many acts of goodwill and warm-heartedness received from a people whom I can scarcely ever hope to see again. Samuel (not he of the Neanderthal skull) was one of the most respectable of the mixed race of Greenlanders about our neighborhood; a skilful hunter, artificer, and maker of many curiosities, for which

he had found a customer in me. He insisted that I should — Danish fashion — take "kavit" with him. As I saw that the invitation was intended as a special mark of favor, and that the refusal would be a mortal affront, I complied most gracefully, though I had drank so much black coffee that day as to give me little hope of sleeping all night. His house was the ordinary turf mansion situated in a little valley and entered by the usual tunnel. The interior was in no way much different from the others, except that it was more cleanly and neat, and boasted a greater variety of knickknacks, — a Dutch clock, a cupboard, and several glaring prints of the Emperor of the French, his Empress, and a fierce, red-faced gentleman, whom I had some difficulty in discovering to be intended for "Albert Edward, Prinds af Wales og Hertug of Cornwall." I was here introduced to Samuel's wife and daughter, — the latter with the softest brown eyes and auburn hair I ever saw, — both of whom were busily manufacturing articles of household attire on the "brecks," or general platform, which occupies one side of the house, and serves the purposes of bed, table, and chair. The house is very warm, and I am begged to take off my coat, following in this fashion the rest of the family, most of whom are in a state of semi-nudity. There are many other folks there, but they are of the commonalty, and beneath the Tuluut's attention. I, however, notice them patronizingly, and they grin from ear to ear by way of reply. While the rather lengthy operation of preparing the coffee goes on, the family produce their penates to entertain me, while the women examine the texture of my coat and scarlet shirt most knowingly. Samuel shows me his tools, and how he uses them; his spears and harpoons, and allunaks, and the work-box he made for his wife (which does him much credit), and some patterns for slippers, painted in colors by his little boy, who was once one of my particular henchmen, but is now dead.

He himself has just recovered from a long sickness, and is very pale. He plays a tune on the fiddle, and the younger members of his family, who have been out gathering blueberries, dance most joyfully to it. He has likewise an accordion; he apologizes for its being a little out of tune, but he had had to open it to show the children where the sound came from! And then the wife (who has been a handsome blue-eyed woman in her day, for they are, of course, all of a mixed breed), with a woman's curiosity, questions me in broken Danish and English and Eskimo, all about my condition in life: if I am married, and how many children and so on, and so on; and all the gossips are delighted. They, to my astonishment, inquire if I do not come from Scotland, and on my expressing astonishment at their knowledge of geography, Samuel produces an ancient map, and points out the land of my nativity. All of this is done leisurely as the "Kavit" boils, and as I sip it in the cleanest of cups, they pour in the soft unction of hyperborean flattery, and assure me with an air which means even more than the words would seem to express, "Efflete eyunelak Tuluut," "You are the good Englishman." "All the Innuit (Eskimo) will miss you, when you are gone, and the little boys will have no one to throw skillings to them now. All of us will have sick hearts when you go away." To all of which an ancient dame on the further side of the "brecks," whom I had hitherto thought only a bundle of sealskins, echoes in a

voice as if it came out of a mattress, "Yes, especially the *Neviarsuk!*"* and the house echoes with laughter, as the joke is apparently thought a good one. I grin like the rest as it is explained to me, though Samuel's daughter blushes crimson, for she is apparently the butt of it. Be it known, however, that the daughter of Samuel bears a highly proper reputation in Aetlunia, and is, I am told in a stage whisper (at which she again blushes), to be the spouse of Peder Zaccharias Brug, when that young gentleman has finished his new kayak, and Pastor Neilssen has time to unite them in the bonds of wedlock.

After we have finished our coffee, we have blueberries and a glass of schnapps, which last is produced with the air of smuggled whiskey; and when we consider how dearly they all like this beverage, the extent of the favor may be imagined. When all is over, and the autumn sun is getting low, I am escorted to the door by the whole family, with many good-bys and hopes to see me again next year, and take my departure homeward. We have a long way yet to go before we meet the stout ship which is to take us to Denmark. We have to share, some snowy nights, the hospitality of an Eskimo hut, — very savory and very warm, — and to pass miserable days and nights enow in dreary Akajaroah.

Snow is falling fast as we leave Greenland behind. All have some little regrets at leaving it. One thinks of the eider-ducks and the reindeer, another of the glorious glaciers and icebergs, like silver castles floating in the summer sunlight on an emerald sea. Everybody joins in one regret that the free-and-easy life — so novel and so wild — is at an end; that behind lies life in its wildest aspect — before us in its most civilized, but also most artificial form.

Yet, after all, how green — how right pleasant — look the fading woods of Elsinore! † how pleasant, yet how strange, are the quaint little villages along the shores of the Cattegat and under the shadow of Hamlet's home! We are strangers to all the news of the outer world, nor can we obtain any. Little knows the Swedish fisherman who sweeps alongside in quest of skin-breeches and schnapps. There is no war in Europe "that he has heard of"; he had never heard of the French Exhibition; and there is no use asking him about the fate of the Reform Bill of 1867; but this he knows, that potatoes are "feer rigedaler and feer skillings a tonder, and that the rye crop ain't worth a snap of the fingers!" A golden-crested wren flies on board from the forests of Jutland. This is very homelike, but still more homely, though not so pretty, is the little collier whose captain and crew curse us, both loud and deep, in the Newcastle dialect, for sanguinary Dutchmen, because we do not choose to get out of his tack. An hour or two afterwards we are on the "Lang Linea," in Copenhagen, shaking a dozen kindly Scandinavian hands, and telling the strange tale of how we disappeared in the outer world so many moons ago.

* Girls.

† Nearly three hundred years ago, the same feeling delighted the scowry-riddled companions of poor Willem Barents, when escaping from their ten months' imprisonment in Nova Zembla. We have Gerrit de Veer telling us in his quaint account of *Three Voyages; the like of which has never been seen, read, or heard told of*, that when they reached the coast of Lapland, "we saw some trees on the river-side, which comforted us, and made us glad, as if we had then come into a new world; for in a'! the time that we had been out, we had not seen trees."

A GREAT JEWEL ROBBERY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. — I.

SOME years ago, people used to prophesy that in consequence of the Californian gold discovery the precious metal would be precious no longer, but fall to a par with, if not below, silver in value. But in spite of the golden treasures of California, supplemented by those of Australia, a sovereign is still worth its twenty shillings; and the reports of progress in Sutherlandshire are not sufficiently promising to make the favored of us mortals who indulge in such luxuries to exchange our golden ornaments for their present value before it deteriorates. But as a dealer in precious stones, I have often thought of what would be the consequence should some tremendous deposit of diamonds be laid bare; for we are not bound to suppose that these precious crystals of carbon are everywhere so sparsely scattered over the earth's surface as to render the quest one of patience and difficulty. Imagine, for instance, some pebbly mountain stream, whose pebbles were all Koh-i-noors, Stars of the South, and Great Pitt Diamonds! What consternation amongst the holders of family heirlooms, whose glittering clusters have been handed down from generation to generation, and valued at so many thousands sterling, — what horror to find that, by the glut in the market, those thousands sank to hundreds, to tens, to units at last, or merely the value of the cutting! That lady who described the wearing of diamonds as an exquisite pleasure, but too painful, from the risks incurred, would be then able to wear her precious jewels in peace.

There is a strange, and too often a fearful history attached to every great gem of price, many of which, while flashing on the brow of beauty, or in some regal or imperial ornament, are dimmed to the thoughtful mind by the tears shed over them, or by the blood in which they have too often been bathed. Robbery and murder have ever been mingled with the stories of precious gems; and as a peaceful man, living in these highly civilized times, I have more than once felt my life to be far from safe as soon as it was known that in the little black leathern case I carried, or even in the scrap of tissue-paper in my waistcoat pocket, I held so many valuable diamonds, rubies, or sapphires.

One gets used to it in time; but at first there is a strong feeling that every person who looks at you, or says a word about the weather, is bent upon murder and robbery. You live a solitary life during your travels. You get in the farthest corners of carriages. You would not ride alone in a first coupé with some strange traveller, upon any consideration, even if that strange traveller were a feeble old woman, since you would certainly suppose her to be a ruffian in disguise. Elegantly dressed ladies become swindlers' accomplices; clerical gentlemen, the swindlers themselves; and distrust of everything and everybody becomes the bane of your existence. Your wine or tea seems to be drugged, your food poisoned; and once, at a hotel where I was staying, I had serious thoughts about giving the proprietor into custody for supplying me with medicated soap.

I will not mention the name of the Bond Street firm with which I was some years ago connected, but let it suffice that their name was well known, and that the manufacture of more than one regal diadem had been intrusted to their skilled workmen. I was with them some twelve or fourteen

years, and it was during that period that the incident I am about to relate occurred. As a matter of course, the strictest injunctions respecting care, caution, and watchfulness are issued to all the employees, especially to those whose daily business brings them into contact with the public; and being always in the show-rooms myself, I was one of those in whom the elders of the firm placed confidence. The consequence was, that being tolerably thoughtful, sharp of eye, and a good judge of gems, I rose to occupy one of the most responsible positions, and to me were always intrusted those rather delicate, critical, and caution-demanding embassies, where customers wished for jewels to be sent to their houses for inspection.

In course of time, a little feeling of jealousy sprang up; but it did not trouble me, for, either from extra care, or from good fortune, I had not in any single case been the cause of loss to my employers, — a state of satisfaction hardly to be enjoyed by either of my brother-assistants, so many, so ingenious, and so carefully contrived were, in those days, the plans for defrauding the great jewellers. I do not know that any very great improvement has taken place of late years; but my experience is with the past, and I relate accordingly. In fact, so many were the tricks, that when a visitor came to the show-rooms, the first question we had to ask was: "Is this a lady or a sharper?"

Very often the swindlers, or thieves, were easy to detect; for though dressed in the extreme of fashion, and arriving perhaps in a brougham, there would be some slip of the tongue — some vulgarity — which would betray them. Frequently, a misplaced *h*, or a wrongly applied verb, has raised suspicions, which defeated a carefully planned swindle, and sent the disappointed ones to lament their ill success, or often to jail. But with all care, the jewellers' enemies are so many, and their losses so heavy, that, in spite of enormous profits, the balance-sheets at the end of the year are not so satisfactory as is supposed for those who follow this artistic business. Now a well-dressed couple would come and look at some rings, turn them over for half an hour, and then leave, declaring that there was nothing to suit; when perhaps before, more often after, their departure, one or two valuable gems have been missed, — taken no one could tell how. Twice over, assistants allowed jewels to be taken into the next room, at some hotel, to show a sick lady, and came back ruefully to announce the sick, as well as the sound, lady had disappeared. Times out of number, ring, chain, or bracelet has been snatched from counter or table; once such a thing happened when I was in waiting, but a presented pistol stopped the marauder before he reached the door — a door already bolted by the porter; and my friend was committed for trial, and afterwards transported. One select company of visitors purchased goods to the amount of nine hundred pounds, when the gentleman of the party wrote a check on the spot for the amount, — Drummonds of Charing Cross being his bankers, — but as I objected to the jewels being taken away until the check was honored, I was courteously told to send them to Morley's Hotel, and half sorry to be compelled to show the distrust, I bowed the distinguished customers out.

"Here, Johnson," I said to one of our men, "run down at once to Drummonds, and present this check; take a cab."

In half an hour Johnson was back with the check branded with the words "No effects."

I received an invitation to dine with the head of our firm after that, and returned home at night wearing a very handsome gold watch. "A reward for your shrewdness," said the old gentleman, clapping me on the shoulder. "You'll be in the firm yet, Willis, that you will."

"I hope I may," I thought, as I went home that night; but the happy consummation never arrived, since I was but mortal, and, like other men, liable to be deceived; though, upon maturer consideration, I don't think I was very well used.

I was seated one day busily examining some stones which were to be reset for the Countess of Maraschino, when the principal came softly in.

"Lock those up, Willis," he said, "and go and attend to those parties in the front show-room. Thomas is with them, and I don't half like their looks."

I hurried into the show-room to relieve Mr. Thomas of his task, which he gave up with a very bad grace, and proceeded to listen to the demands of a tall lady and gentleman in black, both of whom wore respirators, and spoke in low, husky voices. The gentleman looked very pale and ill, and the lady was very closely veiled as to the upper part of her face; but upon my approach she threw up her fall, and displayed the bright bold eyes of a very handsome woman.

"Don't look suspicious," I thought, as I evaded the glance directed at me; for our rule is not to look at eyes, but hands, — or rather fingers, which sometimes turn out to be light. In this case, though, the lady's were *bien gantée*, and the gentleman's thin, white, and soft, — an invalid's hands, in fact, and I proceeded to listen to their demands.

"Well, Lilla, what's it to be?" said the gentleman.

"I thought you had decided, love," was the reply. "Something simple, and not too expensive now, whatever we may decide upon hereafter. Why not keep to what you said, — a bracelet, or a cross?"

"Well, show me some bracelets," the gentleman said. "We do not want anything of high price, but something pretty, light, and suited for a young lady of eighteen, about to be married."

I proceeded to open case after case of bracelets of all prices, from ten to five hundred guineas each; but though they were fastidious and hard to please, I was bound to confess that the lady's taste was excellent, and that the gentleman was no mean connoisseur in gems.

"I rather like that," said the gentleman at last, selecting a very pretty but slight bracelet, set with a sapphire, surrounded by pearls. "What is the price?"

"That is sixty guineas," I said.

"Yes, it's pretty enough," said the lady; "but not sufficiently good."

"You mean not valuable enough," said the gentleman: "but you know the old proverb about the gift-horse. Lucille will not study the value, depend upon it; and, besides, I don't see anything I like half so well."

"Have it then, dear," was the reply; and then, directly after, "Ah, what a sweet cross!" exclaimed the lady, looking at an enamel and gold ornament lying in a case, — and which I immediately opened, for I must confess I had almost forgotten our principal's suspicions.

"It is a sweet little thing!" exclaimed the lady, examining the cross; "such a fine pearl, too, in the centre. I should like it."

"What, to give to Lucille?" said the gentleman, smiling.

"No; of course not. I fancied it myself."

"My dear Lilla, this is not a linendraper's shop," said the gentleman with a shrug, and then there was a smile and a whisper between them.

"What is the price of the cross?" said the gentleman at last.

"Fifty guineas," I said.

"It seems a good deal for so small an ornament," said the gentleman, turning and re-turning the cross; but I explained that the size of the pearls increased its value; and after a little hesitation, he decided to take it, when I saw that he was rewarded by a quiet pressure of the hand from his companion, whose eyes then met mine almost mirthfully for a moment.

"You're a nice creature, I expect," muttered I to myself; "coax him out of everything you fancy, and then laugh in your sleeve." But my eyes were wanted to guard the valuable assortment of jewelry displayed, and they were back the next instant to business.

"Where can I send these, sir?" I inquired.

"Ah! we'll take them," said the lady; "we will not trouble you to send."

I explained that it would be no trouble, but they held to their determination; and upon payment being requested, the gentleman drew out a check-book, asked for pen and ink, and wrote a check for one hundred and ten guineas upon a small city bank.

Now it was that my lips became a little tighter, and I felt that the principal had had some cause for his suspicions; and thoroughly on my guard, I took the check, and explained that it was a rule of the establishment that goods should not be delivered until after a check had been presented.

"Ah, quite right, quite right," said the gentleman quietly, and without displaying the slightest annoyance. "I can easily suppose that you are obliged to be careful."

But the lady looked angry, and returned my bow very distantly as I ushered them out, having promised to send the purchases on to the fashionable hotel—Moore's, in Brook Street—at which they were staying.

"All a farce, but well carried out," I said to the principal as he came up to me, and I showed him the check and the card given me, bearing the name "Mr. H. Elliston Ross," and in pencil, "Moore's Hotel." "But we'll send the check all the same. Here, Johnson."

The principal shrugged his shoulders: and as Johnson came up to where I was carefully running over the various items of jewelry, to see that nothing had been stolen, I gave him the check, and he went cityward.

To my great satisfaction, all was right; not a jewel missing, and the purchased cases lying by me. Suddenly, a cold chill shot through me. Had they contrived to abstract the contents? I tore the little morocco boxes open; but, no—all was correct. Cross and bracelet lay upon their white velvet beds; and so far, everything was perfectly satisfactory. If they were swindlers, we had escaped; and I began to wonder whether I should get another invitation to dinner, a chain for my watch, and be told that I was a step nearer to the junior partnership.

To our intense astonishment, though, at an hour's end, Johnson returned smiling.

"All right, sir," he said.

"Why, you don't mean—"

"All right, sir," he said. "Check cashed in an instant: hundred and fifteen pounds, ten shillings."

It is almost needless to add that the two little cases were sent immediately to the hotel, and a discussion followed respecting unnecessary suspicion, and how very often it happened that swindlers passed unnoticed, while honest people were suspected.

POACHING ON MONT BLANC A DOZEN YEARS AGO.

AFTER spending one of the hottest July days that I can remember in roaming about the gardens and galleries of Versailles, I returned to Paris in time to dine with an old friend and start in his company by the night mail to Dijon and Dôle on our way to Geneva. At 4.30 A. M. we were stepping into the *malle-poste* which in 1857 afforded the swiftest means of reaching our destination. The little vehicle could only take three passengers, but was urged along all day at the full speed of four horses, which were never allowed to walk even in the steepest parts of the ascent. Now I am not going to act the part of a Conservative *laudator temporis acti*, so far as to deny the advantages of railways over coaches in general; but I have no hesitation in asserting that those who now wriggle over the rails through dark tunnels and profundities from Ambérieux to Geneva can have no kind of conception of the marvellous treat which awaited those who approached it over the summit of the Jura. Our only companion was a very agreeable and cultivated Frenchman, who turned out to be the préfet of the department through which we were passing. From Les Rousses the horses were kept at an ambling trot up the long slopes of the mountain: the appearance of the country was very dull and monotonous, but we could see that we had attained a considerable height; presently the gentle trot upwards was exchanged for full speed, and our French friend said, "Regardez maintenant, vous allez voir quelque chose."

The préfet was right. We flew round a corner, and in an instant saw, as it were by enchantment, a new and more beautiful world. The whole Lake of Geneva, with its more than fifty miles of length, lay stretched out before us and beneath a vast crescent of sky-blue shining under the cloudless canopy of heaven. At our feet were the green slopes and picturesque villages through which lay the remainder of our road; and, far across the lake, high above the intervening ranges of Savoy, Mont Blanc and his attendant peaks rose in spotless beauty through the deep blue sky.

In no part of the world have I ever seen so sudden a transition from absolute dullness to indescribable perfection; but as the railroad keeps far away, it is highly probable that what we saw will never more be beheld by the speed-loving generation of tourists. With a sensation as of having seen heaven opened before our eyes, we rapidly descended to Geneva and arrived there at four o'clock.

Mont Blanc was our destination, and the following evening found us at Chamouni, where we were welcomed as old friends at the Hôtel de Londres by M. Édouard Tairraz and his good-tempered

wife. The Hôtel d'Angleterre had not yet flaunted its banners and its balconies over the surrounding buildings: and comparative simplicity was the order of the day. But amidst this comparative simplicity there existed one enormity which we were resolved to resist: the extortionate tariff and tyrannical code of the guides cried aloud for redress, and we had come with the secret purpose of striking at least one blow at the system, and anticipated no small amusement from the attempt. The guides had established a kind of trade's union in its most objectionable form; good and bad were all equally inscribed on the roll, and those who wanted their services must take them in order as they came. It was of no avail to plead old acquaintance with one whom you knew by past experience to be in every way a superior man; in vain did the best men complain that their better education, their greater linguistic or scientific knowledge was thrown away: they were all levelled by the obdurate roll, and you must take whoever was pointed out by that detested document. The men who could thus tyrannize over one another and over the public in one way could of course do so in other ways, and they established a system of charges which was outrageous enough to be ridiculous if it had not been too annoying to laugh at. By this Draconian code every traveller who wished to go up Mont Blanc was obliged to take four guides, and if the party consisted of two or three friends they must take eight or a dozen guides as the case might be. Eight of these men received one hundred francs, so that every traveller had to pay £ 16 to begin with, besides extravagant charges for feeding the party and numerous extras which were sure to be tacked on at the end. On the whole it may be considered that £ 25 apiece, the usual total, was rather a large payment for a couple of days' amusement in the ascent of what is, after all, the easiest of the very high mountains of the Alps: at all events, it was eight times as much as we had paid in the previous year for the much more difficult ascent of Monte Rosa. We knew that a party of plucky Englishmen had lately discovered a new route from St. Gervais, and succeeded in reaching the summit of the mountain without the assistance of guides beyond the top of the Aiguille du Goûté. The regulations of Chamouni were not binding upon the inhabitants of St. Gervais; but we wished to do something towards bringing the old route more within the reach of the aspiring public, especially on account of the great advantages offered by the hut of the Grands Mulets over the cold and dreary halting-place upon the somewhat formidable Aiguille.

We spent the first day in a leisurely ascent of the Brevent, which enabled us to study "the monarch" for several hours with our telescopes, and gave our legs the first stretching after a long imprisonment in London. The next day we increased the good effect upon our own limbs, and saved two Americans a certain number of francs by undertaking to be their amateur guides to the Jardin. This was good practice, and we then began the preparations for our main undertaking.

A man named Bossonney held what in diplomatic language would be called the portfolio of guide-chef; that is to say, he sat behind a table in a little room called the Bureau des Guides, where he was engaged in the perpetual study of the book of the roll, like Buddha absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections. He was a hard man, one who would like to reap without sowing; and we knew that

poaching in his preserves would be considered an unpardonable offence. Nevertheless, the thing was to be done; and, as Englishmen are rightly taught to study the means by which their forefathers obtained liberty, so ought the rising generation of mountaineers to know and appreciate the difficulties gone through by their predecessors before the complete establishment of the right by which they are now enabled to break their necks as they please, and in such company as they may select for themselves.

We knew that any revelation of a wish to ascend Mont Blanc accompanied by any amount of supplication would be perfectly useless with M. Bossonney; we therefore had recourse to subtlety and throwing dust in his tyrannical eyes. We walked quietly into the lion's den with a "Bonjour, Monsieur Bossonney." "Bonjour, messieurs," he replied.

We proceeded to tell him we had an idea of going to the Grands Mulets, but we had heard that the tariff was higher than we liked paying —

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to pay."

He told us, as we knew well enough, that we must have four guides between us, and pay them forty francs each. "But, my dear Monsieur Bossonney, you know we have both had some experience of the high mountains; we have both made the ascent of the great and terrible Monte Rosa; surely you will allow us to make such an expedition as that to the Grands Mulets with a smaller number of guides than if we were raw novices who had never been beyond the Montanvert."

We might as well have spoken to the winds. The inexorable Bossonney replied that such was the *règlement*, and though he might perhaps have wished if possible to make an exception in our favor, yet there was nothing but to submit. It was like the Mussulman repeating, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." Pretending to be convinced of the propriety of his reasoning, we shifted our ground and asked who would be the guides whom the tender mercies of the roll would intrust with our preservation. He saw that we were knocking under, and, with a gracious smile upon his unprepossessing face, he looked into the mystic scroll, and informed us that the favored individuals would be Zacharie Cachat, Jean-Pierre Payot, Michel Simond, and Pierre-Tobie Simond. It so chanced that my companion had on a former occasion been satisfied with the last of these men, and I knew by repute that Cachat was one of the best men in Chamouni. So we submitted with apparent reluctance, and said something corresponding to "what must be, must."

The next thing to be done was to order Zacharie Cachat, as the leading man, to come to the hotel for instructions for the morrow. For fear of anything going wrong, we took good care not to let M. Edouard, the landlord, have an inkling of our scheme; and even the faithful Auguste Balmat, though an independent friend, was kept in equally total darkness. In due time Cachat was confronted in the bureau of the hotel with ourselves and M. Edouard, who was in his normal state of slight confusion, arising from a superabundance of champagne. He was alive to business, but he preferred that his wife should sit down at the desk and do duty as scribe.

Hearing that our intention was to go to the Grands Mulets next day, and to take a fitting amount of food for the occasion, he looked very solemn; and, waving his hand with much dignity

to his better half, he said, "Écrivez donc, madame." Pondering for a moment, as if he were going to dictate terms of peace to a conquered nation, he told her to begin the list with two chickens, two bottles of St. George, four bottles of Beaujolais. The worthy man was evidently getting into the regular swing, but we saw he was starting from false premises; it was quite evident that the supply proposed by him would be altogether inadequate for the refreshment of the party during the two days which would be required for the fulfilment of our scheme. I stopped him therefore by remarking that we did not intend to return the same day; that, in fact, our great object was to see the sunset from the Grands Mulets; and that, as we could not recross the glacier after dark, we should be obliged to spend the night there, and have the additional satisfaction of seeing the sunrise next morning. In fact, we should want provisions for two days instead of one.

"Ah! vous voulez coucher là-haut?" said M. Édouard. "Eh bien! donc, madame, mettez le double." So the provision list started afresh with four chickens, four bottles of St. George, eight bottles of Beaujolais, and so on, tapering off with the usual additions of tea, coffee, sugar, &c., which, being charged at fabulous prices in proportion to the amount supplied, form very profitable though humble items in a Chamouni bill. It was lucky, however, that we had given no sign about Mont Blanc, as everything would have been doubled again.

Business over, we had nothing to do but enjoy ourselves for the evening; and after dinner wandered out into the flowery fields to watch one of those magnificent sunsets which are so deeply impressive among the mountains. Darkness was fast approaching in the valley when the summit of Mont Blanc was still glorious with the last light of its rosy crown: and it was with no small pleasure that we looked with confidence for fine weather in the morning. It was intensely interesting to watch this splendid object, and to think of the delightful excitement which we hoped to derive from it in the coming day. If we succeeded in reaching the summit, and if old Bosoney spied us with his telescope, how great would be his wrath, and how great would be our satisfaction in laughing at his beard.

Next morning, about ten o'clock, we made a very quiet start, carefully avoiding the rather ostentatious death-or-victory kind of appearance which used frequently to characterize mountaineering parties in the days when transcendents of Le Mont Blanc were sufficiently rare to have their names inscribed on shields against the wall of the hotel. We let the men straggle out of the village, and followed them at our leisure, feeling our tendency to inward chuckling slightly tempered by the knowledge that the enemy might still anticipate our intentions and spoil our sport.

We were not quite easy at the sight of a fifth man having joined our four guides; he might be an emissary of the detested Bosoney sent to frighten our men from playing any tricks with the supreme government of extortioners. Cachat's explanation that it was a porter hired by the guides themselves to assist them in carrying up wood and provisions restored calm to our troubled mind, and we began to feel as poachers must be supposed to feel when they have successfully dodged the game-keepers. So we go happily over the well-known path, twining through the rich shade of the fir-

trees, cheered by the ripple of lively streams, and climbing between beds of pink rhododendrons, till we begin to leave all vegetation behind, and the last few straggling scraps of half-dead pines warn us to pick up sticks while we can, if we have any wish for hot supper and warm feet that night on the Grands Mulets.

Each one was now condemned, like the mythical Man in the Moon, to carry his own fagot, as we filed round the narrow path which leads towards the Pierre de l'Échelle and the upper part of the Glacier des Bossons. Reaching the former in about three hours after leaving Chamouni, we prepared for an early dinner on the mountain-side. Up to this moment we had not allowed a word or a sign to give the slightest indication to our guides that there was anything behind the scenes: we were only supposed to be quietly going to the Grands Mulets, the situation of which, at about 10,000 feet above the sea, I presume to be pretty generally known. But, as the simple feast drew to a conclusion, and the guides looked merry over the red wine, we thought the hour had come for revealing our aspirations, and we asked them whether they would go with us to the summit of Mont Blanc, in defiance of Bosoney and all his works. Old Simond's rather dry face relaxed in a moment; Zacharie's sagacious eye twinkled with delight; and the younger men tossed their hats in the air with shouts of satisfaction.

We then found that we were not the only members of the party who had been enjoying the possession of a secret. The guides, who knew that we had both had tolerable experience among the mountains, came to the conclusion that we could not be going to content ourselves with the Grands Mulets, and had secretly supplied themselves with all that would be required for the ascent of the monarch himself.

This was so far highly satisfactory, and loud was the laughter as each man of the company produced his contribution of hidden stores. Tobie Simond was, I think, the man who brought from within the lining of his coat a canvas-sided lantern, which folded up flat, but which when set into proper form would be invaluable for examining crevasses in the early morning. Others had packed long snow-gaiters under chickens and bread, and one had brought a packet of prunes, knowing that at great altitudes nothing is so comforting to the mouth as the continual sucking of their stones. Seeing that all due precautions had been taken, we proceeded to draw up a solemn treaty. It was agreed that if the four men liked to go with us to the summit we would pay them each the conventional hundred francs, though nothing would have induced us to take eight men, according to the rules, on the same terms. They wanted us at first to promise to pay any fines that might be imposed upon them for breaking the rules, but we absolutely refused, remarking that they could easily do that out of the difference between a hundred francs and the forty which would be their pay to the Grands Mulets only. We carried the day upon this point, and were thinking what should be settled next, when Old Simond, the Nestor of the party, who seemed deeply pondering, suddenly brought down his hand with a violent slap upon his knee, and with the energy of a sudden inspiration, proceeded to unfold a scheme, the ingenuity of which was worthy of a better cause.

"Listen to me," said he in effect, "I will show

you in a moment what should be done; follow my advice, and neither the gentlemen nor ourselves will have to pay fines. *Voyez donc!* We are seven men in all, is it not so? Two gentlemen, four guides, and one porter. Well, my friends, suppose that one guide remains at the Grands Mulets to keep the porter company, while the two gentlemen and the other three guides go to the top of Mont Blanc. Ha! do you not see? Depend upon it that Bossoney and other people will be looking out to-morrow morning, and with their telescopes they will count *five* men upon the summit, but there is no telescope in Chamouni that can make them see the *difference between one man and another* at such a distance as that. We will return home in the evening, and we will tell all the world that one of the gentlemen ascended the mountain in company with the full number of four guides, but that the other gentleman was ill and remained at the Grands Mulets, with the porter to take care of him. So shall we not have to pay fines at all. Is it not so, my friends? Have I not spoken the words of wisdom?"

The wily orator "paused for a reply"; his proposition was received with the hearty applause of his comrades, but we were obliged to remark that though he might have spoken the words of wisdom, they were certainly not the words of truth. We could have nothing to do with lying, and they must boldly take their chance of the consequences of discovery. *Magna est veritas.* Besides, our special object was to show the absurdity of the rules, and we wished to tell everybody that we had proved it by making a successful expedition without obeying them. Another very sufficient reason for rejecting the old fellow's proposal was the recollection that Bossoney, in spite of other short-comings, was not such a fool as to believe the story. It would have been very difficult for myself and my friend to decide who should play the part of the "malade imaginaire," for Mont Blanc puts a brand as of a red-hot iron upon the faces of those who invade his noble head.

The little congress broke up in a very happy frame of mind; we had all made up our minds to ascend the mountain, and we felt that the delight of the expedition would be doubled by its illegality. Everybody knows that "stolen joys are sweetest." So the knapsacks and the fagots were picked up again from their stony bed, a rickety ladder was found and dragged forth from its usual hiding-place under the Pierre de l'Échelle, and away we went across the glacier. It was in a terribly torn and broken condition, and a novice would have been puzzled as to how he should get upon it at all; a series of vast blocks and melting pinnacles of ice at the edge of the glacier seemed to separate us from the smoother region beyond; but Cachat soon solved the problem by marching up to one of the thinnest of the obstructions, in which the melting process had formed a sort of central window. This was widened by a few blows from his axe, and we safely passed through this eye of an ice-needle, which led us to the well-known and magnificent route across the glacier. We were sometimes picking our way along a white ridge with a deep blue chasm on each side of us, beautiful to behold; sometimes scrambling among blocks of ice at the bottom of a crevasse into which they had tumbled, and looking carefully upward to see if any more were ready to follow their example and alight upon our heads; finally, when all other means of progression failed, we had to ap-

peal to the ladder as the only means of clearing an otherwise impassable obstruction.

So far, so good. The scrambling was to us only an additional charm in the day's adventure, but a far more serious difficulty was suggested by the appearance of the weather. Wild, ugly clouds, which at first contented themselves with sailing far over our heads, began now to show unmistakable signs of coming to close quarters; and presently we found ourselves pelted by an unmerciful mixture of hail and rain. The hail, however, was a good symptom: in a short time the air grew cooler and brighter; and as we labored up the last snow slopes to the hut upon the Grands Mulets, we could see the rain-drops on the edge of the roof glittering like diamonds in the restored sunshine. The sunset was glorious, as the sky was by that time perfectly clear. Of the thousands who have watched from below the magnificent spectacle of departing day among the high Alps, comparatively few can have experienced the sensation of forming, as it were, a part of the rosy-tinted picture. It is, however, an experience well worth the making. The sun was still above the horizon for us, while the shades of evening were fast closing around Chamouni in the depths of 6,500 feet below the wild rocks where we were sitting. Presently the sun made its last grand expiring effort; the gloom beneath us increased, but our airy perch was glowing with deep rosy light, and nothing could be more marvellous than the contrast presented by the dull gray upon one side of every rock, and the flush which warmed the other side with transcendent glory.

The dark shadow crept up the mountain towards our feet; extinguishing the last glow upon the Grands Mulets, it passed upwards to the summit of Mont Blanc, and the night of death reigned upon the cold white mountain. I know of few things so deeply impressive as the sudden transition from the red glow upon a lofty mountain at sunset to the ghastly white which immediately succeeds it; it is painfully suggestive of the strong man subdued by him who rides upon the pale horse.

Well, let the dead bury their dead; one day was gone, and we had not much time to prepare for the next, which we naturally expected would be one of the most interesting and exciting in our lives. *Le jour est mort. Vive le jour!* We prepared supper in the hut after a very primitive fashion; a fire was already burning in the little stove, over which was an iron bowl, stuffed full with snow as a preliminary to soup. We and our guides sat upon the floor, doing justice to the landlord's cold meat and chickens, and throwing at intervals into the seething caldron, not exactly "liver of blaspheming Jew," but goodly drumsticks, with lumps of mutton and bread. Somebody suggested the addition of wine, and a bottle of Beaujolais was instantly poured into the broth. In due time this rather singular mixture was boiled into a warm and comfortable nightcap, and I doubt if any production of the Palais-Royal was ever more thoroughly enjoyed. The stars were shining in fullest splendor when we took a last peep at the weather; and the moon, though hidden from us by the intervening masses of the Monts Maudits, lighted up the opposite Dôme du Goûté like a wall of silver. About half past nine o'clock we lay down upon the boards with knapsacks for our pillows; one guide at a time sitting up to whistle at the sticks and feed the fire.

Under the combined influences of hard beds and excitement, neither I nor my companion contrived to get a moment of sleep. We knew, however, that a good deal of rest and strength is derived from the mere fact of lying still, listening to the guides breaking up wood and snoring alternately by the weird light of our little fire. At last our chief cook gave vent to a snore of such astonishing and almost superhuman force that with one loud laugh all the rest of the party gave up the pretence of sleep, and, finding that midnight was near at hand, began to prepare for departure.

Coffee and eggs were cooked, long woollen gaiters were produced, and the lantern was set in order among many a lively jest about our enemy Bossoney, who was slumbering in the valley, and, like charity, thinking no evil as to what might be taking place so far above his head. About half past twelve everything was ready: one by one we filed out of the hut, fastened together about three yards apart by the rope round our waists, the first man carrying the lantern and keeping a sharp look-out for crevasses. The search became very interesting now and then, when near the base of the Dôme we found ourselves among cavernous clefts imperfectly covered with snow, and requiring some care to avoid what would at all events have been a disagreeable smothering in the cold hours of the morning. We passed steadily upwards to the Petit Plateau, hurriedly crossed the debris of fresh avalanches of ice from the séracs of the Dôme, and about four o'clock found ourselves among the vast sublimities of the Grand Plateau just as the summit of Mont Blanc full in front of us was tinged with the first touches of that glorious rose-color which generally promises a successful day. It was a moment of the purest delight. There was no difficulty in choosing a place for our temporary camp; we were on a huge plain of spotless snow, in as firm and excellent condition as could be desired. So down went knapsacks, and squatting round them in a ring, we proceeded to breakfast upon part of their contents. The pipe of contemplation followed, during which we leisurely looked over the work before us. How magnificently rose the mountain, still five thousand feet over our heads, glistening under the deep blue sky, and now of a certainty within our grasp!

The whole party being in very lively spirits, we began to think that as the expedition had commenced with illegality it might as well conclude with irregularity. Why should we go up by the ordinary safety-seeking route of the Corridor, when the long-deserted slopes of the Ancien Passage tempted us to the excitement of following a track which we heard had never been pursued since that day in 1820, when Dr. Hamel's guides were killed in attempting it? What says Cachat to this proposal? He makes a careful observation with the telescope, and then delivers an oracle to the effect that the snow up there, to the right of the Rochers Rouges, is in such good condition that we may try the experiment without fear of avalanches. Any one at all conversant with the general view of Mont Blanc will know that the route we proposed is far more direct to the summit, though considerably steeper than the ordinary one. It was only abandoned in consequence of the danger of avalanches from such a highly inclined slope. Little did we then care for extra steepness; and, with the sage Cachat's opinion against any present danger from the state of the snow, we resolved to go up by the Ancien

Passage, and complete the tour by returning down the Mur de la Côte and the Corridor.

The greater part of our provisions were here left behind in knapsacks, only a small store for a treat being taken with us to the summit. We went straight across the Grand Plateau in a line for the mountain, and soon began a steady climb up a slope of firm snow. The inclination was at first moderate, but it soon became steeper, and the comfortable snow was exchanged for so hard a surface that step-cutting was necessary. Before long the slope grew steeper, the ice harder; we had to make much deeper steps for safety, and began to think of old saws about the unprofitableness of short cuts. The progress was slow, and hours were passing; still, whenever we raised our heads, there were the same vast blocks of ice about the summit of the Rochers Rouges, looking scarcely nearer or larger than when we had selected them as landmarks from the plain below. At length, however, we approached the base of an enormous buttress of ice which presented a perpendicular wall of glistening blue to the height of nearly 100 feet. We had calculated on being able to pass to the left of this splendid obstacle, and steps were accordingly cut slantingly, with great care, up the surface of a slope which we found with a good instrument to have an inclination of 60°. As the guides, however, knew no more than we did of the route we were taking, it was less surprising than disappointing to find on laboriously reaching the left corner that we were cut off from that side by inaccessible profundities of ice. Meanwhile a severe north wind had been rapidly increasing, and most of us began to feel the bitterness of severe cold in a situation where it was impossible to quicken our movements or to trust our feet out of the steps. Cachat himself seemed particularly suffering and anxious. However, as all progress was cut off on the left, we were compelled to turn to the right, and he began to make the best of the way.

The situation was peculiar, and rather calculated to try the nerves of a man who knew that he was frost-bitten and falling below the mark. He led the way, hoping to warm himself by the hard work of cutting steps horizontally along the base of the wall. We followed him cautiously, all taking the utmost care of the rope; our left shoulders touched the vertical blue ice, while, on our right down went the slope which, beginning at an angle of 60°, swept clean away to the Grand Plateau, nearly 4,000 feet beneath. Presently he turned round to me, and asked for a drop of brandy from my flask. This I gave him, and he cut a few more steps, but he then turned round again and said sorrowfully, "Je n'en peux plus."

Payot was next behind me in the line, so he went to the front; but it required all our care and steadiness to untie him from his own place and pass him forward to the front of the discomfited Cachat. Once there, he soon finished the task; we passed the obstacle safely with the aid of a few more steps; and turning its corner, soon reached a moderate slope which brought us to the Petits Mulets, a small rocky point near which our route meets the ordinary one from the Corridor. Here we halted for a while and examined the case of poor Cachat; he took off his boots and stockings and found both his feet completely frost-bitten. He said he could go no farther, but would stay behind on the sheltered side of the rock, and rub his feet with snow while we completed the ascent of the mountain.

The sky was now cloudless and our faces were fast burning with the light of a July sun upon the snow; but the cold of the furious north wind was terrific. Its penetrating power may be inferred from the fact that when I took out my thermometer at this point, it stood at 12° below freezing-point, though it was in a wash-leather case and had been all the morning in the inside breast-pocket of a strong coat buttoned close to my body. Leaving our chief in the snuggest place to be found among the rocks, we pushed upwards, with the comfortable knowledge that we had no further difficulties to contend with, if only we could keep ourselves from being blown away into space.

The upper slopes of Mont Blanc are easy enough; we had nothing to do but to go ahead independently of one another, and the wind was our only enemy. My companion had a fur cap with sides to protect his ears and tie under his chin. I tied my wideawake on my head with a handkerchief; and while one hand held the alpenstock the other was employed to keep my coat, waistcoat, and shirt from the fate of being scattered to the winds. It was useless to speak to one another; even a shout could not be heard easily amid the terrible noise of the wind, roaring over ridgy snow and driving countless pieces of detached ice over its hard and irregular surface. My feet were perfectly insensible by reason of the cold; but, as I was otherwise in such good condition as to feel no difficulty or inconvenience in the ascent, I found that I could dispense with the ordinary use of my alpenstock and turn it to considerable profit in another way. Carrying the friendly pole with the iron point uppermost, I made a vigorous thrust with the wooden end at each foot as it came in turn to the front. This is a device which I recommend with the utmost confidence to those who may find themselves in similar situations. Small changes delight those who suffer from monotony; prisoners love to watch the evolutions of a spider; and so I found a distinct interest in hammering my own feet during the least agreeable part of the expedition. There was a certain amount of sport in the uncertainty of hitting or missing, and there was much comfort when at length a slightly stinging sensation announced returning life. The only drawback was that a few days afterwards my feet appeared covered with bruises to attest the accuracy of my aim; but amongst communities who are in the habit of wearing shoes and stockings it will be admitted that such a consideration is a "trifle light as air."

In this fashion I steadily pushed up the *calotte* of the mountain till, lifting my eyes for a moment, I found that no one was in front, no one was near me. Looking back, I was horrified to see my friend some distance below, lying on his back with the guides standing over him. I ran down to him as fast as I could against the wind, and was not a little glad to find that he was only suffering from a sudden fit of that strange vertigo which is occasionally experienced at high altitudes. A few drops of brandy and a few moments' rest completely restored him to his normal strength and activity. We made a vigorous rush, and presently were brought to a standstill by finding that there was nothing more to climb. Our feet were on the summit of Mont Blanc, and our eyes ranged over the plains and mountains of North Italy. An attempt to stand in such a wind on the highest crest of snow would have involved the probability of some of the party being blown over

the precipices of the Peteret; so we crept cautiously down a few feet on the southern side, and seated ourselves comfortably on the snow. We were facing the sun, and completely sheltered from the wind. It was peace after the noise and uproar of a battle,—a battle waged against the noisiest and most turbulent of the spirits of the air.

Ah! how pleasant it was to pile arms by sticking our alpenstocks into the snow, to empty the provision-knapsacks, and to sit down upon them with our backs to the sunny side of the dazzling crest! The only casualty was poor Zacharie Cachat, whom we had been obliged to leave far below us, kicking his frozen feet against the rocks. He had started with such a complete appreciation of the fun involved in a poaching expedition, that we were very heartily sorry to miss his ruddy face when in the hour of triumph we drank the health of the guide-chief with the liveliest of ironical cheers.

We fastened the thermometer facing the sun; but though it was now ten o'clock on a cloudless July morning, the mercury did not rise above 24° Fahr. during the half-hour which we spent upon the summit of the mountain. The terrible *vent du Nord* made itself felt, even though we were sheltered from its direct violence. Only a few feet over our heads we could hear at short intervals the hissing, crackling noise caused by volumes of dry snow and loose pieces of ice being driven by the blast in those long white streamers which, seen against the dark blue sky, are described in the valley by the expression, "*Le mont Blanc fume sa pipe*." The wind seemed irritated by our having escaped from its grasp, and by the gayety and happiness which prevailed in our little party as we proceeded to smoke our pipes also on the sheltered side of the snow-roof. It began to throw out skirmishers with the object of turning our flank; and one of them, coming round the corner with a savage puff, succeeded in blowing down my alpenstock, which at once began to roll over the steep snow-slope at our feet. In an instant I jumped forward to catch it before it could make a fatal leap over the boundless precipices which form the southern side of the mountain; but one of the guides stopped me with a scream of terror, and then made it sufficiently plain that it was better for me to lose my alpenstock than to run the risk of breaking my neck in an attempt to recover it.

There seemed much reason in this line of argument; so, though I felt a little sulky at being interrupted in what I intended for a rather brilliant dash, I resigned myself to the fate of my trusty weapon in the same way as some people are said to resign themselves to the misfortunes of their animate friends. It had only a few yards to roll: then it clicked against a rocky edge, and in the next moment was out of sight, bounding from crag to crag until perhaps its iron spike acted as a skewer to one of "those few sheep" which nibble the wilderness at the base of the Peteret, many thousands of feet below.

I did not allow myself to be seriously disturbed by the prospect of descending without this customary assistant to the human legs; we were engrossed in utter enjoyment of the situation. Let us think about this matter for a while; for, depend upon it, whatever scoffers may say to the contrary, it is well worth while to spend a scrap of one's earthly life upon the summit of Mont Blanc. Those who have been there are not likely to forget the spectacle revealed to them; and to those who have not been there, or in some similar situation, it is almost un-

less to attempt description. I would rather confine myself to an analogy. Doubtless most people must at some time or other have watched one of those majestic clouds, gray below and turret-clad with white above, rising almost to a point in the clear summer sky, and wondered what would be the sensation of riding on the highest summit among the celestial blue: the top of Mont Blanc will probably explain it to them. The height is sufficient to present the eye with a panorama of about two hundred miles in every direction, so it is easy to take a map and calculate what may be seen in favorable weather, though it is impossible to describe how marvellously the various objects are transfigured by the effects of atmosphere and distance.

The principal phenomenon to be recorded on this occasion was one that I never saw before or since during a considerable experience of the High Alps. The sky was cloudless, so that we could delight ourselves with observing range after range of snowy mountains, and tracing deep valleys leading to the Italian plains; but everything in the marvellous landscape was tinged with a delicate shade of pink, as if we were looking upon a wonderful world through the medium of a rosy gauze. Others must decide if we were right, but we arrived unanimously at the conclusion that this unusual and almost mysterious appearance must be connected with the fact, that the air around us was charged with infinitely fine spiculae of powdery snow, flying wildly before the wind.

Before leaving our magnificent throne it may be worth while to examine for a moment the position of those worthy but most misguided individuals who apply the *cui bono* principle to mountains, and ask with solemn air, "Did the ascent repay you?" To ask such a question of a true mountaineer is simply to insult him, as completely as we should insult a pious man by asking him whether, after all, he really thought it worth while to go to heaven. Repay? Repay for what? We were neither sick nor sorry. We had not been fatigued or uncomfortable, and if time had permitted we should have liked to remain all day where we were, in the enjoyment of a happiness that was perfect. It must be admitted that the wind was very cold: this however was no serious inconvenience, and may be dismissed as trivial. Though the barometer stands at sixteen inches on the summit of Mont Blanc, representing an abstraction of nearly half the atmosphere, yet we were not conscious of any effect whatever from the rarefaction of the air. We had not felt any desire to halt in the upper regions of the mountain, but went steadily up; and, as I have said before, were astonished at finding ourselves so easily on the topmost ridge with nothing in Europe above us.

So at least we thought at that time. A touch of sorrow might have mixed with our satisfaction if we could then have dreamed that in these later days a generation would arise to blaspheme the supremacy of Mont Blanc in Europe, and to declare with trumpet sound that the Caucasian Kasbek and Elbruz shall reign in his stead. There was something cruel in this part of the excellent work done by our three Alpine brethren; but on the other hand it is very comforting to find that they have done something towards dispelling another delusion. In recording the fact that at a height of three thousand feet above the highest of the Alps, they found no more inconvenience from the rarefaction of the air than if they had been upon the Rigi, they tend to establish

a hope that properly trained and healthy men may some day reach far greater altitudes than have yet been touched on the Himalaya and the Andes. Even if Mount Everest and Kinchinjunga may remain invincible, surely some one will be found to complete Humboldt's work on Chimborazo, or to look down upon Bolivia from the heights of Sorata and Illimani. As the modest nature of our expedition was inconsistent with champagne, we had no opportunity of testing the statement that all the contents of the bottle would fly away in a fountain as soon as the cork was removed: and as we had no pistol with us, we were not able to prove that the noise made by firing it would be almost, if not quite, inaudible: but we satisfied ourselves that, as we could detect no change in the force of our voices, the pistol would in all probability have produced its customary sound.

And now for the descent. After nearly three quarters of an hour's enjoyment of the situation, we jumped to our feet and remounted the short snow-crest which had formed our sheltering wall. The old enemy was waiting for us; and as one by one we rose above the ridge, the savage wind swept torrents of highly dried snow and fine spikes of ice into our devoted faces. This was of no consequence however on such a summit as Mont Blanc, the *calotte* of which is entirely free from dangerous places: we had nothing to do but to shut our mouths, keep our clothes on our backs, and rush down as fast as we could to the rocks of the Petits Mulets. There we found poor Zacharie Cachat in much worse plight than we had expected, and it was probable that it would have been wiser if he had kept in motion by going on with us. All his efforts to restore circulation to his feet had failed, though he had been rubbing them with snow in the most sheltered spot that he could find, and he now looked pale, and seriously alarmed. We were of course very anxious about him; but his courage rose to the occasion, and he determined to meet a grand danger with an heroic remedy. He packed up his boots and stockings, and declared that he would go down the mountain barefoot, as the only way of saving his feet! Such a proceeding could not but remind me of the Irish reptiles disappearing before St. Patrick, when

"The snakes committed suicide,
To save themselves from slaughter."

But Zacharie was firm, and we started.

From this moment we turned away from our route in the morning; and, instead of descending by the long icy slopes which we had found so difficult in the Ancien Passage, we now made for the head of the Mur de la Côte with the object of returning by the regular route, and so completing an interesting circuit of the Rochers Rouges. The state in which we might find the surface of the famous Mur was a matter of some importance to us.

Cachat's barefooted state, and my divorce from my alpenstock, would have been awkward drawbacks if we had been obliged by hard ice to cut our steps down an incline which averages about 45°. Fortunately, this was not necessary. We found a good coating of snow half-way up to our knees; and, after a little caution in the steepest part of the slope, we finished this stage of our descent with a laughing run down into the entrance to the Corridor. We were in another climate. The white streamers of snow in the blue sky showed how the north wind was still furiously rushing and charging over the slopes where we had so lately fought and

beaten him; but now we were in perfect peace. The masses of the Monts Maudits and the Tacul barred us completely from the north and east; the sun was beaming intensely upon all the spotless white around us; the air was perfectly still, our faces began to burn, and we found ourselves transported, as it were, from the Arctic regions into the soothing temperature of a hot-house.

As we had ascended by another route, there was no track to guide us on the way down: by some mistake we got too far to the right, and found ourselves entangled among some of the most gigantic masses of ice that I have ever seen, separated by caves and crevasses of the purest blue. To have such a sight was a full reward for the annoyance of losing our way for about half an hour: presently, by dint of some gymnastic efforts, we emerged from the glacial chaos somewhere nearer to the Grands Mulets than we ought to have been, at the head of a long steep slope, leading straight down to the Grand Plateau, on the further side of which we could see with a telescope the little heap which we had made with our knapsacks in the early morning.

There was a question among the party as to whether we should at once descend the snow-slope, and take our chance of what we might find at the bottom. Cachat was naturally rather out of spirits; but Payot, after a few minutes' inspection, sat down on the edge, and lifting his feet in orthodox fashion, was seen sliding over the snow at a pace which soon landed him safely on the plateau. We could guess how far he had descended by the smallness of his apparent size at the bottom, and then we all started off joyously in the same fashion. A few moments of that sensation, which is caused by a dream of flying down a staircase of everlasting length, were sufficient to place us by his side; and a few moments later, we were all camping happily on the snow round the provisions which had been left below in the knapsacks. Then we put the rope on once more, and quickly descended over the long snow-slopes which were fast melting under the heat of a blazing, grilling sun; and the consciousness of excruciating pain conveyed to poor Cachat the happy intelligence that his feet were returning to life, though much scarified by the ice. We paid a brief visit to the hut on the Grands Mulets, packed up our snow-gaiters and remaining possessions, found the ladder by the side of the great crevasse, and safely recrossed the Glacier des Bossons. The excessive heat was melting the ice-pinnacles at a rate which made great care necessary as we picked our way among their overhanging crests, and occasionally we had to insure quickness and accuracy of foot as we passed the most threatening places; but, as usual, a reasonable amount of precaution succeeded in landing us on terra firma, where rhododendrons and gentians welcomed our return. Cachat exhibited the horny soles of his feet, scored by the ice into a state resembling that of the crackling of roast pork, and resumed his boots and stockings with a grim remark that the heroic remedy had been in some degree successful. At the first convenient spot we made a halt to take stock of the party.

My companion and myself were in perfect order, but it now appeared that Payot and Tobie Simond were partially blind, especially the former. Old Simond was the only one of the four who was in as good condition as when he started; nothing seemed to hurt his wiry frame. Some goats were browsing near us, and he at once led a party to capture some

of them; milking them upon the palm of his hand, he rubbed the milk into the eyes of his suffering companions, declaring that to be the best of all possible remedies. In spite of everything, however, we were obliged to lead Payot down for the remaining three hours which separated us from Chamouni. The unusual severity of the wind in the upper regions had greatly added to the effect of the burning glare experienced for so many hours upon the spotless snow: the two men had to spend the next day in a dark room, with no light beyond that which may have been contributed by their pipes. Cachat afterwards informed us that, still persisting in heroic remedies, he had occupied much of the same time with his feet in a pail of ice and water; in a day or two he recovered so completely that he was able to accompany us for the next six weeks in a constant round of mountain adventures, during which he seldom felt any pain in his feet, except when he was more than usually warm and snug in his bed. So there was no great harm done, and general hilarity was in the ascendant.

As we had anticipated, the telescopes of Chamouni had suddenly revealed the fact that a party of men had, in opposition to all notions of propriety, and in defiance of the puissant laws of the locality, dared to present themselves on the summit of Mont Blanc. We had left in a perfectly quiet and unobserved fashion on the previous day: the whole village turned out to look at the offenders when they appeared about seven o'clock in the evening. Groups of surly looking men, representing the inferior majority of the Chamouni trade's union, glared and growled at us as we crossed the bridge; but we soon had the satisfaction of being shaken by the hand and heartily congratulated by several of the best and most educated of the fraternity, who, as is generally the case in similar circumstances, objected to being put on a level with inferior men, and welcomed those who would do anything to emancipate them from tyranny by helping to break through the code which enforced it. The landlord and his wife, who certainly owed us no great gratitude for taking steps by which we accomplished our expedition at less than half-price with about a third of the usual provisions, showed the most generous satisfaction at our success, and supplied us and our guides with abundant libations of gratuitous champagne. That night we held high festival till a late hour, and next morning, with the small exception of badly burned faces, found ourselves all the better for Mont Blanc.

Our chief guide was punished by the guide-chef with the loss of two or three turns on the rôle; but as we employed him till near the end of the season, this infliction had no effect upon his serenity. The others were fined twenty or twenty-five francs each, which left them with quite sufficient margin to be happy.

We lodged a formal protest with the intendant at Bonneville, which, though it produced no immediate redress, must have served as one nail in the coffin of the ancien régime, which was soon after successfully attacked by the president of the Alpine Club, with the powerful aid of D'Azeglio, and mountaineers were relieved from the most oppressive and ridiculous of the Chamouni rules. The process reminds one of an African picture, in which an elephant is assaulted with spears till his body presents the appearance of a porcupine, and he yields beneath the force of constantly irritating wounds.

Only one thing remained to complete our happiness before quitting Chamouni at the end of a week or ten days, which were spent in a succession of delightful excursions upon the glaciers and general defiance of the obnoxious rules. We wished to bid a fitting adieu to our chief enemy, M. Bossoney. With this object we walked one rainy morning into the Bureau des Guides, and found him in a circle of admiring friends. His gloomy countenance looked eminently surly as we greeted him in a cheery fashion, and told him that we understood it was the custom to present a certificate to those who had made the ascent of Mont Blanc from Chamouni.

"Non, messieurs," he replied; "on ne donne pas un certificat qu'à ceux qui ont fait l'ascension selon les règles."

We declared that we had seen a copy of the certificate in question, and knew that it must be given upon requisition to those who had gone up the mountain from Chamouni, though not to those who had ascended from another quarter. He was as obstinate as a mule; but the rain poured down pitilessly, and we had plenty of time to dispute the point. We prevailed by reason of our importunity, and compelled him to give each of us a magnificent document which we shall keep to our dying day. It consists of half a sheet of large paper, crowned with a fancy picture of the top of the mountain, and a group of men in every conceivable attitude, shouting with delight. Bossoney was obliged to fix his own sign-manual to a statement that we had made the ascent, and he gave it with an air expressive of his intense desire that it might poison us. With stately mockery, we wished him the compliments of the season, and retired from his august presence.

Think not that because a mountain has been previously ascended, perhaps full many a time, it thereby loses all its charm for the next comer. The first pioneer doubtless has a particular kind of pleasure which is all his own; but let us never forget the truth that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Try your muscles and bronze your face upon the snow-fields and precipices of Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa, and as years creep on you will not repent of your exertions. Those who have been among the glories of the High Alps will carry with them a fund of sunny memories which will serve to brighten up many a dull day and cheer their hearts as they warm ancient toes over a wintry fire.

FOREIGN NOTES.

GARIBALDI will visit London during the present summer.

THERE have been thirty duels fought in Paris during the present season.

IT is said that Miss Martineau's autobiography is not to be published until after her death.

PLEASURE trains are being organized in Paris for visiting Egypt and being present at the inauguration of the Suez Canal.

THE Emperor's biennial prize of £ 800 for the best work on history has been awarded by the Institute of France to M. Henri, for his "Histoire de France."

PIUS IX. has allowed the removal from the strata of antique marbles, discovered rather more than a

year ago, in the banks of the Tiber, of as much as would be necessary for the reconstruction of the high altar of the Church of St. Jean at Lyons.

THE total amount of the subscriptions paid towards the French expedition to the North Pole has reached 264,929 fr., — the sum required was \$ 100,000.

IT is reported that Tennyson's new volume will contain one long poem, giving the book its title, and a collection of miscellaneous pieces, among which, of course, will be "Lucretius."

AN English journal states (through an unfortunate misprint) that a young lady at an amateur concert won a well-deserved encore by the exquisite taste with which she sang "An Angel's Whisker."

A NEW German Alpine Club has been organized with a view to the thorough exploration of the German Alps, and the publication of periodical works on the subject. Munich is to be the first place of meeting.

THE opening of a Prussian naval harbor in the North Sea has excited no little jealousy in Russia, and the newspapers of St. Petersburg express great alarm at the increasing power of their German neighbor.

To celebrate the accouchement of the Grand Duchess Marie Féodorovna, and the birth of the Grand Duke Alexandre Alexandrovitch, the merchants of Moscow have founded a school on a large scale for the children of the poor.

THE palace in course of construction at Ismalia for the reception of the Empress Eugénie during her stay in Egypt will be 180 feet wide and 120 deep. The estimated cost is 700,000 fr. According to the contract, it is to be finished for the 1st of October; for every day's delay the architect will be subject to a fine of 300 fr. per day, and if finished before he will receive a bonus of 300 fr. per day.

AN exhibition of postage-stamps is now being held in Paris, at the Hôtel des Monnaies. England makes the best show, as she has thirty-four colonies, each with a different design. The United States comes next, the artistic designs on her stamps having a beautiful appearance. The Turkish stamps contain the year of the flight of Mahomet, the year of the reign of the Sultan, and the value of the stamp, in Oriental characters. Finland commenced to issue stamps last year.

A CORRESPONDENT of Once a Week points out that the suggested derivation of the name of the horse-chestnut, from the figure of a horse's foot seen at the intersection of the twigs, is more ingenious than correct. The prefix *horse* in a number of compound words means simply *large* or *coarse* as horse-leech, horse-laugh, horse-fly, horse-radish, and it may in this sense be etymologically identified with *gross*. A horse-chestnut is therefore gross, large, or coarse chestnut, — the resemblance of the fruit to the sweet chestnut having doubtless suggested the name.

SOME years ago the Emperor of the French was astonished at the great space occupied by flour when packed in sacks in the usual manner, and imagined that it might be compressed into a much smaller bulk, and be thus rendered of easier transport. He at once authorized some experiments to be

made on the subject, which resulted in the flour being submitted to powerful hydraulic pressure, and served to the various regiments in tin cases, not only occupying a very small bulk, but protecting the flour from the damp of the atmosphere and so preventing it from becoming mouldy.

ALPHONSE KARR used to say that the best profession going was literature, provided a popular author carried on some other trade. French actors and actresses have accepted this dictum. Their theatrical earnings are the smallest part of the incomes of many of them. The farcical Levasseur is a bookseller; Vollet deals in ladies' under-clothing and sells cuffs and collars to Worth's customers; Lacroix is a jeweller; Coulombier is at the head of a soup kitchen; Lemaire is a dramatic publisher; Lassouche is a dealer in *bric-à-bric*; and Berthelier's stays have a higher reputation than the famous corsets of Mme. Vertu. Sarah Felix has no end of commercial irons in the fire, but her largest revenues are derived from an oyster park and some ponds where salmon are produced on the Coste principle. Carmouche speculated in a boarding-house at Pierrefonds, and the capital on which he carried on his business was furnished by his wife, Jenny Vertpré.

THE London Athenæum describes some interesting experiments with gun-cotton at the Woolwich arsenal. A palisade was built of oak timbers a foot thick, firmly fixed in the ground, and supported in the rear by strong trusses. Disks of gun-cotton were placed along the face of the palisade about a foot above the ground, and were fired by a battery in the usual way. The effect may be described as wonderful. The palisade was literally blown away amidst a deafening report, as if the massive timbers offered no more resistance on one side of the gun-cotton than the atmosphere on the other. The disks require no fixing; merely laying them on is sufficient. Solid blocks of iron and stone can be shivered into fragments by firing a disk laid on the top. In future sieges, if some desperate fellow can but get to the gate or a thin part of the walls, and hang on a few disks of gun-cotton, a breach can be made by firing with a galvanic current from a long distance. Henceforth Indian stockades and New Zealand pahs will be but vain defences; and if a hole can be blown in the side of a ship, what will be the use of building vessels of war? After all, cotton may prove to be king in the shape of gun-cotton.

THE medical galvanists and all who have any faith in the curative powers of electricity, will be glad to hear that the French Minister of Public Instruction is about to institute some curious experiments, suggested by one Dr. Poggidi, on electrification as a cure for diseases not only of the body but of the mind. According to the doctor, you have only to submit children physically and morally weak to the action of electricity from an ordinary machine to see them grow and strengthen, and acquire an aptitude for work and a facility of learning to which they were strangers before the treatment. He has tested his system in many cases of youths suffering from mental depression, nervous excitement, and the attendant corporeal evils, and, as he and his supporters say, has been successful to an astounding degree. When he first divulged his system of electrical gymnastics, and told his stories to the Paris Academy of Sciences, he was

laughed at. This was three years ago; in the interval he has seemingly gained a better hearing, and now the Lyceum of the Prince Imperial, at Vannes, is to be made a proving-house for his system.

A CORRESPONDENT writing to us from Munich, July the 5th, says: "To-day and yesterday the Peabody statue modelled by Story in Rome, was exhibited at the royal foundry in the immediate neighborhood of Munich. Great numbers of persons thronged to the building to see the features of the man whose honored name is familiar to all from one end of Europe to the other.

"The figure is seated in an arm-chair, leaning somewhat backwards in an easy and natural attitude. There is nothing studied in the figure or in the treatment of the accessories: the whole is lifelike, and brings the man himself before the spectator in the most pleasing manner. The countenance is full of vivacity, and the head being slightly raised, as though in expectancy, adds to this expression, which is spread over every feature.

"The artist has not attempted any classical pose or classical treatment of the drapery. There is no mantle with light or massy folds; the costume is the plain dress of the citizen of to-day; but it is so befitting, it suits the man so well, and the treatment of the figure brings the person so near to us, that we hardly know what change could be suggested which might be thought an improvement. To-morrow the monument will be packed up and sent to London, after which it goes to America."

"WE are very glad," says the London Spectator, speaking of Mr. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," "to see an 'author's edition' of a very old favorite. Some of our readers may, perhaps, need to be reminded that some thirty years ago Mr. Dana, then or lately a student of Harvard University, went 'before the mast,' i. e. shipped himself as a common seaman on board of a trading brig bound from New York for the west coast of America; and that, happily coming back, he wrote a description, nearly unique in its way, of life in the fore-castle. In this lies the interest, and a very great and permanent interest it is, of the book itself, but this particular edition has an interest of its own. The brig Pilgrim, which Mr. Dana joined, was engaged in the hide trade, and remained for months taking in cargo in the bay of San Francisco, then, as he says, 'a vast solitude.' Six miles from their anchorage on one side was a ruinous 'presidio,' three miles on the other an equally ruinous 'mission,' and near the landing a shanty of boards which a Yankee, in advance of his age, had set up. Other habitations there were none. Twenty-four years afterwards, in 1859, Mr. Dana visited the city of San Francisco, then numbering a hundred thousand inhabitants, the growth of less than a quarter of a century on the shores of that desolate bay. Probably there are other men alive in America who have seen transformations equally wonderful; not a few of Mr. Dana's friends and associates in early life are alive, and can boast the same experiences; but the concurrent good fortune of seeing such things and being able to describe them is very rare indeed, and deserves a special recognition. It would be impertinence to praise so well known a book as Mr. Dana's original work, but we may say that his added chapter, 'Twenty-four Years after,' is of very rare interest."

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LANDOR'S LIFE.

PREFIXED to the second volume of Mr. Forster's admirable biography of Walter Savage Landor* is an engraving from a portrait of that remarkable man, when seventy-seven years of age, by BOXALL. The writer of these lines can testify that the original picture is a singularly good likeness, the result of close and subtle observation on the part of the painter; but, for this very reason, the engraving gives a most inadequate idea of the merit of the picture and the character of the man.

From the engraving, the arms and hands are omitted. In the picture, they are, as they were in nature, indispensable to a correct reading of the vigorous face. The arms were very peculiar. They were rather short, and were curiously restrained and checked in their action at the elbows; in the action of the hands, even when separately clenched, there was the same kind of pause, and a noticeable tendency to relaxation on the part of the thumb. Let the face be never so intense or fierce, there was a commentary of gentleness in the hands, essential to be taken along with it. Like Hamlet, Landor would speak daggers but use none. In the expression of his hands, though angrily closed, there was always gentleness and tenderness; just as when they were open, and the handsome old gentleman would wave them with a little courtly flourish that sat well upon him, as he recalled some classic compliment that he had rendered to some reigning beauty, there was a chivalrous grace about them such as pervades his softer verses. This, the fictitious Mr. Boythorn (to whom we may refer without impropriety in this connection, as Mr. Forster does) declaims "with unimaginable energy" the while his bird is "perched upon his thumb," and he "softly smooths its feathers with his forefinger."

From the spirit of Mr. Forster's Biography these characteristic hands are never omitted, and hence (apart from its literary merits) its great value. As the same masterly writer's *Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith* is a generous and yet conscientious picture of a period, so this is a not less generous and yet conscientious picture of one life; of a life, with all its aspirations, achievements, and disappointments; all its capabilities, opportunities, and irretrievable mistakes. It is essentially a sad book, and herein lies proof of its truth and worth. The life of almost any man possessing great gifts would be a sad book to himself; and this book enables us not only to see its subject, but to be its subject, if we will.

Mr. Forster is of opinion that "Landor's fame very surely awaits him." This point admitted or doubted, the value of the book remains the same. It needs not to know his works (otherwise than through his biographer's exposition), it needs not to have known himself, to find a deep interest in these pages. More or less of their warning is in every conscience; and some admiration of a fine genius, and of a great, wild, generous nature, incapable of mean self-extenuation or dissimulation — if unhappily incapable of self-repression too — should be in every breast. "There may be still living many persons," Walter Landor's brother, Robert, writes to Mr. Forster of this book, "who would contradict any narrative of yours in which the best qualities were remembered, the worst forgotten." Mr. Forster's comment is: "I had not waited for this appeal to resolve, that, if this memoir were written at all, it should contain, as far as might lie within my power, a fair statement of the truth." And this eloquent passage of truth immediately follows: "Few of his infirmities are without something kindly or generous about them; and we are not long in discovering there is nothing so wildly incredible that he will not himself in perfect good faith believe. When he published his first book of poems on quitting Oxford, the profits were to be reserved for a distressed clergyman. When he published his Latin poems, the poor of Leipzig were to have the sum they realized. When his comedy was ready to be acted, a Spaniard who had sheltered him at Castro was to be made richer by it. When he competed for the prize of the Academy of Stockholm, it was to go to the poor of Sweden. If nobody got anything from any one of these enterprises, the fault at all events was not his. With his extraordinary power of, forgetting disappointments, he was prepared at each successive failure to start afresh, as if each had been a triumph. I shall have to delineate this peculiarity as strongly in the last half as in the first half of his life, and it was certainly an amiable one. He was ready at all times to set aside, out of his own possessions, something for somebody who might please him for the time; and when frailties of temper and tongue are noted, this other eccentricity should not be omitted. He desired eagerly the love as well as the good opinion of those whom for the time he esteemed, and no one was more affectionate while under such influences. It is not a small virtue to feel such genuine pleasure, as he always did in giving and receiving pleasure. His generosity, too, was bestowed chiefly on those who could make small acknowledgment in thanks and no return in kind."

*Walter Savage Landor, a Biography by John Forster.

Some of his earlier contemporaries may have thought him a vain man. Most assuredly he was not in the common acceptance of the term. A vain man has little or no admiration to bestow upon competitors. Landor had an inexhaustible fund. He thought well of his writings, or he would not have preserved them. He said and wrote that he thought well of them, because that was his mind about them, and he said and wrote his mind. He was one of the few men of whom you might always know the whole: of whom you might always know the worst, as well as the best. He had no reservations or duplicities. "No, by Heaven!" he would say ("with unimaginable energy"), if any good adjective were coupled with him which he did not deserve: "I am nothing of the kind. I wish I were; but I don't deserve the attribute, and I never did, and I never shall!"

His intense consciousness of himself never led to his poorly excusing himself, and seldom to his violently asserting himself. When he told some little story of his bygone social experiences, in Florence or where not, as he was fond of doing, it took the innocent form of making all the interlocutors Landors. It was observable, too, that they always called him "Mr. Landor,"—rather ceremoniously and submissively. There was a certain "Caro Padre Abate Marina,"—invariably so addressed in these anecdotes,—who figured through a great many of them, and who always expressed himself in this deferential tone.

Mr. Forster writes of Landor's character thus:—

"A man must be judged, at first, by what he says and does. But with him such extravagance as I have referred to was little more than the habitual indulgence (on such themes) of passionate feelings and language, indecent indeed, but utterly purposeless; the mere explosion of wrath provoked by tyranny or cruelty; the irregularities of an overheated steam-engine too weak for its own vapor. It is very certain that no one could detest oppression more truly than Landor did in all seasons and times; and if no one expressed that scorn, that abhorrence of tyranny and fraud, more hastily or more intemperately, all his fire and fury signified really little else than ill-temper too easily provoked. Not to justify or excuse such language, but to explain it, this consideration is urged. If not uniformly placable, Landor was always compassionate. He was tender-hearted rather than bloody-minded at all times, and upon only the most partial acquaintance with his writings could other opinion be formed. A completer knowledge of them would satisfy any one that he had as little real disposition to kill a king as to kill a mouse. In fact, there is not a more marked peculiarity in his genius than the union with its strength of a most uncommon gentleness, and in the personal ways of the man this was equally manifest."—*Vol. I. p. 496.*

Of his works, thus:—

"Though his mind was cast in the antique mould, it had opened itself to every kind of impression through a long and varied life; he has written with equal excellence in both poetry and prose, which can hardly be said of any of his contemporaries; and perhaps the single epithet by which his books would be best described is that reserved exclusively for books not characterized only by genius, but also by special individuality. They are unique. Having possessed them, we should miss them. Their place would be supplied by no others. They have that about them, moreover, which renders it almost cer-

tain that they will frequently be resorted to in future time. There are none in the language more quotable. Even where impulsiveness and want of patience have left them most fragmentary, this rich compensation is offered to the reader. There is hardly a conceivable subject, in life or literature, which they do not illustrate by striking aphorisms, by concise and profound observations, by wisdom ever applicable to the needs of men, and by wit as available for their enjoyment. Nor, above all, will there anywhere be found a more pervading passion for liberty, a fiercer hatred of the base, a wider sympathy with the wronged and the oppressed, or help more ready at all times for those who fight at odds and disadvantage against the powerful and the fortunate, than in the writings of Walter Savage Landor."—*Last page of second volume.*

The impression was strong upon the present writer's mind, as on Mr. Forster's, during years of close friendship with the subject of this biography, that his animosities were chiefly referable to the singular inability in him to disassociate other people's ways of thinking from his own. He had, to the last, a ludicrous grievance (both Mr. Forster and the writer have often amused themselves with it) against a good-natured nobleman, doubtless perfectly unconscious of having ever given him offence. The offence was, that on the occasion of some dinner-party in another nobleman's house, many years before, this innocent lord (then a commoner) had passed in to dinner, through some door, before him, as he himself was about to pass in through that same door with a lady on his arm. Now, Landor was a gentleman of most scrupulous politeness, and in his carriage of himself towards ladies there was a certain mixture of stateliness and deference belonging to quite another time, and, as Mr. Pepys would observe, "mighty pretty to see." If he could by any effort imagine himself committing such a high crime and misdemeanor as that in question, he could only imagine himself as doing it of a set purpose, under the sting of some vast injury, to inflict a great affront. A deliberately designed affront on the part of another man, it therefore remained to the end of his days. The manner in which, as time went on, he permeated the unfortunate lord's ancestry with this offence, was whimsically characteristic of Landor. The writer remembers very well, when only the individual himself was held responsible in the story for the breach of good breeding; but, in another ten years or so, it began to appear that his father had always been remarkable for ill-manners; and in yet another ten years or so, his grandfather developed into quite a prodigy of coarse behavior.

Mr. Boythorn—if he may again be quoted—said of his adversary, Sir Leicester Dedlock, "That fellow is, and his father was and his grandfather was, the most stiff-necked, arrogant, imbecile, pig-headed numskull, ever, by some inexplicable mistake of Nature, born in any station of life but a walking-stick's!"

The strength of some of Mr. Landor's most captivating kind qualities was traceable to the same source. Knowing how keenly he himself would feel the being at any small social disadvantage, or the being unconsciously placed in any ridiculous light, he was wonderfully considerate of shy people, or of such as might be below the level of his usual conversation, or otherwise out of their element. The writer once observed him in the keenest distress of mind in behalf of a modest young stranger who came into a drawing-room with a glove on his head.

An expressive commentary on this sympathetic condition, and on the delicacy with which he advanced to the young stranger's rescue, was afterwards furnished by himself at a friendly dinner at Gore House, when it was the most delightful of houses. His dress — say, his cravat or shirt-collar — had become slightly disarranged on a hot evening, and Count D'Orsay laughingly called his attention to the circumstance as we rose from table. Landor became flushed, and greatly agitated: "My dear Count D'Orsay, I thank you! My dear Count D'Orsay, I thank you from my soul for pointing out to me the abominable condition to which I am reduced! If I had entered the drawing-room, and presented myself before Lady Blessington in so absurd a light, I would have instantly gone home, put a pistol to my head, and blown my brains out!"

Mr. Forster tells a similar story of his keeping a company waiting dinner, through losing his way, and of his seeing no remedy for that breach of politeness but cutting his throat, or drowning himself, unless a countryman whom he met could direct him by a short road to the house where the party were assembled. Surely, these are expressive notes on the gravity and reality of his explosive inclinations to kill kings!

His manner towards boys was charming, and the earnestness of his wish to be on equal terms with them and to win their confidence was quite touching. Few, reading Mr. Forster's book, can fail to see in this, his pensive remembrance of that "studious wilful boy, at once shy and impetuous," who had not many intimacies at Rugby, but who was "generally popular and respected, and used his influence often to save the younger boys from undue harshness or violence." The impulsive yearnings of his passionate heart towards his own boy, on their meeting at Bath, after years of separation, likewise burn through this phase of his character.

But a more spiritual, softened, and unselfish aspect of it, was to be derived from his respectful belief in happiness which he himself had misused. His marriage had not been a felicitous one, — it may be fairly assumed for either side, — but no trace of bitterness or distrust concerning other marriages was in his mind. He was never more serene than in the midst of a domestic circle, and was invariably remarkable for a perfectly benignant interest in young couples and young lovers. That, in his ever fresh fancy, he conceived in this association innumerable histories of himself involving far more unlikely events that never happened than Isaac D'Israeli ever imagined, is hardly to be doubted; but as to this part of his real history he was mute, or revealed his nobleness in an impulse to be generously just. We verge on delicate ground, but a slight remembrance rises in the writer which can grate nowhere. Mr. Forster relates how a certain friend, being in Florence, sent him home a leaf from the garden of his old house at Fiesole.

That friend had first asked him what he should send him home, and he had stipulated for this gift, — found by Mr. Forster among his papers after his death. The friend, on coming back to England, related to Landor that he had been much embarrassed, on going in search of the leaf, by his driver's suddenly stopping his horses in a narrow lane, and presenting him (the friend) to "La Signora Landora." The lady was walking alone on a bright Italian-winter-day; and the man, hav-

ing been told to drive to the Villa Landora, inferred that he must be conveying a guest or visitor. "I pulled off my hat," said the friend, "apologized for the coachman's mistake, and drove on. The lady was walking with a rapid and firm step, had bright eyes, a fine fresh color, and looked animated and agreeable." Landor checked off each clause of the description, with a stately nod of more than ready assent, and replied, with all his tremendous energy concentrated into the sentence: "And the Lord forbid that I should do otherwise than declare that she always WAS agreeable, — to every one but me!"

Mr. Forster step by step builds up the evidence on which he writes this life and states this character. In like manner, he gives the evidence for his high estimation of Landor's works, and — it may be added — for their recompense against some neglect, in finding so sympathetic, acute, and devoted a champion. Nothing in the book is more remarkable than his examination of each of Landor's successive pieces of writing, his delicate discernment of their beauties, and his strong desire to impart his own perceptions in this wise to the great audience that is yet to come. It rarely befalls an author to have such a commentator: to become the subject of so much artistic skill and knowledge, combined with such infinite and loving pains. Alike as a piece of biography, and as a commentary upon the beauties of a great writer, the book is a massive book; as the man and the writer were massive too. Sometimes, when the balance held by Mr. Forster has seemed for a moment to turn a little heavily against the infirmities of temperament of a grand old friend, we have felt something of a shock; but we have not been once able to gainsay the justice of the scales. This feeling, too, has only fluttered out of the detail, here or there, and has vanished before the whole. We fully agree with Mr. Forster that "Judgment has been passed" — as it should be — "with an equal desire to be only just on all the qualities of his temperament which affected necessarily not his own life only. But, now that the story is told, no one will have difficulty in striking the balance between its good and ill; and what was really imperishable in Landor's genius will not be treasured less, or less understood, for the more perfect knowledge of his character."

Mr. Forster's second volume gives a fac-simile of Landor's writing at seventy-five. It may be interesting to those who are curious in caligraphy, to know that its resemblance to the recent handwriting of that great genius, M. VICTOR HUGO, is singularly strong.

In a military burial-ground in India, the name of WALTER LANDOR is associated with the present writer's, over the grave of a young officer. No name could stand there, more inseparably associated in the writer's mind with the dignity of generosity: with a noble scorn of all littleness, all cruelty, oppression, fraud, and false pretence.

A GREAT JEWEL ROBBERY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. — II.

A MONTH passed when one cold January day I was in the show-room, and the same lady made her appearance alone. She still wore her respirator, but looked very pale, haggard, and troubled. The bold look seemed to have gone from her eyes; and as I recalled my thoughts, I felt that I had misjudged

her, for she began to speak tenderly of her husband, Mr. Ross, who was lying very ill at the hotel.

"I have brought back the cross to be repaired," she said, drawing the little morocco case from her rich sable muff. "The ring was too slight, and it broke from my necklet the second time it was worn. I had a narrow escape of losing it; but Mr. Ross found, it himself upon the lawn, trodden into the grass. I thought I would leave it until we came up again. Of course, you can repair it?"

I expressed my sorrow, and promised to have it seen to at once.

"You need not hurry for a few days. Mr. Ross is in town to consult Sir Ealing Dean, and I fear he will send us to Madeira. This climate is killing my poor husband."

The distant hauteur was all gone; and in a lady-like, courteous manner, our customer bowed to my few sympathetic remarks, and hints of its being an unusually trying season, &c.

"Our friend was delighted with the little bracelet, a gift which Mr. Ross wishes to supplement with something a little more valuable. Perhaps I could be allowed to select a few things for you to submit to his choice at the hotel? I know his taste now pretty well, and it will save trouble."

"Anything you like to select shall be sent, ma'am," I said; and I then proceeded to open and display to their best advantage some very valuable bracelets, which were one and all rejected.

"Yes," she said sadly, "they are very handsome; but Mr. Ross would not like them, I am sure, and it is useless to take things on that he would not approve. His taste was always good; and as his health fails, it seems to have acquired an indescribable tone that I cannot explain, except that it is artistic and dreamy."

I brought out some plain but good pearl and diamond ornaments in suites, one suite in particular taking her attention.

"Yes; I like that. You might send that."

"It is a suite made to order; but it could be made again in a very short time," I said.

"That would not do," she said, "unless it could be supplied in a fortnight."

"I think we could get over that difficulty," I said with a smile; and then bracelets, rings, chains, and watches — certainly the most chaste and elegant we had — were selected and put aside.

"It is only fair to say," said the lady, smiling — at least, I could see that she was smiling, in spite of her respirator, — "that Mr. Ross will not purchase many of these elegant ornaments. I know he would like a watch and chain, and a ring. Perhaps, too, if he admired them, one of those pearl suites; but I thought it better to speak, as since his illness he has become, not, irritable but — but — perhaps a little hard to please, and I should be sorry if he rejected everything you brought."

So much delicacy was displayed in these remarks, that I could only courteously assure her that we should only be too happy to attend again and again upon Mr. Ross, till we had hit upon something he admired; and upon promising to send the selected goods on the next morning at eleven, our visitor rose to go.

"I would ask you to send this afternoon," said the lady on rising, "but I don't think Mr. Ross quite well enough. He saw our physician this morning, and the interviews are always very trying to his nerves."

I placed the little cross in the workmen's hands

for repair; and the next morning, punctually at eleven, I was at Moore's Hotel, accompanied by a porter with a goodly assortment of jewelry.

A few words with the manager set me quite at ease, though my inquiries were a mere matter of form. Mr. Elliston Ross lived in Yorkshire, owned coal mines, and was in town to visit the court physician, Sir Ealing Dean; had been there once before for the same reason; perfect gentleman; his lady quite an angel, — waited on him night and day.

I was shown into the room where Mrs. Ross was seated, — this time without her respirator. She rose with a sad smile, and motioned me to a seat; while putting on her respirator, she went into the next room, remaining absent a few minutes, and then returning, requested me to bring in my cases for Mr. Ross to see.

I had left the porter down-stairs; so, taking up the two small leathern boxes, I followed Mrs. Ross into a slightly shaded room, where, looking deathly pale, the gentleman who had visited our place of business lay upon a couch reading the Times. He was attired in a blue cloth dressing-gown, and had a small table drawn up to his side, on which were a bottle, glass, and a carafe which seemed to contain barley-water. He, too, wore a respirator; but he removed it for a few moments to take a little of the barley-water, and then carefully replaced it, coughing hollowly the while.

"Sorry to bring you into a sick-room," he said, courteously. "Sorry, in fact, to bring you here at all, for I would much rather have chosen the trifle or two I wanted at your shop. I trust you have not brought many things, though?"

"Only a few that Mrs. Ross thought you — that your lady chose, sir," I said.

He nodded, and then listlessly examined first one and then another ornament, as I opened them out, but always with a dissatisfied air.

"Don't you like those, dear?" said Mrs. Ross, in rather disappointed tones, as I displayed in the best lights the pearl suite.

"No; not at all," said the invalid. "Too plain; almost vulgar."

"Might I be allowed to suggest," I said, earnestly, "that to see pearls to advantage, they must be worn. It is a well-known fact that pearls are gems which show to as great advantage upon a dark as upon a fair complexion; and if your lady —"

I paused here, and glanced towards Mrs. Ross, who smiled graciously, and then clasped the bracelets round her shapely wrist, the necklace over her fine throat, and placed the tiara in her hair, — looking almost regal as she stood before us.

"You see the difference," I said, drawing back.

"Yes, yes," said the invalid, impatiently; "they look well enough on her; but they are for quite a girl. — Take them off, Lilla."

Mrs. Ross obeyed, and the ornaments were replaced in the case; when I proceeded to display the other jewels, but apparently to find no favor.

"Here, Lilla, give me a glass of sherry. — Confound this thing, it almost chokes me." He tore off the respirator, and hurled it to the other end of the room.

"For my sake, dear," I heard her whisper to him, as, stepping lightly across the room, she picked up the respirator, and brought it back.

"Well, there; get out the sherry, then," he said, pettishly, as he took back the instrument.

"No, no, dear; Sir Ealing said —"

"Confound Sir Ealing! If I am to die, let me

die comfortably, and not to be tortured to death. Get out the sherry, I say, — the port too."

I saw a tear trickle down Mrs. Ross's cheek as she fetched a couple of decanters from a sideboard where they stood with glasses.

"Haven't you some cake, or did you send it down?" he said, impatiently.

"I have it here, dear," said Mrs. Ross softly; and she placed a portion of a small pound-cake upon the table.

"Give me a glass of sherry," he said, impatiently. — "No, not that glass — the other — Mr. — I don't know your name — try that sherry." He sipped a little. "You'll find it very good."

"I thank you," I said quietly; "but I never take wine in business hours."

"Won't you try the port, then?" he said.

"I would much rather not," I replied.

"A little cake?" suggested the lady. "We are simple country people, and not much acquainted with London etiquette. Pray, excuse us if we trespass."

I bowed, and declined, when Mrs. Ross readjusted her husband's respirator, leaning over him the while.

"Now let me see that bracelet," said Mr. Ross, pointing to one upon the table. "But are these all you have brought?"

"Yes, sir," I said; "but I can easily bring a fresh selection," — though I had brought over two thousand pounds' worth.

"Hem, yes," he said; "of course! — Do you like that bracelet, Lilla?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Ross; "I picked it out particularly yesterday. That emerald is so beautiful."

"Put it on," he said, curly; and she clasped it upon her arm.

"How much?" he said, shortly.

"Thirty-five guineas," I replied.

"Dear," he said, — "very dear. The bracelet we bought at the shop was far more handsome at the same money."

"No, love; it was sixty guineas," said Mrs. Ross.

"Ah! was it? I forgot," he said, carelessly. "Well, lay that aside: I don't want you to come for nothing."

I hastened to assure him that it was the wish of the firm to satisfy their patrons, as well as to sell their jewelry, and that we should only be too happy to bring or send on a fresh selection for his choice.

He assented almost rudely, and turned over the various rings, asking the prices of nearly every article I had brought, when, suddenly throwing himself impatiently back, he exclaimed, "Good heavens Lilla, this room is insufferable; throw some of that vinegar about."

Mrs. Ross smiled faintly; and taking a flexible tube from the mantelpiece, she pressed it, so that in a fine shower a finely scented aromatic vinegar diffused a refreshing perfume through the room.

"That's better," he exclaimed. — "Now show me those pearls again. How much did you say they were?"

"Four hundred guineas the suite," I said, hastening to lay them before him.

"There, take them away!" he exclaimed. "I can't afford four hundred guineas: four hundred shillings more likely. That confounded doctor is ruining me. Let me look at the watches; or, stay, let me look at the pearls again. — No; never mind,

I won't have them unless you will take half the money."

I smiled and shook my head. "We are not dealers of that sort, sir," I ventured to say.

"I don't know — I don't know. I believe you jewellers get most terrible profits. Show me the watches."

I was hastening to place the half-dozen I had with me in his hands, when he exclaimed again: "Insufferable! Have you any more of that vinegar, Lilla?"

Mrs. Ross nodded; and taking a cut-glass bottle from her pocket, she placed it with a handkerchief by his side.

"No, no," he said, giving me back the watches. Sprinkle the room with another of those tubes, — Now you! I'll have that little plain watch. I'm getting tired of this. Let me have a chain to match — a fine one, mind — the thinnest you have — and that will do for to-day."

As I selected four or five chains, after putting the watch aside, Mrs. Ross took up another tube, unscrewed it, and then appeared to be taking especial notice of the chains which I bore across to the invalid.

"Those are sweetly pretty," she exclaimed. "I don't remember noticing them so much yesterday."

As she spoke, she stood close to my side, when, the invalid exclaimed impatiently: "There, pray, be quick, dear"; and at one and the same moment, he poured out the contents of his bottle upon his handkerchief and I felt a fine spray of a peculiar odor playing right in my nostrils.

I started back, gasping and astounded, when, leaping from the couch, the invalid exclaimed: "Good heavens, sir, you are unwell!" and he covered my face and nose with the wet handkerchief, forcing me backwards into a chair.

I believe that I struggled, but only feebly; for a strange, delicious, enervating languor was stealing over me; I saw things mistily but still with an understanding mind, seeing, though unable to move hand or foot, that the invalid was bending over me, while Mrs. Ross was hastily placing the various articles of jewelry in her pocket.

I saw all that, but in a dreamy, untroubled way, for it seemed then to be not of the slightest consequence, — not to concern me. Then I have some recollection of an intensely cold sensation as of water being poured upon my face, while my next impression is of hearing a closing door and the click of a lock.

How long I remained in that condition, I never knew; but by degrees I woke to a feeling of deadly nausea: my head swam, my temples throbbed, and everything I gazed upon was seen through a mist of dancing motes. But by degrees thoughts of the present began to take the place of the dreamy imaginings of the past. I started up and looked around, to find that I was still in the inner room; but the jewels — the cases — where was the invalid — where Mrs. Ross? Was it true, or was it some strange vision? It was impossible that I could have been duped like that.

I ran to the door, — fastened. The other door, — locked on the outside. I darted across to the bell, but in doing so, caught my foot in the long table-cover, tripped and fell, dragging the cloth on to the carpet, and revealing the whole of the jewel-cases beneath the table, just as they had been hastily flung.

I could not help it then, for my brain was confused, and, stooping down, I took the cases one by one, and opened them, in the fond hope that I had been deceived, and that I should find the jewels safe; but, save one ring, which had escaped their notice, everything had been taken.

I sat on the carpet for a few minutes holding my throbbing head, and trying to recall the scene, but almost in vain, for it seemed as if a portion of my existence had been wiped completely away. I was showing jewelry at one moment, the next it seemed that I was seated by the empty cases. I tried to clear my faculties, but in vain; and I should think quite half an hour had elapsed before, thoroughly awakened to the fact that I had been robbed, I rang the bell.

I had nearly arrived at the extent of my loss two or three times, but only to have, as it were, a veil drawn over my senses, just as if a relapse were coming on; and then mentally blind, I could do nothing but rock myself to and fro, trying to get rid of the remains of the strange stupor in which I had been plunged.

Before the waiter could ascend, I rang again.

"Where are Mr. and Mrs. Ross?" I inquired.

"Went out in a brougham some time ago, sir; and your lunch is ready."

"My lunch?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir; the lunch they ordered for you."

"O, thank you!" I said quietly; "I'll ring again. Send my porter up in five minutes' time."

The waiter did not seem surprised that the door was fastened on the outside, — it had not struck him then; but as soon as he had gone, I hastily repacked the empty morocco cases, and as soon as possible made my way back into Bond Street, and met the principal.

"We were just getting uneasy, Mr. Willis, and going to send after you. What have they taken?"

"Everything, sir," I said, almost fiercely.

"What!" he exclaimed.

I told all I knew, while he listened with blank amazement.

Then followed a visit to Great Scotland Yard, and to Moore's, to find that Mr. and Mrs. Ross had not returned; while so impressed was the manager with his visitors' respectability, that he laughed at the idea of there having been any swindling transaction. They were most respectable people, he said; paid their bill last time without a murmur: their portmanteaus and boxes up stairs were all in their rooms; and it was all a mistake, — "or something worse," he added, with a dark look at me.

That it was "something worse" was very soon evident from the tubes and bottles, and a wine-glass containing a few drops of a limpid fluid, found to corroborate my story. But though the instruments of the deception, even to a couple of respirators, lined with wet sponge, were found, the depredators had made their escape, and were never found; though I verily believe that if I had watched the lady-swindlers in the various police courts, sooner or later I should have encountered the interesting Mrs. Ross.

I need hardly add, that after so heavy a loss, the firm never seemed to take thoroughly to heart the idea of a junior partnership with respect to myself; while as to my brother assistants, they laughed in their sleeves at my downfall; though, after all, I cannot see that I was much to blame, this not being by any means the first Great Jewel-robbery.

ELEPHANT SHOOTING.

A GREAT number of even thoroughly practical people hold that "coming events cast their shadows before," and that good and bad fortunes alike can be felt as it were — or, at any rate, that their approach is known — before they actually appear. Now, my experience of life is quite otherwise. I allow that pleasures and troubles generally run in herds, and that one misfortune, or one piece of good luck, is pretty certain to be followed by more of the same kind. But I hold — or rather, my experience teaches me — that great events in life generally happen when they are least expected, and that it is just when you are thinking least about it, that what you have wished for, or what you have feared, comes to pass.

It was so, at any rate, with the only day of Elephant Shooting I ever had. Like every lad who has longed to visit the East for the sake of sport, my day-dreams had dwelt much upon elephant shooting. But where was I to get it? In the Upper Provinces of India there are certainly elephants to be found, but, as a general rule, only in remote jungles, to reach which the leave of absence and the purse I could command, were both too short. Ceylon — which is to elephant shooting what Leicestershire is to fox hunting — I was not likely to see; and the Cape of Good Hope I had, at the time I write of, very little chance of visiting. The same might be said of the great Walliar jungle, at the foot of the Neilgherry Hills. Elephants are to be met with there; and every year perhaps some five or six fall to the rifles of English sportsmen. But to go from Meerut to Madras, and enjoy a couple of months' shooting there, would require at least six months' leave and two or three thousand rupees (£200 or £300) in hard cash, and I was as likely to get one as the other, — which means that both were out of the question, and that there was no use hoping for either.

But a day's elephant shooting I did get, and that when I least expected it. A young civil servant named Bland, Neld, of the 3d Dagoons, and myself, happened to be on leave together at Mussoorie, one of the Sanatoriums on the Himalaya Hills. We all knew each other, having been for nearly a year at the same station, — Meerut; and, as we lodged at the Mussoorie club, and sat next each other every day at the *table d'hôte* breakfast, tiffin, and dinner, we got more intimate than before, whilst killing time in that most agreeable climate. Bland and myself, were both up on sick-leave, Neld on private affairs; so that, although the latter was perfectly justified in going where he liked, it was against the rules of both services that officers sent up to a station some 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, in order that they might profit by a cool climate, should, of their own free will, go down into the hot plains. I mention this in explanation why Bland and myself were obliged to keep silence respecting our sporting adventures; for if they had been publicly talked about, we should have been obliged to leave the Hills and return to our duty, — I to my regiment at Meerut, and Bland to his cutcherry (magistrate's office) at the same station. But Neld was under no such obligation. He, the happy fellow, could come or go where he liked. He had six months' leave on private affairs, and was under no obligation to remain on the Hills unless it suited him to do so; not that he was a very ardent sportsman, perhaps the least so

of the three. Still, he liked the life in the jungle and preferred infinitely the freedom of living in tents to the routine of billiards, whist, flirtations, private theatricals, and balls, for which Anglo-Indians, when at Mussoorie or Simla, go in with such vigor and energy.

In order, therefore, not to get ourselves into trouble, and still to enjoy what sport we could before the rains came on, Bland and myself made our friend Neld always take with him to the plains our two tents, with such accommodation in the way of furniture as we required when under canvas. We always made our companion precede us by a day or two, and then, giving out that we were going into the neighboring hills to shoot a few jungle fowl, or look for some mountain pheasants, we followed Neld to his encampment, in the Valley of Dhera Dhon, or often lower, to the plains beyond Dhera pass. On the occasion of which I am going to give an account, Neld had preceded us by twenty-four hours, and we intended to join him at a village some eight hours' ride from Mussoorie, on the edge of the Terai jungle. I make special mention of this in order to show what hot-headed young fools we were. Bland had been specially ordered by a board of medical officers to sojourn for six months on the Himalayas. He had had a very bad attack of jungle fever the year before, and the climate of the Hills was considered the only cure that could be relied upon for his complaint.

Yet here he was, not only leaving the bracing, fever-dispelling air of the mountains, but actually going for his own pleasure to about the most unhealthy climate in all the Northwest Provinces, — to a district in which the very worst fevers abound, and in which — although not at the season when we visited the place — no European can, for eight months of the year, sleep a single night without risk of catching the most deadly of the various malarias engendered by malaria. A regular jungle fever, caught in the Terai, between the commencement of the rainy season in October, and before the following month of March, seldom fails to send an Englishman to his grave.

Nor was I an iota less foolish. The complaint for which I had been sent to the Hills was rheumatism, and the heat and exposure of shooting in the plains, together with the damp and dews of the night, was pretty certain to bring on an attack and do away with all the good I had received from a residence in a good climate. But when men have a mania for shooting, it is impossible to reason with them, and so, although at the risk of our lives, and with a certainty that, if found out, we should both be greatly censured, and remanded to our respective duties, we persisted in our intentions.

The Terai jungle is a belt of forest, more or less dense, which stretches away at the foot of the Himalayas, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, as far as the confines of the Nepaul frontier. This belt is more or less broad, but at the parts which are nearest to the Northwest Provinces the jungle must be about thirty miles wide. It was on the verge of this vast forest that Neld had pitched tents for himself and for us, and by the time we joined him there he had already enjoyed a couple of days' sport. We reached the village after a very long and hot day's ride, the heat being all the more felt as we came from a climate where the thermometer was never higher in the shade, even at mid-day, than 63° or 64°, to where it stood at 96° an hour before sunset. But what will men, who are really

fond of field-sports, not go through in order to enjoy their favorite amusement, particularly when they are on the sunny side of twenty-five! And had we been ten times as tired as we were, the sight of what Neld had already shot, and his description of what he hoped we should yet do in the neighborhood, would have revived us. There was no need to ask many questions of our companion respecting the sport he had enjoyed, for in and around his tent were trophies that spoke for themselves. One of his classees, or tent-pitchers, was busy when we arrived pegging down the hide of a very large sambar deer, whose head, ornamented with immense antlers, lay a few yards off; and as we entered the mess-tent, we found Neld busy measuring and noting down the length of a skin which had just been taken off the body of a panther that had fallen to his rifle that afternoon; and four coolies, or porters had just arrived with a dead boar, which our friend had speared on the plains during the morning. "A panther, a sambar, two black buck, three spotted deer, and a boar, all in two days' sport, and I single-handed, is not so bad," said Neld, as we entered. And, indeed, the difficulty appeared to be what kind of game to select from, for both the plains and the forest, which was about a mile off, seemed to abound with every living creature that is not subject to the rule of man.

Our next day's work was, however, cut out for us. Neld's shikarie, a very trustworthy fellow, had brought in news that a large-sized tiger had been destroying the cattle of the villagers in the neighborhood, and the poor people had begged us to shoot the beast. This tiger had lately been in the habit of leaving the jungle in the night, killing a bullock, a calf, a sheep, or a goat, as the case might be, and returning to his lair shortly before, or sometimes shortly after, daybreak.

Neld had with him a couple of sporting elephants, which had been sent up from Meerut for his use. Upon these it was proposed we should start about three hours before dawn next day, and take up a position at some place which would intercept the tiger's retreat towards the jungle. All arrangements had been made; the villagers had tied a bullock to a tree not far from where he had killed one a night or two before, and, as we thought, nothing would be easier than to "pad" the brute before we returned to camp for breakfast.

At three A. M. we had mounted our elephants. One of these was a very stanch old animal, a thorough shikarie elephant, which could be trusted for steadiness under almost any circumstances. The other was also a good sporting elephant, but given at times to the worst fault an animal of the kind can have, I mean that of charging the tiger which his rider is pursuing. All that the sportsman wants a sporting elephant to do is to remain perfectly quiet when a tiger is found, and not to flinch if the brute tries to charge. As there was this inequality between the two elephants, Neld proposed that we should draw lots, and it fell to me to have the less steady of the two animals.

A tiger will never face the open flat country if he can possibly avoid doing so. In the present instance a ravine led from the outskirts of the forest to the village where the brute had been so often seen. At the bottom of the ravine, the banks of which were in no part more than twenty feet high, there ran, in the rainy months, a small current, and, even now, patches of damp sand here and there, seemed placed on purpose to receive marks of the tiger's "pug."

These had been carefully examined a short time before we reached the place, and the shukarie had given it as his decided opinion that the tiger had passed over the place, going *away from the jungle*, since nightfall.

It wanted now an hour of dawn, and we took the stations assigned to us. Bland and Neld, being on the best elephant, were placed near where a branch of the ravine diverged off, and where, unless the tiger (which was very unlikely) took to the open country, he would be sure to pass. My station was about a mile nearer the jungle. It was, so far, a better place than the other, that, hidden by a small clump of trees, I was pretty certain to get a clear shot at the tiger if my companions had spared him. Moreover, there was an old broken tank of clear water within fifty yards of where I stood, at which the brute would be safe to stop and drink, whether wounded or not, before he entered the jungle. Another advantage I had over my companions was that, as in the East, when the day has broken the broad light bursts forth almost immediately, it was pretty certain that by the time the tiger reached me, there would be daylight enough for me to take a steady shot at him.

Waiting in the dark, with nobody but two sleepy natives to talk to, and not able to smoke in case the smell might turn back the game, is not a cheerful way of passing the time. I knew that I should have to wait at least an hour, and it might be an hour and a half or two. I felt sleepy, and the atmosphere was very damp indeed. With me was the mahout who guided the elephant, and a syce, or horse-keeper, whom I had taken with me to look after my guns and ammunition.

This man, to whom, as will be seen presently, I owed my life that day, was not an Hindoostanee by race, although born in India. His own account of himself (and I believe it was perfectly true) and his parentage was as follows: His father was a pure born Seedee, or African, from the coast opposite Aden, who had by some means or other come to Bombay, and thence worked his way up to Gwalior, where he had taken service as horse-keeper with the Rajah of that place. Like the rest of his race he was a strict Mahometan, and on one occasion had left his master for a few months in order to perform the Hadze, or pilgrimage to Mecca. On his return thence he had visited his own country, and from thence brought with him to Upper India a bride of his own race. The eldest offspring of this union was my syce, Abdallah, who although speaking Hindoostanee exactly like a native of the country, had the curly hair, the snub nose, the thick lips, and all the other peculiarities of a decided African. A more faithful, or a braver fellow never lived. He had come into my service, as is the custom very often in India, with an Arab horse that I had bought from George Brown, the celebrated sportsman who was so long Judge at Mozuffernugur. Brown offered to keep Abdallah when he sold me "Gas-lights," and of course could afford to pay the man higher wages than he was ever likely to receive from the subaltern of a line regiment. Besides, in India, the position of the master is in a great measure reflected on his servants, and the syce of a Judge Sahib Bahadoor, to whom even the greatest of natives pay the most unbounded respect, is in a very different position—in the "society" he frequents—from the same servant on the establishment of an infantry sub. But Abdallah would not leave his horse. Where that animal

went he would go, and although he had no fault whatever to find with his old master, he preferred to follow the fortunes of "Gas-lights," and at the time I write of he had been in my service about two years. Of course, after the custom of the East, he did nothing for me except look after his horse, except upon occasions like the present, when there might be danger to be met with. Moreover, Abdallah was a sportsman at heart. He was never so happy as when out intent on a shooting expedition, and could not only handle a smooth-bore well, but was no mean shot with a rifle.

I had been about an hour at my station, and, notwithstanding the strict injunctions given me by Neld when we parted, I had managed to smoke a couple of Manilla cheroots, when Abdallah, who was sitting behind me on the howdah, touched my arm and pointed to the east. There was just visible in that direction a faint glimmer of light, which, however, began to get wider and redder every moment. Just then I experienced the cold shiver which seems always to run through one's blood at dawn in India, and asking my henchman for the brandy-flask, was on the point of taking a pull at it, when, bang! bang! I could hear the report of a double shot, which sounded as loud as a small piece of cannon in the dead stillness of the morning. I knew as well as if I had fired them myself that it was Neld's two-ounce rifle that had spoken, and somehow I felt that he had done what he very seldom did,—had fired in vain. The shots—and it turned out that my reasoning was correct—had followed so quick upon each other that it was very evident the first had not taken effect; and had the second done so, I felt sure that there would have been a third. However, there was nothing to do but to wait, and, sure enough, in about five minutes I saw the tiger emerge from the ravine at the very spot which I had been set to watch.

I allowed him to get fairly on the edge of the nullah, when, at a distance of about sixty yards, he presented a beautiful shot, showing his whole side-length to me, and with the horizon for a background. In fact, it was a shot that no man deserving of the name of sportsman could have missed. I sighted my two-ounce rifle for sixty yards, and resting the weapon on the edge of the howdah, knelt down and took a pot-shot at him, aiming just behind the shoulder. Had the brute not moved, he would, as the Americans say, have "fallen in his tracks." But just as I pulled the trigger, he made a step forward, and although I heard the "thud" of the ball most distinctly, I could see that, although badly wounded, he was not killed. His roar of rage and pain was something fearful to hear. He turned to find out where the shot had come from, and as the damp of the morning had prevented the smoke of my rifle from rising, he at once charged towards us. But I could see that my ball had hit him in the spine, and that his hind legs were perfectly useless. However, the brute was still game, and kept moving towards us, roaring and tearing the earth with rage as he went. I intended to allow him to come within a dozen yards before I finished him off by a pot-shot, when the brute of an elephant on which we were riding turned tail, and in spite of all the mahout could do, fled over the plain with us on his back, and put at least a mile between the tiger and ourselves before he could be stopped.

Presently, however, we got the animal to return, and as he seemed now convinced that the tiger was

no more to be seen, he went to the very spot where I had fired at the same. The animal was certainly gone, but the trail, or "pug," was so plain that a child might read it. The tiger had evidently been very hard hit, and one could trace quite plainly in the sand that his fore feet did their work properly, but that the hind ones overlapped each other, and must have moved as if the brute had St. Vitus's dance. Here and there it was evident that he had sat down to rest, and had again proceeded onwards. I was of opinion that he could not be far off, and this idea was confirmed by the conduct of our elephant, who would not move an inch beyond a certain spot.

Knowing that the tiger was dying, and anxious to prove to Neld and Bland that I really had killed the brute, I dismounted from the howdah and entered the thick brushwood, along which, until we reached a couple of miles into the forest, we could trace the animal by various marks. Abdallah, who was quite as eager as myself for sport, had stripped off all his garments except a waistband, and followed, with my second gun, close behind me. The more we advanced into the forest the larger the trees became, and the more open the underwood. The trail of the tiger we lost and found, and lost and found again, but at last could only make out that the animal had doubled back again. This puzzled us very much, for a wounded tiger invariably goes direct to his lair, and never attempts to deceive his pursuers. Fairly tired out, I sat down to smoke a cheroot, and consult with Abdallah as to what we had best do.

My henchman, who had somehow picked up the science of sporting, was of opinion that something must have headed the tiger. And yet what was there—unless, which was very unlikely, for we should certainly have heard of it, any other party of sportsmen was in the neighborhood—to frighten a tiger, who is certainly the lord of the forest in the jungles where no bison are to be found. Abdallah persisted in his opinion that the tiger had been headed or frightened back, and as we sat talking over the matter, a faint noise some distance off reached me.

Abdallah sprang to his feet as if he had been electrified, and then flung himself flat on the ground, with his ear close to the earth, whilst I, who had hardly heard what had surprised him so much, and had taken it for the screech of some forest bird, regarded him with no small astonishment. In less than a minute he was up again, his face fairly beaming with delight and excitement.

"Sahib," he whispered, as if afraid that even the trees would overhear him,—"Sahib, your luck is great to-day. Inshalla, we shall return to the tents, and be able to show Neld Sahib and Bland Sahib that we have killed something greater than tigers. You heard that sound just now? It is ten years since I heard it last, when I went with Judge Brown Sahib to the great jungle of Canara. But I thought I knew it again, and since I put my ear to the earth, I am certain. Sahib, there is a herd of elephants in the forest, and you will see them very shortly. They are coming this way slowly, and are grazing as they come. Inshalla, your rifle shall make some of them eat dirt before the day is over. Listen, Sahib, as I did just now; lie down, and put your ear to the earth."

I did so, and could distinctly hear the movements of several very large and heavy animals. They were coming towards us, but slowly, and pausing

often as they came. Presently I heard again, and once yet more distinctly, the shrill cry which had first made Abdallah start up. As I lay listening with my ear to the earth, the huge brutes seemed to get nearer and nearer to us. At last Abdallah touched me on the arm, and pointed to the forked branch of a banian tree, on which I mounted, my companion motioning me not to go too high on the tree. Here I at once perceived, about forty yards in front of me, but still half hid by the forest, a very sea of black backs, indicating that the herd must be very large indeed. One old patriarch of a bull, very light-colored about the head, and of enormous size in the ears, stood within a dozen yards of me. His was the only head I could see out of the whole lot, and as he stood calmly looking at me with his mild eye, I almost felt that I had not the heart to fire at him. However, there was little time for reflection. I had never shot an elephant before, but knew that the only vulnerable spots of his whole body are just above where the trunk joins the head, and the eye. The latter is so small that it does not afford much of a mark, but still it was something at which to aim. Acting by Abdallah's whispered advice, which seemed to come from one well practised in that sport, I crept up within a dozen yards of the elephant, and then, taking great care to keep the trunk of a tree between us, I whistled. The brute moved his head round as if to catch the sound better, and in an instant a two-ounce ball was sent crashing through his eye into the brain. He reeled and toppled over like a falling tower, and came down with a crash that shook the very earth on which I stood. I never shall forget the pleasure of that moment. I quite forgot the rest of the immense herd that surrounded me on three sides, and it was only when Abdallah almost pulled me by force behind a tree, and I got out of the way of a female that would certainly have crushed me to death, and, as it was, my danger was not half over.

Abdallah had hardly uttered the words, and I had barely time to interpose the friendly shelter of the stem of the tree between myself and the quarter whence danger was to be apprehended, when the whole herd seemed to be on us. The jungle was so thick that it was impossible to see more than here and there the backs and heads of the monsters, but these were quite enough to convince me that enormous as was the male elephant I had killed, he was by no means the largest of his fellows.

They passed us in Indian file, crashing through the tangled underwood, and brushing aside the largest branches of trees, much the same as a Newfoundland dog would walk through a field of wheat. Every now and then one or other of the herd would raise their trunks and utter the short scream which is so certain an indication of anger. As near as I could judge there must have been quite eighteen or twenty of these enormous brutes that passed us, and the feeling was not pleasant that the least exposure of my person would have brought them down upon me. Abdallah had vanished, but I felt sure he had not abandoned me, and was not far off. Presently, when the herd had passed, my faithful follower came down from a high tree, and I could see by his face that he thought our position one which was still full of danger. He had seen plenty of elephants and of elephant shooting in Southern India; whereas to me the sport was perfectly new. I shall never forget his look of dismay when I proposed that we should at once proceed to cut out the

enormous tusks of the dead elephant. "No, Sahib, no," he exclaimed. "Other hattie too much quickly come back, smell him dead brother, see master, and stampee, stampee master and Abdallah dead." In short, he very quickly made me understand, partly in his broken English, partly in Hindoostanee, and partly by signs, that if we valued our lives the only thing we could do was to make haste and get away from the place before the herd came back.

The sagacity of the elephant is wonderful, as even the most superficial readers of natural history know. But I had no idea until Abdallah explained to me, and what I afterwards found out—nearly at the cost of my own life—was true, that this animal's instinct is so near akin to reason. It will be remembered that when we first heard the elephants, what little wind there was, happened to be blowing from them towards us. The consequence of this was, that we were able to get near them, and to kill one of their number. They were quite aware that they had lost a companion, but owing to their being to windward, could neither make out by the scent where the dead body was, or where the enemy that had killed him could be found. The object they had in view, as Abdallah explained to me, in rushing past us in Indian file, was to take what sailors would call a good offing, and then beat up wind to find out where the slayer of their brother elephant could be found. This search, Abdallah said,—and his words proved perfectly true,—would be conducted in an extended line, and unless we could get out of the jungle, or at any rate out of their line of search before they came to where we were, it would most likely fare badly with us.

But what about the dead elephant? I asked, for I was loath to leave such splendid trophies as his tusks behind. To say nothing of the way they would authenticate the story respecting my sport that day, nor of the incredulity with which Bland and Neld would listen to my tale, if I brought home nothing to verify what I said, the tusks, I felt sure, were of considerable value for the ivory. Abdallah, however, was resolute. All I could get him to do was to cut off the tail of the brute, and to promise that he would "plenty make mark on tree," meaning that he would here and there blaze the trees we passed, so as to find his way back again on some future occasion, and then to recover the tusk.

It soon became evident that my follower was in the right, and that the herd was returning on their expedition. Abdallah stooped down with his ear close to the earth, and made me a sign to do the same. I could then distinctly hear the leisurely tramp of the herd, their occasional screams, and their continued breaking down of trees. Our object was to outflank them and get beyond the end of their line before they were near enough to smell us. Consequently, as they came slowly towards us from the west, their line extending north and south, we kept edging away towards the north, and trying to pass beyond the north end of their line before they reached us.

Unfortunately our progress was slow. To the north of where we were was the nearest edge of the jungle, but the brushwood, the roots of trees, the grass, and the hundreds of strong creepers that twist from stem to stem in every Indian forest, were so very thick that they caused us to stumble at every second step. My follower was not much impeded by his clothes, for he had nothing on him

except a cloth round his loins; but I was hindered, and stopped, and my clothes torn every moment. Thus as we progressed slowly in one direction, whilst the elephants were evidently getting nearer and nearer to us from the other, our position was getting more and more dangerous. So long as we kept a certain distance from the line, the brutes would hardly be able to discover us by the smell, keen as is their scent. Very fortunately too for us, what little wind there was nearly died out, so that it would be much more difficult than it had been an hour previously for the brutes to discover us. But, as Abdallah said when he heard their screams, they were fully aware that some enemy or other was at hand, and they were bent upon finding out who the enemy was. More than once I urged Abdallah to make the best use he could of his legs, and leave me to shift for myself. But this he flatly refused to do. "What I say s'pose Bland Sahib and Neld Sahib ask, 'Where your master?'" was the only response I could get out of him.

Presently we seemed to get nearer the edge of the jungle, for the light between the trees became plainer and plainer. If we could only get out in the open, we should be safe, for even if the elephants had run they would hardly have followed us out of the forest. But, as Abdallah, who from time to time put his ear down to the earth, informed me, the elephants were evidently getting nearer and nearer, and there were several of their line that outflanked us considerably. So far as I could judge from the sounds of crashing through the trees, some of the herd were not more than fifty yards on our side, whilst the edge of the jungle was about a couple of hundred yards in our front. Had the ground been anything like open we could have easily got off in time, but we were fairly pounded. In front of us lay a mass of thick brushwood, intermingled with a perfect mass of creepers and twisted plants; to our right the ground seemed still thicker, and to our left were the approaching elephants. Go on we could not, and, as Abdallah said, the only thing for it was to turn back and climb a high banian-tree we had left behind us. There was not a moment to lose, for the herd was getting nearer and nearer. Abdallah was a few paces in front of me, and had already commenced to climb, when my left foot and right arm got entangled at the same time in one of those cable-like creepers which are to be met with in Indian jungles. I had got my right leg over a prostrate tree, but further I could not move without help from some one else, and Abdallah, thinking I was close behind him, had turned round the tree and was out of sight. To cry out to him would have only brought the elephants upon us all the more quickly, and they were getting nearer and nearer. Most fortunately for me the spot where I was held, as in a vice, was directly in front of the banian-tree, and this must have made some of the elephants diverge a few feet out of their line. Otherwise, judging from what I heard of their movements, one of the brutes must have walked right upon me, and my life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase.

But it was only when the danger was past that I knew of what value this friendly banian-tree had been. For some minutes—it appeared an age to me—I lay, or rather sat (I should have been much safer if I could have lain down), expecting every moment to be crushed to death, and unable to move either hand or foot. Nearer and nearer came the elephants, until at last I could feel the

wind caused by the moving of their great bodies through the air. The earth, too, seemed to shake as they came nearer, for as Abdallah told me (he had seen them from the tree where he was perched), there were not less than a dozen large, and five or six small elephants, within twenty yards of where I was fixed and utterly helpless. A cold sweat burst out over me, and although I had often faced death in many ways, it seemed that all my courage gave way. I could feel that I was ghastly pale. My lips felt parched. My heart seemed to stand still. To be bound and helpless, with the certainty of a cruel end before one, is very different from meeting death face to face, and fighting for dear life with what energy and strength you have. I thought of home, of my poor mother in England, of friends I should see no more, of my regiment, of the chances of Abdallah escaping, of the improbability of it being known how I had come by my end, in the event that my follower should die, — all these among many more things passed through my brain, as I felt how utterly hopeless was my situation. My double-barrelled rifle was on my left hand, but I could not use it — could not get my right hand to where my left was. Had I been bound by ropes to the stake, I could not have been more effectually hindered from helping myself in the very least.

Fortunately it did not last long. The last thing I can recollect was hearing an elephant crash through the underwood within a few feet of me, and I must then have fainted. When I came to myself I was loose from the creepers, and Abdallah who had evidently cut them away with my hunting-knife, was pouring some brandy from my flask down my throat. There was not an elephant to be seen or heard. Abdallah told me that it was only when he had got some way up the tree that he found I was not with him, and felt sure I had got behind or into another part of the same tree. He did not like to call to me, for it would not have been safe to do so. When the elephants had passed him a little something seemed to have scared them, and he could hear them making off towards the interior of the jungle much faster than they came, screaming as they went. He then searched for me, and discovered me not four feet from where the largest of the herd had passed. I was in a dead faint, with my head hanging down, and as the poor fellow expressed himself, it was "plenty much time" before he could bring me to my senses.

Now that the danger was past, we became curious to know what it was that had frightened the elephants, and Abdallah went beating about here and there, whilst I sat still smoking a cheroot, and silently thanking God for having delivered me from so great a danger. Presently there was a shout of triumph from Abdallah and then another calling me from about fifty yards off to come to him.

In a moment I was on my feet, and when I reached the man found him dancing a sort of waltz, whilst in front of him, under a big bush, where it had evidently crept to die, lay the tiger I had shot about two hours before. Thus to come upon the body of what I feared had been lost forever, was an immense piece of luck, and I was not the least surprised that Abdallah felt rejoiced at finding it.

But it was high time to return to camp. Now that the excitement was over, there came upon me a kind of reaction which was most painful. I felt

hardly able to drag one leg after the other, and no wonder. With the exception of a cup of coffee before daybreak, I had tasted nothing since the day before. My clothes were almost torn off my back, and I was bruised and cut by stones in many places. However, I took care to make Abdallah blaze the trees as we went along, and promised him a backsheesh of a hundred rupees (£10) for his day's conduct. The elephant from whose back I had shot the tiger was fortunately found within a few yards of the spot where we had left him, and I have no doubt his driver would have kept him there a week if I had not returned. By the time we reached our tents it was considerably past noon, and never did bath, clean clothes, and breakfast appear more grateful to famished sportsman than they did to me that day. At first Bland and Neld would not believe a word of what I told them either about the tiger or the elephant. When I showed them the fresh-cut-off tail of the latter, and Abdallah, on being cross-examined, corroborated every word I said, their astonishment knew no bounds. To think that a herd of elephants should have come so far from their usual haunts, and that two of the most experienced sportsmen in the Northwest Provinces should have been within a couple of miles of them and not even know of their presence was most annoying, and I am quite sure that either the one or the other of my companions would have given a hundred pounds to have had my success on that day.

A long sleep — after a hearty breakfast, which had been preceded by a bath and a thorough change of clothes — made me feel another man.

Shortly before sunset the villagers we had sent out with one of Bland's peons to bring in the skin of the tiger, and the tusks and skull of the elephant, returned to camp, and many were the congratulations I received when the size of these trophies was seen. The tusks I sold some months later for a round sum in rupees; and the tiger-skin was the carpet of my tent in India, afterwards of my barrack-room in England, and now that I have given up soldiering, does the same duty in my study, reminding me of the first and last day of elephant shooting I ever enjoyed.

USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

EVERY clever young man, I believe, passes through a stage of extravagant ambition. He keeps his day-dreams to himself if he has either common sense or modesty; but at moments — and very pleasant moments they are — he sees himself enshrined in the memory of a grateful world, revolutionizing systems of thought, embodying the aspirations of mankind in undying verse, or scattering plenty through a smiling land, and reading his history in a nation's eyes. It is well if, when those dreams dissolve under the pressure of real work, they leave him content with the modest share of glory or good conscience which falls to the lot of most of us. Whilst they last the youth is frequently troubled, amongst other weaknesses, by a hankering after omniscience. No bounded field of knowledge satisfies his buoyant sense of unused power; he is ready to plunge into scientific researches, to study universal history, to be a profound theologian and metaphysician, to be familiar with law and politics, and to soften his severer studies by an accurate acquaintance with poetry and the fine arts. It is an act of bitter self-denial

when he first forces himself to recognize the fact that the human intellect is limited, and that the essential condition of utility in this world is to restrict one's self to a narrow field of labor. All knowledge is too vast a province for any one in these days; we must be content to work in the confidence that our energies will be supplemented by those of our fellow-laborers, and be satisfied if we have done any real service, however humble, towards helping on the improvement of the world. In time it becomes a positive source of pleasure to reflect upon the vast fields of thought in which we are never called to exert ourselves. I have heard a man of great ability express a sense of humiliation on walking through one of the Universal Exhibitions; at every step, he said, he met something which painfully reminded him of his own ignorance, and brought vividly before his mind the narrow limits of his knowledge. I confess that the effect upon me is very different. I have walked through acres of textile fabrics, miles of ingenious machinery, tens of thousands of square yards of painting, vast accumulations of all the countless products of human ingenuity, and silently given thanks at every step. Here, I have exclaimed, is yet one more branch of knowledge on which I am, and shall always remain, hopelessly, profoundly, and contentedly ignorant. Here, for example, is a steam-engine: I have not the faintest notion how it is made, or what conditions are necessary for its success. If, by some reversion of the ordinary laws of nature, the tide of time would flow back with me, and set me down, say in the fifteenth century, I could not convey the slightest information to the curious people who would doubtless flock round me. Somehow or other, I would say, if you put water into a boiler and light a fire under it, and make a complicated arrangement of wheels and pistons, the thing will move, and carry you in a couple of hours from London to Dover; but if you want to know how it is done you must wait for two or three centuries. It is, perhaps, wrong to rejoice at not knowing something which, as people are always saying in public speeches, ought to be familiar to every school-boy of fourteen; but I pity that imaginary school-boy, and rejoice sincerely that so many people are laboring to remove from me every necessity of investigating the matter for myself. In the ingenious romance of Sandford and Merton, a story is told of a gentleman and a carpenter, supposed to be cast away on a savage island; and a moral is drawn for the edification of youth from the fact that the carpenter is much more valued for his power of making baskets than the gentleman for his knowledge of Greek and Latin. The true inference would, of course, be that the savages were very stupid to value basket-making more than scholarship; and it is a main advantage of civilization that it enables some classes to free themselves from mechanical toil. Yet, though we no longer share the delusion of the eighteenth century as to the superiority of man in a state of nature, we all too often listen to exhortations conceived in much the same spirit. What a shame it is, people exclaim, that we go through life knowing nothing of the most ordinary processes that are going on around us. What a comfort it is, I always reply to myself, that I can get on perfectly well without knowing how to plough, or to make my coats, or to cook my dinner, far less to make an electric telegraph. "When Adam delved, and Eve span, where was then the gentleman?" He was an im-

possibility, and that circumstance must have been a decided drawback to the state of society in Paradise.

So far, my confession may, perhaps, be regarded with indulgence. One may take a certain epicurean pleasure in the sight of the vast fields of knowledge which one is never destined to tread, and yet feel gratitude for those who consent to explore them. I may hug myself on my ignorance, and feel no grudge against the knowing part of mankind. Yet I confess that I sometimes go a little further than this. There is something depressing in the monstrous accumulation of facts which is going on all round us. There is a loss, as well as a gain, in the results of all this amazing industry. We cannot but envy the great men of old days who could be at once statesmen, and soldiers, and philosophers, and artists, and regret that it is daily becoming more difficult to be anything but an infinitesimal wheel in a machinery of boundless complication. All the societies for the acquisition of useful knowledge, which spread and flourish around us, seem at times to be hostile to a genuine cultivation. We are aghast at the enormous quantity of things with which it is possible, and sometimes necessary, to be acquainted. Undoubtedly all such societies—not including the Social Science Association—have their uses. We laugh at them, and protest against them, and end by admitting that they do good service in their way. Yet I have sometimes thought that there will soon be room for another society, which might be called the Society for the Suppression of Useless Knowledge,—not so much as a direct opponent, but as a necessary corrective to the energy of its rivals. The first meeting might be held in the Reading-room of the British Museum.

Scholars sometimes lament, or affect to lament, the burning of the Alexandrian Library, yet I cannot help fancying that they are occasionally laughing in their sleeves; and that, if it depended upon a word, they would hesitate before tumbling out upon the world those masses of manuscripts which are, fortunately or otherwise, beyond our reach forever. Consider the countless volumes which encumber the world, and daunt all but the most energetic students, and which owe their existence to the ancient literature now in existence; multiply them in proportion of the remnant to the mass which once existed, and ask whether, by this time, we should not have been forced to do some burning on our own account. The British Museum itself always gives me a melancholy sensation. Suppose that any one should read industriously for ten hours a day, he might, we will suppose, assimilate two or three average volumes in the time,—assuming that he has previously acquired the sciences requisite for their due understanding. Even so, many single volumes would take months rather than days of labor. Let us admit, however, that in a year he has thoroughly digested a thousand volumes. In thirty years of uninterrupted labor at this rate he would have got through a very small fraction of the huge stores of literature which crush the shelves of that enormous collection. He would have traversed one region of the great ocean of knowledge, and would still see a boundless expanse extending before him. It is enough to damp the appetite of the most determined bookworm to think of the liberal provision made for his consumption. So far, however, the employment is innocent enough; the most indomitable of literary gluttons feels that an ample feast

is provided for him, and may, if he pleases, gloat over the prospect. He may even bestow upon the world the result of his labors, and publish one of those books in which the mere list of authorities at the foot of the pages sends a shiver through the reader's marrow, — especially if the reader is unaware of the display which may be cheaply made by the help of a few skilfully manipulated books of reference. But there is a more painful conclusion behind. Let us think, for example, of what history is rapidly becoming. Formerly, a man might be content if he dashed through a few centuries in as many pleasantly written octavo volumes, remembered a short list of dates of royal accessions and battles, and some of the floating anecdotes which have become proverbial. Now it takes as long to write history as to live it. Lord Macaulay began swimmingly, and took us through some thirty years in a couple of delightful volumes; but, as he continued, his plan expanded, and it became evident that, if he had happily been spared to complete his original plan, he must have lived a century longer, and would have found that materials were accumulating faster than he could write down the results. The ideal history seems to be one in which we could trace everything that happened to everybody, and know what he thought about it, and how far he was right or wrong. We are required to study all the State papers that were written, to follow the details of every negotiation, to form an opinion of every actor, to know all about the contemporary literature, and, in short, to be as familiar with all the events of some past epoch as the inhabitant of Little Pedlington with the gossip of his charming village. If the plan continues, it is awful to think of the fate of historians in the year 1969. They will have to read through all the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications of the period, from the lists of births, deaths, and marriages to the parliamentary reports; to study all the blue-books as conscientiously as a newly elected M. P.; to read all the despatches of all the secretaries of state and ambassadors, and everything that was said in answer to them or about them by observers in foreign countries; to study parish registers, and law reports, and tables of statistics; to go through the literature of the period, from ephemeral novels up to works on metaphysics; to plunge into masses of manuscript letters and memoirs; and, after taking in this and much more, to digest it into some comprehensive whole. The history of a year, instead of being squeezed into a paragraph, will expand over a long series of folios. The materials for such portentous labors are being conscientiously preserved and ranged in due order in the most accessible shape. Every private person of any sense has a periodical jail-delivery, and burns the heaps of correspondence which would otherwise make our houses uninhabitable, and choke every cupboard and available receptacle. The nation, so far from imitating this prudent precaution, preserves every scrap of paper — useless rubbish or invaluable document — as though print were more sacred than human life. Are we not laying up stores of knowledge which will go far to drive some future philosopher mad? Would not such a society as I have mentioned be discharging a useful function if it were to burn, sink, and destroy some ninety-nine hundredths of the waste-paper which, as it seems without hyperbole, the world itself will scarcely be able to contain?

When we were at school, history was surely a pleasanter thing. We did not, it is true, know so

many facts as are now considered essential to a well-regulated mind. If we complain that our memories are in danger of being swamped, and impatiently tax our remorseless crammers with pedantry, we are, I know, sternly reproved. A love of truth, it is said, is desirable in itself. No pains that are suffered in the service of truth are superfluous; and truth of all kinds is desirable for its own sake, and a sufficient reward for the patient inquirer. The argument surely confounds two very different things. It is not a question between truth and fiction; but between knowledge and ignorance. There are many things which ought simply to be consigned to oblivion, because they are of no real use to any human being, and are so much dead-weight on the memory. A very similar confusion is constantly turning up in disputes about art. If we complain of the photographic style of painting, in which every trifle is conscientiously imitated, in the apparent belief that our eyes are microscopes, we are taxed with a want of love for truth. Truth has nothing to do with it.

The ultimate object of art is to affect our imaginations, not to record the greatest possible number of facts. Labor bestowed upon subsidiary objects is not only thrown away, but positively weakens the effect by distracting our minds. It is undoubtedly necessary that whatever is represented should be represented faithfully, for otherwise it would have no interest for us; but it does not follow that as many things as possible should be represented. History, in the same way, if it is understood to mean an account of everything that ever happened, would include vast masses of rubbish that ought to be left to unbroken repose in the dust-hole. Dryasudst and his brethren have filled libraries with profoundly learned speculations, and, when they did not abuse each other like pickpockets, have kept up an exchange of elaborate compliment, which the poor innocent public has naturally taken in good faith. Who wrote the letters of *Junius*? Who was the man in the iron mask? Where did Julius Cæsar land in Britain? To these and hundreds of other questions of a similar kind, many persons would answer simply, "We don't care." It does not make the very slightest difference in any possible way. Somebody wrote *Junius* who was dead and buried a good many years back, and their influence on politics was just the same whoever was the author. The simplest plan would surely be to follow the precedent of the naval captain, who *makes* it twelve o'clock. Let us assume, in future, that Sir Philip Francis was the writer; the S. S. U. K. would be intrusted with the destruction of all evidence and all arguments making in a contrary direction; the future historians of the eighteenth century would be relieved from a very thankless task, and nobody, so far as I can see, would be one penny the worse.

In the same way I would decide, once for all, that Julius Cæsar landed (say) at Deal, and insist upon the question being finally laid on the shelf, and antiquarians turning their energies to some more fruitful field. Such disquisitions have had their use, like the pieces of imaginary gold for which the old man in the fable advised his sons to dig in the vineyard. They have incidentally produced a great turning-over of original authorities, and thrown light upon more important inquiries. But this is an inducement for children: we are old enough to know what is really valuable, and to seek for it systematically and straightforwardly. It is

useful to give boys puzzles to exercise their arithmetical talents; but when they grow to be real mathematicians the puzzles sink to their proper place as mere playthings. It must be added, too, though here I confess that my ground is logically weaker, that there are some cases in which the weakness of the flesh leads one to prefer fiction to truth. Whilst we grow doubly anxious to investigate useless matters of fact, we remorselessly sweep away all the charming fables in which we once rejoiced. To say nothing of Romulus and Remus, of King Hengist and Horsa, and of all the pleasant heroes who had the one fault, and that fault shared with many of the most delightful companions of our school-days, of having never existed, we are in real danger of losing all our villains. Tiberius and Caligula are being changed into amiable monarchs. Richard III. was an excellent uncle, who spoilt his nephews, instead of smothering them; and in the words of the poet, "Never a monster need now despair, and every knave has a chance." It is true that, by way of compensation, some excellent characters are being sadly mauled, and the romance ruthlessly stripped off our ancient idols. It is impossible to see the process without some regret.

All visitors to Oxford may remember the grotesque heads, covered with grime, and with highly comic expressions, produced by various accidents to their noses and cheeks, which used to stand upon pedestals round the theatre. The last time I paid them my respects, I was shocked to observe that they had been going through the process which we facetiously describe as restoration. Their green visages had been scraped, chiselled, and filed down, till they wore a most irreproachable and insipid simper. To my eyes their beauty had entirely departed, and they looked the noble savage of fiction, dressed up in a black coat and a white tie. The process deserves imitation in one respect; for it would be a great saving if, instead of erecting new monuments to recent benefactors of their species, we could plane down some of the old ones into new forms, and, for example, convert an ugly old Charles I. into a bran-new George III. But I confess that the change conveyed, on the whole, a melancholy moral to my mind. That is the process, I said to myself, through which all our dear old villains are being replaced in history. The ancient monuments are being scrupulously restored, which, in official language, means destroyed, or at least flayed alive. Before long we shall not have a villain to quote in a paragraph. Every old hero, who cut his rivals' throats, strangled his wives, and massacred his subjects, is being converted into a likeness of a comfortable, well-dressed citizen, with everything handsome about him. It does them no good, and deprives us of a great deal of harmless amusement. When our descendants have to refer to Robespierre, instead of loading him, like our grandfathers, with every epithet that indignation and horror could suggest, they will be obliged to speak of him as that amiable, if misguided patriot, whose excellent intentions sometimes led him into measures which, if we only knew what they were, we might possibly condemn from our improved point of view, but which seem to have been, on the whole, in harmony with the moral code of the times. For when it is impossible to deny that a man has committed crimes, it is always open to us, to point out that crimes in one century cease to be very criminal in another. What with softening down shadows and slurring over lights, the clear distinctive history of

former days, in which every man was a saint or a ruffian, is being toned down into a monotonous record of commonplace people without a single deviation from the average standard. Surely it is permissible in those days of universal respectability to regret the change for a moment. If Richard did not smother his nephews, he ought to have done it, — or, at least, he ought to be held to have done it, — just to increase the pleasure with which infant minds are initiated into history.

I must admit, however, that this is a digression, and, perhaps, will not bear a very strict inspection. Let us have the truth in matters which have any bearing upon history; but do not let us suppose that because a thing really happened, it is a sufficient reason for its never being forgotten; or, which is a parallel case, that because a thing exists somewhere in the universe, it is important that we should know all about it. We have lost as well as gained by the progress of scientific knowledge. Though I have heard some bigoted conservatives curse the memory of Columbus, we may take it to be a good thing that America was discovered. It is as well that we should know where are the sources of the Nile, and be able to construct a tolerably trustworthy map of Central Asia. In short, we cannot seriously complain that our planet has become a very limited place, in which every hole and corner has been pretty well explored, and laid down in perfectly accessible ground-plans. Yet the loss of mystery is a real loss to our imaginations. There is no room for the anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. Prester John and the land of Eldorado have not so much as an unoccupied acre of ground left to hold on by. Once we were like children living in a corner of some huge rambling manor-house, and fancying that all kinds of ghosts and phantoms might be lurking in the remoter rooms to which they had never penetrated. We have grown up and walked through every passage, and peeped into every closet, and find that it is all very commonplace, and that the haunted palace is not much more romantic than an ordinary lodging-house. This is a small set-off, it may be, and yet I think it is a set-off against the practical advantages: the completion of the Pacific Railway, and the establishment of regular lines of steam-communication with the most remote islands of the ocean. The process, indeed, would not stop here, if it depended upon the goodwill of men of science. We have lately heard immense rejoicings over the discoveries which have extended our knowledge even beyond the solar system. It is unspeakably gratifying, it seems, to be able to say that some sort of gas (I entirely decline to write down any specific name, lest I should expose myself to the laughter of all well-informed persons) is to be found not only in this ridiculously small planet, but in the sun, and in Sirius, and in various stars up and down the sky. That the discoverers have shown remarkable powers of mind, I am most willing to believe; but I can't yet derive much comfort from the knowledge they have gained. Suppose that it is plainly made out that, at a distance of more millions of miles than the mind of man can conceive, there is some unpronounceable stuff, which also exists here, how am I the better for that fact? I do not mean, how will it increase my income, but how shall I be the happier or the wiser? Everybody was in a great state of excitement last summer to hear something about certain red prominences which appear round the sun in

eclipses, and to know what they were made of. What, I ask, are the red prominences to me, or I to the red prominences? The moon was always one of my illusions, and it has been cruelly put down by these men of science. We are now informed, if I am not mistaken, that it is nothing but a big burnt-out cinder, which is some use in getting up tides (not that I know very clearly what is the good of tides), but totally unsuitable for intending emigrants, even if they could get there. Every one who has had a proper value for the moon, considered in a poetical or æsthetic point of view, must regret that it turns out to be nothing better than a second-hand earth, with a large quantity of mountains, and not even the ghost of an Alpine Club to climb them. Here, I am aware, I am upon ticklish ground. There is no name of greater power at the present day than that of science; and it is as awkward to say anything against the pretensions of men of science, as it once was to be a heretic of a different order. You cannot, it is true, be burnt alive, or put into an inquisition, but, which is almost as bad, you can be made to look extremely foolish. The men of science regard you through their spectacles with an air calculated to strike terror into the boldest heart, if you venture to question the advantage of their most trifling speculations. Anything which by hook or by crook can be brought under the mantle of an 'ology is a sacred object not to be touched by the profane vulgar. A poor savage sees a civilized being, capable of producing thunder and supplied with unlimited quantities of firewater, devote himself for years to the pursuit of bugs, — using that word in the American sense. This strange creature will live for months in a wilderness, and be amply rewarded by collecting a boatload of creeping, crawling things, which are not even good to eat. The savage thinks that the white man must be little better than an idiot: and the white man, when he comes home, writes his book, and holds the savage up to the derision of an enlightened public. — "Here," he says in effect, "is a poor creature so ignorant as to think me a fool for spending a month in discovering the *Holonechrononthologus Jonesii*, — an animal which differs from all other *Holonechrononthologi* in having two more spots on his nose, and an extra claw on his hind leg." Is it so plain that the white man has altogether the best of the argument? Suppose that the beast in question had remained unknown, would the human race have been materially the worse? Or, to put it more moderately, could not the month have been spent to more purpose in some other field of labor? Some distinguished martyr to science once planted a colony of some loathsome insect in his thumb, and heroically travelled to Europe with his burden, in the hopes of discovering some new facts about the way in which the animal laid its eggs. Unluckily, if I remember right, the thumb mortified and had to be amputated within sight of land; and we have ever since been called upon to admire the zeal and heroism of the sufferer. I am willing to do so, just as I admire St. Simeon Stylites for standing for twenty years on a column, and saying his prayers 1,244 times a day. Only I cannot help asking, in each case, whether so rare a quality of heroism could not have been turned to some better account? Zeal is not a commodity of which we have such an abundance that we can complacently see it running to waste. Science often means nothing more than accurate and systematic knowl-

edge of facts; and the question always remains whether the facts are really worth knowing.

If a man of genius spends years in investigating the habits of a microscopic animalcule, it does not follow that the game was worth the candle, simply because we give to the knowledge gained the mystic name of science. I have been amused in watching a controversy which has sometimes been carried on upon a trifling point of this nature. A harmless race of lunatics has lately taken to amusing itself by climbing the Alps, and has even formed a club for the purpose of stimulating the natural zeal of Englishmen to scramble up difficult places at the risk of their necks. If enthusiasts frankly say that they climb because they like it, they are sternly reproved, and told that they are unpardonably rash. If they more judiciously swear by the name of science, their critics take off their hats and retire with a graceful bow. But what is the difference? If I go up Mont Blanc to improve my digestion, and have a good time generally, I so far increase the sum of human happiness. If I take a barometer with me, and discover once more that the pressure of the air on the summit is fifteen inches less than at the bottom, I add one more infinitesimal fact to those already known. I advance science in so far as I increase by a microscopic amount the mass of raw material upon which philosophers are to reason. But the effect of my observation upon the virtue or happiness of mankind is so inconceivably minute as to be inexpressible in language or figures. In one case, I directly add to my own happiness and health; in the other I add one more trifling bit of information to many millions already accumulated, and may possibly do some indirect good to somebody. Is the difference between the two actions so enormous that one should be unparingly condemned and the other held up to general admiration? Has science so mysterious a power that the most homeopathic expression of scientific intention converts any quantity of equivocal conduct into pure virtue? If people would only remember that science is nothing but knowledge put into formulæ, they would free themselves from this superstitious awe, and see that the line of demarcation is not so broad as they sometimes imagine. It is an historical fact that I walked down the Strand at twelve o'clock on the 1st of May, 1869; it is a scientific fact that the thermometer on that day stood at 60° in my study; but whether either of those facts be worth recording must depend upon the influence which the knowledge of them would exert upon human happiness. The thermometrical fact is, no doubt the most interesting in the case supposed, but it is possible to have too much of thermometers.

In saying all this, I do not mean for one moment to sneer at scientific people. I love and admire them. I rejoice to see blue flames and electric sparks, and to hear loud explosions, and even to smell disagreeable odors at the Royal Institution or at the Polytechnic. I even like to flatter myself that I am making a scientific observation when I tempt the appetite of the hippopotamus at the Zoological Gardens with nuts, or offer a rusty nail to the ostrich. Nothing is more gratifying than to watch the ardor with which men throw themselves into disputes as to the origin of species, and the shape of a monkey's brain. I am perfectly content with being a man, and cannot see that it makes much difference whether my remote ancestors were apes or human beings. Still, it is pleasant to see

people so keen on the subject; and to remark, at the same time, the strong brotherly love which always prevents them from growing bitter in the ardor of controversy, and accusing each other of plagiarism or want of candor. I remember the old grammarian who wished to send his brother's soul "to eternal perdition, for his treatise on the irregular verb," and am glad that a scientific heresy cannot excite an equal degree of animosity. I revere even mathematicians, though totally unable to understand them, and especially unable to make out why the elaborate investigation of some theories is at all more respectable than the discovery of problems in whist or chess, or the invention of Chinese puzzles. But, to be perfectly candid, I think that men of science have one trifling fault. They are apt to be a little arrogant, and to presume upon the respect which they have fairly won. For the genuine leaders of thought this is at least pardonable, but they have introduced a rather unpleasant style amongst persons who, without due authority, love to clothe themselves in their mantle. Every penny-a-liner is ready to twaddle about the "inexorable laws of supply and demand,"—generally in the most complete ignorance of what those laws really are,—and to indulge in platitudes about the infallibility of economic science. For a similar reason I was truly pleased at reading the other day (I know not whether it was accurate), that the Gulf Stream had been proved to be a delusion. The Gulf Stream was almost as great a nuisance as Macaulay's New Zealander, or the German who evolves things from the depths of his consciousness. One could not mention the weather without giving a chance to somebody to clothe himself with the true scientific swagger, and hurl the Gulf Stream at your head. There are certain remarks which nobody ever makes without a certain air of superior wisdom: such as the political commonplace that the tyranny of a mob is as bad as the tyranny of a despot; and the man who affected familiarity with the Gulf Stream always seemed to feel himself six inches taller in consequence. I should have real pleasure in learning that the Gulf Stream had been definitively exploded.

What is the real moral of these remarks? Ought we not, in spite of sophistries, to rejoice in every extension of knowledge, and to believe that sooner or later it will turn to some account? It is all very well to ridicule absurd pretensions, and to groan over accumulations of fact, which threaten to increase the difficulties of learning; but we are not setting ourselves against the general current of improvement, and objecting to a process which, whether we like it or not, must take place if civilization is to improve? The answer, if we are to speak seriously, seems to be very simple. Professor Owen startled us some time ago by the assertion (I quote from memory) that to display properly the various species of whales, there would be need of fourteen galleries, each a mile or so in length. A museum on such a scale might well appall chancellors of the exchequer and sightseers of ordinary appetites for knowledge.

Yet if the whales were conveniently placed, they would undoubtedly be worth seeing. Now our difficulty at the present moment seems to be that we have got whales enough to stretch for fourteen miles, but that they are not properly arranged. Our capacity for accumulating materials has outrun our powers of putting them in order. No amount of whales would be too great, if they were only

classified on intelligible principles: but we are in danger of being swamped by a disorganized chaos of whales. We have so many facts that we don't know what to do with them. Our Dryasdusts have accumulated such vast heaps of rubbish and of valuable matter, that our powers of sifting them and bringing them into shape are unequal to the gigantic task. No one can be familiar with more than a fraction of the whole field of history or with more than some minor branch of scientific inquiry. In time we must be content to get rid of the worthless material, and to arrange what is left on some comprehensive schemes. We want historians who can deduce some living principles from history, and men of science who can reduce the vast masses of observation to some general laws. When that is done, we shall be able to catalogue the facts from which the theories have been deduced, and to put them away for further reference, or destroy some of them altogether. Just now we are in the uncomfortable stage which some of us have experienced when a whole cartload of books—good, bad, and indifferent—has been shot down in our room, and we have not had time to put them in order on shelves. The worst of it is that people are constantly bringing in more, and raising shouts of triumph over their wonderful industry and virtue in bringing in, it may be, a mere mass of waste-paper. All that we can do is to have patience, and submit even to a little unnecessary arrogance, in the hopes that we shall not be quite overwhelmed before some one arises to put things straight.

UNDER THE CHANNEL.

PERHAPS there is no journey so well known to so many people as the water journey that has to be made in passing between England and France. Perhaps there is none which, with a fair reference to its length, excites such strong feelings of repugnance in so many travellers. It is wonderful that the many inconveniences attendant on the passage across the British Channel should have been so long and so patiently borne. Rich and poor, sea-sick and sound, dukes and Cook's excursionists, pleasure-seekers and men of business, no matter; the same brush is prepared for their general tarring. To the complexion of being made thoroughly wretched for a certain (or uncertain) number of hours, must we all come, who wish now and again to improve our minds or estates by foreign travel.

Consider the arrival of the train from Paris, facetiously termed of *grande vitesse*, at the Railway Terminus at Boulogne, on a wet night when there is a nice breeze blowing. It is not comfortable, that omnibus drive to the boat which has to be achieved after you have extricated yourself from the railway carriage of the Chemin de Fer du Nord. To slide and stagger down a wet and slippery ladder with the rain beating in your face, and the wind madly striving to get rid of your hat, is not pleasant. To dispose safely and satisfactorily of the small articles of luggage which it is necessary to carry in the hand, is troublesome. It is a sorry business to watch your pet boxes, marked, it may be "with care," forming part of an avalanche of luggage crashing down a wooden slide on to the wet deck. But these are minor difficulties, and may occur under many other circumstances. It is when the boat clears the pier-head and takes that first convulsive leap at the bar, like a buck-jumping horse at an unexpected hurdle, that you may look for the commencement of your real

troubles. You, Mr. Reader, are travelling with Mr. Writer and Mr. Friend. It has long been notorious to Mr. Writer's family and friends that he has a gift of becoming sea-sick on the shortest provocation. It accordingly affords you no surprise to find your friend diving hurriedly into the cabin, obviously surrendering himself to his fate. But, if it so happen that you are strange to the boats appropriated to the service of the Southeastern Railway, it will surprise you to see him very shortly tumble up stairs again with horror depicted on his pale face; and you will be astonished to see him cast himself down in the rain by the side of Mr. Friend, who, equally seasick but more knowing, has not attempted the cabin. A sniff — one sniff will prove the fact — down the cabin stairs will explain all. The Black Hole of Calcutta would have had few terrors for an acclimatized steward of a Channel boat. Perhaps, being yourself a good sailor, you are prepared to enjoy the passage? No expectation could be more fallacious! The narrow boat, built for speed alone, is driven through, not over, the tumbling, chopping waves of the Channel, and takes whole seas aboard at every pitch and roll. Add the driving spray, and from being wet through there is no escape. The cabin is already crammed with victims, too miserably ill to be conscious of the villanous atmosphere they breathe, and there would be no getting into it even if you wished. You must stay on deck exposed to the tender mercies of the weather. In all directions are ladies, prone and prostrate, vainly endeavoring to protect themselves with shawls, or rugs, or oil-skin garments, lent (for a consideration) by the crew, who drive a brisk and profitable trade in such articles. Clothes are spoilt, tempers suffer, and a dripping and moody band emerge on the Folkestone pier. The two hours' railway journey up to town, with salt water sticky in your hair, stiffening your clothes, and running out at the cuffs of your many coats; with evil suggestions of stale cabin pervading your fellow-travellers; and somebody in a middle seat becoming retrospectively ill on peppermint drops, and plunging at the window, is a weariness to the flesh. The excellent general arrangements and the marvellous punctuality of the run between Paris and London, stand a great chance of being forgotten in the remembrance of the horrors and discomforts of the middle passage.

In dry weather it is not so bad; but, even in dry weather, if there be any sea on (and the vexed waters of the Channel, like the course of true love, rarely run smooth), to remain on deck is to be drenched with spray, while to go below is as repugnant to the mind of any one with even rudimentary ideas of cleanliness and ventilation, in dry weather as in wet.

It is amazing that while the land service improves so much and so steadily (a little more liberality in some of the train arrangements on the French side being now almost all that can be asked for), the sea arrangements should remain absolutely barbarous. Except in the matters, important enough no doubt, of speed and safety, the Channel steamboats are as far behind the age, and the requirements of the service on which they are employed, as if they were so many Margate hoys.

In a greater or less degree the Boulogne and Folkestone passage is representative of all, with one strong point in its favor. It is the shortest.

It would seem, on the face of the case, that the remedy for this disagreeable state of things is simple. The employment of larger and more commodious steamers seems the first thing to ask for.

Unfortunately, the greater number of the Channel harbors on either side, are not suited for the reception of very large vessels; and, to combine comfort with the high rate of speed which the travelling public has learned to insist upon, steamers of considerable size would be necessary. This consideration would shelve the whole question with many people. They would be satisfied to go on with the existing system, however wretched, comforting themselves with the reflection that there is no help for it, and that people whose business or pleasure leads them across the Channel must make the best of what they can get there.

But there is another and an important point to be considered, — a point which, as it touches the pocket, is likely to receive very respectful attention from two great commercial countries. Business men have long complained sadly of the great cost attaching to the rapid carriage of goods between France and England, owing to the heavy extra expenses attendant on transshipment. Experienced heads have been laid together, to endeavor to devise some scheme by which a continuous railway service between London and Paris might be secured. As in most cases where some great change is involved, or where some strikingly novel application of the arts of the engineer is required, the general public has smiled rather contemptuously on the suggestions made, and have looked upon some of the schemes proposed as purely visionary. But those whose business it has been to discuss the question practically, and who are well aware of the vast amount of money that is yearly lost, not only in shipping charges, but in actual damage to goods in the various loadings and unloadings to which they are subjected, are convinced that the time has arrived when this important question must be seriously taken in hand. Moreover: the passenger traffic alone shows an increase sufficiently great to warrant considerable improvements, even of a costly nature. It is, and has been for some years steadily increasing at the rate of ten per cent per annum.

Three plans have been proposed to effect the desired object.

The first, which naturally grows out of the instinctive cry for larger steamers, can scarcely be called a plan for a continuous railway. It is proposed to employ very large steam vessels of a peculiar build, on to which the trains shall be run bodily. The ferry vessel will then steam across to the opposite side, where the train will be run off it and on to the shore line. All trouble and discomfort attendant even on a change of carriage will be avoided. A truck may be loaded in London, and, untouched by the way, be unloaded in Paris.

At first sight this seems a sufficiently ingenious plan. Mr. Scott Russell has clearly demonstrated its practicability on a considerable scale, by the example of the Lake of Constance, across whose occasionally stormy waters heavy trains have been successfully ferried daily for some months.

But, unfortunately, the running of the trains on to the steam-vessels, the running of them off again, the lashings on the one side and the casting loose on the other, must occupy a considerable time. And the question of time is one that in this matter must be steadily kept in view. Again, this plan does not get rid of the Channel, and it may reasonably be argued that the difficulties arising from tempest, fog, or other delay and danger-bringing causes would be incomparably greater in the Channel than on the Bodensee. After all, then, the

ferry plan, though in many respects a good remedy, is a partial one only: while the expense of constructing harbors of sufficient magnitude, and of building steamers fitted for the great strain they would be called upon to bear, would be very large.

Is it possible to construct a really continuous railway between France and England? And is it possible to do the work at a cost admitting of a remunerative profit? These are the two questions to which it is of importance to obtain satisfactory replies.

An eminent French engineer proposed some years ago a magnificent scheme for the construction of no less a work than a railway bridge across the Straits of Dover. Ingenious calculations, elaborate plans, and highly colored drawings, have not been wanting to attract public attention to this scheme. Royal personages are reported to have looked upon it with favor. It received close and careful attention from experts and others interested in the matter. But, however pleasant the prospect of being able to cross the Channel with no break of gauge, with no apprehension of sea-sickness, and with no burrowing or tunnelling in the dark, the plan developed formidable difficulties when it came to be practically examined; the closer the criticism, the more serious and obvious the objections. In the first place the engineering difficulties were found to be of a most startling description. For the purposes of the ordinary navigation, such a bridge must be at least two hundred feet above high-water mark.

The piers, which would have to be carried up some four hundred feet, would require to be strong enough to withstand, not only the weight and vibration of the traffic, but the violence of the most furious winter storms. In addition to these piers (in themselves a serious addition to the difficulties of a navigation already sufficiently overcrowded and hazardous), the engineer proposed the construction in mid-channel of an island and port of refuge, the existence of which, in such a situation, would probably have proved a fruitful source of trouble and danger to passing vessels. Apart from these considerations, the question of cost, by no means to be lost sight of even in the consideration of magnificent proposals such as this, was found to be decidedly against the adoption of the plan, or any modification of it. Piers four hundred feet high, artificial islands, harbors of refuge out at sea, and divers works on a similarly grand scale, are not to be constructed for nothing, especially, when the distance to be spanned is some four-and-twenty miles. Even supposing the engineering difficulties to be surmounted, — and with the wonderful examples we have before us, it seems difficult to believe that there is practically any limit to engineering achievements, — then it became a question whether the over-channel railway bridge could ever be successful, commercially. The estimated cost of such a bridge was some fifty millions sterling, — so hopeless a sum that the plan was speedily relegated to the limbo of abortive projects.

If you have to cross the sea in a railway carriage, and can neither cross on the water in a ferry vessel, nor over the water on a bridge, the only remaining way lies either in the water, or under the water.

The cross in the water would necessitate the sinking of a tube or tubes. Of that operation the practicability is, to say the least, doubtful. Even when you had got your tube to the bottom of the sea, its troubles would only begin. It would always be lia-

ble to external injury; and it would be next to impossible to protect it from continual leakage. Continual leakage would in no long time prove fatal to its usefulness, and, finally, to its existence.

What, then, about passing under the water? What, in a word, about tunnelling below the bed of the Channel from coast to coast?

The conditions on which the success of such an enterprise depend are comparatively few and simple. The first condition relates to the geological formation in which the work would have to be done.

It has frequently been pointed out, and there appears to be no difference of opinion on the subject, that there are to be found, on opposite sides of the Channel, tracts of coast presenting geological features almost identical. The English coast between Deal and Folkestone, for instance, corresponds in every particular with three miles of the French coast, a little to the westward of Calais. That the same formations continue under the bed of the sea is a probability that has been noticed in a report to the Geological Society on "the Chalk Ridges which extend parallel to the Cliffs on each side of the Channel tending towards the North Sea," by Captain J. B. Martin, in 1839. Careful geological investigation has been made with a view to discover whether the chalk formations obtaining on each coast continue unbroken for the whole distance dividing them; and there appears no reasonable cause of doubt that this is the case.

Impressed by these facts, Mr. William Low, an engineer who for many years had been confident of the feasibility of connecting the English and French railway systems, by means of a sub-channel tunnel, set himself earnestly to examine for himself the geological formations of the two shores. After most careful examination, Mr. Low became satisfied that the deductions of the geologists were correct. His examination of the borings for several artesian wells on both sides of the Channel, strengthened his opinion as to the regularity of the strata. It became his firm conviction that along a certain line, about half a mile west of the South Foreland, and four miles west of Calais, the tunnel could be made entirely through the lower, or gray, chalk, which, owing to its comparative freedom from water, and other qualities, would be a most desirable stratum in which to work. With the result of these investigations, and with plans of the tunnels he projected, Mr. Low, in 1867, betook himself to the Emperor of the French, who, giving the English projector a most cordial reception, desired him further to organize his plans, and to come again when he might be prepared to submit definite proposals.

In 1856, M. Thomé de Gamond, a French engineer of repute, who had for many years been advocating the construction of a tunnel between England and France, obtained, by order of the Emperor, an investigation of his plans at the hands of a scientific commission. This body, satisfied with the substantial accuracy of M. de Gamond's geological conclusions recommended that his investigations should be practically tested by sinking pits on the two coasts, and driving a few short headings under the sea at the expense of the two governments. Owing possibly to the backwardness of the Great British Circumlocution Office, this recommendation does not appear to have had any practical result. In 1857, M. de Gamond published the upshot of his researches, and the report of the commission: and at the Paris Exposition of 1867, he publicly exhibited his plans. It was very natural that Mr. Low,

after his interview with the emperor, should put himself in communication with M. Thomé de Gamond. This gentleman unreservedly placed his experience at Mr. Low's disposal, and, after a time, the results of their joint labors were laid before Mr. James Brunlees. He, after careful examination, consented to co-operate with the two engineers in the prosecution of the work. A committee of French and English gentlemen of influence and position was, by desire of the emperor, formed to further the project; and it is by the executive committee of this body, under the chairmanship of Lord Richard Grosvenor, that the matter is now practically brought before the public.

But the opinions of Messrs. Low and Brunlees, and of M. Thomé de Gamond, received further confirmation.

Mr. John Hawkshaw, whose name is well known to the public at large and to the engineering world, was induced to test the question, and to ascertain by elaborate independent investigation the possibility of a sub-channel tunnel. With characteristic care and caution he took nothing for granted, but went himself over the whole ground already traversed by Mr. Low and by M. de Gamond. His geological researches led him to the same conclusions, and his expression of opinion in favor of the gray chalk was very decided. Not even satisfied with the theoretical results of these investigations, carefully though they were made, Mr. Hawkshaw held it necessary to make borings on each coast, at the precise points at which the ends of the tunnel would be situated. Thus Mr. Hawkshaw and the French commission came to the same decision. Now, the well at Calais, from which a considerable part of the geological inferences had been drawn, was at some distance from the spot where it was proposed to begin the tunnel on the French side, and possibly the strata might, in the precise place indicated not run as anticipated.

This did not, however, turn out to be the case. The actual borings conclusively proved the correctness of the views entertained.

The boring on the English coast was commenced at St. Margaret's Bay, near the South Foreland, in the beginning of 1866, and was satisfactorily completed in 1867. It was carried completely through the chalk and into the green sand, which was reached at a depth of five hundred and forty feet below high water. The boring on the French coast, three miles westward of Calais, was carried to a depth of five hundred and twenty feet below high water. It was intended to pass through the chalk as on the English side, but accident frustrated this design.

Simultaneously with these borings the bottom of the Channel was carefully examined by means of a steamer provided with all suitable apparatus. The main useful results established by these experiments appear to be, that on the English coast the depth of chalk is four hundred and seventy feet below high water, — of which two hundred and ninety-five feet are of the gray formation, in which it is proposed to work; that on the French coast, the depth of chalk is seven hundred and fifty feet, — four hundred and eighty being gray; and that there appears to be no room to doubt the regularity of the strata between the two shores along the line proposed.

So, it would seem, firstly, that the chief condition is satisfactorily insured, and the geological formation of the sea's bed is such as to admit of the excavation of a tunnel through the lower gray chalk; and, secondly, that it is not necessary to go

to a depth unsuitable for railway traffic. It is calculated that the approaches to the tunnel can be constructed at gradients not exceeding one foot in eighty.

The next point of paramount importance to the travelling public is the question of the safety of the tunnel when made. The dangers most carefully to be guarded against are two: any possible irruption of water from the sea, or from unexpected land-springs; any deficiency in ventilation.

There need be little apprehension of spring waters. The difficulty in sinking wells through the chalk, on either side of the Channel, has been, not to keep the water out, but to get at it. A well sunk at Calais to the depth of a thousand feet, failed to find water at all; and in sinking deep wells at Dover, water was not to be found either until the driving of headings was resorted to. Even the Castle well, which is three hundred and sixty-three feet deep, and below high-water mark, is pumped dry by a thirty horse-power engine in three hours. Firm chalk, in fact, not split by fissures and defects, is not a good water-conducting stratum. In the Paris district, for instance, the artesian wells have been sunk through the chalk, which is there at least thirteen hundred feet thick.

If the dangers of land-water, so to speak, be thus slight, the dangers to be apprehended from sea-water appear to be even slighter. The proposed excavation would be nowhere nearer the bed of the sea than a hundred feet. It would seem to be most unlikely that the sea should make its way through this thickness of chalk. Many Cornish mines extend for considerable distances below the sea, and their comparative immunity from inroads of the sea is remarked by Pryce in his treatise on Minerals, Mines, and Mining, published in 1778. His explanation is, that such fissures as may possibly exist, and which might be permeable by water, have been, in long course of time, filled up by some impervious substance deposited by the action of the water itself, and thus a massive ceiling, as it were, of concrete has been formed above the mines. In the opinion of the eminent engineers who are advising Lord Richard Grosvenor's Executive Committee, this is probably the case in the Channel gray chalk; and, looking at this circumstance and at the nature of the chalk, they do not anticipate being troubled with more water than can be easily disposed of by ordinary pumping operations.

The financial part of the question may be considered with the ventilation question. At present, with the imperfect data we have to go upon, it is matter of great difficulty to say what such an excavation would be likely to cost. Given no unforeseen impediment, given no incursion of unexpected water, given no back in the strata, a trustworthy calculation might be arrived at.

But in the face of the unknown possibilities lying at the bottom of the sea, the committee wisely abstain from yet addressing themselves to the cost of the tunnel, or to the commercial questions of profits, capital, and dividends. They propose, first, — following the suggestions of their eminent scientific advisers, and the original proposal of Mr. Low, — to commence their work by sinking pits on each shore, and by driving thence two small headings, or galleries, from each country, connected by transverse driftways. Ventilation would thus be secured in the manner customary in coal mines and works of a similar nature, and the feasibility or otherwise of connecting England and France

by a submarine tunnel would be proved. When this is done, or when so much of it is done as fairly to prove the case, then the committee will consider the time arrived for carrying out their great enterprise in all its magnificent details. All points relating to the permanent tunnels would be settled by the experience gained in making the headings. The point of ventilation could be satisfactorily determined in the preliminary workings. It is computed that to preserve perfect ventilation in the completed tunnel, currents of air should be driven through it at the rate of ten miles an hour by steam-engines of from six to seven hundred horse power.

The cost of these preliminary headings is reckoned, upon careful calculation, at two millions sterling; and to that amount the loss, in the event of non-success, would be confined. For the purpose of raising this sum of money, the committee ask for a joint guarantee from the two governments, of interest at the rate of five per cent on any amount they shall expend up to two millions,—that is to say, for an annual guarantee of fifty thousand pounds from each. It is not necessary that the whole of the two millions should be expended; for should the guaranteeing governments be dissatisfied with the progress of the works, or with their nature or results, they would at any time have power to stop the works. At the worst, and supposing the whole sum to be expended and no satisfactory result attained, fifty thousand pounds a year for a certain number of years (for the operation of a sinking fund would in process of time replace the capital) is not a very large sum for a great nation to expend in so great an attempt. If the preliminary headings turn out successful, there will be no difficulty in raising the capital necessary to complete and to work the tunnel, and the guaranteeing governments will speedily be released from their obligations.

As relates to the French Government, the committee have, it is understood, every reason to be satisfied with their prospects. On this side of the Channel things progress more slowly, and Circumlocutionism is a little difficult to move. The matter has lately been brought before the President of the Board of Trade, and will probably, at no distant period, assume a definite shape. The six gentlemen who sign the report to the Executive Committee, on which we have largely drawn in this paper, distinctly express their opinion that the risk in Channel tunnelling is confined to one contingency only, and that is the possibility of sea water finding its way by some unforeseen fissure into the workings, in quantities too great to be overcome. Otherwise, they consider that the work may be done with comparative ease and rapidity.

If the scientific advisers of the two governments be satisfied with the exactness of these gentlemen's researches, and with the soundness of their deductions, it is probable that the Channel Tunnel will, before long, take its place as one of the things to be tried, at least.

SENSIBILITY.

We have been made familiar, by Archbishop Trench's manuals and by other useful compilations, with the death of words in one meaning and their resurrection in another. Words like "feature," "favor," "indifferent," "resentment," will readily

occur as examples. It is not less interesting to notice a word which, though not yet defunct in an older sense, is on the wane, and is leading a sort of double life between two meanings. Such is perhaps the condition at present of the word "sensibility." No really well-educated person would be at a loss on meeting with this word in precisely the connection in which Addison or Milton, or even Shakespeare, would have placed it. But a great number of people who have some claim to pass for well-educated would experience a slight check if they so encountered it. There are a good many daily papers, we should suppose, addressed chiefly to that large section of society, which would never employ the word sensibility when it might be necessary to express susceptibility of nerve, of intellect, or of emotion. They would instinctively avoid it. They would substitute for it, perhaps, the term susceptibility itself, or else feeling, or delicacy, or impressibility, or even sensitiveness, none of which would do the work so directly or so completely as the older term.

It is quite easy, without the aid of dictionaries or glossaries, to trace in the most familiar sources the full meaning of this word. When Claudio speaks of what he shudders to imagine,

"This *sensible* warm being to become
A kneaded clod . . ."

he is talking of physical impressions, of the countless influences received through the senses,—that is, through the actual nerves. When Mammon, in *Paradise Lost*, thinks that an atmosphere of torment may grow familiar, and that the "piercing flies" may become

"As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper, which must needs remove
The *sensible* of pain,"

he is speaking of exactly the same thing. When Delilah, giving specious advice to Samson, says

"Only what remains past cure
Bear not too *sensibly*, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain,"

the word is, by the easiest metaphorical adaptation, removed scarcely a step from the same signification. It has hardly done with pain of body while it touches on the agonies of mind. Pope's well-known portrait of the "Lady at Court," who presented

"An equal mixture of good-humor
And *sensible* soft melancholy,"

carries the word a little further on in the same metaphorical line of meaning. But by and by a change comes. And, though we ought to apologize for introducing this quotation in company with those before, there is really no place where the transition is more concisely marked than when, in one of Marryat's novels, Captain Kearney says to a subordinate, "Make me *sensible*, Sir," and is told in reply, "Maybe that's more than I or anybody else could do." We are here getting away from the region of the senses and of their metaphorical suggestions, and getting into the region of common, shrewd sense, and the associations thence developed. And so the process goes on. We have been confining ourselves to the adjective "*sensible*," as the instances are so completely familiar. This word, in the earlier meaning, is dead; "insensibility" survives in the physical connection, occasionally doing duty for "torpor" in the metaphorical uses; and "sensibility" is altogether on the wane. We must guard against being supposed to convey that the later signification of the word "*sensible*" is

never to be found in writers of the eighteenth, seventeenth, or even of the sixteenth century. Benedick, if we remember rightly, was a "sensible" man very much in the meaning which that word would now convey, and other similar passages of Shakespeare might be adduced. But this does not affect the general proposition that, whereas two hundred years ago the first meaning naturally understood from the word was allied to the impressions of sense, intellect, and emotion, the present meaning is something altogether different, and touches rather on caution, shrewdness, and, by implication, on self-regard.

It is almost always unscientific to fix upon any single cause in accounting for verbal changes, more especially when one has to speak of any cause so indefinite as a presumed social tendency. But, if we can be sure of any social phenomenon whatever, if our eyes and ears deserve to be trusted at all in the observation of contemporary humanity, the present generation is not behindhand in setting a value on the practical and the material, and is specially open to the operation of those instincts which are usually known as self-regarding. And it is, at any rate, a curious phenomenon that precisely among our own generation the change of this word from a more analytical to a harder and more practical meaning should have taken place. Several indications concur in suggesting that a decay in the power of sensibility has gone *pari passu* with a disuse of the older signification of the term. The rise of the words "sensation" and "sensational," in their recent uses, denoted that a more than ordinary stimulus was required to rouse a more than ordinary dulness in the faculty of receiving impressions from without. Sensational novels, and dances, and piano-forte music, all show that this dulness has been remarked in the field of amusement, and has been treated, not from within, but from without; the external applications have been made as far as possible more pungent.

For anything we can see to the contrary, the decay of conversation that has so often been remarked as a feature of the present generation, is another symptom of want of sensibility, in the region of the finer social instincts. The French have a higher degree of sensibility, at any rate, in matters that lie on the surface of life, than ourselves, and they beat us out of the field in conversation. There is a story told of Madame de Staël, that on one occasion she was engaged out to dinner in company with a young and beautiful girl, who was not, however, otherwise remarkable. On their entrance, the hostess observed that she was charmed to welcome wit and beauty in each other's company. "Well," replied Madame de Staël, "do you know I never was praised for my beauty before." The fine sensibility which provoked this answer, perfect as coming from a plain and elderly woman of genius, is always more common with the French than with ourselves; but it was formerly more common in English society than it is now.

Setting aside certain very small and privileged and exceptional portions of the social whole, it is fair and true to say that the external and superficial in life has been during this generation so actively and zealously cultivated that the finer and more permanent parts of our nature have suffered in proportion. Conversation would naturally be *à priori* a faithful criterion in changes of this kind. For though the material of all conversation deserving the name is the commerce of thoughts, yet the at-

mosphere of conversation is generated from sensibility, and will be bracing or depressing exactly as sensibility is developed or repressed. The aspect, the simple outside appearance, of London is powerfully suggestive of the conditions of intellectual life in which, speaking generally, and allowing a wide latitude of variety, its inhabitants are placed, and which, in still more various degrees, gradually beset provincial life as well. There is no other capital city in Europe which presents to the eye, as London does, the spectacle of the intense pursuit of intensely material objects, with very little apparent *tertium quid* (we are speaking only of what meets the eye) between what is rigidly and unswervingly practical and reliefs of the lower and grosser sort. This external barrenness has its counterpart in the region of intellect and emotion. Nor is barrenness all; there is bewilderment also; and beneath the double pressure sensibility decays. As was said before, the word is waning, and the quality represented by the word has not the life and freedom that once it had:—

"For though the circles widen, fainter gleam
All new emotions on the mirror-stream."

If there were no other symptoms that this is the real condition of things, there are at least these two,—the rise of clamorous efforts at artificial sensation, and the enfeebled state of the power of conversation.

No one has perceived all this more clearly than Mr. Matthew Arnold. But in some of his essays, following what seems with him to be essential instinct of style, he has introduced certain well-known and characteristic terms which have probably done more than he meant them to do, by way of diverting attention from the primary facts. Philistinism is not far from being synonymous with the absence of sensibility under differing conditions, and culture is little more than development and direction given to sensibility. The want of this quality underlies many, if not all, of the weaknesses which were visited by the tranquil criticisms that have rendered those words stock terms. And not social weaknesses alone; but intellectual weaknesses quite as much. For an age like our own, which has and boasts to have an unusual number of intellectual irons in the fire, becomes victimized by hurry and bewilderment in this department, just as similar causes conspire to produce the same kind of result elsewhere. Everything being taken into account that may fairly influence the question, it is hardly too much to say that ours is an age, considering its attainments, of very considerable intellectual rudeness. We do not, it is true, use exactly the language which Luther would have employed against an antagonist in theology, and Bentley in scholarship. That has gone out of fashion. But we have very little real care for other people's feelings, not much taste nor power of reticence,—for sensibility is at a low ebb.

Under no other conditions would a book like Bishop Colenso's have been prematurely hurried off to the printer's hands; under no other conditions should we find politics and the intellectual aspects of religion handled as they are by writers, of whom perhaps Mr. Bradlaugh may be taken as the extreme type. As regards politics, it is but a short time ago that a Cabinet Minister showed the world what force of argument and what graces of style might be attained by a complete freedom from the trammels of sensibility. And lessons of the kind are not thrown away upon the newspapers. In the

true spirit of appreciating imitation, a journal of congenial sentiments remarked lately in these wise and conciliatory terms on the relations between the Lords and the Commons: "The Lords will have no more chance than a common fishing-smack against a Cunard liner. The smack knows this, and will get out of the way." Nothing is gained by this kind of writing. Nothing, as far as we can see, is even hoped to be gained, except the transient pleasure of annoying those with whom you happen to be in antagonism. It is the manner of America, without the extenuation which America might claim on the score of being a young country, and of being peculiarly destitute of influences which operate, as old institutions and time-honored associations do in some degree, to keep sensibility alive in public speaking and writing.

In general literature, translation presents the best possible scope for the exercise of sensibility in many kinds. So much has been written and said on this branch of literary work, that it is no part of our present intention to add to what has already been uttered. On the whole, however, looking at the large number of translations which have been lately made, and are still making, from ancient and modern literatures into English, it may be said without prejudice that the quality is not on a par with the quantity. The rare and felicitous union of qualities, of receptive and responsive power, of elasticity and native vigor, which combine to make up true intellectual sensibility, is seldom found in a translator. The degree to which the practice of translation draws out and cultivates these powers, is the strongest recommendation which it can have as an element in mental discipline. On the same ground we base a confidence — which it now requires some courage to avow — in the practice of verse composition in the dead languages. The best apology for verse composition that we ever remember to have heard, came not from a classical scholar or student, but from an eminent and successful teacher of English history and modern languages. To him the intelligent rendering of the best models of English, whether of lyrical or dramatic poetry or of prose, into languages of which we possess perfect models, had been demonstrated by examples among his own pupils to be one of the completest and most efficient lessons in English. Be this as it may, the topic is a somewhat outworn one, and we will pursue it no further. We will content ourselves with repeating what has been the substance of the foregoing remarks, that, coincident with the wane of the word we have been discussing, there seems to be observable, in literary as well as in ordinary social life, a decay of the valuable quality, or union of qualities, which it denotes. And if this decay could be arrested, and the processes reversed that cause it, there would be reason to hope for a very advantageous change in the styles of composition, in the atmosphere of discussion, and in the life and interest of conversation.

EQUALITY IN HEAVEN.

VERY few, indeed, of the popular notions about "Heaven" — using that word as the popular synonyme for the future life, and not as the alternative to Hell — will bear the most ordinary or momentary investigation. As a rule those notions are the merest condensations of widely diffused hopes, which hopes, again, are often the product of certain

disgusts at circumstances which in this world cannot be removed. The notion, for example, that Heaven is perpetual peace, a place where "congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths ne'er shall end," a long or eternal rest, is the result of the weariness which all good men must feel of their never-ending struggle with the world, the flesh, and the devil, a hope no more in accordance either with reason or revelation than Hawthorne's that he might be permitted a good long sleep of about two thousand years as a siesta before he was set to work again. If the word Heaven has any meaning, it means a state of existence in which we shall do the Lord's work *more* perfectly than at present, in which we shall struggle more ardently against sin, and probably against misery (though that thought is subject to the rider that misery *may* be merely discipline), and certainly against ignorance of Him, all of which duties involve work, willing work, or happy work, but still Work and not Rest, which again is absolutely incompatible with the increased desire of the "regenerated," but still finite soul to know Him the Infinite.

The struggle up a mountain may be the happiest effort of our existence, but except by a perversion of words it cannot be called Rest. Nor are we able to perceive that at rest or at work the condition of the soul can be one of absolute and complete happiness. *A priori*, he only can be perfectly happy whose knowledge and whose power are synonymous, synchronous, and contemporaneous, because otherwise he must either make mistakes, or wait, — or be disappointed. But this cannot possibly be true of any finite being; and with regard to the especial finite being called man, there can be no solution of continuity, otherwise he is not an immortal being, or a being capable of a future life, but only a being who, like a wheat-grain, is capable of reproduction in a different stage. Increased, indeed, happiness may be, for us so increased that, in comparison, it may be called perfect; but absolutely perfect, in any arithmetical sense, it cannot be. If there is no solution of continuity, there must be memory, and with memory, regret, and with regret, shame, and with shame, suffering, however modified in degree by a clearer perception of the infinite purpose which, though regulating all things, has yet, as one great action in pursuit of that purpose, left human will in freedom. Again, there is the notion, most magnificent and productive of all the unproved ideas, perhaps greatest and most fruitful of all ideas proved or unproved, that we shall in Heaven "know God." How should we know God? That we shall know Him better may be conceded easily, for an inborn conviction tells us, even without revelation, that the flesh acts as a veil between us and the Maker, just as it acts, to use an unworthy simile, as a veil between many minds and absolute mathematical truth; — and that we shall know Him much better follows from the certainty that half the obscuring influences will have in another world no place, that, for example, as Southey sang, avarice could not continue even in hell, — "earthly that passion of the earth"; but, nevertheless, the eternal truth will remain that He is infinite, we finite; that the finite, however near its comparative approximation, is still infinitely distant from the Infinite; that, though to use Paul's glorious simile, here "we see through a glass darkly," — his "*glâss*" was a sort of semi-transparent slag, not our artificial crystal, — and shall there see face to face, yet when we see even a human being face to face we do not, therefore,

know its owner, may mistake him, always fail to know more than a fraction of him.

Of all the popular ideas of the future state, however, perhaps the most popular and most erroneous is that expressed in the common saying, "We shall all be equal there." That saying is as old as Christianity; it appears in the Epistles, though St. Paul did not mean his words to bear so wide an interpretation; and it has for ages been one of the few grand consolations of the poor, the oppressed, and the suffering. We are not sure whether it has not exercised as great an influence as any of the incidental ideas of Christianity; whether it has not, for example, greatly contributed to mould the organization of all churches, the Roman Catholic Church more especially, and to form the ideal of all social reformers outside as well as within the pale of belief. There is something in it which suits human nature, — the instinctive sense every man occasionally entertains of his own nothingness before the Almighty, — and also, perhaps, — one must speak frankly to speak truthfully, — the instinctive wickedness, or rather feebleness of human nature, its incapacity of freeing itself wholly of jealousy, envy, self-consciousness, pride, the wish that the next world may reverse in some visible manner the unjust judgment of this. The contrast between the real and the apparent, between the relation of a man to men and his relation to the Omnipotent, has struck all religious legislators, and we do not, therefore, wonder at the universal diffusion of the thought, and yet how little can it have to rest on! It is a certainty, if anything can be a certainty, that if Heaven or a future state exists at all, there can be no permanent solution of continuity, no change of identity; for, if so, not only is the human period wasted, — and God does not waste, — but God's justice and mercy are alike rendered imperfect, and His glory dimmed. On what is styled the orthodox view we should have the awful sight of a being condemned to torment without knowledge of the cause, out of what to him seems caprice; and on what seems to us the truer view, we should have the equally awful sight of a being held back through eternity by influences which, being unconscious of them, he cannot overcome.

Yet, if there be no solution of continuity, if the soul which is here is also there, how can there be equality in the next world? The soul cannot escape the influences which have modified it here. It may, no doubt, escape the passions, some of which at least are fleshy and depart with the flesh, — which latter may be lying in the British Museum, a subject for intellectual speculation, — but how be free of that portion of the effect of those passions which dwarts or smirches, or, it may be, expands and elevates the soul? Avarice, for instance, is, if we agree with Southey, of all strong passions the one most directly earthy, — having in it less of *entrain* than lust, the most carnal of all, — and avarice can hardly continue in the next world; yet how can the effect of avarice, if it has modified the mind and soul, be lost if there is no solution of continuity? Or how can the effect of a noble impulse, say that of self-sacrifice for the cause of God, be wholly taken away? If it is taken away, what use in virtue or in strife? And yet if it remain, where is the equality? Many, perhaps most of our readers, however, would acknowledge moral inequalities in Heaven, and a large section of them would rejoice in them, but in what way do they propose to get rid of inequalities of intellect and knowledge? The

intellect must continue if continuity continues, and with intellect its inequalities, or Hodge becoming suddenly Newton or Newton Hodge, the freed soul ceases to be that either of Hodge or Newton.

The smallest differences of culture, of knowledge, of those intellectual circumstances which create impulse, must have their effect, however small, and their effect much in the direction they had in this world, or otherwise the continuousness of the sense of moral responsibility, that is, of the fact of moral responsibility, — for the sense is the fact, or an idiot would be responsible, — would, *pro tanto*, be weakened. No doubt, these differences would, under the new light, seem so small as to be almost imperceptible, — though light, by the way, reveals rather than covers differences, — and no doubt, also, the differences there and the differences here would be judged by widely different laws, but still they would exist. To take the most visible, and, perhaps, the most important of all superficial distinctions among men, that which we call refinement, is that to be abrogated? Nine tenths of it, probably, would be, as either artificial, or hypocritical, or the result of physical tendencies; but that other tenth, which seems in this world to affect even the soul, and which certainly affects the moral nature, if only in the self-restraint it breeds, is that to disappear? How can it disappear without an erasure of the past, fatal *pro tanto* to the very idea of continuous responsibility? Infinitesimal, it may be; but still the infinitesimal is not the non-existent, and for so much there is in the earthly sense a grade in Heaven, a little step in the road towards the ideal by which John starts in advance of Thomas. Then there is the hunger to advance, to inquire, to accumulate new knowledge, is that to go?

It is possible, indeed, easy, to conceive of a Bengalee who is a Christian up to the spiritual level of any Englishman, yet lacks this hunger entirely; is he the equal at first in Heaven of the man who, having all he has, has this besides, and, having it, diverts its direction — as he would in the new light divert its direction — into a pursuit of the one object of Heaven, closer relation in all respects to the Divine? And if not the equal at first, why is he to be the equal at any time? Why is he, to speak in non-theological terms, to catch up the competitor as eager as himself but less weighted?

Let us take the extreme case, for that, after all, though not the only way of arguing such speculations, is the only way of making such arguments large enough to be intelligible. The popular theory assumes that in the next world the ordinary idiot of Earleswood and Sir Isaac Newton, or, say, Melancthon, start fair. Why do they start fair? Surely, if they do start fair, such a miracle has been wrought on one or other of them that there has been a virtual new creation as of a new being, disconnected either with the Idiot or Sir Isaac. Take any view of idiocy you please, that, for instance, it is the result of mere bodily malformation ending instantly with death, — quite the most probable view, — and still the loss of the life's experience of volition must, if life be continuous at all, and soul and mind related, have been a loss to the soul, leaving it behind as a child's might be left behind in the great race. The ground may be caught up quickly; but surely it is not caught up through the intervention of miracle, else why not similar miracle as to moral status, but through some process of spiritual education and slow enlightenment. The possibility of education must exist in Heaven,

and the possibility of education involves *ex necessitate* inequality. Earthly position may be reversed; of course, in many cases, must be reversed, — one could not conceive, for example, of the royal caste occupying any but a very low position in the new life, but grades there must still be. The theory of equality is nothing but an effort to express the inexpressible, — the distance which must exist between the highest creature and the Creator, a distance so great that all other distances beside it seem as the inequalities in fine sand. Still, no two grains of sand are of the same size.

NEVER PLAYED OUT.

I. CURATE OF MARL HILL SCRIBIT.

No; I am not in the fens, old friend, though you may smell them when the wind blows from the sea, and though a considerable portion of the largest estate in the parish is certainly marsh land, as yet unreclaimed. Marl Hill proper is really not called so in satire; it is on rising ground, the first wave of the wolds: the house I live in is at least eighty feet above the sea-level. The land all about is thoroughly drained and highly cultivated; and if you will come to see me, I will insure you against ague, unless, of course, you get it by voluntarily going into its strongholds to shoot wild fowl.

It is a trifle dull, I must confess; so that you must expect to get long-winded, old-fashioned letters in exchange for your occasional penny-post notes. One cannot read all the long evenings and all the mornings too; and sermon-writing is not a difficult style of composition here, for it is impossible to be too simple; you must talk rather than preach if you want to catch the attention of the people. These are scattered about, living in disgraceful cottages, upon the different estates. There are one or two small farmers, but the greater part of the land about here is let out and cultivated in a wholesale way, and one farm of a thousand acres pretty well takes up a parish. That is why the vicar has two, I suppose. He is one of the old school, and took things pretty easy: had morning service in the one church, and evening service in the other, every Sunday; married, buried, and christened when obliged to do so, and bothered himself no further. He has been ordered off to Madeira for his health, by a homœopathist, one would say, and on the principle that like cures like, if, as scandal reports, his ailments are traceable to his fondness for that too seductive wine. At any rate, he required a curate to take his place, and here I am. After the fashion of new brooms, I want to perform some sweeping, but it is very difficult to do anything. The people are more heathenish than I had any idea was possible in this Christian country; but the job is to get at them. The women and children are out at work almost as much as the men; and district-visiting is impossible when the cottages are locked up and empty, or in the charge of a young girl, who also has to look after her small brothers and sisters. Drunkenness is not very prevalent, because the beer-shops are few and far between; but the devil does not lose much, for opium-eating is a common habit. It is a fact, I assure you. When you come here, you shall be taken to the chemist's in the nearest village on Saturday evening, and see the piles of opium pills he sells to the laboring classes. I tried tracts, but found that very few could read them. However, I have managed to double my congregations, and have

established a Sunday school, which is a beginning. I hope to get up an infant school for week-days next. You asked me what sort of life I led, you know, so if these matters bore you, I am not responsible.

I should like a little more civilized society, I confess, for, not being able to afford a horse, I am well-nigh neighborless. The property about here belongs nominally — for I believe it is mortgaged as heavily as it will bear — to a Major Holcombe, who lives with his only child, a daughter, at the Marl, which must have been a nice place once, but now — I do not know how to describe it to you; think of Hood's Haunted House. The stables are in ruins; the garden is a wilderness; there is good feed on the drive up to the front-door, which is never opened, the people going in and out by the back ways. As for the master, he has just recovered from an attack of D. T., but is dying. He has something on his mind, I think, or I doubt whether he would care so much for my company, or listen so patiently to all I have to say on religious matters, especially as I must seem a mere boy to him. I was rather stumped at first, but he soon began to talk scepticism, and arguing set me all right. And then I do look ten years over my age; that is one of the advantages of being ugly. He is constantly on the point of telling me some secret, only I do not encourage him, and he often says that he will write something down, and leave directions for the paper to be given me after his death. What is my duty, I wonder? If one were a Roman, I suppose it would be clear; but you see I am not even in priest's orders yet, and altogether I had rather be without his secret. But probably it is all nonsense.

A man just out of D. T. is never right in his head; and yet, I dare say, his conscience is bad enough, for he has led a queer life, by all accounts. He has run through three fortunes, they say, — two of his own, and one of his wife's, whose heart he also broke, they say; but "they" always do say that of a spendthrift. When his wife died, he disappeared for a while, — went yachting to dodge his creditors, and placed his daughter, who was but ten, at school. He was away for eight years, and then he returned here, and brought his girl with him. And a strange life that poor young lady must have led, considering that she is not a *Di Vernon*. Only men came to the Marl, and those of the fastest. Major Holcombe wanted her to marry one of them, the son of an attorney and land-agent who had made his fortune, named Naisley; but Miss Lucy would not have him. Perhaps, however, she would have been bullied into it, only Naisley got a fall out hunting which injured his spine.

I can see you grinning, but you are quite out. I do not believe that I should ever fall in love with her. She is good-looking, no doubt, and friendly enough; but she has got some great sorrow weighing upon her. Her father's state would of course account for a certain melancholy; but there is more than that; there is mystery, suspense, expectation of something which never happens, and which yet *may* happen, in the expression of her face. I have not made my meaning clear, but no matter; I could not if I tried for a twelvemonth. Miss Holcombe is my only ally in the small reforms which are being attempted; without her aid, I doubt whether the Sunday school would ever have become a fact. I close this in haste, for a messenger has come to say that this same Major Holcombe is *in extremis*, and calls for me.

II. THE UNFINISHED RUBBER.

The strangest thing has happened, Brown: Major Holcombe is dead. The paper he talked about leaving for me to read is lying before me, and it affords a clew to our mystery, — I mean about poor Godwin. Do you remember the minute details of that evening? I think I do, and propose to jot them down here. If I am incorrect in any particular, perhaps you may be able to set me right: then, please send this letter on to Thorpe, and ask him to supplement our memories still further. I want to have the account very accurate, because legal proceedings may follow upon the steps which I shall feel bound to take.

Our happy Cambridge life was drawing to a close; indeed, I had taken my degree, and only remained up because I had a scholarship to run out. You others were still undergraduates, but were going in for your final examinations in the winter, and it was late in the October term. To be precise, it was on the 4th of November 1840, exactly three years ago. You came up to the B. A. table in hall, touched me on the shoulder and said, "Come to my rooms afterwards, and have a rubber." I accepted at once, for you had brought some very excellent port wine from home with you, and there were a few bottles still left. Just then Thorpe passed, and you invited him.

Thorpe fancied that he could play very well at whist, and did not like to sit down with an inferior performer; so, before giving a decided answer, he asked you the fourth was. "Hylas Godwin," you replied. "All right," said Thorpe; "I'll come." Who first called Godwin, Hylas? It was a capital nickname, for it just hit off his style of beauty. What a good-looking fellow he was, certainly the handsomest man of our time. Rather conceited, perhaps, as youngsters who are admired by women are wont to be, and finikin in his dress. Yet he was clever too, though, maybe, not such a genius as we esteemed him; and I do not think that I have ever met with a more agreeable companion. Gerrard said better things, but in so confused a way that they lost their pungency in the uttering: he always went shy in the middle of a joke. But Godwin rattled out any absurdity that came into his head in a manner which was irresistible. And he was in particular good cue at the whist-table, — not that he ever spoke during the play, he was far too keen a lover of the game for that, but between the deals he made amends for previous silence, and generally kept his three companions on the grin till the hands were sorted and the first card led.

He was in his usual spirits that evening, nor could we afterwards recall a word or look which seemed to show that he had anything on his mind, or any presentiment of evil.

We sat for a little while round the fire, drinking a glass or two of your port, and then opened the card-table, and cut for partners. It was you and Thorpe against Godwin and myself. The cards fell very evenly, and the first rubber, which you won, was very protracted, so that we had hardly finished the first game of the second when we heard the chapel bell going, and Thorpe cried that he was short of his chapels for the week, and must keep that one.

"I have had a notice from the dean too," said Godwin, "but I'll cut chapel and finish the rubber for all that, if Thorpe will."

But Thorpe was firm. We abused him for his

laziness in not getting up for morning service, and so securing evenings of unbroken comfort; but he prided himself on his sloth, and took our sarcasms for compliments. When he actually rose and threw his gown on, it became evident that our rubber was really to be interrupted, so we all agreed to wipe a chapel off our score, leaving the cards on table, and returning to finish the game directly service was over.

Do you wonder at my writing down these minute details? I am purposely allowing my mind to dwell on every little particular, because, to tell the truth, I can think of nothing else, just now, and I find my memory very vivid. I can see the counters I had just stuck under a candlestick to mark a double; the patterns on the back of our pack and of yours. I can see Godwin's face as he said to me: "Now don't you go rushing off to your rooms for a pipe after chapel, as you are so fond of doing. Come straight back to Brown's, and don't keep us waiting. I will give you a cigar if you have forgotten your baccy." And then in a loud aside to Thorpe, as he ran across the court: "He never can resist smoking another fellow's cigars. O, I know where to have him!"

We were just in time to get in before the chapel doors were closed, and as we were walking up the aisle, he whispered in my ear: "If you *do* admit a secular thought during the next half-hour, partner, let it be a meditation upon the propriety of leading trumps when you hold five."

Though three years have elapsed, I think I could swear to those being his exact words. How little I thought at the moment that they were the last I should ever hear him utter.

We all missed each other in the crowd on coming out; and when you, Thorpe, and myself met again at your door a few seconds afterwards, Godwin was not there. We went in and lit the candles, and laughed at his being the last, after the fuss he had made about the punctuality of others. You said that the porter had met you in crossing the court, and had given you a letter; so we concluded that the same thing had happened to Godwin, and that he had gone to his own rooms, to see what it was about, before joining us. We speculated upon its being a *billet-doux*, and joked about Hylas and the nymphs, speaking finally rather harshly of the supposed lady, whose letter we assumed to have caused this delay in resuming our rubber.

It is curious to note how the first thought of suspicion or alarm comes into the mind with a flash, — by instinct apparently. No doubt, some reasoning process has been going on with such subtlety as to be unfelt, and that which we often call a presentiment, is merely a logical conclusion. For some time on that evening, we never doubted but what the absent man would come in from minute to minute. The open card-table, with its two lighted candles, the cards, and the counters upon it, stood as it had been left. The sofa was drawn up in front of the fire, and you lay on it; Thorpe and I sat in two easy-chairs on either side; and so we remained, smoking and chatting, for upwards of an hour.

And then I perfectly remember experiencing a sudden uneasiness, which caused me to look across at Thorpe, and I read a similar feeling in his eyes. We both turned to you, and the expression on our faces must have been very plain, for you at once said: "What! you do not expect there is anything the matter with him?"

"Of course not," replied Thorpe. "But — there would be no harm in going to his rooms to see."

We went, and found the outer door sported; and while we were hammering and shouting, the gyp came by and told us that Mr. Godwin had gone out of college, not wearing his academical dress, and carrying a carpet-bag. On going to the lodge, we heard this story confirmed by the porter, who also said that there *had* been a letter for him. We learned next day that he had left a note for his tutor, saying that urgent family matters obliged him to leave immediately, but that he would return or write as soon as he could. And that was the last of him.

He was a man who seemed pretty well alone in the world, so far as relatives were concerned. He had entered himself at college, and the tutor knew no one to communicate with. Of course a man could not disappear like that without causing some sensation in the university, but all inquiries were fruitless, and the majority of his acquaintances soon forgot him. The mystery of the affair struck us three, however, with a sort of awe; besides that, being his most intimate friends, we were naturally the most anxious to learn what had become of him. We even, you may remember, made a note of the state of the game of whist at the time we rose from it, and agreed that, if ever we could meet with Godwin again, we would play it out. That can never be. For here, on the borders of the Lincolnshire fens, I have unexpectedly come upon the traces of our old friend, and the cause of his disappearance. I will copy out Major Holcombe's — confession I suppose I must call it, though I hate the word, and will send it you, but you must not show it to any one, at all events at present.

III. THE PATRICIAN'S CONFESSION.

It is true, it is true, that which you have preached to me, that which I believed when I was a child, that which I have scoffed at as an old wife's fable. All is not over when this machine of flesh and blood stops. When a young man goes to the money-lender, the present pleasure seems so very real, the future burden so distant and intangible, that the idea of self-denial is to him like grasping at shadows, and missing the substance; but pay-day comes, and ruin. "A short life and a merry one," cries the lad; but the merriment evaporates, leaving the nerves shattered, the body diseased, the heart full of bitterness and misery; and I feel a conviction that this is part of an inexorable system which extends after we are able to trace it. In whatever direction we seek to probe the mysteries that surround us, we are lost in infinity. Space is infinite, and time, and life. Motion is infinite; the moon revolving round the earth, the earth round the sun, this solar system round another, till the brain reels: is not retribution infinite likewise? These thoughts are new to me; I but grasp them vaguely, express them crudely, but they burn in my soul. O, the innocent hearts into which I have infused the germs of evil! O, the weak ones vacillating between good and bad whom I have drawn devilwards! Repent of my own sins? Ay, if that were all; but how to account for the eternal wrong I have done to others? And the one great crime which renders my conscience sensitive to the sins which I might otherwise have forgotten, on this side the judgment at least, how can I atone for that? By confessing it to you? No, no; and yet I have a thirst to do it, a desire not new to me. I have written the details in the form of a narrative,

which will be placed in your hands at the same time as this letter. I began this account, of what it was the one remaining object of my life to hide, some months ago, carefully stopping at those details which would criminate me. I have not finished it now even, as I write this; but I will before you have it; yes, if my head keeps clear, and my strength holds. Criminate me? What do I mean? Nothing I could say would do that. But my nerves are not what they were; it is years and years since men first began to notice that I craned at my fences; and I see visions since that illness. For weeks a young man stood over against me night and day, with a bloody bruise on one side of his head, and a look so pitiful and reproachful, that it was a miracle I did not go mad. Will faces come around one like that hereafter?

I was what prudes and parsons call wild, I suppose; not worse, perhaps, than my neighbors, but more careless. I never could think economy anything but mean; and I confess to having been a fool in money matters. Though a younger son, I had a fair portion, quite as much as any man in my regiment, — and I spent every penny of it. Then my elder brother died, and I came into the estates, and soon had them pretty well dipped. To get clear, I married a woman with money, whom I never liked so much as she deserved, for she loved me well, and stuck to me through everything, — ay, to the very last. If it had been left to her, there would have been no settlements; but her people insisted on my tying up a few thousands for her and her children, — she brought me but one, a girl, and died a few years afterwards. I was again involved in money difficulties by that time, so I put Lucy at a good school, and went to the Mediterranean in Lord Plunger's yacht. He was shirking the bailiffs too; and we cruised about together for some years. It was only in '39 that I could return to England, and then I settled here, and began to look about me. There is a deal of marsh-land on the estate, and I had a mind to try draining a part of it, as many landholders have done in the county, to the great improvement of their property. But there was no capital to start with, and Marl Hill would not stand another mortgage; so then I thought of Lucy's money, which was lying idle in the funds. The estate is not bound to go to the male branch, but will come to her after my death, so the tied-up capital could not be laid out better for her than in reclaiming this fen. One of the trustees was dead, and the other very ill at the time, — only had a bit of one lung, people said; but it seems to have grown again, for he has got better, they tell me. He was living in Devonshire, and there was a difficulty about communicating with him, as also about the transaction altogether; there always is in such matters, I believe. However, it was got over, and a part of the money was withdrawn, and applied in the way which promised to be so much more advantageous.

There was not much to start such an undertaking with; and I had to begin in a small way, and do it cheaply. I found a man named Bradley, who professed to understand draining, and bargained with him to keep a party of five men at work on the place most favorable for a start; and they built some wooden huts on a dry spot in the marsh, so as to live close to their operations. Whenever he had an opportunity, Bradley was to add to the number of his workmen, so that sometimes there would be ten or twelve employed, but never less than five.

The draining did not go on fast, but then the wages paid were very small; the truth being that Bradley and his gang carried on more profitable business, and found working for me useful as a blind. This got suspected, and the fellows were called "Holcombe's Rough uns" by their own class, "Holcombe's Ruffians" by mine. I got rather a bad name amongst certain people; but what did that matter to me? Everybody is liable to that.

Bradley's gang were a bad lot, no doubt. They drank a good deal of spirits, to keep off the ague, and were suspected of brewing their own medicine. They were clever poachers, and never got caught; they kept up communication with vessels in the Humber, and made use of a small but navigable stream about four miles off for smuggling purposes. Some very queer fellows hid for awhile in those wooden huts sometimes, I dare say. But I do not preserve, and hold no office in either the Excise or Customs, so I got my draining done cheaply, and asked no questions.

Lucy was too old to be kept at school any longer, so I sent for her to the Marl; and a few days after her arrival a man named Naisley, the son of a Louth lawyer, who has bought land near here, and wishes to be thought a county-gentleman, saw her, and fell in love with her. Naisley is rich, and the marriage would have been a good thing on that account; but besides that, he knew all the rights of the difficulty I had had about that money which was tied up by settlement, for he was still a sort of sleeping-partner in the legal business, and the firm had transacted all my affairs, so that Naisley had opportunities of making any inquiries he chose, and suspected something not quite right. I had reasons therefore for taking up his cause pretty warmly; but there was a difficulty. As I was not on good terms with any of the distant branches of my family, there had been no one to receive Lucy during her holidays, and I had made arrangements with the schoolmistress to let her remain with her all the year round. But when the girl grew into a young woman, she formed romantic friendships with other girls, whose parents asked her to their homes; and when the matter was referred to me, I saw no reason to forbid her accepting such invitations. On one of these visits she met a young man, who fell in love with her; and when Naisley began to show her attention, and I backed him, she told me that she was engaged to this lad, who was a Cambridge undergraduate, and would not be in a position to marry probably for years. It was annoying; but I took it for granted that she would soon get over this girlish fancy, and made light of it at first. But the more I reasoned, the more she pleaded; and she would hardly treat Naisley with common civility. Then I lost my patience, and spoke harshly; and Lucy, who was very different from her mother, grew more obstinate as I insisted. Matters might have gone differently if she had respected me; but how should she think much of a father who was constantly drunk? Hardly a day passed without some violent scene; and in a short time we felt a positive aversion for each other, — for I have always come to hate any one who opposed my will, and my feelings towards her reached almost as far, though she was my own child. I judge of her sentiments to me by her shrinking, as if she expected a blow, whenever I came upon her unexpectedly.

In the summer, during the long vacation, her lover came to Lincolnshire to see me; and, learning

from his own mouth that his patrimony was but a small one, I told him that I had other views for Lucy; that I disapproved of long engagements; and finally I forbade him to hold any further communication with her. He left the house without saying whether he would obey me or not, but hung about the neighborhood, and contrived several clandestine interviews with my daughter before I discovered what was going on. Then there was a quarrel, and blows were struck, though I confess that he was as forbearing as possible, and only threw me to the ground in self-defence. Still, I hated him for it, — hated him keenly and personally now, not merely as the cause of my plans being thwarted, and my safety endangered. I caused Lucy to be closely watched after this, for if she eloped with this Godwin, who must now look upon me as an enemy, he would make inquiries after a time about the property secured to his wife by her mother's marriage settlements. So, while her lover was in the neighborhood, I kept her a close prisoner in her own apartments. Soon after this, Naisley became pressing, and almost threatening, affecting to suspect that I was playing him false, and not doing my best to force Lucy to listen to him.

Early in the following November, I went up to Lucy's room one morning, with the intention of trying what conciliation would do, now that it was evident that she could not be compelled. She had been writing, and as I entered, she closed her blotting-book on the letter. After talking quietly for a little time, I alluded to this, and expressed a hope that she was not corresponding with the man who had made use of personal violence towards her father. Then she made a false move; had she remained quiet, it would never have occurred to me to examine what she had been writing; but she darted towards her blotting-book, and so roused my suspicions; and the next moment, in spite of her struggles and despairing cries, the letter, which was finished and signed, and the envelope, which was directed, were in my hands. She was accustomed to put on a quiet, protesting, persecuted-heroine air in her interviews with me; but now she fell at my feet, and clasped my knees, imploring me not to read what she had written. By which, of course, I knew that it was very important that I should do so; and when she found me determined to disregard her entreaties, she went into hysterics.

A glance showed me the purport of the letter. I then rang the bell, and told the servant to remain with her mistress till she recovered, and to lock the door upon her on leaving the room. Then I went to my private room, and studied the letter. Where could a young girl have got such boldness and such invention? It seemed that this lover of hers, Godwin, — to whom, of course, the letter was addressed, — had endeavored to persuade her to elope with him on one of those occasions when they had met in the summer; but that she had refused to take so serious a step, urging that he himself would think the worse of her afterwards for it. She now alluded to this, in order to own that she had been wrong: my tyranny, as she chose to call it, had become insupportable. I was determined to force her into marrying a man she positively hated. Then followed her reasons for thus hating Naisley, which showed considerable power of discerning character, and she positively appealed to her lover to come and save her from the cruel fate I designed her. But the most astounding part of the letter was the cunning and carefully studied plot which

she had framed for the evasion. She knew that Godwin could not come undisguised into the neighborhood without my receiving early intelligence of it; so she directed him to dress himself as a navvy, and demand employment of Bradley. Men on the tramp to or from Hull often took a spell of work on my fen; and his making a similar application would excite no suspicion, or even particular attention. She was to disguise herself as a peasant, and they were to meet at a certain spot at eleven o'clock at night, and go off wherever he chose. Nothing was forgotten, she calculated the first possible night of his arrival, and said she would be at the appointed place on that, and if he were not there, on the next, then the next till he came. She gave him a pass-word; told him the times of arrival and departure of the ferry-boats from Hull to the nearest town on the Lincolnshire side,—in short, the whole thing might have been arranged by a Leporello or a Figaro.

I was nearly mad with humiliation and rage when I had read that letter carefully through. What had I said or done to drive an innocent young girl to plan and write it? Something probably inspired by drink and fear, which I remembered nothing of now I was sober. I cursed myself for my folly; I cursed Naisley, who had goaded me to it; the girl herself; and above all, this man who had interfered to thwart my plans. I had spoiled this one scheme; but could I always make sure of equal success in the face of such method and such determination? Yes, if I could keep clear of drink; but drink was as necessary to me now as air.

I went up to the fire to throw the letter into it, when suddenly a thought came into my head,—clear, distinct, inspired by the devil. Instead of burning the letter, I put it into the directed envelope, sealed it, rode over to the nearest village, and posted it with my own hands.

Then I visited the place where the draining was going on, called Bradley into one of the huts, and—

No, I will write down what I said to him when I have told everything else. Not yet, not yet. But I swear, and I know that I am a dying man, that I did not intend that to happen which did.

A week afterwards, I saw Lucy for the first time since the day that I intercepted her letter, and told her that her determined opposition to my wishes had at length convinced me that they would not tend to her happiness, and that I was ready to give way in anything, rather than drive her to so disgraceful a step as an elopement. If this marriage, which she had so set her heart on, must take place, let everything be done decently and without scandal. She should no longer be imprisoned or watched, but might correspond with her lover, and even tell him that I was willing to let bygones be bygones, and see him, if he still continued in the same mind, and would come to the Marl.

Ah, that burst of gratitude! I have led a hardening life, but my heart is not quite seared; and it was an agony to hear her self-reproaches, her promises of filial duty, and her auguries of a happy future,—an agony to see her step lighten, and the flush of health come back to her cheek; for I was a traitor, and I knew the sickening disappointment which was in store for her.

She wrote, and waited for an answer, which never came. She wrote again,—a third time,—still no response.

She sickened and pined; her eyes seemed to grow preternaturally large, and were turned on me at times with a look of mournful inquiry which was haunting. I can write no more now; I am giddy; the letters are confused. To-morrow.

IV. THE PLEBEIAN'S CONFESSION.

I read the first part of this unfinished manuscript, left for me by the man who now lies dead at the Marl, as the mere raving of a brain disordered by dreams, till the name of Godwin caught my attention; and then a comparison of dates showed that this improbable story tallied exactly with our friend's mysterious disappearance, and I could not doubt that he had met with foul play.

I write calmly now; but I was thrown into a terrible state of excitement at the time. The confession was incomplete, and he who had volunteered it could not write another line or utter another word. I am sorry, my dear Brown, that you cannot come here to pay me a visit at present, and I own that your reasons are valid; but had it been possible, you would have been of the very greatest assistance to me. I knew you would feel the interest you say you do, and I will send you a continuous narrative of my success or failure in tracing what I fear will prove the last footsteps of our poor friend. The first thing will be to find this Bradley. Of course, it will be impossible to speak to Miss Holcombe till after the funeral; and if her late father's account is to be trusted, it would be inflicting needless pain to trouble her with the subject at all, except that she could confirm or contradict the various statements in that account of which she has cognizance, and so enable us to judge of its general trustworthiness.

Three weeks have elapsed since Major Holcombe's funeral, and I have strange news for you. I will not enter into the minor details of my proceedings, but leave them to be talked over when we meet, and confine myself now to results. I did speak to Miss Holcombe as soon as it was decent to do so, and she was much overcome on hearing that I had been poor Godwin's friend. It was also a great shock to her to learn that her late father had sent the letter he took away, which she was sure that Godwin had received, because the later ones had been returned through the dead-letter office. It was not an easy matter at first to gain any tidings of Bradley, so I went to Hull, and put the matter in the hands of the police there, and they were able at once to trace him, as he was undergoing a sentence of imprisonment at Lincoln, to which town I proceeded. Then it appeared very doubtful whether any magistrate would commit him on any charge of murder, with no stronger evidence to go upon than the obscure hint of a man whose brain had been disordered; but Bradley, whose nerves seemed shaken by confinement, was so alarmed at the idea of such an accusation, hanging over him, that he volunteered a confession of all he knew about the matter, which was taken down in writing, and here is a copy of it.

That there gentleman as came to the Marl Fen in November, 1840, murdered? Don't you believe it, sir; he were n't no more murdered than you are. I am an unlucky beggar, and always was, but to get into trouble along of having done for a bloke, as for all I know is a-eating of his dinner comfortable at this present moment, is too bad, it is. Ay,

I know Major Holcombe thought he was dead; I let him think so for a reason, but bless yer, it was all kid. Ask Bill Blazer, Joe Keggs, Lushy Noggins, or Abe Snarein; ask Captain Blobber of the *Slosure*. — How was it? Why, this is how it was.

I was digging in the Marl Fen one arternoon along with my mates, when the major rode up and called me; and when I got to him he beckoned with his head, and said, low like: "Come here," so that I should go up quite close. So I did, and put my hand on the horse's neck like, and he bent a bit and said: "Bradley," says he, "I know, of course, that you and your mates would not drain my land at the price you're a-doing of it, unless you found the situation, and the excuse for living in these out-of-the-way huts, convenient. Well, that's naught to me," says he; "it's a mootoal advantage, and I'm not a-going to see you fall into a trap for want of a word o' warning. The custom-house people is arter you; they've got an idea there's a bit of running done in these parts, now and then, and that Holcombe's rough uns have summut to do with it. And there's a spy a-comeing to-morrow, or the day arter; he will be dressed like a navvy, and come to you to be took on at the draining, so that he may live in the huts here, and find out everything. Be all friendly and mate-like until he gets the chance to betray you, you understand?"

"Thank ye, major," says I; "now we shall know how to make him comfortable. He shall have a pleasant evening, and I dare say he will be in a hurry to come back for another."

"Well, Bradley," says he, "money ain't plentiful here, but I do so hate a spy — special when he comes a-interfering with my workmen — that I think I could find a ten-pun note somewheres if he got a warning to mind his own business done clever, so that there ain't a noise about it."

When the major spoke of paying, I saw he was up to a game, so I says; "If we should make a mistake, major, and we found arterwards he were not a preventive at all, that would hurt our feelings uncommon, and you would make it fifty, then, would n't you?"

"P'raps I would," said he, and rode away.

Well, I explained the matter to my mates, for there was only us five reg'lar ones working at the time; that is, I told them a preventive spy was coming, and kept the idea that the major might have a grudge against the chap to myself, — there warn't no call to speak of that. We agreed what we'd do: that were, to receive him friendly and unsuspicious; get drinking, and start a quarrel, quite promise'ous like, and then give it him stiffish, — all under seeming of a pleasant quiet fight, and no malice.

He came the third day after, I think it wor, but I won't kiss the book to the actooal day. There was no mistaking him; he was dressed like a navvy, sure enough, but he'd small delicate hands, muddled over artificial; and he were n't used to the heavy boots he'd on, for his steps did n't drag. He acted his part very well, though; sat down and blew his baccy quite friendly, and offered to stand a couple o' gallons to wet his footing.

"There ain't a public nearer nor a couple o' miles, worse luck," says Joe Keggs.

"Have n't you got a drop of something handy, in stock, as it were?" says the stranger; and I saw my mates look queer at that; it made 'em feel sartin this were the preventive spy.

"Well," says Joe, "there is a couple o' bottles o' stuff which was sent to us from the Marl, in case one of us should feel a touch of the rheumatics coming on."

"Let's have 'em," says the stranger; and we did. But he tried to shirk drinking hisself, and that made an excuse for a quarrel.

I'm not going to deny that that stranger got something for hisself; two of my mates had drufk as much as they could do with, and punished him more than we meant. And just then the major came down and had a look into the hut; none of the others twigg'd him, but I did. He had been lushing pretty free, as he always did, and I suppose could n't keep away. But he looked precious scared at what he saw, and I expect it pretty well sobered him. The stranger was lying on the floor of the hut, face upwards, senseless, with a nasty place on his temple. He did look uncommon dead, surely. But he warn't, bless yer, not a bit. When the major was gone, — and he only held the door ajar, gave a look in, and was off, — I washed the chap's bruises, and made him tidy with a hankercher round his head. And then we played him a trick. The day before, Captain Blobber, of the *Slosure*, — which is a whaler, and he her skipper, — comes to me and says, "Do you know one Jack Sherks, who lives hereabouts? Because he came to me and engaged himself, and I gave him an advance to clench the bargain, and we sail on Saturday, and he has n't turned up."

Now I knew Jack Sherks well enough, and that he did n't mean to sail in the *Slosure*. He'd been a whaling once, and did n't much like it; but being down on his luck, he engaged to Captain Blobber, and then heard tell of something he liked better, and was hiding till the ship was off. But I was n't going to split on an old pal, for Jack and I had done a little together in the smuggling way; so I says, "No, I have n't seen him lately; but if I do, I'll bring him if I can."

"If you will," says he, "I'll reward you handsome, for I'm full short of hands. Or if you bring me any other sailor, and there's many has a friend hereabouts," says he, hinting delicate at my character for a bit of contraband, "I'll make it worth your while."

I thanked him, and said I'd do my best, and forgot all about it till that night, when the stranger was a-lying stupid on the floor of the hut. It was Friday, and the *Slosure* sailed next day, for the wind was favorable. Captain Blobber had only set eyes on Jack Sherks once, and could n't know him well; so the trick I thought of was to take the stranger down to Grimsby in a spring-cart I knew how to get the loan of, and see if we could get him shipped for Jack. Well, we fetched the cart, and put the stranger into it. He had come round a bit, and groaned now and then, but did n't know where he was, or what we were doing with him; and we got him to Grimsby, where I found Captain Blobber at the house where he told me to ask for him. I said that I had met Jack Sherks at a public disguised as a navvy, and he had got drunk and been fighting, and got a knock on the head, but I did n't think it would be much, so I had brought him. The skipper got a lantern and came outside the town where the cart had been left; and when he looked at the man's head and felt it, he said he would be all right for a eut like that in a day or two, and he was so short of hands he'd take him. So he got his boat and took him aboard ship

at once, and the Slosure sailed next tide; and that's the last I ever heard of the matter. Every word as I've said is the truth, so help me.

How does this story of Bradley's sound to you, Brown? I confess that I am inclined to believe it. *Credo quia*, — it is so improbable; the man could never have invented a lie so circumstantial. Besides which, I have made inquiries, and a whaler named the Slosure, Captain John Blobber, did sail from Grimsby on Saturday, November 7, 1840. The fact is easily verified, because it made a considerable stir in the neighborhood at the time; for the Hull whalers generally start for Greenland in the spring and return in the autumn. But John Blobber had some private dodge of his own about wintering in an uncomfortable proximity to the north pole, and securing the first of the fishing when the ice broke. A chosen party, who had made several ordinary trips with him, fell in with his views; but it was a small one, and he had considerable difficulty in getting outsiders to have anything to do with so wild a proceeding as starting northwards at that time of year. This would account for his rash advance of money to the able-bodied seaman Sherks, and also for his taking him (as he supposed) on board though he was temporarily disabled.

One more point adds to the credibility of Bradley's account, or, at any rate, throws a difficulty in the way of disproving it: the Slosure, alas for our poor friend! has never been heard of since.

V. WHAT'S TRUMPS?

You will be surprised to see my handwriting again, my dear Brown, so soon after my last budget, especially as there is a chance of this letter crossing one of yours on the road, and you know my objection to such accidents. But you express so much anxiety to hear the latest particulars of anything which may throw light on Godwin's disappearance, that I will not let a post go by without sending you word of what has happened. Miss Holcombe has not shut herself up, or professed any great grief on account of her father's death. She feels that madness would have been so far greater an evil, that the actual event is evidently a relief to her mind. Of course she has regrets and pictures to herself that her father might have become reformed, and given up his habits of intemperance, if he had recovered his health; but still I fancy that she has too strong a conviction that the probabilities are all the other way for that sorrow to penetrate very deep.

Her position is a singular one. I do not understand much about the laws of my country, and fancied that land always went to males; but what Major Holcombe said in his confession is quite correct, it seems, — he actually *had* the power of leaving Marl Hill to his daughter by will, and has done so. As she is just of age, therefore, she finds herself the mistress of a house and an estate, both half in ruins, and requiring a vast amount of care and judgment to set them right: while she is so ignorant of affairs that she looks up to me — a fellow who knows no more what ought to be done in any legal or agricultural jointure than an Ojibbeway — as a perfect oracle. Common sense told me one thing, that she ought to have some motherly, middle-aged lady — a widow for choice — in the house with her; and as she saw the propriety of that, I looked about, and secured a comfortable

sympathetic dame, the relict of a clergyman, poor and without encumbrances, who was glad to accept the position of chaperon and domestic economist.

So soon as matters were thus in a measure settled, Miss Holcombe redoubled her efforts for the improvement of the poor around her; for she was able to spend a little money now, while at the same time she felt her responsibility as an owner of the soil in addition to a desire for some end and aim to live for. Coals, candles, and blankets have been distributed; the infant school is a permanent establishment; and she even entered into a little fancy I had for dressing up the church for Christmas. The edifice is so dull and gloomy that I am always longing for the power of painting it up a bit, clearing out the horrible old pews, and so getting rid of that gloomy air of depression which I fancy seems to affect the spirits of every parishioner who enters it. However, I am utterly unable to do anything permanent myself, but I thought a little temporary cheerfulness might be infused over the place in honor of the happiest of Christian festivals. Plenty of laurel, holly, and red berries could be had for nothing; nor were children wanting who entered into the spirit of the thing, and were delighted to bring the evergreens to the church; the only desideratum was the taste to arrange them, and for this I had to appeal to Miss Holcombe, and her new companion, Mrs. Wing. They answered readily enough: the younger lady brought originality; the elder, experience; I, superior strength and a longer reach.

It was past three o'clock in the afternoon, and our task was fortunately approaching completion, for the light already began to wane, and the snow, which was falling in large soft flocks, silently gathered over the windows, and obscured it still further. The two ladies were at the east end of the church, putting the final touches to a bower of mistletoe which festooned over the marble medallion of the late Sir Timothy Wetherbel, Bart., — as if any one was likely to want to kiss him!

"One little bit more holly for the reading-desk, and I think we shall do," said Miss Holcombe; and I went to the church porch to select a bough from the heap which had been thrown there.

The door stood ajar; on swinging it open, I saw a sailor standing in the porch, peering through into the interior, and supposing that he was attracted by curiosity, I told him to go in if he liked. "We are smartening up a bit for Christmas," said I.

He made no reply, but looked me steadily in the face.

"Is there anything the matter?" I asked. "Am I wanted?"

"What's trumps, Stacey?" he said; and then I knew him.

"Hush!" whispered I, grasping his hand. "She is in there. She has lately lost her father and —"

Before I could finish my sentence, there was a rustle behind me, and Miss Holcombe, who had heard and recognized the first tones of the sailor's voice, stood in the doorway. She gave a great gasp, and fell almost senseless in Godwin's arms, to the great surprise of good Mrs. Wing, who had followed along the aisle to see what was up. I explained the state of the case in a few hurried words; and then the sympathetic matron began to cry.

Hylas Godwin rather marred the impressiveness of the scene by staggering under the weight of Miss Holcombe, who is a very fine girl, and sitting down on the holly: having tight sailor's trousers he got up again pretty quickly.

You must positively come now, Brown, and hear Godwin's yarns. He has been catching whales and exploring countries which are all hummocks and bears; and he has lost two toes from frost-bite, and been shipwrecked, and travelled half over the globe before he could get here. And of course he will marry Miss Holcombe as soon as it is decent; for she does not mind his being a toe or two short, not she. He will write to you in a day or two, for he wants you to be another witness to his identity, as he has been reported dead, it seems, and has certain formalities to go through to get at his own property. Whether he will complete his college career in the legitimate manner ("make his exit B. A.," he calls it), is uncertain, for he doubts whether he could pass after three years' estrangement from classics and mathematics. Just as I was closing this, your letter came in announcing your intention of coming to see me at last. You will have to sleep on a sofa, as Godwin has taken possession of the bed reserved for you, but you will not mind that! Come along, old fellow; I wish Thorpe could be here too. Why, we might finish the rubber!

FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. SOTHERN, it is stated, intends to retire from the stage next year.

IT is rumored that a Manchester gentleman has purchased London Punch.

MISS NEILSON has made her appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, in a new drama by Mr. Dion Boucicault.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS is preparing for the Ambigu-Comique, Paris, a version of his romance, "Joseph Balsamo."

THE paper on Landor in the present issue of EVERY SATURDAY is evidently from the pen of the conductor of All the Year Round.

LAMARTINE's property at Monceaux, near Macon, as well as the chateau of Monceaux, has been sold for the benefit of his heirs-at-law.

THE needle manufactory of Schleicher in Schonthal, near Duren, on the Rhine, exported in the year 1868, 840,000,000 sewing needles.

THE cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, needs repairs to its lead covering; the new material is to be partly gilt, as in the time of Sixtus the Fifth.

ASCHER, the pianist to the Empress of the French, has died in London, aged thirty-nine. He was a pupil of Mendelssohn, Moscheles, and Thalberg. He lost his reason some time before his death.

A MISS LAMARA, of Vienna, is creating great excitement in the musical circles of Paris by her surpassingly beautiful voice. Adelina Patti told her, after hearing her twice, that she was destined to become the queen of the Italian Opera.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS will publish a further portion of his poem "The Earthly Paradise" in November, instead of waiting till the whole of the

work is completed. The volume to be published in November will comprise the tales for Autumn; the final tales for Winter will follow in May next.

So many deaths from sun-stroke have taken place on the East Indian Railway, India, that the directors have ordered a supply of coffins to be kept at the various stations on the line. A cheerful sight for passengers.

Not long since a picnic-party in Japan was attacked by a mob, upon the charge that the pleasure-seekers had met together for the purpose of eating little children. Whether or not the party had indulged in infant sandwiches does not appear.

A YOUNG woman in Newcastle, England, recently died from a disease communicated by the chignon she wore, which is supposed to have contained some of the hair known to be supplied to chignon makers from the cemeteries and hospitals of the East.

THE Empress Eugenie will be accompanied to Egypt by a complete staff of writers and artists, charged to reproduce by the pen and the pencil the principal episodes of the excursion. At the head of the draftsmen figures Gustave Doré, and of the chroniclers, Théophile Gautier.

SEA-SICKNESS does not seem particularly susceptible of dramatic treatment. Its manifestations, however, supply the comic interest of a new farce at the Strand, "The Chops of the Channel." The intrigue is conducted in the intervals between spasms of sickness, and the humor depends upon the fun to be extracted by the passengers from the doleful situation in which they are placed.

THE proprietors of the English line look with unfavorable eyes on the success of the French Atlantic Cable. Not so the English press. The Spectator remarks: "There are now three of these lines in working order. By the time there are thirty, M. Reuter will probably be ready to give the public a little non-commercial news from the States, where they publish every morning whole columns of news from Europe. Our Press is rapidly becoming the least spirited in the world, and submits to anybody who offers to save it sixpence."

M. OFFENBACH is, it is said, growing ambitious, and intends writing a *Guillaume Tell*, after which he will be satisfied. Like Alexandre Dumas *fil*, he is tired of his reputation. The world has only recognized in him a master of frothy, catchy, attractive melodies, the illustration of indelicate subjects. Now he protests that he writes musical tomfooleries like *La Périchole* and *Tulipatan* for the simple reason that they pay better than any other form of composition. Having amassed a handsome fortune, he designs to produce one important work and then throw down his pen, in imitation of the recently deceased *maestro* Rossini.

THE death of the well-known Count of Chateaullivard has given rise to almost as many necrological articles in the French papers as Lamartine. The Count's fame was principally due to the fact of his having once ridden up the stairs of the Jockey Club, and played and won a game of billiards on horseback. But when the memory of these and other similar eccentricities has passed away his *Essai sur le Duel* will still remain the Hoyle of duelling, the undisputed authority consulted by all the seconds implicated in these meetings. The

Essai sur le Duel contains rules providing for every contingency, and terminates with an account of all the decrees issued against duelling, which are equally remarkable for their severity and their inefficiency.

A LONDON publishing house having applied to a Madrid firm, with a view of introducing juvenile illustrated books into Spain, received from their correspondent the following reply: "To find any sale here the books should be printed in Spanish, but Spanish works printed abroad cannot be imported here. But even if this latter obstacle should be removed, which is not unlikely to be the case at no very distant period, children here are not what they are in other countries. Precocious as Spanish children generally are, they are very early infected with the excitement-loving spirit of their parents, have no thought for anything but outward show, theatres, bullfights, &c., and they seldom ever acquire a taste for reading. Hence there scarcely exists any juvenile literature in the Spanish language, and most parents would begrudge sixpence or a shilling for a juvenile book, whilst they squander the amount in amusing their offspring senselessly and even objectionably. Children here will not be children long, and do not like to be treated as such."

WILLIAM JERDAN, a veteran critic and writer, died last month at his residence, near Bushey Heath, at the ripe age of eighty-eight. He was for many years editor of the *Literary Gazette*. Ten or twelve years ago he published, in several volumes, his "Autobiography," and he has still more recently issued a volume of reminiscences called "Men I have known." Mr. Jerdan will be remembered in political history as the person who seized Bellingham, the assassin, in the lobby of the old House of Commons. In recent numbers of *Fraser's Magazine* are contributions from his pen, and the last two parts of the *Gentleman's Magazine* contain an article on the celebrated Beefsteak Club, which no other living man could have written from personal knowledge. For several years recently he has contributed to the *Leisure Hour* a series of reminiscences of distinguished men, illustrated by characteristic letters. Of the Royal Literary Fund in its early days he was a zealous advocate, and by his influence greatly aided its prosperity. His kindly help was always afforded to young aspirants in literature and art, and his memory will be cherished by many whom he helped to rise to positions of honor and independence. Late in life he received a pension of £100 a year for his long services to literature.

THE London *Athenæum* speaks thus pleasantly of Mr. Piatt's "Western Windows and other Poems": "There is sweet and genuine poetry to be found in this unpretending volume. It bears the impress in its tones and in its imagery of Western forests and Western progress,—the old primeval forests giving place to the pioneer, and he again to cities and 'the busy hum of men.' The pictures of bygone life,—of old hearthstones and graveyards relapsed into solitude, whilst the train and the railway carry the new generation far beyond them to new settlements. 'The Pioneer's Chimney,' 'The King's Tavern,' 'Fires in Illinois,' 'A Lost Graveyard,'—are all voices speaking of long ago, and linking it with the present. 'The Mower in Ohio, 1864,' is the poem we like the best,—an old man, whose four sons have gone to the war, and left him to mow his field alone. A

whole life-history is put into a few stanzas, the pathetic and the heroic mingle together; few will read it without a mist in the eyes and a lump in the throat. It seems to us that since the War the American people give utterance to deeper and nobler thoughts in their poetry; they have gained an individuality of their own, and their verse is not the reflex and imitation of other poets in distant climes. Occasionally Mr. Piatt gives us an echo of Longfellow and Tennyson, but his best poems are his own, and recall no remembrance or shade of the poetry of others."

THE *Invalide Russe*, organ of the Russian War Office, has just completed a series of articles urging the necessity, for strategical purposes, of improving the railway communication between the various parts of the empire. It points out that there are as yet no railways connecting the interior of Russia with the Vistula, the Crimea, the Caucasus, or Central Asia; that there is no safe and rapid means of transferring troops from one point on the frontier to another; that the communication between the provinces where the irregular cavalry is recruited and the frontier is very defective; and that the important positions on the coasts of the Baltic and Black Sea are not connected, as they should be, by lines of railway. The only line which is really important from a strategical point of view is that from Charkoff to Rostoff, which enables the Cossacks of the Don to be moved rapidly and at short notice to the frontier. As against Prussia, Russia has only a line running parallel with her frontier and too far distant from it to be of any military use, while Prussia has three lines parallel to the northern frontier of Poland and two at right angles to it. The *Invalide Russe* concludes from the above facts that it is absolutely necessary for Russia to complete her network of railways on the west and southwest, and that she should begin with the latter, as a conflict is to be expected with Austria and Turkey sooner than with Prussia.

THE Morning Star says: "A curious illustration of the saturating and distorting influence which religious prejudice may assume is to be found in the last number of the *Dublin Review*, the Catholic quarterly. One would suppose that Mr. Browning's last poem, to whatever other charges it may be open, is at any rate not very fanatically Protestant or anti-Catholic. Caponsacchi, the hero, is a priest. Innocent XII., one of the noblest characters in the poem and in all art, is not only priest but Pope. Pompilia, the exquisite heroine, is unimpeachably devout and faithful. Yet the writer in the *Dublin Review* considers the poem as only one more instance of the calumny to which Catholics in this country have learnt to grow callous. Mr. Browning is the dupe of fantastic prejudices, and, as the writer all too broadly insinuates, caricatures priests and others in order to commend himself to a prejudiced public. It is true that the author of the 'Ring and the Book' has depicted some egregious scoundrels, and that, as Italy happens to be emphatically a Catholic country, the scoundrels happen to be Catholics too. But this is uncommonly strange proof of his bigotry. We should hardly take it as an ill-humored satire upon Protestantism, if a poet, writing about England or Scotland, should introduce Protestant villains. Mr. Browning is an artist, and in high art there is no room for religious antipathies. It is a thousand pities that people of strong religious feelings do not more honestly cultivate this quality of the artistic temper."

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THE LEGEND OF THE PRINCESS TARA-KANOF.

MANY of the visitors of the Paris Exhibition of 1867 will remember a striking picture in the Russian section, representing the interior of a cell in the Petropavlovsky Fortress at St. Petersburg, during the great inundation of 1777. It is a picture which cannot fail to produce a strong and a very painful impression on all who see it. Through the broken window of the cell the turbid water is pouring in a great wave: the room is already half flooded, and will soon be completely submerged. On the bed a young girl is standing, pale, and evidently half fainting with fear, and a number of mice are swimming towards it, or, like her, have already taken refuge upon it. The bare aspect of the dreary prison-chamber contrasts strongly with the richness of the young girl's dress, worn and faded as it is, and so does the wild look of despair upon her face with the beauty of the features and the grace of the form of one who seems to have been fitted for far other scenes, for a widely different fate. Few of the spectators who saw this picture of Flavitaky's turned away from it without a wish to know something about the story which it illustrated, and which the catalogue informed them was known as "The Legend of the Princess Tarakanof." That story we now propose to tell. It has often been told before, but—as far as English narrators are concerned—always wrongly, and yet it is well worthy of being told aright. But its true nature has not very long been made known even in Russia. It was not till Alexander II. came to the throne that the papers were allowed to be examined on which the book is founded, and from which we are about to take our facts.* It is not wonderful, therefore, that the old legend should not yet have been displaced in England by a true version of the story.

The legend runs as follows. After the Empress Catharine II. had mounted the throne, she discovered that a rival, whose claims might become dangerous to her, existed in the person of a Princess Tarakanof. This princess was the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth by her marriage with Count Razumovsky. She had been brought up abroad in great seclusion, and was living at the time in Italy.

Catharine determined to get hold of her, and sent Count Alexis Orloff to Italy, on purpose to entrap her. He contrived to gain the confidence and to win the heart of the young girl, who was very beautiful and exceedingly charming. Having deluded her by a false marriage, he got her entirely into his power, inducing her to believe that he was going to espouse her cause and make her Empress of Russia. One day she went on board his ship at Leghorn. At first she was treated with the honors proper to royalty, but was suddenly arrested, loaded with irons, confined in the hold, and carried off to Russia. On arriving there she was thrown into a fortress, and treated in the most barbarous manner. Six years afterwards she perished in her prison, during an inundation of the Neva. Such is the legend. We pass on now to the true story.

The Empress Elizabeth was of a very impressionable character. Early in life, some time before she came to the throne, she fell desperately in love with a young officer named Shubine, and wished to marry him. But before the marriage could be brought about, he was suddenly arrested, and banished to Kamschatka, by the reigning Empress Anne. Elizabeth consoled herself as she best could, but she did not forget her former lover, and after her accession sent a confidential agent all over Kamschatka in search of him. For many months that officer travelled about the country seeking him in vain; all his inquiries were fruitless. No one had ever heard of such a name as Shubine. But at last one day, while he was talking to a group of exiles, he happened to mention the name of the Empress Elizabeth. "Is Elizaveta Petrovna now on the throne?" asked one of them. The officer replied in the affirmative, but the exile seemed to doubt the fact, until he was shown an official document in which Elizabeth was named as Empress. "If that is the case," said the convict, "the Shubine whom you are asking about is standing before you." Elizabeth's long-lost lover was found at last. On his arrival at St. Petersburg Elizabeth received him very kindly, made him a major-general, and conferred various other honors upon him. But the years he had passed in exile had produced a great change in him. His bodily health was shattered, and his thoughts had turned to religion, and especially to its ascetic side. He soon retired from the court, and before long he died. His last days were spent in the country, on an estate which the Empress had given him. There, in the village church, are preserved to this day a costly picture of the Saviour and a precious relic, both presented by

* The book was published last year at St. Petersburg, under the title of "Knyazna Tarakanova i Printsessa Vladimirovna." P. Melnikova [Princess Tarakanova and the Princess of Vladimir. By P. Melnikof], but its substance had already appeared in some of the Russian periodicals. A German translation of part of it had been published at Berlin, under the title of "Die vergebliche Tochter der Kaiserin Elisabeth Petrovna."

Elizabeth to her former lover in remembrance of her early attachment.

After Shubine's banishment Elizabeth had turned her attention to another lover. In the same year with herself, in 1709, a certain Alexis Razum had come into the world, the son of a simple Cossack in Little Russia. As the young Alexis grew up, it was discovered that he had a magnificent voice, and he became one of the choristers in the village church. There he was heard one day by an agent collecting singers for the imperial chapel, by whom he was at once transferred to St. Petersburg, where Elizabeth saw him, and took a fancy to him.

As soon as she mounted the throne she began to confer on him the first of a long series of honors. The young Cossack Razum soon became the great noble Razumovsky, Count of the Roman as well as of the Russian empire. In the year 1744, the Empress first made him a field-marshal and then married him. From that time till the end of her life he bore himself very discreetly, and never lost his influence over her. After Elizabeth's death, the Empress Catharine II. sent Count Vorontsov to ask Razumovsky to produce the papers bearing on his marriage with her predecessor, and offering to confer on him the title of Imperial Highness. Vorontsov went to Razumovsky's house, and found him "sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and reading the Bible." After the usual compliments Vorontsov explained the cause of his visit. Razumovsky did not utter a word, but silently rose and opened a cabinet, from a secret drawer in which he produced a packet of papers enveloped in rose-colored satin. These he began to read, still keeping silence; when he had finished reading them he raised his eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the sacred pictures which hung overhead, crossed himself devoutly, and threw the papers into the fire. Then he resumed his seat and began to speak. According to his account the late Empress had never had any relations with him beyond those of a monarch with a devoted subject, and the story of the marriage was nothing but an idle legend. For himself, he wished no more than to end his days in prayerful seclusion.

There can be no doubt, however, that the marriage really took place, and that two children were the fruit of it. Of these one was a son of whom nothing certain is known, but tradition relates that he lived till the beginning of the present century, shut up in a distant monastery, and always bitterly lamenting his unhappy lot.

Of the daughter more has been ascertained. Of her early life nothing is known, but in 1785, when forty years old, she was sent by the Empress Catharine II. to the Ivanovsky convent at Moscow. There she lived for some five-and-twenty years, leading so secluded a life as to see scarcely any one beyond a few priests. A private corridor and staircase led directly from her cell into the convent church, and so she could go into it unseen. When there mass used to be said privately for her, and on such occasions the church doors were closed and no strangers were admitted. The curtains behind the windows of her cell were always drawn; and if any of the passers-by loitered near and tried to look in, they were immediately driven away. There has been some slight dispute as to the date of her decease, but her tombstone states that she died on February 4, 1810, in the sixty-fourth year of her age. The Governor of Moscow and the other great officials attended at her funeral in full uniform, and

the crowd of lookers-on was enormous. She was not buried in the cemetery of the convent in which she had lived, but in that of the Novospassky monastery. It is a fitting resting-place for one who had led a quiet life, for it is a very quiet spot, although lying close to one of the large streets in the out-kirts of Moscow. The graves seem somewhat huddled up together, and have rather a neglected look, but there are trees which throw a pleasant shade on them, and in the fine weather of spring and early summer the birds sing pleasantly and flowers grow around in profusion. Even an acknowledged princess might find a worse place to sleep in.

So much as regards the real Princess Tarakanof, of whom but little has been written. Now for the pretender to the title, on whom much ink and sympathy have been expended.

About the year 1771, a certain Van Toers, the son of a Dutch merchant, fled from Ghent, where he left a wife and several creditors, and took up his residence in London. With him came a Madame Tremouille, — a lady who had been living in Berlin under the name of Franck, and in Ghent under that of Schöll.

She is said to have been very beautiful, although with a slight cast in one eye; and as she was both clever and accomplished, and had a singularly fascinating manner, she succeeded in charming most of the persons with whom she was brought into contact. She and Van Toers lived in great style in London, but before long fresh creditors obliged him to leave England. In the spring of 1772 he appeared in Paris, under the title of the Baron Embe, and thither he was followed a few months later by Madame Tremouille, who now began to call herself the Princess of Vladimir. Her story was that her parents, with whose name she was unacquainted, had died while she was very young, and that she had been brought up in Persia by an uncle. This uncle was taking care of her property, which was of fabulous value, and she herself had come to Europe for the purpose of looking after a rich inheritance which had accrued to her in Russia.

Alina, as she called herself, spent the winter of 1772 very pleasantly in Paris, where she added greatly to the number of her admirers and of her creditors, prominent among the former being Oginski, the Polish Ambassador, with whom she became closely allied. But before long Van Toers again became crippled by debts, and in 1773 he had to fly with Alina and some of her friends to Frankfort. Even there his creditors persecuted him, and he was put in prison. Fortunately for Alina, there arrived just then in the city a very foolish sovereign, Prince Philip Ferdinand of Limburg. The fair foreigner was introduced to him, and almost at the first interview completely won his heart. He paid her debts, and treated her with such royal magnificence that she soon deserted her other admirers for him, and in the beginning of June, 1773, she left Frankfort and went with him to his castle in Franconia.

There she led a life of luxury and extravagance which exactly suited her, and there she discovered for herself a new family history and provided herself with a new title. She became now "the Sultana Alina," and as the daughter of a Turkish Sultan was styled "Princess of Azof"; moreover, she founded the Order of the Asiatic Cross. A little later, however, she explained that she was only "a lady of Azof," not the princess of that

country, and that she would soon be recognized in Russia as sole heiress to the property of the house of Vladimir. Meanwhile the Prince of Limburg became more and more infatuated with her, and at last asked her to marry him. She consented, and it seemed as if, after all her wanderings and adventures, a quiet and enviable life was about to open before her.

But about this time a young Pole named Doman-aki began to make his appearance at Oberstein, where the "Princess of Vladimir" was holding a kind of court, and before long she was in close correspondence with several of the Polish nobles, especially with Prince Charles Radziwill. Poland was then smarting under the injustice of the "First Partition," and Radziwill was taking an active part in the proceedings of the Polish committee into which the leading members of the late Confederation of Bar had formed themselves. The successes gained in the east of Russia by Pugachev—the insurgent chief who pretended to be the Emperor Peter III.—had raised the hopes of the Poles, and they were anxious to take advantage of them in order to set a western insurrection on foot. How far their advice may have swayed the action of the "Princess of Vladimir" is not known, but before long rumors began to spread abroad to the effect that she was no less than rightful heiress to the throne of Russia, being the legitimate daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth by her marriage with Count Razumovsky; and that Pugachev, who was the count's son by an earlier marriage, was her half-brother. With an imperial crown in view no wonder that she disclaimed the merely princely coronet of the ruler of Limburg, and in the spring of 1774 she left him never to return.

From Germany she went into Italy, settling down for a time at Venice, where, under the name of the Countess Pinneberg, she set up a kind of little court. She lived in the house of the French Resident, spent her money freely, and allowed herself every indulgence. Her principal visitors were Poles, but the captains of two Turkish frigates, Hassan and Muhammad by name, were often at her receptions, and so was a well-known English traveller who had a strong taste for all manner of eccentricities,—Edward Wortley Montagu. After a time she determined to go to Constantinople, with the idea of trying to persuade the Sultan to support her claim to the Russian throne. Accordingly, she and all her court embarked on board one of the Turkish vessels, the commander receiving her with the greatest respect, and treating her as a royal personage. The ship set sail, but contrary winds drove it to Corfu, whence its captain determined to return to Venice. Several of the followers of the Princess went back in it, entreating her to accompany them; but she would not do so. They left her, and she embarked on board another Turkish vessel, and a second time set sail for Constantinople. But a second time a storm arose, and the ship was obliged to take refuge in the harbor of Ragusa. In that city the Princess took up her habitation, being lodged there, as before at Venice, in the house of the French consul. The French king was said to look with no unfriendly eye on her opposition to the Empress Catharine.

At Ragusa the Princess matured her plans. By way of confirmation of her story, she now produced certain documents of a very suspicious nature, amongst them the wills of Peter the Great and the Empress Elizabeth, on which she founded her claim

to the throne of Russia. She also wrote a letter to the Sultan, suggesting an alliance with him against Catharine, and saying that Sweden and Poland were willing to take part in it; and she sent the Grand Vizier a copy of the letter, which she asked him to forward to her half-brother, Pugachev. She did not know that Pugachev was at that moment a fugitive, soon to be betrayed to the Russian general; nor did she suspect that her friend Radziwill had given secret orders to his agent at Constantinople not to forward the letters she sent to his care for the Sultan and the Grand Vizier.

In her letter to the Sultan, the Princess spoke of an address which she had communicated to the Russian fleet at Leghorn. That fleet was commanded by Count Alexis Orlof, and it was to him that she addressed herself, sending a letter to him which she intrusted to the care of Mr. Wortley Montagu. In it she called upon Orlof to espouse her cause, styling herself Elizabeth II., Princess of Russia, and distinctly claiming the throne as hers by right. Orlof received the letter with delight, and immediately sent it on to the Empress Catharine, telling her that he intended to enter into communication with his correspondent, and that as soon as he could get her on board his ship he would sail straight away with her to Cronstadt.

Catharine sent word to Orlof to get hold of the pretender at all risks, even telling him—if his own account of the matter may be taken as correct—that he was to bombard Ragusa in case the senate of that republic refused to give her up. On the receipt of this letter, Orlof sent an agent to make inquiries at Ragusa about the Princess Elizabeth, and was about to proceed there himself with his squadron, when he learnt that she was no longer there. By this time her affairs were in disorder, and her prospects sadly overclouded. Peace had been concluded between Russia and Turkey, and Pugachev had been taken prisoner and executed, so that Catharine was freed from her most serious apprehensions. Radziwill, seeing that his plans were no longer practicable, abandoned the unfortunate adventures, whose cause he had pretended to espouse so long as she seemed likely to be useful to him. But when asked to betray her, he utterly refused. That act of baseness he left for Orlof to perform. But he did not shrink from leaving her at Ragusa alone and without resources.

From Ragusa the Princess went to Naples, where she made acquaintance with the English ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, through whose influence she was enabled to obtain a passport, with which she immediately set off for Rome. There she lived for some time, giving herself out to be a noble Polish lady, and professing to wish to lead a life of great seclusion, making few acquaintances, and never going out except in a carriage with closed windows. The truth was, her health had begun to give way, and for a time she really did lead a quiet life in acquiescence with her doctor's advice; but so uncongenial a mode of passing her time did not long satisfy her. Meanwhile, she was not unmindful of her interests. Announcing herself as a penitent schismatic desirous of entering the Roman Communion, she tried to make friends at the Vatican. At this time there was no Pope at Rome, for a successor to Clement XIV. had not yet been elected. Cardinal Albani was talked of as likely to be chosen, and the Princess was very anxious to obtain an interview with him. At last on January

1, 1775, one of her Polish companions managed to convey a letter from her to the Cardinal, who sent an abbé named Roccotani, to confer with her. On him she produced a very favorable impression, and even the cardinal, in spite of the state of preoccupation in which he then naturally was, could not help being interested in the fair convert, who explained that she was likely to become the Empress of Russia, and would do her best in that case to wean back her subjects from the errors of schism. But she succeeded only in getting a small amount of money from him. Further assistance he would not give, nor would the Polish Resident at Rome, who treated her with marked coldness. As she had taken once more to leading an extravagant life, keeping some fifty servants, and opening her rooms to a large circle, chiefly persons of artistic tastes, she was soon in want of money. In her distress she bethought herself of Sir William Hamilton, and wrote him a long letter explaining her claims to the throne of Russia, her present impecunious position, and the absolute necessity of her borrowing a little money. This letter alarmed the English ambassador, who had no wish to compromise himself in the eyes of the Russian authorities, and he determined to make amends for his error in obtaining her passport. So he sent on the letter to the English consul at Leghorn, Sir John Dick.

Throughout the whole of this story our countrymen figure to little advantage. Sir John Dick plays a very sorry part indeed, but he had always been on very friendly terms with the Russian authorities, and especially with Orlof, who procured for him the much-valued decoration of the Order of St. Anne, — the only instance of a Russian decoration being conferred on an English subject in the eighteenth century.

Sir John Dick seems to have been ready to do anything for Orlof, and at once handed over to him Sir William Hamilton's letter. Up to this moment Orlof had been unable to trace the movements of the victim he was hunting down. Now he knew where to find her. A few days later he was able to send word to the Empress Catharine that one of his officers, Khristenek by name, had been sent to Rome to try and induce the pretended Princess to leave that city, and to place herself within reach of the arm of Russia.

A few days later an English banker named Jenkins introduced himself to the Princess, and offered to open an unlimited credit at his bank for her. At first she thought he came from Sir William Hamilton, but he explained that his employer was Orlof, to whom he had been recommended by Sir John Dick. A vague suspicion flitted across her mind, and at first she refused the tempting offer.

About the same time a stranger had been observed curiously gazing at the house she occupied, and asking questions about its inmates. She immediately suspected that he was a Russian agent, and she sent to Cardinal Albani to ask for protection. But the stranger presented himself to her, and explained that he had been sent by Orlof to proffer her his services. At first she told him, as she had told Jenkins, that she did not require them. She justly suspected danger, and kept herself aloof from the toils. But, unfortunately, it was only for a time. A few days later she yielded to the temptation, listened to Khristenek's advice, and, in accordance with it, set out to meet her doom. About the middle of February, after having had her debts paid by Jenkins, from whom she also borrowed 2,000 du-

cats on her own account, she set out for Pisa, where Orlof was anxiously awaiting her. On her arrival, he received her with the greatest respect, had her magnificently lodged and entertained, and treated her as a royal personage. The suspicion she had felt at first with regard to his sincerity soon vanished, and before long she believed in him implicitly. A little later she learnt to love him also. Nor is that to be wondered at, for Orlof was one of the finest and handsomest men of his day, and a consummate master of the art of making love. Intriguer and adventuress as she was, the Princess was entirely taken in by his feigned attachment, and abandoned herself to him with as enthusiastic a devotion as if she had been an artless and inexperienced girl. Orlof played his part well, and refused her nothing. Relying on this, Khristenek was guilty of the unexampled baseness of asking her to obtain for him his promotion to the rank of colonel. She consented at once, and he received his commission from the hands of the unfortunate woman whom he had helped to betray, and whose doom he now felt was sealed.

After a few days, which she passed very happily, Orlof told her that he must leave her for a time. His useful ally, Sir John Dick, had written to tell him that his presence at Leghorn was absolutely necessary. The Princess tried to induce him to stay in Pisa, but he told her that it was impossible. "In that case," she said, "I will go to Leghorn with you." Orlof wished for nothing better. At last, he felt, she was on the point of being in his grasp.

The morning after her arrival at Leghorn, Orlof sent a message to Sir John Dick, to say that he was coming to dine with him; and in the afternoon he appeared with Admiral Greig and several other friends. With him came the Princess, who was received with the greatest apparent respect by the consul and his wife. In the evening she appeared at the opera, where she was naturally the centre of attraction. Every eye was turned towards her, and to almost every spectator her position must have seemed a most enviable one. They little knew that she was then standing on the threshold of a dungeon.

The next morning the English consul entertained his Russian friends at breakfast. The Princess was the queen of the feast, every one striving to do her honor, and none, it is said, more than Lady Dick and the wife of Admiral Greig. After breakfast the conversation turned on the subject of the Russian ships, and the Princess expressed a desire to see them. Orlof suggested that she should pay his vessel a visit, and she consented at once. The Admiral's barge was got ready, and the whole party embarked in it. In a short time Orlof had the delight of seeing his victim set foot upon the deck of his flag-ship.

It was a beautiful day. The waters of the bay were calm and bright, and the whole spectacle offered to the poor adventuress was very gay and enlivening. The people flocked to the shore in crowds expecting to see the fleet execute some of the manœuvres to which Orlof had accustomed them, and pleasure-boats came off to the ships in numbers. The Russian vessels were decked out with flags, their officers appeared on deck in full uniform, their crews manned the yards, and, amidst the roar of cannon and the cheering of the sailors, the doomed woman was received on board the vessel of her betrayer.

She was in high spirits, and thoroughly enjoyed

the brilliant spectacle got up in her honor. A little time passed, and then the vessels began to manoeuvre. The Princess stood looking on in silence. Suddenly she heard a harsh voice demanding from her Polish followers their swords. She turned, and saw that Orlof and Greig had disappeared, and that in their place stood a file of soldiers under arms, whose commanding officer was in the act of arresting her friends.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked.

"You are arrested by order of the Empress," was the reply.

The terrible truth suddenly flashed upon her mind. She fainted away, and during her state of insensibility she was carried down to the cabin. Her followers were removed to another vessel.

When she recovered her senses, and asked for Orlof, she was told that he also was a prisoner, and was thus induced to believe that he was sharing her fate. She fully trusted in him and in his love for her, and he was anxious that she should not be undeceived, for he feared that she might commit suicide if she lost all hope, and he was very desirous of gratifying Catharine by providing her with a living victim. Meanwhile the news of her imprisonment had spread far and wide, and the greatest indignation was produced by it in Leghorn. Some of the boats which surrounded the Russian ships, in spite of the threats of the sentries, got near enough to the Admiral's vessel to enable their occupants to see the pale face of the unfortunate prisoner at one of the cabin windows. The story of Orlof's audacity and treachery became known at Pisa and at Florence, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany protested vigorously against the act of violence committed within his realm. But the Russian Court paid no attention to his protests.

The day after her arrest Orlof went to see Sir John Dick, and asked for some books for the Princess to read. He looked pale and excited, said the English consul afterwards, — and he well might be. The next day the Russian fleet put to sea, but Orlof set off for St. Petersburg by land. This was in the second week of March, 1775.

Before very long the fleet arrived off Plymouth, and remained at anchor there for some little time. It was during this stay in English waters that the poor woman whom Orlof had betrayed first learnt his perfidy. Up to that moment she had remained tolerably calm, always hoping that he would manage to rescue her. But at last, while the vessel lay in Plymouth harbor, the full truth was revealed to her, and she was made aware that Orlof's love for her had been feigned throughout; that he had all along been merely leading her on to her fate, and that he had now gone to Russia in order to claim his reward for having ensnared her. And this was the man who had professed such devotion to her, whom she had so fondly, so blindly loved. After the first stunning influence of the shock had passed away, she made a desperate attempt to escape. An English vessel was lying alongside the Russian man-of-war on board of which she was confined, and she tried, but tried in vain, to get to it. Then she attempted to fling herself into the sea, and was only withheld from doing so by force. On two or three different occasions she tried to drown herself, and at last Admiral Greig was obliged to quit Plymouth Roads sooner than he had intended, so nervous was he about the proceedings of his now desperate prisoner.

On the 29th of April the Russian fleet reached

the Sound, and on the 22d of May cast anchor off Cronstadt. On the 4th of June an officer named Tolstoi was sent for by the Governor of St. Petersburg, Field-Marshal Galitsin, and, having been sworn to eternal secrecy on a copy of the Gospels, was sent to Cronstadt to receive Admiral Greig's prisoner, and to convey her to the Petropavlovsky fortress at St. Petersburg.

Silently, by night, the vessel which bore Tolstoi on his errand dropped down to Cronstadt. During the ensuing day that officer remained in concealment on board the Admiral's flag-ship. The following night, while all on board the surrounding shipping and all the inhabitants of the neighboring shores were fast asleep, his vessel silently made its way back up the stream to St. Petersburg. Before the sun rose on the 6th of June Tolstoi had handed his prisoner over to the commandant of the Petropavlovsky fortress, who conducted her to one of the casemates in the Alexief ravelin.

During the month of June the nights are delicious at St. Petersburg. The air is full of a kind of magic light, and long after the sun has sunk beneath the horizon, and long before it reappears, the sky is tinged with delicate pink and amber hues on which the eye is never tired of gazing. Seen from the opposite side of the river, the waters of which are bright with reflected light and color, the fortress, with its long, low walls and its tall and graceful spire, rises dark against the eastern sky. Very dark and dreary it must have seemed then to that unfortunate woman, who, just as the sunlight began to fall on the gilded domes and spires of the sleeping city, passed within the granite walls of that prison-house from which she was destined never to emerge.

As soon as Catharine heard that her enemy was at last in her power, she ordered her to be subjected to a close examination, in hopes that some light might be thrown upon the intrigues with which she had been connected, and the supposed conspirators of whom she had been the tool or the ally. Accordingly Prince Galitsin examined and cross-examined her and her fellow-prisoners, — for her Polish followers were also lodged in the fortress, though not allowed access to her, — but without arriving at any satisfactory result. She maintained that she did not know who her parents were, that she had been at first brought up in Kiel, but at nine years old was taken away into the interior of Russia, where some one gave her poison, from the effects of which she suffered for more than a year; that she was then sent to Bagdad, where a rich Persian took charge of her till she was eleven, when she was removed to Ispahan, where she passed under the care of a Persian prince, who told her that she was the daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth of Russia. That at the age of seventeen the Prince took her to Russia, and thence to Germany and England. That she spent two years with him in London, and afterwards went to Paris, and that she soon afterwards met the Prince of Limburg, to whom she became betrothed.

All these statements she repeated many times, and it was found impossible to obtain any other story from her. This obstinacy on her part so greatly irritated the Empress that she wrote to Galitsin, telling him to have recourse to "rigorous measures" in his treatment of the prisoner. Accordingly, he gave orders that she should be put upon prison fare, and have only just as much of that as was necessary to sustain life; that her servant-maid should be denied access to her, and that an officer and two soldiers should be stationed day and night in her

cell. These orders were carried into effect. For two days and two nights she underwent the indignity of being continually watched by guards, who never quitted her for a moment. All that time, too, she passed without taking food; for the gruel and cabbage-soup, which were served up to her in wooden bowls, were so revolting that she could not touch them. Meantime her health became rapidly worse; the cough from which she had been suffering for some time increased, and she began to spit blood. At last, by signs, she managed to explain that she wished to send a letter to the Governor, and writing materials were supplied to her. On receiving her letter, which contained a pathetic appeal to his feelings and those of the Empress, Galitsin paid her a visit, and again tried to extract some information from her as to her accomplices, but without success, although he went so far as to threaten her with "extreme measures." On leaving her cell he told her that she must not expect any mitigation of the hardships she had lately endured, though in reality his heart was touched by her sufferings.

Galitsin was a man of more than usual kindness, and could not bear to see a young and attractive woman — one, moreover, accustomed to an easy and luxurious life — exposed to such sufferings and such indignities as she had to undergo. She was also evidently in a state of such physical and mental prostration, that her life did not seem likely to be much prolonged; and so, in spite of the distinct commands of the Empress, he found himself incapable of continuing the "rigorous measures" which had proved so fruitless. Before quitting the fortress he gave orders that the severity of her treatment should be mitigated, and that the sentries should no longer be stationed inside her room.

Meantime her two Polish fellow-prisoners had been examined by Galitsin, and every means taken to obtain some useful confession from them. One of them, Domanski by name, declared that it was merely love for her that had made him follow in her train, and that even now, if she would marry him, he should consider himself the happiest of men, even though he had to spend the rest of his life in a prison. Some hope seems to have been held out to him of the possibility of such marriage, and Galitsin suggested the idea to the Princess. — if we may be allowed still to give her that title; but she treated it with contempt, saying that Domanski was far too contemptible and uneducated a man for her to think of as a husband, even if she were not bound by her plighted troth to the Prince of Limburg. Galitsin then tried to obtain a confession from her by promising that, if she would say what her origin really was, she should be allowed to go back to her betrothed in Germany. For a time she seemed to waver in her denial of all knowledge of her history, and promised to send Galitsin a full account of herself; but when the paper which he thought would contain it arrived, there was no new information in it. Whether she really had none to give, or whether she distrusted Galitsin's promises, is not known. All that is certain is, that nothing more was ever learnt from her respecting her former career.

About this time, tradition states, Orlof came to see her, and a stormy interview ensued. The story is not at all probable, and it is to be hoped that it is not true. But what is certain is, that a little later in the month of November, she bore her betrayer a son. The child was christened in the

prison, and it is said that it thrived, and eventually grew up to man's estate, and became an officer of rank in the Russian service. Anyhow, its mother did not long survive its birth. Her strength had altogether given way under her sufferings. For she had suffered much, and yet had been treated with much of the old severity. The soldiers had been brought back into her room, in spite of the pathetic appeals she made to the Empress, saying, as she well might, that the constant presence of men beside her "shocked her womanly nature." The consumption which had seized on her made rapid progress, her cough became worse and worse, and at last she lay down to die. A priest was sent for, who exhorted her, as upon the threshold of the grave, to make full confession of her sins against the Empress. But she still maintained that in this respect she was not to blame, and the priest at last left her without giving her absolution.

On the 15th of December, 1775, she died, carrying with her to the grave the secret of her birth. The next day the soldiers, some of whom had stood by her bedside till she drew her last breath, dug a deep hole in the ground within the walls of the fortress, and buried in it the body of the unfortunate adventuress. No funeral rites were performed over her grave. Catharine's revenge was complete.

Two years later occurred the terrible inundation of 1777, when the Neva rose to such a height that the casemates of the Petropavlovsky fortress were submerged under its waters. In spite of the secrecy which had been preserved with respect to the so-called Princess, rumors had got about that a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth was kept in confinement in the fortress, and after the inundation a story gained credence that she had been forgotten or intentionally deserted in her cell, and so had been drowned by the rising tide.

Two years more passed by, and the cell in which the adventuress died received another inmate. This was a young Guardsman named Vin'ky, who had become compromised in some political conspiracy, and who was ultimately exiled to Orenburg. While occupying his prison-quarters in the fortress, he amused himself by deciphering the inscriptions which previous inmates had left on the walls. One day he observed some writing on one of the panes in the window, and on closer inspection he made out the words, "O mio Dio!" which had evidently been scratched with a diamond on the glass. The warder told him that they must have been the handiwork of a young and beautiful lady who had occupied the cell four years before. This was the last trace which remained of her existence, unless a little mound be taken into consideration, which, as late as the year 1828, was still visible in the garden of the fortress, and which was said to mark the spot where, at the end of her restless and wasted career, Orlof's victim at last found repose. Who she really was, and what was the secret of her early life, are problems which to this day remain unsolved.

FLATTERY.

NOTHING is so delightful as flattery. To hear and believe pleasant fictions about one's self is a temptation too seductive for weak mortals to resist, as the typical legends of all mythologies and the private histories of most individuals show: in consequence of which home truths, to one used to ideal portraiture, come like draughts of "bitter cup" to the dram-drinker. And flattery is dram-drinking:

and yet not quite without good uses to balance its undeniable evil, if only it be exaggeration, and not wholly falsehood; that is, if it assumes as a matter of course the presence of virtues potential to the character, but not always active, and praises for what might be if the person chose to live up to his best. Many a weak brother, and weaker sister, and all children, can be heartened into goodness by a little bit of judicious praise or flattery, where ponderous exhortation and grave reproof would fail; just as a heavily-laden horse can be coaxed uphill when the whip and spur would lead to unimely jibbing. If, on the contrary, the flattery is of a kind that makes you believe yourself an exceptionally fine fellow when you are only "mean trash," — a king of men when you are nothing better or nobler than a moral nigger, — making you satisfied with yourself when at your worst, then it is an unmitigated evil; it then becomes dram-drinking of a very poisonous kind, which sooner or later does for your soul what unlimited blue ruin does for your body. But this is what we generally mean when we speak of flattery, and this is the kind which has got such a deservedly bad name with moralists of all ages.

The flatteries of men to women, and those of women to men, are very different in kind and direction. Men flatter women for what they are, — for their beauty, their grace, their sweetness, their charmingness in general; while a woman will flatter a man for what he does, — for his speech in the House last night, of which she understands little; for his book, of which she understands less; or for his pleading, of which she understands nothing at all. Not that this signifies much on either side.

The most unintellectual little woman in the world has brains enough to look up in your face sweetly, and breathe out something that sounds like "beautiful — charming — so clever," vaguely sketching the outline of a hymn of praise to which your own vanity supplies the verses. For you must have an exceptionally strong head if you can rate the sketch at its real value, and see for yourself how utterly meaningless it is. You may be the most mystical poet of the day, suggesting to your acutest readers grave doubts as to your own power of comprehending yourself; or you may be the most subtle metaphysician, to follow whom in your labyrinth of reasoning requires perhaps the rarest order of brains to be met with; but you will nevertheless believe any narrow-browed, small-headed woman who tells you in a low, sweet voice, with a gentle uplifting of her eyes, and a suggestive curve of the lip, that she has found you both intelligible and charming, and that she quite agrees with you, and shares your every sentiment. If she further tells you that all her life long she has thought in exactly the same way, but was wholly unable to express herself, and that you have now supplied her want and translated into words her vague ideas, and if she says this with a reverential kind of effusiveness, you are done for, so far as your critical power goes; and should some candid friend, whom she has not flattered, tell you with brutal frankness that your bewitching little flatterer has neither the brains nor the education to understand you, you will set him down as a slanderer, spiteful and malignant, and call his candor envy, because he has not been so lucky as yourself. The most subtle form of flattery is that which asks your advice, with the pretence of needing it, — your advice, particularly, — yours above that of all other persons, as the wisest, best, and

most useful to be obtained. This, too, is a form that belongs rather to women in their relations with men, than the converse; though sometimes men will pretend to want a woman's advice about their love affairs, and will perhaps make believe to be guided by it. Not unfrequently, however, asking one woman's opinion and advice about another is a masked manner of love-making on its own account; though sometimes it may be done for flattery only, when there are reasons. Of course not all advice-asking is flattery; but when intended only to please, and not meant to be genuine, it is perhaps one of the most potent instruments of the art to be met with.

But if seeking advice is the most subtle form of flattery, the most intoxicating is that which pretends to moral elevation or reform by your influence. The reformation of a rake is a work which no woman alive could be found to resist if the rake offered it to her as his last chance of salvation; and to lead a pretty sinner back to the ways of picturesque virtue by his own influence only is a temptation to self-reliance which no man could refuse, a flattery which not Diogenes nor Zeno himself could see through. The pretensions of any one else would be laughed at cruelly enough; but this is one of the things where personal experience and critical judgment never go in harness together, — one of the manifestations of flattery which would overcome the calmest, and bewilder the wisest. Priests of all denominations are especially open to this kind of flattery; not only from pretty sinners who have gone openly out of the right line, but from quite comely and respectable maids and matrons, who have lived blamelessly so far as the broad moral distinctions go, yet who have not lived the awakened life until roused thereunto by this peculiarly favored minister. It is a tremendous trial of a man's discernment when such flattery is offered to him. How much of this pretended awakening is real? How much of this sudden spiritual insight is true, and not a mere phrasing, artfully adopted for pleasantness only? These are the cases where we most want that famous spear of Ithuriel to help us to a right estimate, for they are beyond the power of any ordinary man to determine. But if priests are subject to these delusions of flattery on the one hand, they know how to practise them on the other. Take away the flattery which, mingled with occasional rebuke, forms the great ministerial spur, and both Revivalism and Ritualism would flag like flowers without "the gentle dews." Scolded for their faults in dress, for their vanity, extravagance, and other feminine vices, are not women also flattered as the favorites of Heaven and of the Church? Are they not told that they are the lilies of the ecclesiastical garden? the divinely appointed missionaries for the preservation of virtue and godly truth in the world? without whom the coarser race of men would be given over to inconceivable spiritual evil, to infidelity and all immorality. We may be very sure of this, that if humanity, and especially feminine humanity, were not flattered as well as chastened, clerical influence would not last for a day.

There is one kind of flattery which is common to both men and women, and that is the expressed preference of sex. Thus, when men want to flatter women, they say how infinitely they prefer their society to that of their own sex; and women will say the same to men. Or, if they do not say it, they will act it. See a set of women congregated

together without the light of a manly countenance among them. They may talk to each other certainly; and one or two will sit away together and discuss their private affairs with animation; but the great mass of them are only half vitalized while waiting the advent of the men to rouse them into life and the desire to please. No man who goes up first, and earlier than he was expected, from the dinner-table, can fail to see the change which comes over those wearied, limp, indifferent-looking faces and figures as soon as he enters the room. He is the prince whose kiss woke up the sleeping beauty, and all her court; and can any one say that this is not flattery of the most delightful kind? To be the Pygmalion even for a moment, and for the weakest order of soul-giving, is about the greatest pleasure that a man can know, if he is susceptible to the finer kinds of flattery.

Some women, indeed, not only show their preference for men, but openly confess it, and confess at the same time to a lofty contempt or abhorrence for the society of women. These are generally women who are, or have been, beauties, or who have literary and intellectual pretensions, or who despise babies and condemn housekeeping, and profess themselves unable to talk to other women because of their narrowness and stupidity. But for the most part they are women who, by their beauty or their position, have been used to receive extra attention from men, and thus their preference is not flattery so much as *exigence*. Women who have been in India, or wherever else women are in the minority in society, are of this kind; and nothing is more amazing to them when they first come home than the attentions which a certain style of Englishwoman pays to men, instead of demanding and receiving attentions from them. These are those sweet, humble, caressing women who flatter you with every word and look, but whose flattery is nothing but a pretty dress put on for show, and taken off when the show is done with. Anything will do for an occasion with some people. Why, the way in which certain women will caress a child before you is an implied flattery, and they know it. If only they would be careful to carry these pretty ante-nuptial ways into the home, where nothing is to be gained by them but a humdrum husband's happiness! But too often the woman whose whole attitude was one of flattering devotion before her end was gained gives up every shred of that which she had in such profusion when she has attained her object, and lets the home go absolutely bare of that which was so beautiful and seductive in the ball-room and the flirting corner. Some men, however, want more home flattery to keep them tolerably happy and up to the mark than any woman with a soul to be saved by truth can give. Poets and artists are of this kind, — men who literally live on praise, without which they droop and can do nothing. With them it is absolutely necessary that the people with whom they are associated should be of appreciative and sympathetic natures; but the burden comes heavy when they want, as they generally do, so much more than this. For, in truth, they want flattery in excess of sympathy; and if they do not get it they hold themselves as the victims of an unkind fate, and fill the world with the echo of their woes. This is nine tenths of the cause why great geniuses are so often unhappy in married life. They demand more, and more incessant, flattery than can be kept up by one woman, unless she has not only an exceptional power of

love, but also an exceptional power of self-suppression; they think that by virtue of their genius they are entitled to a Benjamin's mess of devotion, double that given to other men; and when they get only Judah's share, they cry out that they are ill-used, and make the world think them ill-used as well. But though a little home-flattery helps the home life immeasurably, and greases the creaking domestic wheels more than anything else can, a great deal is just the most pernicious thing that can be offered.

The belief prevalent in some families that all the very small and commonplace members thereof are wonders and greater than any one else, — that no one is so clever as Harry, no one so pretty as Julia, that Amy's red hair is of a more brilliant gold than can be found elsewhere, and Edward's mathematical abilities about equal to Newton's, — this belief, nourished and acted on, is sure to turn out an insufferable collection of prigs and self-conceited damsels, who have to be brought down innumerable pegs before they find their own level. But we often see this especially in country places where there is not much society to give a standard for comparative measurement; and we know that those fond parents and doting relatives are blindly and diligently sowing seeds of bitterness for a future harvest of sorrow for their darlings. These young people must be made to suffer if they are to be of any good whatever in the world; and finding their level, after the exalted position which they have been supposed to fill so long, and being pelted with the unsavory missiles of truth in exchange for all the incense they have received, will be suffering enough. But it has to be gone through; this being one of the penalties to which the unwisdom of love so often subjects us. The flattery met with in society is not often very harmful save to coarse or specially simple natures. You must be either one or the other to be able to believe it. Lady Morgan was perhaps the most unblushing and excessive of the tribe of social flatterers; but that was her engine, the ladder by which she did a good part of her climbing. We must not confound with this kind of flattery the impulsive expression of praise or love which certain outspoken people indulge in to the last. You may as well try to dam up Niagara as to make some folks reticent in any direction. And when one of this kind sees anything that he or she likes, the praise has to come out with superlatives if the creature is prone to exaggeration. But this is not flattery; it is merely want of reticence, and a certain childlikeness which lasts with some to the end, but which very few understand when they see it, and which subjects its possessor to misrepresentation and unfriendly jibes, as soon as his or her back is turned, and the explosion of exaggerated praise is discussed critically by the uninterested part of the audience.

NIGHT ON THE MINCH.

"SHE is a poor thing, a bit toy!" said the skipper of the Lowland trader, regarding the little yacht Tern from the deck of his big vessel, while we lay in Canna Harbor. "She's no' for these seas at all; and the quicker ye are awa' hame wi' her round the Rhu, ye'll be the wiser. She should never hae quitted the Clyde."

Set by the side of the trader's great hull, she certainly did look a "toy": so tiny, so slight, with her tapering mast and slender spars. To all our

enumeration of her good qualities, the skipper merely replied with an incredulous "oomph," and assured us that, were she as "good as gold," the waters of the Minch would drown her like a rat if there was any wind at all. Few yachts of thrice her tonnage, and twice her beam, ever cared to show their sails on the outside of Skye. Why, even the skipper, in his great vessel, which was like a rock in the water, had seen such weather out there as had made his hair stand on end; and he launched into a series of awful tales, showing how he had driven from the point of Heat to Isle Ornsay up to his neck in the sea, how a squall off Dunvegan Head had carried away his topmast, broken his mainsail boom, and swept his decks clean of boats and rubbish, all at one fell crash; and numberless other terrific things, all tending to show that we were likely to get into trouble. When he heard that we actually purposed crossing the Minch to Boisdale, and beating up along the shores of the Long Isle as far as Stornoway, he set us down as madmen at once, and condescended to no more advice. After that, till the moment we sailed, he regarded us from the side of his vessel in a solemn sort of way, as if we were people going to be hanged.

He frightened us a little. The Wanderer, who had planned the expedition, looked at the skipper, — or the Viking, as we got in the habit of calling him, because he was n't like one. The Viking, who had never before ventured with his yacht beyond the Clyde, was pale, and only wanted encouragement to turn and fly. But Hamish Shaw, the pilot, setting his lips together, delivered himself so violently against flight, vowed so stanchly that having come thus far we must proceed, or be forevermore branded as pretenders, and finally swore so roundly by his reputation as a seaman to carry us safely through all perils, that even the Viking shook his horrent locks and became for the instant nearly as courageous as he looked. "Nothing," said the Viking, in a glow of reckless ardor, "nothing gives me so much pleasure as tearing through it, with the wind blowing half a gale, and the boat's side buried to the cockpit coaming."

We had all great confidence in Hamish Shaw, for two very good reasons; firstly, because he had long been accustomed to sailing all sorts of boats in these waters; and secondly, because he was steady as a rock, and cool as snow in times of peril. Again and again, during the voyage, did we find reason to bless ourselves that we had such a man on board. He was fond of talk, and had much to say well worth listening to, but at critical moments he was like the sphinx, — only rather more active. To see him at the helm, with his eye on the waves, steadily helping the little craft through a tempestuous sea, bringing her bow up to the billows, and burying it in them whenever they would have drowned her broadside; or sharply watching the water to windward, with the mainsail sheet in his hand, shaking her through the squalls off a mountainous coast, — these were things worth seeing, things that made one proud of the race. As for the Viking, though he had considerable experience in sailing in smooth water, and though he was a very handy fellow in the ship's carpenter line, he was nowhere when it began to blow. He had been subject to palpitation of the heart for many years, and it always troubled him most when he was most wanted; making him very pale, feeble, and fluttering. He took a great deal of whiskey to cure his complaint, but it had merely the effect of exciting him without

relieving his unfortunate symptoms. The Wanderer could do a little in an emergency, but his nautical knowledge was very slight, just enabling him to distinguish one rope from another if he were not particularly hurried in his movements. The cook was a lady, and of course could be of no use on deck in bad weather: though, as Hamish Shaw expressed it, she showed a man's spirit throughout the voyage.

In plain point of fact, there was only one sailor on board; and as he had only one pair of hands, and could not be everywhere at the same moment, it was a miracle that the Tern escaped destruction.

As the distance from Canna to Loch Boisdale, the nearest point in the outer Hebrides, was about thirty miles, all quite open water, without the chance of any kind of harbor, and as the Tern, even with a fair wind, could not be expected to run more than six miles an hour in a sea, it was advisable to choose a very good day indeed for the passage. As usual in such cases, we began by being over-cautious, and ended by being over-impatient. This day was too calm, and that day was too windy. We ended by doing two things which we had commenced by religiously avowing not to do, — that is to say, never to start for a long passage except at early morning, and never to venture on such a passage without a fair wind. We weighed anchor at about two o'clock in the afternoon, with the wind blowing northwest, — nearly dead in our teeth.

But it was a glorious day, sunny and cheerful; the clouds were high and white, and the waters were sparkling and flashing, far as the eye could see. As soon as the wind touched the white wings of the little Tern, she slipped out of the harbor with rapid flight, plunged splashing out at the harbor mouth, and was soon swimming far out in the midst of the spray, happy, eager, tilting the waves from her breast like a swimmer in his strength. Next to the rapturous enjoyment of having wings one's self, or being able to sport among the waves like a great northern diver, is the pleasure of sailing during such weather in a boat like the Tern.

Canna never looked more beautiful than to-day, — her cliffs wreathed into wondrous forms and tinted with deep ocean dyes, and the slopes above rich and mellow in the light. But what most fascinates the eye is the southern coast of Skye, lying on the starboard bow as we are beating northward. The Isle of Mist is clear to-day, not a vapor lingers on the heights; and although it must be admitted that much of its strange and eerie beauty is lost, still, we have a certain gentle loveliness in its place. Can that be Skye, the deep coast full of rich warm under-shadow, the softly tinted hills, "nakedly visible without a cloud," sleeping against the "dim sweet harebell color" of the heavens? Where is the thunder-cloud, where are the weeping shadows of the cirrus, where are the white flashes of cataracts through the black smoke of rain on the mountain-side? Are these the Cuchullins, — the ashen-gray heights turning to solid amber at the peaks, the dry seams of the torrents softening in the sunlight to golden shades? Why, Blaavin with hooked forehead, would be bare as Primrose Hill, save for one slight white wreath of vapor, that, glittering with the hues of the prism, floats gently away to die in the delicate blue. Dark are the headlands, yet warmly dark, projecting into the sparkling sea and casting summer shades. Skye is indeed transformed, yet its beauty is still spiritual, still it keeps the faint feeling of the glamour. It looks like witch-beauty, wondrous

and unreal. You feel that an instant may change it, and so it may and will. Ere we have sailed many miles more, Skye will be clouded over with a misty woe, her face will be black and wild, she will sob in the midst of the darkness with the voice of falling rain and eerie winds.

We were flying along swiftly, and the breeze was heading us less and less. The sea still sparkled, far as the eye could see, a flashing surface, —

"Dappled o'er with shadows flung
From many a brooding cloud":

the wool-white cloud above, the soft shadow below. There was no danger, and the Viking was like, a lion. All went merry as a marriage bell. Picture after picture rose up, grew into perfect loveliness, and faded like a fairy palace into the air. Now it was Macleod's Maidens, the three sister peaks on the western coast of Skye, linked together by a dim rainbow, and glimmering brightly through a momentary shower; again, it was the far-off mouth of Loch Bracadale, rich with the darkest purple tints, with a real red-sailed fishing-boat in the foreground to bring out the picture, just as Turner would have placed it on the canvas; and still again, it was the Cuchullins, already wreathed in mist, magnified to still more gigantic size by their own darkness, and looking as forlorn as if no sunlight had ever fallen on their hoary brows.

But more frequently, with keener interest, with more anxious longing, our eyes were turned westward; to the far-off isles whither we were bound. We could see them better now, misted over by distance, — part of the Barra highland, the three great hills of Uist, and, dimmest of all, the high hills of Harris. As the vapors shifted on the coast, the shape of the land changed. What had looked like mountains drifted away before the wind; what had seemed a cloud, outlined itself darkly and more darkly; and, strange to say, the whole coast seemed, as we drew nearer, to retreat further away, inasmuch that when we had beaten ten or twelve miles of the actual distance to Loch Boisdale, the outer Hebrides looked as distant as ever, and we almost thought there must have been some mistake in our calculation of the number of miles across.

It was a strange feeling, riding out there in the open Minch in that little boat, and knowing that a storm, if it *did* catch us there, would leave us little time to say our prayers. The vessel was too small and crank to lie to, and running before the wind she would have drowned herself in no time. True, we had extemporized a kind of wooden scuttle for the cockpit, which might be of some service in a sea, and did actually save us from some peril; but the fact was, the boat, as Hamish Shaw expressed it, wanted "body," and would never live out bad weather in the open. It was a wonder Hamish ever accompanied us at all, — he had such a profound contempt for the Tern, quite agreeing with the skipper in Canna that she was merely a toy, a plaything. We suppose, however, that he had confidence in himself, and knew that if any one could save her at a pinch, he could.

We had started so late that, before we were half-way across, it was growing quite dark. It promised to be a good night, however. The worst of our situation just then was, that the wind was beginning to fail, and we were making very little way through the rough roll of the sea.

One certainly did not feel quite comfortable, tumbling out there in the deepening twilight, while the land on either side slowly mingled itself with

the clouds. After taking our bearings by the compass, and getting a drop of something warm, we could do nothing but sit and wait for events. The Viking was beginning to feel unwell with his old complaint. Shivering he looked to windward, seeing all sorts of nameless horrors. Twenty times, at least, he asked Hamish what sort of a night it promised to be? Twice he rushed down to examine the weather-glass, an aneroid, and, to his horror, it was slowly sinking. Then he got lights and buried himself among the charts, feebly gazing at a blank space of paper labelled "The Minch." At last, unable to disguise it any longer, he began to throw out dark hints that we were doomed; that it was madness sailing at night; that he had seen it from the beginning, and should not have ventured so far; that he knew from the color of the sky that we should have a storm in the night; and that, only let him get safe back "round the Rhu," no temptation on earth should tempt him again beyond the Crinan Canal.

It is to be feared that Hamish Shaw was rather short with the Viking, and attributed his trepidation to ignoble causes. Hamish Shaw was in his glory. He loved sailing at night, and had been constantly urging us to it. He had learned the habit as a fisherman, it was associated with much that was wildest and noblest in his life, and he was firmly persuaded that he could see his way anywhere in the waters, by dark as well as by day. Owl-like, wakeful and vigilant, he sat at the helm, with his weather-beaten face looming through his matted ringlets, his black pipe set between his teeth, and his eyes looking keenly to windward. He was not a sentimental man; he did not care much for "scenery." But do you think there was no dreamy poetry in his soul; that he had no subtle pleasure, concealed almost from himself, as the heaven bared its glittering breast of stars, and the water that darkened beneath glimmered back the light and the wind fell softly, till we could hear the deep breathing of the sea itself? What memories drifted across his brain; of wild nights at the herring-fishing, of rain, snow, and wind; of tender nights in his highland home, when he went courting in highland fashion to the lassie's chamber-door! He is a strange study, Hamish Shaw. To hear him speak directly of any scene he has visited, you would not credit him with any insight. But he sees more than he knows. His life is too full to take in separate effects, or wonder anew. What light he throws for us on old thoughts and superstitions, on tender affections of the race! His speech is full of water and wind. He uses a fine phrase as naturally as nature fashions a bud or a leaf. He speaks in natural symbols, as freely as he uses an oar. His clear fresh vision penetrates even into the moral world, quite open and fearless even there, where the best of us become purblind.

We have tried again and again, for our own amusement, to reproduce a little of Shaw's English. He is a true Gael, and is speaking a foreign tongue, acquired in early youth. His language is at once remarkable for its obscurity and the use of big words, and yet for a strange felicity of verbal touch. He attaches a certain meaning to words, and tries hard to be explicit. For example, speaking once of the Gaelic, and becoming warm in its praise: "The Gaelic," he said, "is a kind of guttural language, a principal and positive language: a language, d'ye see, full of knowledge and essence." It would be difficult to find anything obscurer than

the beginning of the explanation, or more felicitous than its conclusion. The one word "essence" is perfect in its terse expression of meaning.

"I'm of the opinion," said Hamish, quietly surveying the heavens, "that the night will be good. Yon's a clear sky to windward, and there's nae kerry. I would a heap sooner sail a craft like this by night than by day, the weather is mair settled between gloaming and sunrise; and you have one great advantage; the light is aye gaining on ye, instead o' the darkness."

"But, Shaw, man," cried the Viking, "we are creeping closer and closer to the land, and it will be a fearful business making it out in the mirk!"

Shaw shrugged his shoulders.

"If we canna see it, we maun just smell it," he said. "It's useless to fash your head."

"A coast sown with rocks as thick as if they had been shaken out of a pepper-box! Reefs here, danger everywhere! And not a beacon nearer than Rhu Hunish lighthouse! O my God!"

And the Viking wailed.

By this time the summer night had quite closed in; Canna and Skye had long faded out of sight behind, but we could still make out the form of the land ahead. The wind was rising again, and blowing gently on our quarter, so we bade fair to make the coast of the Long Island sooner than was advisable. Still, it would have been injudicious to remain any longer than was necessary out in the open; for a storm might come on by morning, and seal our fate. The best plan was to creep to within a couple of miles of the land, and hang about until we had sufficient daylight to make out our situation. It was even possible, if it did not grow much darker, that we might be able to make out the mouth of Loch Boisdale in the night.

The Viking plunged below to the charts. To while away the time, the Wanderer began talking to the steersman about superstition. It was a fine eerie situation for a talk on that subject, and the still summer night, with the deep, dreary murmur of the sea, gathered powerfully on the imagination.

"Hamish," said the Wanderer, abruptly, "do you believe in ghosts?"

Hamish puffed his pipe leisurely for some time before replying.

"I'm of the opinion," he replied at last, beginning with the expression habitual to him, — "I'm of the opinion that there's strange things in the world. I never saw a ghost, and I don't expect to see one. If the Scripture says true — I mean the Scripture, no' the ministers — there has been ghosts seen before, and there may be now. The folk used to say there was a Ben-shee in Shipness Castle, a Ben-shee with white hair and a much like an old wife, and my father saw it with his own een before he died. They're curious people over in Barra, and they believe stranger things than that."

"In witchcraft, perhaps?"

"There's more than them believes in witchcraft. When I was a young man on board the Petrel (she's one of Middleton's fish-boats, and is over at Howth now) the winds were that wild, that there seemed sma' chance of winning hame before the new year. Weel, the skipper was a Skye man, and had great faith in an auld wife who lived alone up on the hillside; and without speaking a word to any o' us, he went up to bid wi' her for a fair wind. He crossed her hand wi' siller, and she told him to bury a live cat wi' its head to the airt wanted, and then to steal a spoon from some house, and get

awa'. He buried the cat and he stole the spoon. It's curious, but sure as ye live, the wind changed that night into the north-west, and never shifted till the Petrel was in Tobermory."

"Once let me be the hero of an affair like that," cried the Wanderer, "and I'll believe in the devil forever after. But it was a queer process."

"The ways o' God are droll," returned Shaw, seriously. "Some say that in old times the witches made a causeway o' whales from Rhu Hunish to Dunvegan Head. There are auld wives o'er yonder yet, who hae the name of going out wi' the deil every night, in the shape o' blue hares, and I kenned a man who thought he shot one wi' a siller button. I dinna believe all I hear, but I dinna just disbelieve either. Ye've heard of the Evil Eye?"

"Certainly."

"When we were in Canna, I noticed a fine cow and calf standing by a house near the kirkyard, and I said to the wife as I passed (she was syning her pails at the door), 'Yon's a bonnie bit calf ye hae with the auld cow.' 'Aye,' says she, 'but I hope ye didna look at them o'er keen' — meaning, ye ken, that maybe I had the Evil Eye. I laughed and told her that was a thing ne'er belong't to me nor mine. That minds me of an auld wife near Loch Boisdale, who had a terrible bad name for killing kye and doing mischief on corn. She was gleed,* and had black hair. One day, when the folk were in kirk, she reached o'er her hand to a bairn that was lying beside her, and touched its cheek wi' her finger. Weel, that moment the bairn (it was a lassie and had red hair) began greeting and turning its head from side to side like folk in fever. It kept on sae for days. But at last anither woman, who saw what was wrang, recommended eight poultices o' kyeshairn (one every night) from the innermost kye i' the byre. They gied her the poultices, and the lassie got weel."

"That was as strange a remedy as the buried cat," observed the Wanderer; "but I did not know such people possessed the power of casting the trouble on human beings."

Hamish puffed his pipe, and looked quietly at the sky. It was some minutes before he spoke again.

"There was a witch family," he said at last, "in Loch Carron, where I was born and reared. They lived their lane close to the sea. There were three o' them, — the mither, a son, and a daughter. The mither had great lumps all o'er her arms, and sae had the daughter; but the son was a clear-hided lad, and he was the cleverest. Folk said he had the power o' healing the sick, but only in ae way, by transferring the disease to him that brought the message seeking help. Ane, I mind, a man was sent till him on horseback, bidding him come and heal a fisher who was up on the hill and like to dee. The warlock mounted his pony, and said to the man, 'Draw back a bit, and let me ride before ye.' The man kenning nae better, let him pass, and followed ahint. They had to pass through a glen, and in the middle of the glen an auld wife was standing at her door. When she saw the messenger riding ahint the warlock, she screeched out to him as loud as she could cry: 'Ride, ride, and reach the sick lad first, or ye're a dead man!' At that, the warlock looked black as thunder, and galloped his pony; but the messenger being better mounted, o'ertook him fast, and got first to the sick

* She squinted.

man's bedside. In the night the sick man died. Ye see, the warlock had nae power o' shifting the complaint but on him that brought the message, and no' on him if the warlock didna reach the house before the messenger."

Here the Viking emerged with the whiskey-bottle, and Hamish Shaw wet his lips. We were gently gliding along now, and the hills of Uist were still dimly visible. The deep roll of the sea would have been disagreeable, perhaps, to the uninitiated, but we were hardened. While the Viking sat by, gazing gloomily into the darkness, the Wanderer pursued his chat with Shaw, or, rather, incited the latter to further soliloquies.

"Do you know, Hamish," he said, slyly, "it seems to me very queer that Providence should suffer such pranks to be played, and should intrust such marvellous power to such wretched hands. Come, now; do you actually fancy that these things have happened?"

But Hamish Shaw was not the man to commit himself. He was a philosopher.

"I'm of the opinion," he replied, "that it would be wrong to be o'er positive. Providence does as queer things, whiles, as either man or woman. There was a strange cry, like the whistle of a bird, heard every night close to the cottage before Wattie Macleod's smack was lost on St. John's Point, and Wattie and his son were drowned; then it stoppit. Whiles it comes like a sheep crying, whiles like the sound o' pipes. I heard it mysel' when my brither Angus died. He had been awa' o'er the country and his horse had fallen and kickit him on the navel.

"But before he heard a word about it, the wife and I were on the road to Angus's house, and were coming near the burn that parted his house from mine. It was nicht, and bright moonlicht. The wife was heavy at the time, and suddenly she grippit me by the arm and whispered, 'Wheesh! do ye hear?' I listened, and at first I heard nothing, 'Wheesh! again!' says she; and then I heard it plain, — like the low blowing o' the bagpipes, slowly and sadly, wi' nae tune. 'O Hamish,' said the wife, 'wha can it be?' I said naething, but I felt my back all cold, and a sharp thread running through my heart. It followed us along as far as Angus's door, and then it went awa'. Angus was sitting by the fire; they had just brought him hame; and he told us o' the fall and the kick. He was pale, but didna think much was wrang wi' him, and talked quite cheerful and loud. The wife was sick and frightened, and they gave her a dram; they thought it was her trouble, for her time was near, but she was thinking o' the sign we had heard. Though we knew fine that Angus wouldna live, we didna dare to speak o' what we had heard. Going hame that nicht, we heard it again, and in a week he was lying in his grave."

The darkness, the hushed breathing of the sea, the sigh of the wind through the rigging, greatly deepened the effect of this tale. The Viking listened intently, as if he expected every moment to hear a similar sound presaging his own doom. Hamish Shaw showed no emotion. He told his tale as mere matter-of-fact, with no elocutionary effects, and kept his eye to windward all the time, literally looking out for squalls.

"For Heaven's sake," cried the Viking, "choose some other subject of conversation. We are in bad enough plight already, and don't want any more horrors."

"What! Afraid of ghosts?"

"No, dash it!" returned the Viking; "but, — but — as sure as I live, there's storm in yon sky!"

The look of the sky to windward was not improving; it was becoming smoked over with thick mist. Though we were now only a few miles off the Uist coast, the loom of the land was scarcely visible; the vapors peculiar to such coasts seemed rising and gradually wrapping everything in their folds. Still, as far as we could make out from the stars, there was no carry in the sky.

"I'll no' say," observed Hamish, taking in everything at a glance, "I'll no' say but there may be wind ere morning; but it will be wind off the shore, and we hae the hills for shelter."

"But the squalls! The squalls!" cried the Viking.

"The land is no' that high that ye need to be scared. Leave ye the vessel to me, and I'll tak' her through it snug. But we may as weel hae the third reef in the mainsail, and mak' things ready in case o' need."

This was soon done. The mainsail was reefed, and the second jib substituted for the large one; after a glance at the compass, Hamish again sat quiet at the helm.

"Barra," he said, renewing our late subject of talk, "is a great place for superstition, and sae is Uist. The folk are like weans, simply and kindly. There is a Ben-shee weel-ken'd at the head o' Loch Eynort, and another haunts one o' the auld castles o' the great Macneil o' Barra. I hae heard, too, that whiles big snakes wi' manes like horses come up into the fresh-water lakes and lie in wait to devour the flesh o' man. In a fresh-water loch at the Harris, there was a big beast like a bull, that came up ae day and ate half the body o' a lad when he was bathing. They tried to drain the loch to get at the beast, but there was o'er muckle water. Then they baited a great hook wi' the half o' a sheep, but the beast was o'er wise to bite. Lord, it was a droll fishing! They're a curious people. But doe ye no' think, if the sea and the lochs were drainit dry, there would be all manner o' strange animals that nae man kens the name o'? There's a kind of water-world. Nae man kens what it's like, — for the drowned canna see, and if they could see, they couldna speak. Ay!" he added, suddenly changing the current of his thoughts, "ay! the wind's rising, and we're no' far off the shore, for I can smell the land."

By what keenness of sense Hamish managed to "smell the land," we had no time just then to inquire; for all our wits were employed in looking after the safety of the Tern. She was bowling along under three-reefed mainsail and storm-jib, and was getting just about as much as she could bear. With the rail under to the cockpit, the water lapping heavily against the coaming, and ever and anon splashing right over in the cockpit itself, she made her way fast through the rising sea. In vain we strained our eyes to see the shore: —

"The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
As far as eye could see!"

All at once, the foggy vapors peculiar to the country had steeped everything in darkness; we could guess from the wind where the land lay, but were at a loss to tell how near. What with the whistling wind, the darkness, the surging sea, we felt bewildered and amazed.

The Wanderer looked at his watch, and it was past midnight. Even if the fog cleared off, it would

not be safe to take Loch Boisdale without good light, and there was nothing for it but to beat about till sunrise. This was a prospect not at all comfortable, for we might even then be in the neighborhood of dangerous rocks, and, if the wind rose any higher, there was nothing for it but running before the wind, God knew whither. Meantime, it was determined to stand off a little to the open, in dread of coming to over-close quarters with the shore.

Hamish sat at the helm, stern and imperturbable. We knew by his silence that he was anxious, but he expressed no anxiety whatever. Ever and anon he slipped down his hand on the deck to leeward, feeling how near the water was to the cockpit, and as there seemed considerable danger of foundering in the heavy sea, he speedily agreed with us that it would be wise to close over the cockpit hatches. That done, all was done that hands could do, save holding the boat with the helm steady and close to the wind, — a task which Hamish fulfilled to perfection. Indeed, we were in no slight danger from squalls, for the wind was off the land, and nothing saved us, when struck by heavy gusts, but the firmness and skill of the helmsman. He had talked about smelling the land, but it is certain that he seemed to smell the wind. Almost before a squall touched her, the Tern was standing up to it, tight and firm, when ever so slight a falling off might have stricken us over to the mast, and perhaps (for the cockpit hatches were a small protection) foundered us in the open sea.

The Viking was a wreck by this time, too weak even to scream out his prophecies of doom, but lying anticipating his fate in his fore-castle hammock, with the grog at his side and his eyes closed despairingly against all the terrors of the scene. The cook was lying in the cabin, very sick, in that happy frame of mind when it is indifferent whether we float on, or go to the bottom. The Wanderer, drenched through, clung close beside the pilot, and strained his eyes against wind and salt spray into the darkness. It would be false to say that he felt comfortable, but as false to say that he felt frightened. Though dreadfully excitable by nature, he was of too sanguine a temperament to be overpowered by half-seen perils. On the whole, though the situation was precarious, he had by no means made up his mind to be drowned: and there was something so stimulating in the brave conduct of the little ship, which seemed to be fighting out the battle on her own account, that at times he was light-hearted enough to sing out, loud, a verse of his favorite Tom Bowling. No man, however, could have sat there in the darkness, amid the rush of wind and wave, without at times thinking of the power of God; so again and again, through the Wanderer's mind, with a deep sea-music of their their own, rolled the wondrous verses of the Psalm: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. They see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their

destined haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

It was now so dark that we could see nothing on any side of us, save the glitter of the crests of the waves playing close to us, and the phosphorescent glimmer of the beaten water behind the rudder. The wind was pretty steady, and the squalls were not too frequent. We were running through the darkness at considerable speed, burying our bowsprit in every wave and washing our decks as clean as salt water could make them. So low was the Tern's rail, and so close to the sea, even on the weather side, that it was like being dragged through the water bodily, with the chilly waves lapping round the waist.

Suddenly, out of the darkness ahead, shot a sharp glimmer of light; then, there was a loud sound like the creaking of cordage and noise of sails; and then, before we could utter a cry, a large brig dashed across our bows, running with a free sheet before the wind. Ghostly and strange she looked, in the mist, driving at tremendous speed, and churning the sea to sparkling foam. With a loud oath, Hamish shoved the helm hard a-port, and brought the head of the Tern up to the wind, so that we almost brushed the strange vessel's quarter. We had narrowly escaped death. With fascinated eyes we watched the brig dash on, until she was swallowed up in the darkness. When she was quite gone, we drew a heavy breath of relief.

"Lord, that was a close shave for life!" muttered Shaw, drawing his cuff across his mouth: his manner when agitated. "Wha would hae thought o' meeting strange craft hereabouts? We'd maybe better rig out the mast-head lantern, in case o' mair accidents."

This was soon done, and although the lantern burnt blue and dim we felt more secure. After so narrow an escape, what reasonable creature could have refused to drink his own health in the water of life? The grog-bottle was passed round, and never was a "nip of the screech" received with more affectionate unction.

It was weary work, that waiting on in the darkness. The wind sang, the water sobbed, the sail moaned, until the Wanderer began to get sleeper and sleeper. At last, wet as he was, he sank off into a doze, wherein he was half-conscious of the boat's motion through the water, and half-dreaming of things far away. Suddenly, he was startled by a roar in his ear, and rubbed his eyes wildly, listening. It was only Hamish Shaw, saying quietly, —

"It's beginning to get light. I see the loom o' the land."

Shivering like a half-drowned rat in the cold damp air of the dawn, and dashing the wet hair out of his weary eyes, the Wanderer stared all round him, and saw (when his obfuscated wits were able to concentrate themselves) that it was nearly daybreak, though all was dark above. A dim, silvery, misty glimmer was on the sea, and about two miles to the westward the land lay black in a dark mist like the smoke nearest the funnel of a newly coaled steamer. The Viking was poking his head through the cabin hatch and gazing shoreward.

"Can ye mak' out the shape o' these hills?" he asked of the pilot. "Loch Boisdale should be hereabouts."

Hamish shook his head.

"We maun creep in closer to mak' certain," he replied. "It's o'er dark yet. Yon bit place yonder, where ye see a shimmer like the gleam o' herring scales, looks like the mouth o' the loch, but we maun creep in canny and get mair licht."

Although Shaw had been herring-fishing on the coast for so many years, he was not as familiar with the coast as might have been expected. He knew its general outline, but had not made close observation of details. With the indifference peculiar to the fishers, he had generally trusted to Providence and his own sagacity, without making any mental note of his experiences. So it was not until he had twice or thrice referred to the chart that he remembered that just south of Boisdale, about half a mile from shore, there was a dangerous reef called Mackenzie Rock, and that on this rock there was a red buoy, which, if descried in the dim light, would be a certain index to the whereabouts of the mouth of the loch.

"Tam Saunders put the Wild Duck on that rock when I was up here in the Gannet," said Hamish; "but she was as strong as iron, different frae this sweet bit shell o' a thing, and they keepit her fixt there till the flood, and then floated her off wi' scarce a scratch. We'll just put her about, and creep in shore on the other tack."

Though the day was slowly breaking, it was still very misty, and a thin, cold "smurr" was beginning to creep down on the sea. The wind was still sharp and strong, the sea was high, and the squalls were dangerous; but we knew now that the worst of our perils must be over. As we approached closer to the shore, we noticed one dark bluff or headland from which the land receded on either side, leaving it darkly prominent; a reference to the chart soon convinced us that this headland was no other than the Ru Hordag, which lies a few miles to the south of Boisdale. So we put about again, and slipped up along the land, lying very close to the wind. It was soon clear that the dawn, though it had fully broken, was not going to favor us with a brilliant exhibition, nor to dispel the dangerous vapors in which the land was shrouded. The whole shape of the land was distorted. One could merely conjecture where land ended, and mist began; all was confusion. No sun came out. — only the dull glimmer through the miserable "smurr" betokened that it was day.

Suddenly, with a shriek of joy, the Viking discovered the buoy, and pointed it out through the rain. Yes, there it was, a red spot in a circle of white foam, about a quarter of a mile on the weather quarter. With this assistance, it was decided that the spot which Shaw had compared to the "gleam of herring-scales" was indeed the mouth of the loch. Never did voyagers hail the sight of haven with greater joy.

It was the run of nearly a mile up to the anchorage, and the passage was by no means a safe one; but Hamish, once in the loch, knew every stone and shallow perfectly. When we cast anchor the thin "smurr" had changed into a heavy rain, and all the scene around was black and wild. But what cared we? The fire was lighted in the fore-castle, Hamish put on the kettle, and the kettle began to sing. Then, after putting on dry clothes, we sat down as merry as crickets. The cook recovered, and poached the eggs. The Wanderer dozed smilingly in a corner. The Viking swore roundly that it had been the "jolliest night" he

had ever spent, and that such nights made him in love with sailing. Hamish Shaw, to whom all the glory of the night belonged, first lit his black cutty pipe as he rested his head against the side of the fore-castle; and then, in an instant, dropped off, heavy as a log, worn out with fatigue, and still gripping the cutty firmly between his teeth as he slept.

MINNIKIN AND IMMENSIKOFF:

BY A SHOWMAN.

WHEN I travelled the country with a caravan, I had a giantess and a dwarf in my collection of natural curiosities. The dwarf was a Polish gentleman, Minnikin by name; the giantess was from Russia, and we called her Immensikoff, — the title of a music-hall song which was in vogue at the time having suggested an appropriate alias for her. I did very well with them. The dwarf had an outrageous temper, and would sometimes refuse to attend the visitors at his levée; but the giantess was always at hand to supply his place on the list of attractions. She was the most amiable creature in the world; and she stood seven feet eleven inches and three quarters in her slippers, or, speaking in round numbers, — as we did in the bills, — eight feet six. The dwarf was three feet five, but he could bring himself down to three feet whenever he was in a good temper and the show was full. In a general way, however, he may be said to have been about three feet two. We had all travelled the Midland Circuit together, and we were going up north, when an accident happened, — Minnikin and Immensikoff eloped.

It happened in this way. Minnikin, being a man, had naturally got an ascendancy over Immensikoff's mind, and used his power to borrow half-crowns of her when his own purse was low. This happened very often, for, although he drew an enormous salary, he lived above his income, and as he could not hold enough to eat and drink his money away, he gambled with cards, and played at billiards, standing on a chair, till it was all gone, and he was pretty deeply in debt. When he left the chair in the billiard-room it was only to mount on another in the parlor of the caravan and whisper an order, rather than a request, into the ear of the benevolent giantess for a loan to pay for his dinner. She used to declare that there was something in his eye which made it impossible for her to refuse him; and so she would always dip into the old school satchel in which she kept her savings, and give him what he wanted. He would then eat a whole kidney for his supper, and drink a cruettel of wine, and when the latter had got into his head, would make such a commotion in the tent that to pacify him she was generally obliged to give him a shilling more. He saw her dip so often in the satchel that he fancied its contents were proportioned to its size; and one day, he, as it were ordered her to marry him, which she was too weak to refuse to do. He told her to keep their intention a secret from me, and she obeyed, although I had hitherto been her chosen confidant. Taking advantage of my absence in the town, he ordered a van to be sent round to the door of the caravan one evening, as if some furniture were to be removed, and by this means conveyed her to a neighboring railway station. Mean to the last, he made her pay the expenses of her own elopement, for the van was discharged with her money. When I

came back I found nobody but the jaguar in the tent, and a note written on a sheet of brown paper from Immensikoff, asking my forgiveness.

I was angry enough at the moment, as may be supposed, but I made the best of it; and what with turning myself into an aborigine, and advertising the beast as a tiger, I managed to keep a roof over my head. But I always kept on the lookout for a new giantess, — I made up my mind to have no more to do with dwarfs, — and one day, some months after my loss, I found one on show in a very inferior locality of the town of Portsmouth. I paid my penny, and went in. It was Miss Immensikoff! She gave a sob when she saw me that frightened the people out, and when they were gone she gave full vent to her feelings, till the very glasses in the room seemed to share her sorrow.

O, how changed she was! Professionally, perhaps, the change was for the better, for she was now so thin that she looked at least nine feet high; but as a woman it was painful to behold her. In spite of her looks, however, I told her I hoped I saw her in good health, and I even inquired after her husband. The mention of his name soon brought her whole story to her lips. He was alive and depraved as ever, and had lately quite given up exhibiting, and taken to playing at nine-pins with a cricket-ball, in which sport he was engaged when I found his wife.

His sole object in marrying her had, it appears, been to live on her earnings, and do no work himself, for there was nothing he hated so much as keeping himself clean for company. But he very soon discovered that her slender store would not suffice to support his extravagance for a month, for, careful, as she had been, she had long had to send remittances to her father and uncle in Podolia, — both giants, — besides ministering to her suitor's wants. He had simply been deceived by the size of the bag in which she kept her savings, and he was mean enough to be revenged on her for the failure of his own mercenary calculations. Forgetting that he had undertaken to cherish and protect her, he began to treat her with studied cruelty, though for a time this cruelty was not of such a character as made it easy for her to complain. He was simply neglectful, and appeared to be unconscious of the existence of his wife; and one day, when, having just touched her brow with his lips in response to her tearful entreaty, he was asked if that was the kiss of duty or the kiss of affection; he replied that he declined to answer the question.

Thenceforth he threw off all concealment and all restraint, and, like the wolf in the fable, never suffered himself to be at a loss for an excuse for the indulgence of his ill-will. Her housewifely care was something remarkable, and when, after prying into all the angles of their lodging, he failed to find any dust which had escaped her broom, he would turn round and bitterly taunt her with the partition of Poland, as if she had had a hand in that crime; and he would positively ask her what she thought of the battle of Warsaw when she ventured to remonstrate with him for playing at boo till two o'clock in the morning.

Sometimes his ill-treatment seemed to be dictated by the most fiendish malignity. Under pretence of liking fresh-cooked food, he would order her to make a pudding for their dinner of a size proportionable to his own appetite and nature, and, halving this meagre dish with the penknife which he used at table, would ironically bid her "fall to" on a portion

that, while it was ample enough to serve for his necessities, would not make her a decent mouthful. It was the same with the food of the mind: she had a taste for the beauties of our literature, and was accustomed to enjoy the classics in folios, but he insisted on her reading them in diamond editions.

These were the main points of the story she told me, with many tears, and in a manner that would have touched a heart of stone. When she paused she drew out a handkerchief to wipe her eyes, and in doing so she accidentally brought out of her pocket a garment which turned out to be the dwarf's great-coat, and which had found its way there in a manner she could not account for, except that she had taken it up unknowingly in one of those periodical fits of mental distraction caused by her husband's brutal behavior. It often happened, she informed me, that she fell into little mistakes of this kind in tidying up the place; but Minnikin made no allowance for them; on the contrary, they served him as excuses for further ill-treatment; and he had once indulged in horrid excesses of violence because she had inadvertently made an apron-string of his dress-cravat.

I took my leave of her without waiting to see the dwarf, and told her in all sincerity how sorry I felt to see her thus placed in the power of a tyrant. I felt that, whatever my own misfortunes were in losing her services, they were as nothing compared with her own in surrendering her freedom and happiness to a wretch who did not know the value of his possession; and I was so anxious to be of service to her that I made up my mind to open my own poor show at the other end of the town, in order that I might have an opportunity of seeing her from time to time. I did so, and made several calls, paying for admission each time, for I was determined to be in no way beholden to a man I detested.

It was beautiful to see her in the intervals of the levées trying to become a good wife to Minnikin; not only performing the household work with the greatest care, and making the puddings so small that they looked like dumplings in her hand, but even trying to bring her capacious mind into harmony with the narrow understanding of her lord. Her views were naturally broader than his, for his head was certainly not larger than a Spanish onion; but she tried to narrow them by all the means in her power, and sometimes she succeeded by a great effort in forming a false judgment on one of the subjects of the day. She would bring this out along with the materials for his supper, and if he deigned to say that he was inclined to be of her opinion, the headache it had cost her to blunt her fine perceptions and to do violence to her conscience would immediately pass away.

But all to no purpose. One day I called upon her, and found her so agitated she could scarcely speak. That morning the ruffian had added personal violence to his other crimes. He loved to dabble in household affairs, and she was holding him on her arm, according to custom, to enable him to clean the windows of their dwelling, when an opinion she chanced to express in favor of the abolition of the slave-trade in Brazil excited his ire, and he struck her a blow on the head with so much force that he hurt his thumb.

I could endure it no longer. Great as was my reluctance to interfere actively in the quarrels of a married pair, I felt constrained to give her certain advice. She said it was as novel as it was terrible to her thoughts; and she at first felt extremely reluc-

tant to take it. I made her promise me, however, before we parted that she would give it a trial.

Exulting in the license given to his evil nature by the removal of the last barrier to the free course of his temper which duty and manly feeling had imposed, the dwarf renewed his threats of ill-treatment on his return home that night from a carouse, and the next morning he commanded the trembling woman, in a voice of thunder, to take him up in her arms again that he might finish the top panes. In vain she suggested a pair of steps; he was inexorable, and told her to hold her tongue. Unfortunately, it was impossible for her to control her eyes. He was using the dry duster with great energy to impart the final polish, when he discovered on it traces of a tear which it had caught as it lay in its resting-place on her shoulder. He turned savagely and was about to strike her again, when she very deliberately let him fall; and in less than a minute he came to the ground with a terrible noise.

Half stunned as he was, however, he was about to rise for retaliation, not doubting that his punishment was owing to her inadvertence, when she saved him the effort by lifting him in mid-air with one hand, in the same way as one lifts a favorite cat, and, with the other, belaboring him till the dust flew out of his little coat. She then, although it was early in the day, put him to bed, and ordered him not to utter a syllable for his life. He was so much astonished and so frightened that hitherto he had not been able to speak; but no sooner did he find himself in temporary quiet, than he made an effort to regain his moral supremacy by opening his mouth. But his wife at once assumed a determined expression of countenance, and he gave way. He hid his head beneath the bedclothes, and lay quite still in that position the rest of the day. It was quite a revelation to him that she could hit so hard, and he reflected on it with considerable profit.

As for the gentle creature who had administered the lesson to him, as soon as her first excitement was over, she felt quite broken down, and she was obliged to close the show for the day, "in consequence of the indisposition of the proprietor," as the notice stated. After she had done that, and placed a little refreshment on a chair by Minnikin's bedside, she withdrew to her own room, where she spent some time in weeping over a love-letter written on the back of a railway-ticket, and a little wisp of hair, which were the sole memorials of affection she had ever received from her cruel lord.

She was sorry, and, if the truth must be told, afraid, for such was the influence of habit, that it was difficult for her to divest herself of the belief that Minnikin was physically as well as morally the very embodiment of irresistible force. She thought her present victory over him was entirely due to chance and her own wild temerity, and she fully expected to feel the weight of his vengeance on the morrow. At the very moment these reflections were passing through her mind, Minnikin was asking himself in a kind of sickening terror whether it was likely she would beat him again that day. So that each, as we see, knowing nothing of the fright of the other, was ready to give in; and victory was only waiting to declare for the first claimant.

Matters were in this state when Immensikoff, with scarcely concealed terror, entered the room where Minnikin lay, in the morning, and began making the preparations for a simple meal. She carried the cups and saucers most tenderly, lest their rattle should wake the terrible creature who, she hoped,

was as yet unconscious of her presence, for she had not dared to look. The terrible creature, on his part, was awake enough, and was noiselessly shifting about beneath his coverlet in order to obtain the best possible position for receiving what he did not doubt would be the speedy visitation of that dreaded hand. He had gradually advanced one eye beyond the coverlet, and then the other, and finally had brought his little nose to light. It was much changed since yesterday. Anxiety writes its record on this feature more than any other. It was round at the end, and flushed with insolence and wine the morning before; but now you could have picked up seed with it, it was brought to such a point, and all its color had fled. It was at the moment that the nose appeared that Immensikoff, stealing a timid glance towards the bed, beheld it standing sharply defined between the two eager eyes.

Women are not always good physiognomists. She thought the nose boded fury and dire revenge, and all her little remnant of firmness gave way. She ran hastily across the apartment, and was about to tender a weak woman's submission to authority on her knees, when, to her inexpressible surprise, the dwarf bounded from his bed with a yell of terror, and throwing himself at her feet, implored mercy in the most abject terms, and promised repentance and amendment. He had simply mistaken her intention, and he was conquered. She was sensible enough to conceal her real feelings, and she obtained from him the most solemn guarantees of good behavior before she allowed him to get up and take his breakfast.

When I called three days after, I found the dwarf for the first time at home, and attending to his work. He was industriously exhibiting himself as Napoleon and as Cupid, while his wife was taking the repose so necessary after her protracted exertions. He took me in to see her, and called her "Poppit," and she seemed to be completely happy.

They are both now at work in my show again, and a more affectionate couple does not exist. She often thanks me, when Minnikin is out of hearing, for teaching her that it is sometimes good to pay the oppressor in his own coin.

THE MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

LONDON supplies the fashionable districts of Paris with pickpockets, — why, it is difficult to comprehend, as Frenchmen, as a rule, have greater delicacy of touch than the broad-digitated sons of Albion. Paris, in return, sends us clever swindlers of various types, whose main field of action, however, appears to be the city and its purlieus, possibly because the western districts are too overrun by our native-born sharpers, who, spite of their undoubted inventive genius, nevertheless rarely seem to hit upon the same ultra-refined way of fleecing particular sections of the community as their Parisian brethren practise with such marked success.

The one imposition, on a grand scale, which flourishes in Paris, unrestrained by the law, is the Matrimonial Agency. One can understand the immense field it has open to it in a country like France, where marriages are far more affairs of the purse than of the heart, and where every female servant, and every shop-girl, even, saves up her "dot" as her only chance of obtaining a partner for life. The most important of these agencies send out their circulars quarterly to all the *hommes*

d'affaires in France; and an extract from one of these documents, that has accidentally come beneath our notice, deserves to be given verbatim.

"I entertain the conviction, monsieur, that in your neighborhood—or, at any rate, among your connections—you will either know or chance to hear of certain young ladies who may happen to be placed in the embarrassing position of not being able to contract a suitable marriage, either in accordance with their tastes or their just pretensions. I venture, therefore, to do myself the pleasure of furnishing you with an epitome of those actual and seriously disposed parties of whom I have the honor to be the intermediary.

"1. A foreign prince, well known in the highest circles for his irreproachable manners and agreeable physiognomy. He is thirty-four years of age, and has from eight hundred thousand to a million francs of fortune, with carriages, horses, &c.

"2. A magistrate, thirty-five years of age, and with an income of a hundred thousand francs.

"3. Several doctors, twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, and possessing incomes ranging from twenty to fifty thousand francs.

"4. Numerous merchants, &c. from twenty-five to forty years of age, with incomes varying from twenty to thirty thousand francs.

"5. Some 'rentiers,' from forty to fifty years of age, and with from thirty thousand to a hundred thousand francs income."

This circular, curious in many respects, has, however, nothing novel about it. It would be necessary that one should never have looked into a French newspaper to ignore the various temptations to which these high-priests of Hymen make a point of incessantly exposing all who happen to be single.

The matrimonial agent, with whom just now we are more particularly concerned, invariably has on the books of his establishment all that can be wished for, and everything, moreover, would appear to be of the very best. There are blondes and brunettes, short and tall, stout and thin ones, of high birth or high connections, and of both sexes. He has, in fact, all colors, all sizes, all shapes, and all qualities. The price, moreover, is not absolute; he will permit us to bargain with him, although he does not neglect to inform us that his extensive connections assure an incontestable superiority to his articles over those of other establishments. His *clientèle*, he informs us, comprises the *élite* of society only.

The originator of this singular avocation has retired on the fortune and the honors he derived from the successful pursuit of it; but his successors, who continue to preach the scriptural doctrine of increase and multiply, do not appear to have been equally fortunate in mating their clients, for one sees the same advertisement constantly repeated. "It is desired to marry a young lady, possessing thirty thousand francs a year, to an individual of an honorable profession. Fortune less a consideration than strictly moral conduct."

The advertisement occasionally varies, and one is enabled to make a selection from a thousand francs a year up to two hundred thousand, from aged fifteen to aged seventy. Address, post paid, No. —, Avenue Montaigne.

One day a representative of that common class of young men who exhaust all their patrimony during the first few years of their liberty, presented himself, over head and ears in debt, to one of these matrimonial agents, having come to extricate himself from his difficulties by uniting himself to a

pretended dowry of three thousand francs a year, a modest and probable enough dowry. After a few preliminary explanations, the agent asked him, according to custom, for two hundred francs for expenses, at which the disabused suitor shrugged his shoulders, and naively observed,—

"Is it likely, I ask you, that I should think of tying myself to a wife if I was in possession of a couple of hundred francs?"

No reply could be made to so pertinent an observation, and the negotiation, as a matter of course, fell to the ground.

Bachelors who have lost everything need a dowry to refill their purse, and a nurse for their rheumatism. They notice one morning in the newspaper, between the "*Eau de melisse des Carnes*" and "*Machines silencieux à coudre*," an advertisement of a lady wishing to marry, and who is handsome, young, witty, modest, and amiable, and, best of all, who is ballasted with thirty thousand francs a year. Address (as usual) No. —, Avenue Montaigne.

At least one individual out of the thousands who read the advertisement will be certain to think this the very thing to suit him, and will make a point of writing to the address indicated. Two days afterwards an answer arrives. With a trembling hand he opens the envelope, and with palpitating heart devours the reply, the purport of which, however, will simply be, that "affairs of this nature cannot be discussed freely by correspondence." He is begged, therefore, to favor the agent with a call at No. —, Avenue Montaigne, and he shall receive further information. In conclusion he is assured that, having been the first to reply to the advertisement, a preference will be accorded him.

The bureau of the agent at the address indicated turns out to be in a very fine house, all the windows of which look into the street. A footman in livery introduces the would-be bridegroom into a magnificent *salon* furnished with exquisite taste, and the open folding-doors of which permit him to see on the right and on the left what appears to be a suite of splendid apartments. Everything breathes of love and marriage; copies of Watteau's *Isle of Cythera* and Veronese's *Marriage of Cana*, with kindred subjects, adorn the walls. The timepiece is surmounted by an amatory shepherd and shepherdess, above whom hover a pair of billing and cooing doves. The candelabra are formed of torches of Hymen, Cupids gambol in the angles of the ceiling, and the tables are covered with books, all treating of the one eternal subject, from the loves of angels to the loves of plants. And as if to complete the picture a couple of pretty children, a Cupidon and a Psyche, in knickerbockers and crinoline, are playing upon the hearth-rug.

A bell rings, and soon the agent makes his appearance, with innumerable apologies for having kept his visitor waiting, pleading the numerous affairs he has on hand as his excuse. At the conclusion of this exordium he wipes his brows with an embroidered cambric handkerchief; then rings the bell and orders a basin of soup, which is served to him in a silver bowl by the servant who answered the door. The agent expresses surprise at his performing this duty,—asks him where Pierre, Joseph, and François are, to which the lackey replies, without a moment's hesitation, that the first has gone to the bank, the second about the box at the Opera, and the third upon the business of M. le Comte, who called yesterday.

How should the visitor escape being dazzled by such deceitful appearances, — for they are appearances only? the one footman he has seen being Pierre, Joseph, François, and himself, who, in fact, does everything.

The foregoing is the prologue; now commences the comedy.

The agent: "Monsieur, will you kindly explain the object of your visit?"

Thus called upon, the visitor produces the letter he has received, and at the same time hands the agent his card, saying, —

"I had the honor, as you will remember, of writing to you on the subject of the advertisement in the 'Figaro' of Wednesday last. When can I be presented to the lady?"

"Excuse me, but you are proceeding a little too fast; allow me, first of all, to ask you a few questions. Have you any profession?"

"No."

"Any fortune?"

"Nothing to speak of: but I have great expectations."

"Umph! How about your antecedents?"

"You are at liberty to make any inquiry you think requisite."

And so the conversation proceeds, kept up by the agent solely with the object of measuring the precise degree of intelligence which his visitor — soon to be his victim — possesses, and to satisfy himself what precautions it is necessary should be taken, so that he may not be too much compromised, in the event of a subsequent explosion. Suddenly he rises and produces a book of photographs; refers to the index, and opens the volume at a particular page, where he points out the portrait of a handsome young lady, whose attractions he highly extols. His visitor cannot resist admitting these eulogies to be merited.

A moment of silence now ensues, during which the pair eye each other. The conversation is resumed by the agent, who says, with an air of perfect frankness, —

"There is no need to go beating about the bush; let us come at once to the point. In the event of everything being satisfactorily arranged, my terms will be five per cent upon the dowry."

"That is fair enough."

"Payable, mind, when you receive it."

"I am perfectly agreeable."

And in truth it would be the height of ill-breeding to refuse to pay such a slender commission, asked so courteously by a man who procures you a fortune, of which you stand so greatly in need, and, as he assures you, a charming bride, who, though not an object of equal necessity, is still a treasure in herself. The affair is, therefore, settled; but before proceeding further, the agent requires to be insured against his expenses for inquiries, messages, postages, &c., which seems reasonable enough. These expenses vary according as the suitor is more or less credulous and the dowry large or small. In the present instance, the agent asks three hundred francs. "For another couple of hundred," he adds, "you may become a subscriber to my establishment for an entire year, which will give you the run of it, and confer on you the right of being presented to all the eligible ladies I have on my books, — and I have them mounting up to sixty thousand francs, — within that period, until you succeed in suiting yourself."

The gull in the present instance, being as merce-

nary as he is simple, pays the five hundred francs, and receives in exchange for his money a memorandum, upon stamped paper, setting forth the conditions of the engagement, and for registering which he is charged another ten francs. Our would-be Benedict now awaits with juvenile ardor the moment when the first interview is to take place.

In a day or two he receives a letter from the agent, making an appointment to present him, at No. —, Avenue Montaigne. It is needless to say that he dresses himself with scrupulous care, bestows the entire morning, in fact, upon his toilet, and calls to mind all the more graceful compliments that he has heard addressed to *fiancées* on the stage. His part duly rehearsed, he hastens to the appointment before the prescribed time, and is ushered into the drawing-room.

The agent is awaiting him, and gives him a few hints respecting the young lady's tastes; she is musical, of course; is an entomologist, and manages a three-wheel velocipede very gracefully, he is told. This will guide him in his selection of subjects for conversation.

The lady soon after arrives, escorted by her aunt, and is found to answer all the expectations raised by her portrait. She glances modestly at her expected lord and master, displays a pair of pretty feet peeping beneath a coquettish petticoat as she gathers her robe à queue around her while seating herself, converses charmingly yet with becoming diffidence, and, indeed, is altogether fascinating. The aunt, too, seems a very nice sort of a person, and not too strict a chaperone. In due course the interview comes to an end, and the ladies prepare to take their departure; when the dupe proposes to the agent to escort them, but finds himself restrained, — it would be indelicate at this early period of their acquaintance, he is told.

This, however, is not the true reason: the fact is, the ladies do not leave the house, and it is important the dupe should not know this. Niece and aunt are hired at so much a day, and are clothed and boarded into the bargain. They have every description of toilet necessary to their transformation provided for them, and are of fair or dark complexions, and quiet or coquettish in their attire, according to the tastes of different clients, — the aunt, it should be mentioned, has a supposititious "dot" of her own, sufficiently large to tempt the cupidity of the unwary. This facility of being one individual to-day and another to-morrow is not without its advantages, in case the dupe should lodge any complaint; for he would fail to describe the woman accurately, and the authorities would feel themselves embarrassed at the outset.

Every time that niece and aunt are about to be presented to a client, the footman rets the door-bell ringing with a broom; whereupon the agent announces to his visitor that they have arrived. After the first interview, he insinuates, mildly, that it would advance the negotiation if they were asked to accept of a breakfast, "as at table one speaks more freely, especially after a glass of champagne," and volunteers to use his powers of persuasion to induce them to accept the invitation. "If it can be managed," he adds, "you can then very well offer to escort them home." The agent gives the dupe to understand that the breakfast must take place at No. —, Avenue Montaigne, and proposes to provide it for four people for sixty francs: "which is dirt cheap," he observes; "but as he has the

wine in his cellar he does not drive bargains with friends.

At breakfast the table is covered with solid cold dishes, in the English fashion, — a large joint of roast beef, a ham, and a superb turkey. The ladies partake of the *hors-d'œuvres* only and the side dishes, and firmly refuse when either a slice of beef or turkey is offered them. It is the same with the "sweets," simply because the principal dishes have, like themselves, to be served up again to other subscribers to the Matrimonial Agency in the Avenue Montaigne.

Under one pretext or another, they manage to leave the table before the conclusion of the repast. One of them finds herself indisposed, or the aunt has an appointment with the family notary, or, as a last resource, the agent desires a few minutes' important conversation with the dupe, who, at any rate, does not see them home. After their pretended departure the agent, while assuring him that everything is progressing most favorably, delicately insinuates that before proceeding further it is absolutely requisite to send to his native place to obtain precise information, not only respecting himself, but his family and connections. The guardians of the young lady insist on this course being taken. An early day is appointed to arrange the preliminaries, and on going to the agent's, the dupe finds the lady and her aunt there, — by the merest chance. In their presence a clerk is summoned and the necessary indications drawn up in writing.

The clerk's expenses and time, together twenty francs a day, for say a week, as two days will be consumed in travelling, with eighty francs for railway and diligence fare, will have to be paid. The client hesitates at this new drain upon him, whereupon the aunt in the most natural manner in the world volunteers to bear half the expenses, and, to set the dupe an example, produces her purse, an elegant knitted bead one, and hands the agent her share. With the view of paying court the dupe admires the purse; is informed — as indeed he surmised — that it was made by the niece, and the acceptance of it is forced upon him by the aunt, who will listen to no refusal. As iron must be beaten while it is hot, the clerk is to start at once, and the client pays his hundred and ten francs.

As the week devoted to the inquiry is drawing to its close the dupe looks in at the agency to hear if there is any news. The ladies are not there on this occasion, but the agent is, and he takes care to remind him of the purse and the necessity of making a suitable acknowledgment, which, under present circumstances, the more handsome it is the more, he explains to the dupe, it will be to his advantage; for the niece, he takes care to inform him, will in all likelihood succeed to her aunt's fortune. With the view of not being thought mean the dupe presents the lady with a diamond ring worth two hundred and fifty francs, the stone of which, remounted as a pin for the agent, will serve to dazzle future dupes.

Usually by the time the week has elapsed the clerk is reported to have fallen ill in the country; has met with a sunstroke, or been put between damp sheets, according to the season of the year. His illness lasts four days, for which another eighty francs have to be paid, as it will look exceedingly mean to ask the aunt to bear her share of this trifle. The dupe's purse-strings are, therefore, again unloosened, though all this time the

clerk has not only been perfectly well, but has never even quitted Paris.

At length the client grows impatient, and speaks out; whereupon the agent assumes an air of profound sadness, and announces to him, with marked emotion, that he has had a narrow escape: that his, the agent's, vigilance and foresight have saved him from a great misfortune, for he has discovered that the paternal parent of the young lady, respecting whom there had always been a mystery, had been guillotined for murder. Her own reputation, too, is whispered against, and her pretended fortune is equally doubtful. The dupe, surprised and horrified at this revelation, though regretting the money he has paid, cannot but congratulate himself that this is no more, and feels grateful at his escape. He has paid altogether about a thousand francs. The game is played out so far as he is concerned, but he only retires to make way for some one else equally mercenary and equally foolish.

The Frenchman of good family, who has sown his wild oats and got entangled with usurers, and who seeks a wife to relieve him of his debts and to open a new career for him, or, at any rate, to provide him a place by the fireside where he can repose now that his turbulent course has run itself out, has no need of the services of a matrimonial agent to accomplish the object of his desires. He simply betakes himself to the family notary and inquires of him whether he has among his clients a young lady with a dowry, say, of eight hundred thousand francs.

"I have something better than that," replies the gentleman in black; "I have a million and upwards, half in land and half on mortgage."

"Bravo! where is the land?"

"In Normandy."

"Capital! What age is your client?"

"Between twenty and four-and-twenty; you understand, therefore, one is in no particular hurry."

"How about her charms?"

"Very pleasant, I assure you; very pleasant."

"Come, out with it; she is as ugly as sin?"

"Nothing of the kind. Her teeth are a little amiss, I admit, but that is all. Besides, what does it matter, pretty or ugly? it's all the same six months after marriage."

"You are right there, and may look upon the business as settled, if you will guarantee that the mortgages are good."

"They are first-class investments, — on property worth three millions."

"That's conclusive. Tell me, though, about her family."

"Well, this is not the brilliant side of the affair. She is the only daughter of a builder, so that she moves in rather a low strata of society. Her father is of little importance. He will tell you how he came up to Paris in his sabots, and that he has made four millions by the sweat of his brow. Hide from him that you lie in bed until eleven o'clock, as he has a theory that every man who is not up and about at five is a good-for-nothing scamp. As for the mother, providing you get her boxes to see the melodramas that are the rage, she will pardon you everything, even beating her daughter."

"Just so. This worthy couple are of course flanked by any number of relations, — uncles, aunts, cousins, and such-like?"

"Egad! yes. However, you see them all on the day of the wedding, and next day —"

"Zounds! next day I'll show every living soul

of them the door. It is not they who will trouble me."

"Not quite so fast. Listen to me. You must be very careful of old uncle Jalabert. He is seventy-three, asthmatic, without children, and has forty thousand francs a year. He has been in the army, and will recount to you all the campaigns he has gone through. Providing you join in his admiration of the great Napoleon, he'll ask nothing further of you. I do not see, too, why you should not pay a little court to Aunt Ursula, an elder daughter, and turned fifty-nine. She will tell you that all men are rascals, not even yourself excepted; still, there is no harm in letting her have her say, — it's a relief to her."

"Thank you kindly for all your hints. I'll devote one day to this menagerie. But how do you propose to introduce me?"

"That can be easily accomplished. Come and dine with me and them on Sunday, and 'by eleven o'clock you'll be betrothed."

"What you say is all very fine, but how do you know that I shall be accepted?"

"Make your mind easy on that score. If you had not turned up so opportunely I should have written to you. The parents want to marry the girl and stipulate for a title. You are a viscount, and everybody knows you go to Compiègne; that's quite sufficient to turn the heads of the entire trading class in France."

"You know that I am in debt?"

"I have no doubt of that. What is the figure?"

"In round numbers about three hundred thousand —"

"A mere bagatelle. It is only making the Loriols pay toll on entering into the old nobility, — a tax upon armorial bearings, in fact."

"It's understood, then, — on Sunday next. Good by."

On Sunday the dinner takes place as arranged, and everything comes off exactly in accordance with the notary's programme.

Such a purely business matter is marriage in France, and so thoroughly is it understood that in this light only are parents accustomed to look at it, that one finds a French writer jocosely proposing that the government should itself establish a grand matrimonial agency, having central offices in Paris, with branches in all the departments and abroad, and which should absorb all the existing agencies, and be administered by a distinct staff of its own, just like any other government office. Men distinguished for their tact and the purity of their morals placed at its head, would, he suggests, inspire confidence in families having daughters to marry. Individuals of the male sex desirous of having recourse to the intermediation of the agency would be required to furnish full information respecting their personal appearance, age, state of health, and family connections, accompanied by medical certificates, abstracts of title-deeds, schedules of valuables, extracts from registers, together with legal attestations of regularity of life and moral conduct. The adoption of all these precautions, the writer maintains, would give that degree of moral security to marriage contracts which unhappily they lack at the present day.

As the clergy and the magistracy are the two classes best informed in France, and brought most in contact with the people generally, and as, moreover, they are public functionaries, it is proposed that they should be required to furnish the adminis-

tration of the agency with moral portraits of individuals residing within their jurisdiction who may be desirous of being inscribed on the register. These, together with the document before mentioned, as also letters from principals of colleges at which these individuals may have been educated, and certificates from heads of departments or employers under whom they may have served, would all be placed in their particular receptacles. The admirable centralization which renders France an object of envy to other nations would thereby have new and congenial duties imposed upon it, reassuring in the highest degree to families, and largely conducive to good morals.

A grand photographic establishment might be attached to the central agency and smaller ones to the agencies in the departments. Families disposed to give dowries of fifty thousand francs would be entitled to inspect two ordinary photographs of candidates inscribed on the registers, one seated, the other standing, one a front view, the other in profile. When the dowry mounts up to a hundred thousand francs, portraits might be demanded one sixth of the natural size; when to two hundred thousand francs, one fourth life size, with an equestrian portrait in addition. A dowry of two hundred and fifty thousand francs would be entitled to special photographs of the cranium, to show the state of preservation of the hair, and of the teeth to attest the condition of the molars and incisors. If required, photographs of both feet and hands would also have to be furnished to demonstrate that these are of proper aristocratic dimensions. Larger dowries might be entitled to demand portraits of candidates under a variety of special aspects, so as to guard against subsequent disillusion, such as in full evening dress with silk stockings and smalls, in dressing-gown and slippers, and even in nightcap, or representing the individual undergoing the painful operation of shaving himself. One can conceive the high position that photography would thus attain to; it would, in fact, become elevated into a social institution of the utmost importance, and would be the means of sparing alike principals and their families from numerous cruel deceptions.

Every proposal inscribed on the books of the agency would require to be accompanied by a demand specifying the amount of fortune and the precise kind of social position which the party making it aspires to. These would be duly classified, and every week a printed list, dividing them into categories, would be posted up at the Bourse, enabling every one to see at a glance, as it were, the state of the matrimonial market, how many magistrates and other functionaries, military and naval officers, professional men, merchants, tradesmen, and employés of every description, there were in search of wives, together with their respective incomes and the dowries they aspired to, as also the number and value of the dowries that were in the market. In due course a market price would be established, subject, however, to fluctuations, like all other commodities when supply is in excess or falls short of the demand. If, for instance, magistrates should happen to be in great request, their value would rise, and they would naturally aspire to larger dowries. Political and social events would have their effect upon this market as upon all others. A threatened war would cause military men to fall just as a peace with Cochin-China would send up East India merchants, and in all probability improve the quotations of naval officers. A low state

of the public health would raise the rate of doctors in the same way that a new cattle-plague would depress the agriculturists. Alterations in the press laws would necessarily elevate or lower journalists according as these were either mild or stringent. Every one, on opening his newspaper of a morning, would have the satisfaction of seeing his precise quotation in the matrimonial market, and from carefully studying the fluctuations, would be enabled to choose the particular moment when his value was at what he conceived to be its highest point, and could then hasten to sign the marriage contract with the object of — let us hope his future affections.

ROMAN IMPERIALISM.*

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

II. THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

WHAT was the cause of the fall of the Roman Empire?

That after a few centuries a fabric so artificial should fall to pieces is not in itself surprising. Great empires seldom last long; they are by their very nature liable to special evils to which in time they succumb, and so the process of their downfall is commonly the same. Rome was by no means exempt from these special causes of weakness, but we shall find that Rome did not, like other empires, succumb to them. We shall find that she weathered these most obvious dangers, and that the history of her fall is as unique as that of her greatness.

The difficulty which has been found insurmountable in most great empires is their unwieldy size, and the obstinate antipathy of the conquered nationalities to their conquerors. Government must necessarily become difficult in proportion to the extent of the territory governed and the disloyalty of the inhabitants. It follows that in a great empire founded upon conquest the difficulties of government are the greatest possible. To cope with them it is found necessary to create pashas or viceroys of particular provinces, with full monarchical power. Sooner or later government breaks down, overborne partly by its insurgent subjects, partly by these viceroys shaking off its authority.

This, then, is the regular process of dissolution in empires. Subject nationalities succeed at last in recovering their independence, and subordinate governors throw off their allegiance and become kings. Sometimes the two solvents help each other, as Ali Pasha of Janina helped the early attempts of the Greek patriots. Let us take some of the more conspicuous examples which history affords. Alexander's empire was dissolved by his officers making themselves kings, and the kingdom of Pontus was formed out of it by the effort of one of the conquered nationalities. The Saracen Empire split into three independent caliphates. The Seljukian Empire of Malek Shah was divided in a few generations among independent sultans of Persia, Syria, Roum, &c. The Great Mogul lost his dominion partly to the insurgent Mahrattas, partly to his own viceroys of the Deccan and of Bengal. The German Empire became a nullity when the electors began to raise themselves to the rank of kings. In the Ottoman Empire the process of dissolution shows itself in Greece and Servia recovering their independence, and the Egyptian viceroy making himself a sovereign.

If we look for similar symptoms in the dissolution of the Roman Empire we are disappointed. The subject nationalities do not recover their independence. It is true that they make their separate influence felt long after they have been politically merged. The Greeks, for example, maintained, not only the independence, but the superiority of their language and their culture. Although the greatest writers of this period are Roman, yet, within half a century after the death of Tacitus and Juvenal, Greek not only prevailed in the eastern half of the Empire, but had so far superseded Latin in Rome itself, that the Emperor Aurelius uses it in meditations intended for his own private use. The Asiatic part of the Empire preserved its peculiar ways of thinking. Its religions entered into a competition both with the religions of the West and with Greek philosophy, the religion of the cultivated classes among the Romans. In this contest between the Western conquerors and the Eastern subjects the conquered races had at last the better, and imposed a religion upon their masters. Nor were the African nationalities without their influence. They gave to the Empire, in Severus, the master who first gave unlimited power to the army; and they contributed to the religious reformation its greatest rhetorician, Tertullian; its most influential politician, Cyprian; and, later, its greatest theologian, Augustine.

But though the nationalities retained so much intellectual independence, they never became dangerous to the Empire. There were indeed, in the first century, four considerable wars of independence, — the rising of the Germans under Arminius, that of the Britons under Boadicea, that of the Germans and Gauls under Civilis, and that of the Jews. But the first two were not rebellions of nations in the process of being conquered. In the case of the Germans it was the effort by which they saved their independence; in the case of the Britons it was the last convulsion of despair. The other two revolts were, no doubt, precisely of the kind which occur so frequently in great empires, and are so frequently fatal to them. But to the Roman Empire they were not fatal, and can hardly be said to have seriously endangered it.

It was owing to the confusion of a revolutionary time that Civilis was able for a moment to sever the Rhenish provinces from Rome, but his success only made it more evident that his appeal to national feeling came too late, and was addressed to that which had no existence. As soon as the vigor of the central government revived, a single army, not very well commanded, extinguished the feeble spark. Far different, certainly, was the vigor and enthusiasm with which the Jews took arms. But the result was not different. The rebellious nationality only earned by the fierceness of its rising a more overwhelming ruin.

If we reckon the Jewish war of the reign of Vespasian and that of the reign of Hadrian as constituting together one great national rebellion, then the history of the Empire affords no other considerable example besides those I have mentioned of the rising of a conquered nationality. There appear, indeed, in the third and fourth centuries, some phenomena not altogether different. The third century was an age of revolution. I have spoken already of the great Roman Revolution which began with the tribunate of Gracchus and ended with the battle of Actium. It would be a convenient thing if we could accustom ourselves to the notion of a

* See EVERY SATURDAY, No. 186.

second Roman Revolution, beginning with the death of Marcus Aurelius, in A. D. 180, and ending with the accession of Diocletian, in A. D. 285. During this period the Imperial system struggled for its life, and suffered a transformation of character which enabled it to support itself over the whole extent of the Empire for more than another century, and in the eastern half for many centuries. In the fearful convulsions of this revolutionary period we are able to discern the difficulties with which the Imperial system had to cope. And among these difficulties is certainly to be reckoned the unlikeness of the nations composing the Empire. The Empire shows a constant tendency to break into large fragments, each held together internally by national sympathies, and separated from the others by national differences. The Greek-speaking world tends to separate itself from the Latin-speaking world. Gaul, Britain, and Spain tend to separate themselves from Italy and Africa. These tendencies were recognized when the revolutionary period closed in Diocletian's partition of the Empire between two Augusti and two Caesars, and afterwards, in the four great præfectures of Constantine. The division between East and West, after being several times drawn and again effaced, was permanently recognized in the time of the sons of Theodosius, and is written in large characters in the history of the modern world.

The tendency, then, to division certainly existed, and might at times be dangerous. But it is not to be confounded with that working of the spirit of nationality which I have spoken of as the commonest cause of the ruin of great empires. In most great empires the subject nations have not only a want of sympathy, or it may be a positive antipathy, towards each other; they are influenced still more by an undying hostility towards their conquerors, and an undying recollection of the independence they have lost. Out of these feelings springs a fixed determination, handed down through successive generations, and shared by every individual member of the conquered race, to throw off the yoke at the first opportunity. Where this fixed determination exists, the conquerors have in the long run but a poor chance of retaining their conquest; for their energy is more likely to be corrupted by success than their victims' fixed hatred to be extinguished by delay. And this was the difficulty which, almost alone among conquering nations, the Romans were not called upon to meet. By some means or other they succeeded in destroying in the mind of Gaul, African, and Greek the remembrance of their past independence and the remembrance of the relentless cruelty with which they had been enslaved. Rome destroyed patriotism in its subject races, though it left in them a certain blind instinct of kindred. When the Empire grew weak, the atoms showed a tendency to crystallize again in the old forms, but while it continued vigorous it satisfied the nationalities that it had absorbed. Whether by its imposing grandeur or the material happiness it bestowed, or the free career it offered, particularly to military merit, or the hopelessness of resistance; or — more particularly in the West — by the civilization it brought with it; by some of these means, or by some combination of them, the Roman Empire succeeded in giving an equivalent to those who had been deprived of everything by its relentless sword. As Tecmessa to Ajax, the world said to Rome, —

σύ γάρ μοι πατρίδ' ἥστωσας δόρει
καὶ μητρί' ἀλλή μοῖρα τὸν φύσαντ' ἵ τε
καθεῖλεν Αἰδου θανάσιμος οἰκτῆρας

τίς δὴν' ἐμοὶ γένοιτ' ἂν ἄντι σου πατρίς;
τίς παῖδός; ἐν σοὶ πᾶς ἐμῶν σώζεται.

"Thou didst destroy my country with thy spear;
My mother and begetter eyeless Fate
Took to be tenants of the house of death.
Now then what country can I find but thee,
What household? on thee all my fortune hangs."

Of all the conquered nations, that which had the noblest past was Greece. It is a striking fact that even a hundred years ago there existed among the Greeks no proud remembrance of their heroic ancestors. Leonidas and Miltiades were names which had no magic sound to them. But they were proud of two things, — of their religious orthodoxy and of their being the legitimate representatives of the Roman Empire.

The Roman Empire, then, did not fall as, for example, the Parthian Empire fell, by the rebellion of the conquered nationalities. But neither again did it fall by the rebellion of its great officers and viceroys, as the empire of Alexander. It was, indeed, constantly exposed to this danger. It felt, as other empires have felt, the necessity of creating these great officers. The Legati of the Rhine and Danube, the Legatus of Syria, possessed the power of independent sovereigns. They often seemed likely to use, and sometimes did use, this power against the government. In the first two centuries, Galba, Vitellius, Vespasian, Severus, were successful usurpers; Vindex, Avidius Cassius, Pescennius Niger were unsuccessful ones; Corbulo, and perhaps Agricola, paid with their lives for the greatness which made them capable of becoming usurpers. But these men usurped, or endeavored to usurp, or were thought likely to usurp, the whole Empire, not parts of it. The danger of the Empire being divided among its great generals did not appear till near the end of that revolutionary period of which I have spoken. Then, however, it seemed for a time very imminent. We might rather say that for some years the Empire was actually divided in this way. In what is commonly called the time of the Thirty Tyrants, Gaul and Spain were governed for some years by independent emperors, while Syria and part of Asia Minor formed the kingdom of Odenathus. In other parts of the Empire, at the same time, the authority of Rome was thrown off by several less successful adventurers. At this moment, then, the Roman Empire presented the same spectacle of dissolution which other great empires have sooner or later almost always presented. It seemed likely to run the usual course, and to illustrate the insurmountable difficulty of at once concentrating great power at a number of different points, and preserving the supremacy of the centre of the whole system. But the Roman Empire rallied, and by an extraordinary display of energy proved the difficulty not to be insurmountable. It escaped this danger also, and that not only for a time, but permanently. The disease of which it died at last was not this, but another.

Of the first Roman Revolution, Marius Cæsar, and Augustus are the heroes. The first of these organized the military system, the second gave the military power predominance over the civil, the third arranged the relations of the military to the civil power, so as to make them as little oppressive and as durable as possible. The second Roman Revolution, that of the third century after Christ, had for its heroes Diocletian and Constantine. The problem for them was to give the military power, now absolutely predominant, unity within itself.

Before, the question had been of the relations be-

tween the Emperor and the Senate; now it was of the relations between the Emperor and his Legati and his army. But now, as then, the only hope of the Empire was in despotism; the one study of all statesmen was how to diminish liberty still further, and concentrate power still more absolutely in a single hand. As Rome had been saved from barbaric invasion by Cæsar, so it was saved by Diocletian from partition among viceroys. But as it was saved the first time at the expense of its republican liberties, it was saved the second time by the sacrifice of those vestiges of freedom which Cæsar had left it. The military dictator now became a sultan. The little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus; and if Tiberius had chastised his subjects with whips, Valentinian chastised them with scorpions.

The Revolution now effected had two stages. First came the temporary arrangement of Diocletian, who, in order to strengthen the Imperial power against the unwieldy army, created, as it were, a cabinet of emperors. He shared his power with three other generals, whom he succeeded in attaching firmly to himself. Such an arrangement could not last, for only a superior genius could suspend the operation of the law, *Nulla fides regni sociis*; but so long as it lasted, the Imperial power was quadrupled, and the Empire was firmly ruled, not from one centre, but from four: from Nicomedia, Antioch, Milan, and Trèves. This plan had all the advantages of partition, while in the undisputed ascendancy of Diocletian it retained all the advantages of unity. This temporary arrangement in due time gave place to the permanent institution of Constantine, who broke the power of the Legati by dividing military power from the civil. Up to that time, the Legatus of a province had been an emperor in miniature, — at the same time governor of a nation and commander of an army. Now, the two offices were divided, and there remained to the emperor an immense superiority over every subject, — the prerogative that in him alone civil and military power met. And at the same time that by disarming all inferior greatness he made himself master of the bodies, the lives, and fortunes of his subjects, he subdued their imaginations and hearts by his assumption of Asiatic state and by his alliance with the Christian Church.

Thus was the second danger successfully encountered. Rome disarmed her formidable viceroys, as she had subdued and pacified her subject nationalities. Yet in a century and a half from the time of Constantine, the Western Empire fell, and the Eastern Empire in the course of three centuries lost many of its fairest provinces, and saw its capital besieged by foreign invaders. Having escaped the two principal maladies incident to great empires, she succumbed to some others, the nature of which we have now to consider.

The simple facts of the fall of the Empire are these. The Imperial system had been established, as I have shown, to protect the frontier. This it did for two centuries with eminent success. But in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, whose reign I have noted as marking the commencement of the second revolutionary period, there occurred an invasion of the Marcomanni, which was not repulsed without great difficulty, and which excited a deep alarm and foreboding throughout the Empire. In the third century the hostile powers on every frontier began to appear more formidable. The German tribes, in whose discord Tacitus saw the safety of

the Empire, present themselves now no longer in separate feebleness, but in powerful confederations. We hear no more the insignificant names of Chatti and Chauci; the history of the third century is full of Alemanni, Franks, and Goths. On the eastern frontier, the long decayed power of the Parthians now gives place to a revived and vigorous Persian Empire. The forces of the Empire are more and more taxed to defend it from these powerful enemies. One emperor is killed in battle with the Goths, another is taken prisoner by the Persians.

But, strengthened by internal reforms, the Empire is found still capable of making head against its assailants. In the middle of the fourth century it is visibly stronger and safer than it had been in the middle of the third. Then follows the greatest convulsion to which human society is liable, that which is to the world of man what an earthquake is to nature, — I mean an invasion of Tartars. The Huns emerge from Asia, and drive before them the populations of Central Europe. The fugitive Goths crave admission into the Empire. Admitted, they engage in war with their entertainers. They defeat and kill an emperor at Adrianople. But again the Empire is avenged by Theodosius. In the age of his degenerate sons the barbaric world decisively encroaches on the Roman. There is a constant influx of Goths. Goths fill the Roman armies, and plunder the Empire under cover of a commission from the emperor himself. Rome is sacked by Alaric. Then most of Gaul, Spain, and afterwards Africa, are torn from the empire by an invasion half Teutonic, half Slavonic. Barbaric chieftains make and unmake the emperors of the West. At last they assume sovereignty in Italy to themselves, and the Ostrogothic kingdom is founded. The East, too, suffers gradually a great change of population. Greece is almost repeopled with Slaves and Wallachians. New kingdoms are founded on the lower Danube. In the seventh century Egypt and Syria are wrested from the empire by the Saracens.

This is what we commonly understand by the fall of the Empire. It was matched in war with the barbaric world beyond the frontier, and the barbaric world was victorious. But it would be very thoughtless to suppose that this is a sufficient account of the matter, and that the fortune of war will explain such a vast phenomenon. What we call fortune may decide a battle, not so easily the shortest war; and it is evident that the Roman world would not have steadily receded through centuries before the barbaric had it not been decidedly inferior in force. To explain, then, the fall of the Empire it is necessary to explain the inferiority in force of the Romans to the barbarians.

This inferiority of the Romans, it is to be remembered, was a new thing. At an earlier time they had been manifestly superior. When the region of barbarism was much larger; when it included warlike and aggressive nations now lost to it, such as the Gauls; and when, on the other hand, the Romans drew their armies from a much smaller area, and organized them much less elaborately, the balance had inclined decidedly the other way. In those times the Roman world, in spite of occasional reverses, had, on the whole, steadily encroached on the barbaric. The Gauls were such good soldiers that the Romans themselves acknowledged their superiority in valor; yet the Romans not only held their own against them, but conquered them, and annexed Gaul to the Empire. If we use the word

"force" in its most comprehensive sense, as including all the different forces, material, intellectual, and moral, which can contribute to the military success of a nation, it is evident that the Roman world in the time of Pompey and Cæsar was as much superior in force to the barbaric world as it was inferior to it in the time of Arcadius and Honorius. Either, therefore, a vast increase of power must have taken place in the barbaric world, or a vast internal decay in the Roman.

Now the barbaric world had actually received two considerable accessions of force. It had gained considerably, through what influences we can only conjecture, in the power and habit of co-operation. As I have said before, in the third century we meet with large confederations of Germans, whereas before we read only of isolated tribes. Together with this capacity of confederation we can easily believe that the Germans had acquired new intelligence, civilization, and military skill. Moreover, it is practically to be considered as a great increase of aggressive force, that in the middle of the fourth century they were threatened in their original settlements by the Huns. The impulse of desperation which drove them against the Roman frontier was felt by the Romans as a new force acquired by the enemy.

But we shall soon see that other and more considerable momenta must have been required to turn the scale. For in the first place, if in three centuries the barbaric world made a considerable advance in power, how was it that the Roman world did not make an immensely greater advance in the same time? A barbaric society is commonly almost stationary; a civilized society is indefinitely progressive. How many advantages had a vast and well-ordered empire like the Roman over barbarism! What a step towards material wealth and increase of population would seem to be necessarily made when the bars to intercourse are removed between a number of countries, and when war between those countries is abolished! If in the first two centuries of the Empire there were bloody wars within the Empire, yet they were both short and very infrequent; the permanent condition of international hostility between the nations surrounding the Mediterranean Sea, which had preceded the Roman conquests, was a tradition of the past. Never since has there been over the same area so long a period of internal peace. If we were guided by modern analogies, we should certainly expect that, while barbarism made its first tottering steps in the path of improvement, the Empire would have made gigantic strides; that its population and wealth would have increased enormously; that instead of failing to defend the frontier it would have overflowed it at all points; and that it would have annexed and Romanized Germany with far greater ease than in Cæsar's time it had absorbed Gaul.

In the second place, the balance had already begun to turn before any new weights were put into the scale of barbarism. A long period intervened between the time when Rome was a conquering state and the time when it began to be conquered. During this interval barbarism had acquired no new strength, and yet the Romans had ceased to conquer.

And this must have been owing, not to any want of will, but to a consciousness of the want of power. For when Rome ceased to conquer, it was far more completely organized for military purposes and

governed more exclusively by military men than in its period of conquest. With a citizen soldiery, summoned from farms and commanded often by civilians, Rome extended her boundaries widely; but with a magnificent standing army, with a crowd of experienced officers, and with an Emperor at the head of affairs, Rome ceased, except at long intervals, to conquer. The maxim of Augustus, that the Empire was large enough, can only mean that the limit of its resources had been reached, and that those resources for some reason or other, did not grow. And that the maxim was sound, and continued to be sound, is shown by Hadrian's reassertion of it when he gave up the Parthian conquests of Trajan, and later by Aurelian's evacuation of Dacia. Aurelian was a great general, Hadrian was an active and enterprising man. Both of them must have known that the easiest way to obtain popularity was to carry on wars of conquest. Both must have known that to give up conquests was the readiest way to offend the pride of the Romans, and to excite disaffection towards the government. We may therefore feel sure that it was neither love of ease nor a mere blind respect for a traditional maxim that induced these two emperors deliberately to narrow the boundaries of the Empire. They must have had a knowledge of the weakness and exhaustion of the State, and of its inadequacy to new conquests, so certain and clear as to silence all the suggestions of ambition and interest.

We are forced, then, to the conclusion that the Roman Empire, in the midst of its greatness and civilization, must have been in a stationary and unprogressive, if not a decaying condition. Now what can have been the cause of this unproductiveness or decay? It has been common to suppose a moral degeneration in the Romans caused by luxury and excessive good fortune. To support this it is easy to quote the satirists and cynics of the Imperial time, and to refer to such accounts as Ammianus gives of the mingled effeminacy and brutality of the aristocracy of the capital in the fourth century.

But the history of the wars between Rome and the barbaric world does not show us the proofs we might expect of this decay of spirit. We do not find the Romans ceasing to be victorious in the field, and beginning to show themselves inferior in valor to their enemies. The luxury of the capital could not affect the army, which had no connection with the capital, but was levied from the peasantry of the whole Empire, a class into which luxury can never penetrate. Nor can it be said that luxury corrupted the generals, and through them the army. On the contrary, the Empire produced a remarkable series of capable generals. From Claudius Gothicus to the patrician Aetius, a period of two centuries, the series is scarcely interrupted, and for the greater part of that time the government of the Empire itself was in the hands of men bred to war and accustomed to great commands. And as in better times, the Roman arms were still commonly victorious. Julian, fighting at great odds, defeated the Alemanni; Theodosius quelled the intruding Goths; Stilicho checked Alaric and crushed Rhodagais; the great Tartar himself, the genius of destruction, Attila, met his match in Aetius, and retreated before the arms of Rome.

Whatever the remote and ultimate cause may have been, the immediate cause to which the fall of the Empire can be traced is a physical, not a moral decay. In valor, discipline, and science the Ro-

man armies remained what they had always been, and the peasant-emperors of Illyricum were worthy successors of Cincinnatus and Caius Marius. But the problem was how to replenish those armies. Men were wanting; the Empire perished for want of men.

The proof of this is in the fact that the contest with barbarism was carried on by the help of barbarian soldiers. The Emperor Probus began this system, and under his successors it came more and more into use. As the danger of it could not be overlooked, we must suppose that the necessity of it was still more unmistakable. It must have been because the Empire could not furnish soldiers for its own defence, that it was driven to the strange expedient of turning its enemies and plunderers into its defenders. Yet on these scarcely disguised enemies it came to depend so exclusively that in the end the Western Empire was destroyed, not by the hostile army, but by its own. The Roman army had become a barbarian horde, and for some years the Roman commander-in-chief was a barbarian prince, Ricimer, who created and deposed emperors at his pleasure. Soon after his fall, another barbarian occupying the same position, Odoacer, terminated the line of emperors, and assumed the government into his own hands.

Nor was it only in the army that the Empire was compelled to borrow men from barbarism. To cultivate the fields, whole tribes were borrowed. From the time of Marcus Aurelius, it was a practice to grant lands within the Empire sometimes to prisoners of war, sometimes to tribes applying for admission. Thus the Vandals received settlements in Pannonia, the Goths of Ulfilas in Mæsia, the Salian Franks along the Rhine. In these cases the Romans were not forced to admit the barbarians. If they were partly influenced by the wish to pacify them, it is certain also that there must have been a vast extent of unoccupied land which the Empire was glad to people in this way. However much disposed we may be to reject as rhetorical the descriptions of utter devastation along the frontier in which our authorities abound, it seems at least to be clear that, however many barbaric tribes might knock for admission, there was room for them within the Empire. Nor did these large loans of men suffice the Empire. It was perpetually borrowing smaller amounts. Under the name of *Læti* and *Coloni*, there seems reason to believe that the Empire was already full of Germans before the great immigrations began. It is easy to discover symptoms of every kind of decay in the Roman Empire. We may talk of oppressive taxation and the rapacity of officials; of the tyranny by which the curiales, or respectable middle class, of provincial towns were crushed; of the decline of warlike spirit shown by the high price of volunteers and the extensive practice of self-mutilation to avoid the conscription; of the general decline of warlike spirit.

But, however visible these symptoms may be, they must not divert our attention from the great symptom of all, the immediate and patent cause of the fall of the Empire, — that want of population which made it impossible to keep a native army on foot, and which caused a perpetual and irrepressible stream of barbaric immigration. The barbarian occupied the Roman Empire almost as the Anglo-Saxon is occupying North America: he settled and peopled rather than conquered it.

The want of any principle of increase in the Roman population is attested at a much earlier time.

In the second century before Christ, Polybius bears witness to it, and the returns of the census from the Second Punic War to the time of Augustus show no steady increase in the number of citizens that cannot be accounted for by the extension of the citizenship to new classes. A stationary population suffers from war or any other destructive plague far more and more permanently than a progressive one. Accordingly, we are told that Julius Cæsar, when he attained to supreme power, found an alarming thinness of population (*δεινὴν ὀλιγοθροσύνην*). Both he and his successor struggled earnestly against this evil. The grave maxim of Metellus Macedonicus, that marriage was a duty which, however painful, every citizen ought manfully to discharge, acquired great importance in the eyes of Augustus. He caused the speech in which it was contained to be read in the Senate: had he lived in our days, he would have reprinted it with a preface. To admonition he added legislation. The *Lex Julia* is the irrefragable proof of the existence at the beginning of the Imperial time of that very disease of which, four centuries after, the Empire died. How alarming the symptoms already were may be measured by the determined resolution with which Augustus forced his enactment upon the people, in spite of the most strenuous resistance. The enactment consisted of a number of privileges and precedences given to marriage. It was, in fact, a handsome bribe offered by the State to induce the citizens to marry.

How strange, according to our notions, the condition of society must have been; how directly opposite from the present one, the view taken by statesmen of the question of population; and how unlike the present one, the view taken by people in general of marriage, may be judged from this law. Precisely as we think of marriage, the Roman of Imperial times thought of celibacy, — that is, as the most comfortable but the most expensive condition of life. Marriage with us is a pleasure for which a man must be content to pay; with the Romans it was an excellent pecuniary investment,* but an intolerably disagreeable one.

Here lay, at least in the judgment of Augustus, the root of the evil. To inquire into the causes of this aversion to marriage in this place would lead me too far. We must be content to assume that, owing partly to this cause and partly to the prudential check of infanticide, the Roman population seems to have been in ordinary times almost stationary. The same phenomenon had shown itself in Greece before its conquest by the Romans. There the population had even greatly declined, and the shrewd observer Polybius explains that it was not owing to war or plague, but mainly to the general reluctance of his countrymen to rear families. If we can suppose a similar temper to have become common among the Roman citizens, it may still seem at first sight unlikely that the newly conquered barbarians of Gaul or Britain would fall into an effeminacy incident rather to excessive civilization. But there is reason to think, on the contrary, that the newly conquered barbarians were especially liable to it.

We know how dangerous is the sudden introduction of civilized habits and manners among barbarians. We know how fatally the contact of Anglo-Saxons has worked upon Indians, Australians, and New Zealanders. The effect of Roman civilization

* Plutarch: *περί φιλοστοργίας*, c. 2.

upon Gauls and Britons was similar, if we may take the evidence of Tacitus. They exchanged too suddenly a life of rude and violent adventure for the Roman baths and schools of rhetoric. The effect upon these races was an unnatural lethargy, and apparently also a tendency to decline in numbers. The Helvetians are spoken of by Tacitus as already almost extinct; and the Batavians who distinguish themselves by their high spirit in the wars of Vitellius and Vespasian, have entirely disappeared when their territory is occupied in the fourth century by the Franks.

It remains to point out that the circumstances of the Empire between the times of Cæsar and Constantine were such as rather to aggravate than mitigate the disease. One main reason why civilization in modern times is favorable to the growth of population is that it is industrial. The Anglo-Saxon subdues physical nature to his interest and convenience. Wherever he comes he introduces new industries. He contrives first to prosper, and next he increases. By his side the barbarian, skilled only in destruction, and without the inclination or talent to create anything, feels himself growing weaker and weaker, despairs, and then disappears. But Roman civilization was not of this creative kind. It was military, that is, destructive. The enormous wealth of the Romans had not been created by them, but simply appropriated. It had been gained, not by manufacture or commerce, but by war. And it had been gained by the concentrated effort of many successive generations. Probably such a great national effort cannot be maintained for so long a time without giving to the national character a fixed warp or bias. The military inclination would remain to the Romans even when they had lost the power to gratify it. The aversion to all the arts of creation would remain even when nothing but those arts could save them. In the most successful conquering race that has appeared since the Romans, — in the Turks, — the same phenomenon appears. They have lost the power to conquer, but they cannot acquire habits of industry and accumulation. Their nature has no versatility; it enjoys nothing between fighting and torpid inaction. They could win an empire, but having won it they allow it to fall into ruin. In a less degree the Romans seem to have had the same defect. There runs through their literature the brigand's and the barbarian's contempt for honest industry, — at least when that industry is not agricultural. To make wealth appears to them sordid; to take it admirable. And accordingly, when the limit of conquest and spoliation had been reached, a torpor, a Turkish helplessness, fell on them. They lived on what should have been their capital. Their wealth went to Asia in exchange for perishable luxuries, a general poverty spread through the Empire, and the unwillingness to multiply must have become stronger and stronger.

Perhaps enough has now been said to explain that great enigma, which so much bewilders the reader of Gibbon; namely, the sharp contrast between the age of the Antonines and the age which followed it. A century of unparalleled tranquillity and virtuous government is followed immediately by a period of hopeless ruin and dissolution. A century of rest is followed not by renewed vigor, but by incurable exhaustion. Some principle of decay must clearly have been at work, but what principle? We answer: it was a period of sterility or barrenness in human beings; the human harvest

was bad. And among the causes of this barrenness we find, in the more barbarous nations, the enfeeblement produced by the too abrupt introduction of civilization, and universally the absence of industrial habits, and the disposition to listlessness which belongs to the military character.

A society in such a critical position as this can ill bear a sudden shock. The sudden shock came; "a swift destruction winged from God!" Aurelius, whose reign I have marked as the end of an age, saw the flash. We might say that Heaven, pitying the long death-struggle of the Roman world, sent down the Angel Azrael to cut matters short. In A. D. 166 broke out the plague. It spread from Persia to Gaul, and, according to the historians, carried off "a majority of the population." It was the first of a long series of similar visitations. Niebuhr has said that the ancient world never recovered from the blow inflicted upon it by the plague which visited it in the reign of Aurelius. We are in danger of attaching too little importance to occurrences of this kind. The historian devotes but a few lines to them because they do not often admit of being related in detail. The battle of Cressy occupies the historian more than the Black Death, yet we now know that the Black Death is a turning-point in mediæval English history. Our knowledge of the series of plagues which fell on the Roman world during the Revolutionary period from Aurelius to Diocletian, is extremely fragmentary. But the vastness of the calamity seems not doubtful, and it seems also clear that the condition of the Empire was just such as to make the blow mortal. It is also plain that the reconstructed Empire over which, when the Revolutionary period was past, Diocletian and Constantine reigned, was different in its whole character from the Empire of the Antonines, and that a new age began then which resembled the Middle Ages as much as it resembled Antiquity.

As the population dwindled, a new evil made its appearance. The expenses of government had always been great: when complete Oriental sultanism was introduced by Diocletian, they became enormous. And the demands of government reached their highest point when the population had been decimated (the word is probably much too weak) by the plague. The *fiscus*, which had always been burdensome, became now a millstone round the neck of the sinking Empire. The demand for money became as urgent as the demand for men.

A leading characteristic of the later Empire is grinding taxation. The government being overwhelmingly powerful, there was no limit to its power of extortion, and the army of officials which had now been created plundered for themselves as well as for the government. What the plague had been to the population, that the *fiscus* was to industry. It broke the bruised reed; it converted feebleness into utter and incurable debility. Roman finance had no conception of the impolicy of laying taxation so as to depress enterprise and trade. The *fiscus* destroyed capital in the Roman Empire. The desire of accumulation withered where government lay in wait for all savings, — *locupletissimus quisque in prædam carreptus*. All the intricate combinations by which man is connected to man in a progressive society disappeared. The diminished population lived once more as *αὐτορροποί* procuring from the soil as much as their own individual needs required, each man alone, and all alike in bondage

to an omnipotent, all-grasping government. For safety they had given omnipotence to their government, but they could not give it the knowledge of political economy, nor the power to cure subtle moral evils. Accordingly, all the omnipotence of government was turned to increasing the poverty, and consequently the sterility, of the population.

I have not left myself space to describe in detail the pressure of the *fiscus* and the conscription upon the different classes of the people. It is related in many books with what malignant ingenuity the men of property everywhere were, so to speak, chained to the spot where they lived, that the vulture of taxation might prey upon their vitals; and how the peasantry were in like manner appropriated and enslaved to military service. But this oppression, to which government in its helplessness was driven, filled the cup.

I conceive that the downfall of the Empire is thus accounted for. Barbarians might enter freely and take possession. Vandal corsairs from Carthage might outdo the work of Hannibal, and Germany avenge at her leisure the invasions of Cæsar and Drusus, for the invincible power had been tamed by a slow disease. Rome had stopped, from a misgiving she could not explain to herself, in the career of victory. A century of repose had only left her weaker than before. She was able to conquer her nationalities. She centralized herself successfully, and created a government of mighty efficiency and stability. But against this disease she was powerless; and the disease was sterility. Already enfeebled by it she passed through a century of plague, and when the plague handed her over to the *fiscus* there remained nothing for the sufferer but gradually to sink. But the causes from which the disease itself had sprung were such as we can but imperfectly ascertain,—causes deeply involved in the constitution of society itself, and such as no statesmanship or philosophy then in the world could hope to contend with.

NOTE.—The Spectator, in a flattering notice of the first of these papers, asks for an explanation of the statement that the Senate was an assembly of life peers freely chosen. The magistrates were chosen by popular election, and election to the higher magistracies carried with it a permanent seat in the Senate. This is what I meant by calling it an assembly of life peers. I call it freely elected because every full citizen was eligible and had a vote. No doubt the great houses had such overwhelming influence that they could in ordinary times monopolize the magistracies. But until the Revolutionary period began, I do not think this influence had much coercion in it. The great families were really revered by the people, and were considered to have a sort of moral right to office.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE obituary department, after continuing for a century, has been dropped out of the Gentleman's Magazine. Too many distinguished people died to please the editor.

A POOR woman named Fanny Oliver has been left for death on the scaffold at Worcester, England, because the one-hundredth part of a grain of arsenic was found in the stomach of her deceased husband!

A LONDON paper says, with cheerful bitterness: "Over and above all the delights of burlesque where-

with America is now inundated, one joy yet awaits that favored republic. The great Vance is going there. May his voyage be successful and his stay very, very long!"

It having been suggested that the English public should be made to repay the Duke of Edinburgh for the presents which he distributed in his recent colonial voyages, the Pall Mall Gazette wants to know if his Royal Highness has made over to the nation all the presents he received during that same pleasure tour.

It is stated that the Jewish Theological Society, comprising the most learned Rabbis in Germany, resolved at a recent sitting at Breslau to prepare an encyclopædia of the Talmud, for the purpose of facilitating and encouraging the study of that portion of their national literature which was lately introduced to the notice of the public in England and America.

HOWEVER great may be the late triumphs achieved by the Prussian army, it seems, nevertheless, to be the most unpopular service in Europe. The domineering of the officers, the poverty of the soldier, and the strictness of the discipline, render life to many almost intolerable. To prove this, it is necessary only to state that, according to German statistics, there were in 1868 no less than 134 suicides in the army of North Germany.

At a recent ball given by the Earl of Ellesmere, at Worsley Hall, the Prince of Wales surprised and delighted his fellow-guests, and established himself as a favorite forever in the county, by constituting himself a sort of dancing free rover, and requesting a *tour de valse*, after the French and Italian fashion, from the fair visitors all over the ball-room, whether he had made their acquaintance or not. Moreover, he gracefully avoided any appearance of being guided in his selection on the score of beauty alone. All this is said by Jenkins in the London papers.

At St. James's Theatre lately Mdle. Schneider met with an accident, which came near proving very serious. At the fall of the curtain in the last scene of *Orphée aux Enfers* her dress was ignited by the flame used in producing the effect of lightning, and in a moment was in a blaze. Great alarm and excitement prevailed, and two or three gentlemen jumped from the private boxes on the stage and from the stalls, but the actors who surrounded Mdle. Schneider quickly put out the flames. This was not done, however, until almost the whole of her dress had been destroyed. Mdle. Schneider escaped without the smallest personal injury.

THERE is a smart controversy going on just now among the Freemasons in England. A worthy brother, having spent several years in Australia, has returned, announcing as the fruit of his sojourn the discovery of various ancient mysteries. The Babylonian and Greek astronomy are pronounced to have been organized by Freemasons, and the Assyrian monuments in the British Museum to be nothing but illustrations of the same great fact. "The discoverer, of course," remarks the Athenæum, "has not been without the countenance of some of the more ignorant, if met by the contempt of the better informed. Some of the Masons are, however, very indignant at an attempt to represent that the key of cuneiform and hieroglyphic literature should be claimed to have been picked up by chance and hidden away as a

Masonic secret; and they call on the inventor to publish his contribution, if he have any, to the stores of general knowledge, as they want no covert possession of it."

A MELANCHOLY little incident is related of the ex-Empress Charlotte. This unfortunate Princess has been staying for some time at Spa. The other day she insisted with such vehemence on playing at roulette that it was impossible to restrain her. On approaching the table she deliberately placed a gold piece on the number 19. The Emperor Maximilian was shot on June 19. The wheel turned, and, though thirty-seven chances were against her, she won. She smiled sadly, took up the money, and quietly left the room. On her way out a poor man passed by. She gave him all the money, with the injunction that he was to "pray for him." It is known that the Empress Charlotte never pronounces the name of Maximilian.

M^DLE. LUGUET, the daughter of M. René Luguet, of the Palais Royal, has died in Paris, in her sixteenth year. Her connection with the stage was remarkably close. She was granddaughter of the famous Madame Dorval, niece of M. Jacques Luguet, of the Théâtre Français at St. Petersburg, of M. Henri Luguet, director of the Théâtre de Thalie in Berlin, of M. Desrieux of the Vaudeville, and of Madame Marie Laurent and Madame Vigne. It was on her mother's sister, who died at the same age, that Victor Hugo wrote the bitter verse:—

"Nous songerons tous deux à cette belle fille
Qui dort là-bas sous l'herbe où le bouton d'or brille,
Où l'oiseau cherche un grain de mil,
Et qui voulait avoir, et qui, triste chimère !
S'était fait cet hiver promettre par sa mère
Une robe verte en Avril."

THE last number of Echoes from the Clubs has the following clever hit at a sport (pigeon-shooting) much affected by the upper classes in England.

"The pigeon tumbling in the azure air
Was dear to Aphrodite, long ago,
Yoked to her buoyant chariot, gay and fair,
It fluttered where her amorous banners glow;
But since those days the world has changed religions,
And different is the use we make of pigeons.

"Lord Vere de Vere (your pardon, Mr. Tennyson !)
Selects the pretty birds for ruthless murder;
Of the tottering Upper House a careless denizen,
He thinks there's nothing in the world abonder
Than talk of Irish Church and Pope's tiara.
No; he'll kill birds, and bring the Lady Clara.

"Ay, and the exquisite patrician creatures
Watch with bright, eager eyes the lifted trap,—
See scattered feathers with unruffled features,—
Laugh, when a dead bird soils a dainty lap.
Surely 'tis ladylike and innocent fun
To see birds mangled by his lordship's gun.

"Rats [*pace*, Mr. Gladstone !] are but vermin:
'Tis just as well to say I mean not those
That draw fat salaries, wear lawn and ermine,
Fight in the Commons, in the Lords repose—
But rats that in our larders play queer tricks,
And don't concern themselves with politics.

"And William Sykes [your pardon, Mr. Dickens !]
Thinks few amusements of the time are merrier
(Except the encounter of steel-spurred game chickens)
Than against rats to back his favorite terrier,—
Vulgar and cruel the sport which William likes,—
But in the pit you don't see Mrs. Sykes."

SOME curious devices were resorted to at a recent ball given in Paris to amuse the Viceroy. New figures were invented for the after-supper cotillon. Large sealed envelopes were distributed among the ladies, who, opening them, found grotesque head-

dresses inside, with which they were expected to crown their partners. Crackers containing pieces of fancy costume were also pulled, between the figures of one of the dances, and the gentlemen had to wear the finery which fell to their share. In what was called the steeplechase dance the ladies received fans bearing the names of well-known race-horses, and the gentlemen cards similarly inscribed. At a signal the music struck up, and each gentleman hastened to discover the lady on whose fan was written the same name as on his card. Another fantastic novelty was the distribution of hoops among the gentlemen, one to each six. The six advanced to a lady, carrying their hoop between them, and on touching a spring it suddenly imprisoned the one destined to be the lady's partner. Both the Oriental visitors and the native visitors are said to have been much amused by these performances.

A PARAGRAPH has been round the scientific papers stating that a French naturalist has been measuring the tree-trunks in a forest, and has found them all broader in the east-west than in the north-south direction: the causes of the unsymmetry being ascribed, not very obviously, to the rotation of the earth. Well, another French Arborist has been similarly gauging the trees in the neighborhood of Toulouse, and he finds that the greatest swelling of their trunks is towards the east-south-east point of the compass. The explanation offered by this second investigator is more philosophical than that of his predecessor. He refers the deformation to the early morning sun, which warms the easterly parts of the tree more suddenly than the rest, stimulates the flow of the sap, which grows sluggish during the cool of the night, and draws up the nourishing moisture from the soil in greater abundance on the excited side than on those portions of the trunk where the warming is more gradual and its effects less active. Naturally, increased vitality of one side, be it animal or plant, results in development, or larger growth of that side. There are traditions of some plants turning their flowers towards the sun: the truth may be that the sun only promotes the growth of those blossoms upon which it sheds its direct warmth. As Dulong said, every degree of the thermometer entails a law of nature.

THE intellectual activity of a certain class of lunatics is curiously illustrated in the report on the lunatic asylums in Ireland which has lately been printed and laid before Parliament. A man named Joseph Langfrey escaped from the Central Asylum with two other patients, none of the party being looked upon as lunatics by the medical officers, although confined there as criminal lunatics. Mr. Langfrey was the leader of the fugitives, and is described as being of an extraordinary clever and ingenious mind. He could do things quite beyond what men in general can perform, and his cleverness was even exceeded by his versatility. He was a good shoemaker, a tailor, a weaver. He made from a scrap of iron a key by which he could open the door of his division. He put together a wooden sewing-machine of his own contrivance, with which he made clothes for himself; and his mind just before his escape seemed so intent on improving this machine that there was little apprehension of his attempting to escape. His career, it is stated, before he came to the asylum was most extraordinary. He had been in the British army, in

the French army, and in the French navy; and had been in British, German, and Russian prisons. He had a grammatical knowledge of French, knew something of German and was completely self-taught; his age, although he had passed the various phases of existence above described, was only twenty-seven. He spoke well and reasonably, the great defect in his character being a fickleness of purpose. He had that rambling disposition that is never sated with travel and adventure; and if his principles were good and upright he would in all probability have had a distinguished career in life. Langfroy was, in fact, not unlike one of Ouida's heroes.

TRAVELLERS visiting Venice, says a London journal, ought to know of a spot whose very existence had been half forgotten, but which has lately been made accessible. Whether because of a general change in the relative level of the Venetian lagoons and the mud-islands that support the city, or of a local subsidence of the soil under the great weight of the Church of St. Mark, the ancient crypt gradually sank below the level of the adjoining canal. After several ineffectual attempts to resist the influx of water by raising the pavement, the effort was abandoned as hopeless. Somewhere about 1580 the original entrance was walled up; and for more than two centuries the place seems to have remained undisturbed. Soon after the Austrians became masters of Venice some ecclesiastical antiquary called to mind the fact that the marble coffin believed to contain the body of St. Mark had been left in the centre of the crypt, supported on four stone columns. The cathedral authorities were moved to action; an opening was made through one of the small windows in the vaulting of the roof. The crypt was found half full of salt water, but the precious relic, supported at a height of five feet above the pavement, was found untouched. It was solemnly raised into the church, where it has since remained, the opening was again closed, and for a further period of over sixty years one of the most curious portions of this wonderful fabric was lost to sight, — almost to memory. Thanks to the energetic intervention of Signor Torelli, the present active Prefect of Venice, it is now as accessible as when first constructed. When the water had been pumped out, and the layers of concrete removed that had been introduced to raise the level of the original pavement, there was no great difficulty in making the structure quite water-tight by means of excellent hydraulic cement, the materials of which are found near Bergamo. The architecture is of great interest, and will doubtless furnish matter for much discussion when more generally known.

FRENCH journalists and artists are seldom content with the names which Heaven has allotted them. The Frenchman is anxious, above all, that the name which he signs to an article, or which appears as his on a play-bill, shall have a striking, uncommon appearance which may separate its owner from the vulgar. For this reason a great many writers and actors adopt pseudonyms which cling to them through life, and by which they continue to be known even after death. A Parisian has just taken the trouble to write a book on the subject of this mania, and to unmask all his pseudonymous contemporaries for the edification of the public. We are told in this work that the name of Mme. George Sand is Dudevant; of M. de Persigny, Fialin; of Arsène Houssaye, Housset; of M. Granier de Cassagnac simply Granier (the

"de Cassagnac" was tacked on when M. Granier became an official candidate); of Eugène de Mircourt the biographer, Gigot (there is some excuse here); of Michel Masson, author of the "Contes de l'Atelier," Gaudichot; of Belval, the singer, Gaffiot (these two are excusable again, — no Frenchman with such a name as Gaudichot or Gaffiot could make his way in France); of Mme. Carvalho, Carvailhe; of Marie Cabel, of the Opéra Comique, Cabu; of Father Hyacinthe, Loyson (Loyson means "the gosling"); and of the well-known restaurateur Peters, Fraise, i. e. strawberry, which name appears more appropriate than the pseudonym. It is rare that a Frenchman, being possessed of an authentic title, conceals it out of modesty; nevertheless, this happens in the case of Cham and Gill, the two caricaturists, the first of whom is Viscount de Noé, and the second Count de Guines, and in that of M. Henri Rochefort, who, as most people are aware, is Count de Rochefort Luçay.

THE last number of the North British Review contains an admirable paper on the reminiscences of the late Henry Crabb Robinson. After a careful examination of Mr. Robinson's extended work, the critic says: "Before taking leave of a Diary, which will doubtless become a favorite book with the lovers of our best literature, let us briefly indicate the character of its author as manifested in its pages, and as exhibited in his life.

"It is impossible to resist the impression that Mr. Robinson had much in common with Boswell. They both set up for their ardent worship men whom they regarded as matchless heroes. To Boswell, Dr. Johnson was a literary Jupiter. In his eyes, wisdom was incarnated in the person of the burly, pompous, dogmatic, and proud lexicographer. Less narrow in his tastes, and more accurate in his judgment, Mr. Robinson selected, from among the celebrities of his generation, Goethe and Wordsworth as the two men who were depositaries of the sacred fire. To their weaknesses he was not blind, but he was most considerate for their shortcomings. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to spread abroad their fame. During his lifetime he succeeded in persuading many Germans to read the poems of Wordsworth, and in inducing many Englishmen to recognize the genius of Goethe. His Diary will continue the work. It will enable thousands to appreciate both these poets more highly than formerly, by enabling them to understand them better.

"Yet despite many points of resemblance, Mr. Robinson and Boswell were in essentials the antipodes of each other. Shrewd and sensible as Boswell undoubtedly was, he had in him an element of the buffoon. He was as happy to be made a show of himself, as to exhibit the excellences of his mind's idol. If he had not been extremely vain he would never have written a Life which will keep alive the memory of one who would otherwise have been wholly neglected by succeeding generations. But there was no screw loose in the character of Mr. Robinson. A clear head and a logical intellect kept him from committing any gross mistake owing to the intensity of his admiration for certain men. He was competent to judge of their quality. He did not hesitate to point out a blunder in a poem by Wordsworth, nor to admit that Goethe had made mistakes. He was a hero-worshipper, but no idolater.

"Mr. Robinson lived to a better purpose than merely reading poetry and collecting anecdotes.

His love of liberty was as profound as was his admiration of the beautiful in verse and prose. As a Dissenter he had experienced the deadening effects of intolerance. His efforts were naturally directed towards emancipating his brethren in the faith from the disabilities under which they pined. It was not till the middle of his life that he took up this work in earnest. In early manhood his religious opinions were lukewarm. As late as the age of forty, he wrote: 'Though I am not religious myself, I have great respect for a conduct which proceeds from a sense of duty, and is under the influence of religious feelings.' Afterwards, a reaction took place: he passed from the calm of indifference to the vehemence of conviction, and, formally professing himself a Unitarian, became one of the champions of his sect.

"Thinking that Dissenters should have the means of education within their reach, he actively co-operated with the founders of the London University. Believing that a training-school for Unitarians was desirable, he helped to found University Hall. He founded the Flaxman Gallery, which is not only one of the great attractions of University College, but is also the most splendid monument by which the genius of the great English sculptor could be honored and perpetuated. To the end of his life the promotion of the interests of these places of education was pursued by him with untiring energy. His greatest political triumph was the passing of the Act relating to Dissenters' Chapels, an Act of which he was the energetic promoter and zealous advocate, and of which the effect was to extend to Unitarians the legal protection enjoyed by other Dissenters.

"While the religious body of which Mr. Robinson was a member has the greatest cause to cherish his memory, his name and his good deeds will not fail to make a lasting impression on the public at large, when this Diary is in their hands, and its contents in their minds.

"Those who look back with pleasure to the time when they heard from the eloquent lips of the writer of the Diary many of the neatly phrased stories and pithy anecdotes with which it is filled will peruse it with the greater delight because the printed page, while recalling to their minds the image of the departed, is rich in materials wherewith to form an estimate of his disposition and talents, even more honorable and lofty than the flattering estimate which, during his lifetime, they had formed and cherished. It is a work to which no review can do full justice. In order to be thoroughly appreciated it must be read from beginning to end. The three volumes which compose it are large. Upwards of fifteen hundred pages are contained in them, yet there are few pages which the most exacting critic will desire to cancel, and there is not one which the sensible reader will pronounce to be dull. No small portion of the pleasure with which they will be read is owing to the care and discrimination with which the work has been edited. Dr. Sadler had at his disposal manuscripts of which but the thirtieth part has now been printed and given to the world. Additions and corrections may heighten the interest and increase the utility of a subsequent edition of this Diary. Still, we cannot more truthfully characterize and more justly commend the volumes before us than by pronouncing them invaluable to every student of English literature, and indispensable additions to every well-selected and really precious collection of English books.'

ARTHUR'S KNIGHTING.

I MIND me of Toraise in Carmelide:—

Plenary court with show and festival
Held King Leodegan that Whitsuntide.

By noon the busy cooks had served in hall
Pottage of herbs with spiceries and wine,

Boars' heads in aigrodouce and therewithal
Hérons and egrets in sauce Gamelyne,

Peacocks in pride in platters of pure gold,
And swans in silver served with galentine,

Bakemeats and venison and a store untold
Of savory breads, and flesh, and fowl, and fish,

Sallets and mortrews, fritters hot and cold,
Creams, cates, and jellies, many a lordly dish

Of pear and pippin, comfit-caraways,
Citron and dates, — a Cardinal could wish

No fairer garnish on his holy days.
And after every course the Sewer arrayed

A subtle fancy of Dame Fortune's ways:
First, Belisaire upon his throne displayed;

Next, the blind lazar cowering by the wall;
The third, in tattered weed, a beggar-maid;

And last, Cophetus's bride in crown and pall.
Dame Fortune's self the while in midmost place,

Poising her gilded limbs on her swift ball
Above the mast-head, with a silken lace

Bare up the mainsail of an argosy
Of beaten silver, that in hypocras

Swam idly, all becalmed in a Red Sea,
Among the isles of water-cake in sop.

And fair aloft, the minstrel-gallery
A ceilure starred with gold did overtop:

And ever among, the quire or played or sang
With citole, sackbut, sawtre, and sweet stop

Of clarifier and cornet, and the clang
Of timbrels and of tabors — pipe and lute

With their wild warble thrilling through the
twang

Of harps and wail of melancholy flute.

To that high music every heart beat high
With knightly passion, and, when all was mute,

The young men did not think it much to die;
And graybeards knew that their old blood was

young,
And looked upon the young men with a sigh.

Then forward stood a chorister and sung

Such sweet, sweet sorrow into his sweet lay
Of lovers' woe, that, ere the song was sung,

There was no warrior's eye but turned away
Lest it should meet his fellow's for the tear.

Ginevra looked at Arthur, but the gray
Of her bright eyne knew naught of lover's fear;

And when they met not his, the rebel blood
Flushed to the fair tip of her tingling ear,

As there before him teeth on lip she stood,
For that she knew she showed so beautiful

In the wild triumph of that sovran mood,
And grugged that he should see not. Was he dull,

And drank that philtre of sweet sound in vain,
That thus he looked away, nor cared to lull

The divine longing of love's hunger-pain
By feeding in her eyes his love with love?

He saw not, — no! Nor, though he stared
amain,

Saw he the banners blazoned bright above

The starry ceilure. Not until the stir
After the song, when all the guests 'gan move,

Did her true lover think to look at her.

And then, pardie, her eyes were otherwhere :

For lo, past truncheoned steward and cellarer
Who stood beside the cupboard, mazed with care

Of the great goblets and the cups of state,

Limped Trone the jester, with a Kaiser's air,

His kingly train upborne by an ape sedate,

And four white poodles, two on either side,

Marching upright, but sad, as if the fate

Of courtier-life bore hardly on their pride,

And those gay silken masquer weeds they wore

Repaid not half what they must needs abide

As hangers-on to majesty so poor.

Long laughter shook the hall at that strange

show,

Which waxed amain when on the lower floor

The motley knave, with many a mop and mow,

Bade all his four-foot courtiers dance and leap,

Just as a king might bid his dukes do so.

The feasters laughed and drank, and they drank

deep

Of those tall flagons, and the butler's wand

Waved for fresh vintage with a lordly sweep.

Ginevra raught a wine-flask from the stand

Brimmed with the ripest, and at Arthur's knee

Knel, a deep beaker in her dainty hand,

Gemmed all within with jewels that make flee

All taint and venom from the faery brim,

And humbly proffered her new lord. But he,

Shamed that such service should be done to him

By her who was his worship, bade her rise.

"Nay," quoth the Sire, "fair knight, in life and

limb

We are all thine. Let be, the girl is wise."

Then Arthur drank and gave her back the cup;

But still she knelt beside him, and her eyes

Betrayed no signal as she raised them up

Of woman's art in the child's artlessness,

As if she wondered how her lord should sup.

Yet inly knew she all her loveliness:

The pilch of velvet, parted white and blue,

Reversed with ermines for an emperess,

All overt on the sides, where shimmered through

The kirtle's silken warp with west of gold

From looms of Baldack — O, full well she knew

The needled broderie wrought on every fold, —

Those smiling suns above and sunflowers three

Under each sun, with faces broad and bold

Staring upon him through their greenery

Of sheeny leafage; all along the hem

A rienz plus bas jeo ne me tourne mie

Figured in umber, and on every stem

Solleil m'attire on scroll of argent grain; —

The glistening girdle broched with pearl and

gem,

The gipciere silver-guarded and its chain,

The coronal of gold and golden net, —

Full well she knew she wore them not in vain,

But knew no less herself was mightier yet.

The joyous witchcraft of her sunny hair,

The spell of eyes that dimmed the eyes they

met,

Even the sigh that half betrayed how fair

The rosy promise of the imperial breast,

Guising an art to tell how, pillowed there,

Her love, the sovran of the world, might rest

In empire sweeter than the sway of kings.

So, for the night was waxing, host and guest

Betook them to their chambers, and the things

Which showed so mighty faded while they slept

Utterly even as fond imaginings,

And no man knew that he had laughed or

wept.

But not forgetful of sweet life they lay,

For each, almost ere midnight tolled, had leapt

Forth from his couch to busk him for the day.

Then on the dais a carpet of fine Tars

Was spread in hall, where grooms and pages gay,

With tapers twinkling under the gold stars,

Lighted the bare-armed, leathern-aproned band

Who cased us in our harness for the wars.

And 'mid the clang, a squire on either hand,

Came Arthur's self, and on the carpet doffed

His mantle blue of cloth of Samarcand,

Unhasped the jewelled girdle, and aloft

Lifted the velvet coat, and set aside

The banded shoon of cheveril white and soft.

Then stately through high hall in seemly pride,

Among the clashing press, that Peerless One

Stepped with such gait as might besem the bride

Of empire peerless underneath the sun.

Yet to her lord right maidenly she spake,

Bidding good morrow: "Nay," quoth she, "by

none,

Save mine own hands, sweet Sire, for knighthood's

sake

Shalt thou be armed this day." — With that she

set

Upon the kingly cycladoun of lake

The hacketon all lined with sarcinet,

Orfreyed without with crescents of thin gold

Upon the buckskin; next the solleret

She fitted on each foot with fold on fold

Of overlapping steel and toe-piece keen,

Like scale and sting of hornet; next in hold

She locked his thews in greaves of damasked

shoon

Of Milan; next the cuisses featously

She hasped upon his thigh, and fair between

Buckled the knee-piece underneath the knee;

Vambrace and brassart next, and elbow-plato

As squire who knew full well where each should be.

Upon his arms she jointed in due state,

And shelled the shoulders in their silver scale.

Then, o'er the pourpoint, heeding not the weight,

Defly she donned the jesseraunt of mail;

And over that, the jupon, blazoned fair

With fiery dragon swindging his huge tail,

And brodered bordure, wrought in leafage rare

Of braided strands of silk incarnadine.

Then on the golden glory of his hair

With gently steadfast hand and earnest eyne,

As if she offered up a kingly gift

With solemn pageant at a saintly shrine,

With arms upstretched before him did she lift

The bascinet all burnished, rich inlaid

With golden damask, then with fingers swift

Made fast the fringe of camail fair displayed;

Drew on the gauntlets with their gadlings gilt

And tasselled hems with knotted silk arrayed;

And kneeling then, the spurs he won in tilt

On the first day he armed him, on his heel

She set and buckled. Defly thus she built

Around her love that sheeny tower of steel. —

But more was wanting. Still upon one knee

Beside her new lord did the proud one kneel,

And from the blushing page took reverently

The faery wonder of Escalibor

With all its wealth of jewelled wizardry

Wherewith to gird her knightly bachelor :

Baldrick and hilt and scabbard, — not a gem
But flashed with virtue for a conqueror : —

This ruby once on Judith's diadem

Blazed like a star, — that diamond clasp of yore

Girdled the Wise King in Jerusalem :

Yet all not worthier than the blade they bore,

Forged in the caverns of the Enchanted Lake

By Weland, snapped and forged again thrice o'er,

Graven with names whereat the foul fiends quake

In potent rune and mystic sign enscrolled ;

Then for the first time did the fair hand shake,

Yet tongued the buckle smoothly on the fold

And the rich ends in a loose knot let fall.

So rose she, proudly smiling to behold

Her knight and king, how comely and how tall
He showed in that fair labor of her hand.

Yea, and beside her others smiled in hall ;

For watching the sweet pair anigh did stand

Her sire and Merlin, with such thoughts as stir

Old hearts at sight of young love, 'mid a band

Of gaping losels, page and armorer.

Then spake old Merlin with his sour-sweet smile,

By name to Arthur, but as much to her : —

" Fair sir, in Logress, in the minster-aisle

Of sweet Saint Steven erst thou didst receive

At pious Dubric's hand the name and style

Of a true knight, but now thou wouldst achieve

A dearer honor, — now almost 't is thine

To be love-knighted. By this lady's leave

One thing alone is lacking." — Her full eyne

Ginevra flashed upon that wizard gray,

As Arthur asked : " What lacketh, master mine ?

No rite shall fail my chivalry this day

From whence I date my knighthood, for till this

I have but jested." Then quoth Merlin : " Nay,

'T is but a trifle, — let the lady kiss,

And thou, fair sir, art knight for evermore ! "

" Sweet Sire," quoth she, " King Arthur shall not miss

For gift so small his knighthood. If my lore
Be nothing in this matter, pardon me :

Yet as to kisses, I am not so poor

That I can spare none." Then full maidenly

Her rosy lips she lifted to her lord

And kissed him in all stateliness ; but he

Caught her in both arms and without a word

Repaid the kiss thrice o'er and thrice to boot.

O, but no rune nor gem on belt or sword

Could stay the trembling that from head to foot

Shook the new knight in that encounter sweet,

No harness ward the wound from his heart's root.

So kissed those lovers. Fleet and few, how fleet,

How few, from the first cradle to the last,

Those high eternal moments ! O, the beat

Within their pulses made our own beat fast

And dimmed our eyes with pity and regret.

Or do we now grow old, and fondly cast

A sadness on the joy we half forget,

Clouding with sorrows of our old the youth

We do remember to remember yet ?

We know not now. But even thus in sooth

Those lovers kissed, and we who saw them kiss

Look back and see them still with such deep ruth

As maketh old men weep at sight of bliss ; —

Still feel the whisper which we could not hear :

" All eyes are staring, — loose me after this."

So slipped she from his arms with gracious cheer,

Ruddy for maiden shame, yet not the less

Proud, not alone of her own knight sans peer,

But proud that all should see that fond caress.

Then Arthur turned as one but half awake,

Drunken with that deep draught of loveliness,

Dazed with his dreams of conquest for her sake

And bliss to be. But when his eye did light

On her sad-smiling sire, a flush 'gan break

Into his brow, with love's own wanness white ;

And when beyond he felt the glittering blue

Of Merlin's eye, he crimsoned through outright ;

For well that bridegroom knew that Merlin knew

His lawless other love and its wild sin, —

Sin unto death, even though all else be true.

But Merlin spake : " Hereafter thou shalt win
Glory undying, such as never yet

Was e'er achieved by prince or paladin.

Yea, there be mighty names that men forget,

And all our life is but a little space,

And soon we shall lie still for all our fret.

Our day is short, and night comes on apace,

And then we shall not know sorrow nor bliss,

Nor toil nor rest, nor recollect the face

Of man nor woman. Yet by that sweet kiss

To the world's end men shall remember thee !

They shall remember, yea, and more than this :

King thou art now, and king again shalt be

Hereafter in this land of Bloy Bretayne ;

For though thou go away, and shalt be free

No less than others from the toil and pain,

Thou shalt not die as others, nor the years

Shall waste no glory of thy secret reign

In realm of Faery, whence among thy peers

Thou shalt return to rule in sight of all

That shall have eyes to see thee through their tears

Of joy that after so long interval

Their own King Arthur doth come back to men."

So Merlin spake, and we, who stood in hall,

Were mute for musing. But Ginevra then

As one whom joy and doubt at once o'erwhelm,

Hearing how he, her lord, should come agen,

Yet naught of her, the lady of his realm, —

Stepped forth once more and with firm hand did don

Over the knight's steel cap the kingly helm,

Windowed and pranked with gold, and thereupon

A chaplet wrought with leaf of lily and vine,

Beaten in gold, — a Jew's-work pentagon

Under each foil, inwrought with subtle twine

Of stones of empire on the sheeny rim.

Then Merlin came, saying : " The last is mine,"

And set above the helm a crest to dim

All gold and gemwork flash they as they might ;

The Dragon-royal, through whose every limb

The lifeblood beat in pulses of quick light ;

Yet stirred it not, save that its snaky tail

It curled in glancing folds, and fiery bright

It breathed a flame, red-mirrored in the mail.

So strode the King full kingly to the gate,

Where in gay trappings o'er the burnished scale

Bridged by the saddle, his tall steed did wait

And neighed to greet his monarch as he strode

And swung into the stirrups in all state.

Sadly those lovers each bade each to God ;

For glory is sweet but love is loath to go ;

And through the straight lane clattering forth
we rode

With folded gonfanons and lances low.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

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A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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A ROMANCE OF FLORENCE.

BY THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

THE historian Migliori, writing in the latter half of the seventeenth century, enumerates twenty-three different visitations of pestilence in Florence, of which the earliest recorded occurred in 1325, and the last in 1630. That of the year 1400 is the eighth in Migliori's catalogue. It was not so great or terrible an infliction as that of 1338, which is well known as the plague described by Boccaccio; but the mortality was very large, and the depopulation of the city considerable.

In the midst of this time of trouble and sickness died Ginevra Agolanti, *nata* Almieri. She had been married to Francesco Agolanti only four years, and she was still in the prime and the pride of her remarkable beauty. She was, we are assured, the most beautiful woman of her time in Florence. Her marriage with Francesco Agolanti, however, had been by no means a happy one, — for the very sufficient reason that, when forced by her father into a marriage with him, her affections had already been bestowed upon another. Ginevra loved and was loved by Antonio Rondinelli, an ancestor of one of the historians, who has preserved the record of Ginevra's story. But the love of Antonio Rondinelli and Ginevra Almieri was as hopeless a passion as that which existed between Romeo and Juliet, and for the same reason. Of course, in those mediæval Italian cities, — in which the society was always divided into two at least, if not more, factions, between whom an internecine feud and hatred raged, — such difficulties, issuing in more or less tragic catastrophes, were always occurring. Far too blind to recognize party badges, Don Cupid was continually ignoring the difference and incompatibilities that separated Guelphs from Ghibellines, Montacuti from Capuleti, Bianchi from Neri, Panciatichi from Cancellieri, and often even those existing between patricians and plebeians.

Between the Almieri and the Rondinelli there could be neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Not only were the two families opposed in the burning politics of the day, but the Almieri were a house of old patrician stock, while Rondinelli was the descendant of one of those plebeians who had led the populace against the magnates in 1343! Better might a daughter of the Almieri love one of her father's serving-men than fix her affections on a Rondinelli! But in that time and clime, the papas of marriageable daughters were wont to make very short work of any such erratic fancies. Each free citizen, who was ready at any moment to upset

the whole order of society for the securing of political liberty, was a thoroughly despotic master of his own household. And so Ginevra was summarily bidden to accept Francesco Agolanti as her husband; and she never dreamed of refusing to do so!

We do not hear any word, of any sort, which could lead to the belief that Ginevra was otherwise than a blameless wife. Those who are familiar with the records of Florentine society as it existed under the principality of the Medici may be inclined either to doubt the existence of such virtue under such circumstances, or, at least to credit Ginevra with the possession of a very rare and matchless standard of female duty. But it must be remembered that the manners and morals of the republic, in such respects, were not as the manners and morals of Florence under the Medici. The "magnificent" Lorenzo had not done his work upon Florentine society in the days when duty separated Ginevra Almieri from Antonio Rondinelli. And the unloving wife remained prudently and dutifully at home, within the dark and gloomy walls of her husband's house, in the Corso degli Adimari, a narrow lane between high prison-like buildings, which, up to the year 1840, or thereabouts, occupied the upper part of the now well-known and modernized Via Calzainoli.

So much it was in her power to do! But at the end of four years she seemed to be able to bear so sunless, so cheerless, so hopeless a life no longer. She fell into a state of languor from which nothing could rouse her: and then, the flickering lamp of her life burning lower and lower, she fell asleep!

It was a very suspicious thing in those days to fall ill, and a still more suspicious thing to die! The first thought of the surviving relatives of any one unkind enough to die in the midst of them was to get rid of the body as soon as possible. Short time was allowed for religious rites, and small thought was given to ceremony of any kind! Well if prompt burial could be attained! The poor could not always attain it. They were obliged to content themselves with throwing their dead into the public streets, to be picked up by the dead carts of the company of the Misericordia as soon as they could be attended to. But a lady of the house of Agolanti could command interment as prompt as the fears of her bereaved husband could desire. And Ginevra was wrapped in a shroud, and hurried away to the sepulchre which has been described above, within a few hours after closing her eyes.

Ginevra, however, was not dead, nor had she been in any wise stricken by the pestilence. It had

been simply a case of suspended animation, from which the unfortunate young wife awoke a few hours after she had been consigned to the vault of the Agolanti. Happy that it was a vault, and not a grave! Happy that in that time of panic and of death, no thought of a coffin had been allowed to interfere with the promptness of the interment! The tomb, hastily opened by means of the round stone opening on the steps of the cathedral which formed its means of access, had received the body swathed in a shroud, and had been as hastily closed. Ginevra waked from her trance to find herself in darkness in a cold, damp air, and bound! She called aloud in the utter stillness, and the strange dull echo from the vaults—the sole result of her cries—startled her with a horrible suspicion of the truth! Perhaps she felt that those who had laid her there in such haste had been only too glad of any colorable excuse for making all speed to do so!

For a while the horror of her position overcame her, and she sank back, almost returning to a state of unconsciousness, and almost content to do so! At two-and-twenty, however, the instinctive love of life speaks strongly, and it forbade Ginevra to yield without a struggle to her fate.

After some efforts she succeeded we are told, in liberating her hands from the swathing bands that confined them, and, that having been accomplished, had then less difficulty in liberating her feet from their ligatures. And then the dreadful suspicion that had flashed upon her mind became a certainty. She felt the damp, cold, sunless ground; she was conscious of the heavy and foul odor of death; her hands encountered dreadful objects, the nature of which imagination but too readily suggested.

And all was utter—utter darkness!

Nor had she any means of guessing the locality of her prison-house. For four short years only a wife, it had never chanced that she had been made acquainted with the burying-place of the family of which she had become a member. Some patrician families buried in one church, and some in another. In most cases the vaults beneath the pavements of the churches were closed by enormous flagstones, shut down by masonry, and as much beyond her power to move them as it would have been to lift the Duomo! Ginevra had many a day tripped lightly over those huge stones, sculptured mostly with the arms of the family whose dead reposed below. And her heart sunk dead within her as she thought of the utter hopelessness of escaping from a prison so closed.

Again, again, and again she raised her voice to its utmost power, and strained her ear in the clinging hope of catching some answering sound. But all was dead, dead silence,—silence as intense as the intensity of the dreadful darkness.

Some three hours, as it was calculated afterwards, she must have passed amid the horror of that dreadful place, and the agonies of gathering despair. Hideous nameless terrors,—dread of what might meet her touch if she moved from the spot on which her body had been laid, or attempted with groping hands and step to explore the limits of her prison-house, prevented her from changing her place. And she had sunk down on the earth again almost maddened by the horrors of her position and the prospect of the dreadful death before her, when suddenly she almost fancied that she saw a gleam of light. It was very faint and fitful, sometimes a little more decided and sometimes fading away, till Ginevra found it impossible to decide

whether the appearance was real or only the product of her imagination. Gradually, however, the pale gleam, shining into that depth of darkness became stronger,—not sufficiently strong to illumine any part of the vault in such sort as to render the objects in it visible; but strong enough to set at rest the doubt whether indeed a ray of blessed light had really penetrated into that horrible charnel-house. Yes! from a quarter of the vault opposite to her, there certainly was shining, and now more steadily, a ray of light!

The first notion that struck Ginevra was that the ray must proceed from the candles carried in the procession of some sacred function going on in the church which was doubtless over her head. And the notion brought with it a gleam of hope. If, as might be expected, the procession should pass over the pavement above her, or even near to the place of her imprisonment, might she not hope to make her voice heard? She strained her ear, but all was still,—utter, utter silence. Still her heart beat wildly with hope! The bearers of the candles that cast the blessed ray of light were doubtless still in a far part of the church. They would come nearer. And again she listened intently, with organs stimulated to the utmost to catch the faintest sound,—in vain! Strange that no footstep should be audible! Strange that there should be no sound of chanting voices! And then, sudden as the death-stroke of a dagger, shot into her mind the thought that, if those who were moving and doubtless chanting aloud in the church above were inaudible to her, her voice would necessarily be inaudible to them.

With desperate force she shrieked with cry redoubled upon cry, till her parched throat refused to give forth sound! Still only those hideous mocking echoes answered; and then all was again silence,—the silence of the tomb!

Still the light!—and now certainly stronger!—strong enough she thought to enable her straining eyes to distinguish that the space immediately in front of her—between her and the light—was void and unencumbered by any object. Fearfully and slowly, with half-outstretched hands, she grasped her way towards the side from which it came. And presently she encountered something, from which her first impulse was to withdraw her hand, as if it had burned her. Gradually and cautiously, however, venturing again to put her hand to it, the feel of it did not shock her with the sensation that the other objects she had touched had produced. It was wood evidently, dry and clean apparently, unlike all else in that horrible place. A little further examination showed that the thing first touched was evidently one of the rungs of a ladder! And the light came from immediately above it!

Another momentary flash of hope! followed quickly by the despairing thought of the impossibility that her strength should suffice to move one of those huge gravestones which her eye had so often rested on with indifference, even if she was enabled to reach it.

Nevertheless, slowly, hesitatingly, cautiously, she climbed the ladder step by step. A very few of them brought her into contact with the vaulting of the sepulchre; and then the small orifice from which the light streamed was immediately above her, and within her reach. A little more exertion enabled her to bring her eye close to the opening.

And lo, the moon!—the moon placidly sailing in tranquil silence in the clear blue sky!

The moon! Where, then, could she be? Where had they hurried her so impatiently to her grave? There was then no dark vault, no dark church nave above her, only the blue vault of heaven!

Again she placed her eye close to the hole from which the light streamed, and strove to catch the form of some object that might enable her to guess the locality of her place of sepulture.

A tall black line—a tower!—yes, evidently a dark tower between her and the moonlight! And,—stay! yes! surely, now coming within the range of her sight, figures of men!—living men!—at no great distance near the tower's base!—men with flambeaux, conducting a cart drawn by oxen!

Suddenly the truth flashed upon her mind. The tower was the tower of the Guardamorto, the dead-house of Florence, and the tomb of which she was the living occupant was one of those under the marble steps at the west front of the cathedral.

That there were sepulchres of several of the patrician families of Florence beneath those steps Ginevra knew well. For often and often, like the other maidens and young men of the city, had she sat on those steps to enjoy the cool evening hour after a blazing summer's day. It was one of the coolest places to be found within the walls; and it was a common summer habit with the Florentines to go and sit there for the double enjoyment of the coolness and that social chat so dear to every Florentine man or woman. So general was the habit that, *andiamo ai mormi*,—literally, "let us go to the marbles,"—was well understood to mean an invitation to go and sit on the cathedral steps. Yes! many a lovely moonlight night like that she was now looking out on, had Ginevra sat on the stones which now formed her prison, listening too well, perhaps, to forbidden whisperings from Antonio Rondinelli, to have ever noticed that the Agolanti, among others, had their place of burial there.

And there was the black old tower of the Guardamorto just opposite, by the southern side of the baptistery. It formerly stood just on the spot at the corner of the *Via dé Calzainoli*, where the beautiful little *loggia* of the hospital of the Bigallo now stands, and was the place, as its name imports, to which the Florentine dead were consigned previously to their interment.

In that autumn of 1400, the space at the foot of the grand old Guardamorto tower was the likeliest in all Florence to find men stirring and abroad in the dead of the night. For few were the hours in that time of pestilence during which no dead were brought to the dead-house!

With what frantic eagerness did Ginevra cry aloud as she saw what appeared the certainty of help so near her! But the cruel vault shut in her voice. The rough men intent on their hideous and dangerous duty, and eager only to have done with it as soon as possible, heard her not, and probably would have paid little attention, if they had heard it, to any night-cries disturbing the silence of the plague-stricken yet often roystering city.

Quickly depositing their horrible cargo within the dead-house, the men with their cart and flambeaux hurried off, the silence once more unbroken, and the placid moonlight unbroken by their hideous shadows. And that hope faded from the mental vision of the poor prisoner!

Thus left alone with her terrible thoughts, however, Ginevra suddenly bethought her that she had formerly seen and noted—noted mechanically, as one does that which is of no sort of interest to us

—that the sepulchres under the steps of the cathedral were closed, not with huge flagstones, as large as the vault itself, such as she had seen in the floors of the churches, but with circular stones not more than two feet in diameter. And it struck her that if the approach to the place she was in were thus closed, and if the stone were not fastened down by cement, it might not perhaps be impossible for her to move it from its place.

With some difficulty, and after several trials, she did at last succeed in getting her shoulder into such a position that she could bring the whole strength of her muscles to bear with an upheaving force on the stone above her,—and with a desperate effort did heave it from its place.

And there was the way open before her to return once more from the charnel-house to the haunts of the living!

Slowly and with difficulty raising herself through the aperture, she crept forth; and, exhausted by the effort not less than by the emotions she had undergone, she sat herself down to rest awhile on the old familiar steps where she had so often sat before.

To rest awhile,—and to think! The whole of the Piazza San Giovanni was as silent as the charnel-house from which she had escaped. Since the men who had brought the cart of plague-stricken dead to the Guardamorto had gone off, no living soul had been visible, and no sound of life had been audible! And there sat Ginevra by the side of the open sepulchre in her grave-clothes! And as she sat thinking what next she should do, the moon, which had served her so well to light the way to her escape, hid herself behind the clouds; the sky became overcast, and the first drops of a shower began to fall. Autumnal rains come heavily in southern latitudes when they do come. They come with a bleak and pitiless *Libeccio* wind from the Leghorn coast; and in another ten minutes poor Ginevra, in her ghostlike toilet, was wetted to the skin and shivering with cold.

So with a piteous and wistful look around the desolate piazza, she rose from her seat, having made up her mind to go to her husband's house. It was not far off. She had to pass beneath Giotto's campanile tower, to cross the open space around the cathedral, and then to turn down a small narrow street which opens out of the Piazza del Duomo, to the southward, and passing by the side of the oratory of the company of the Misericordia, would bring her to the door of the Palazzo Agolanti, the front of which was in the Corso degli Ademari.

Rising from her seat on the marble steps not without an effort,—for she was now suffering from the reaction following the terrible tension of mind and nerve during the last hour or more, and was wet to the skin, and shivering with cold,—she drew the one garment that covered her (her shroud) around her, and cowering along beneath the shadow of the broad eaves of the houses through the silent and solitary street, soon reached the door of the Palazzo Agolanti.

Timidly using the huge knocker, she let it fall on the hammer, and started as the sound echoed through the narrow, silent street, and rumbled in the large, empty, vaulted hall of the Palazzo. Long and patiently she waited, though shaking in every limb and ready to drop. But no answer came to her summons. Again and again, knocking at last more boldly and with more decision, she tried to

obtain some answer. At last Francesco Agolanti himself, her husband, appeared at an upper window, and demanded who disturbed the house and the neighborhood at that hour of the night?

"Francesco! It is I, Ginevra! your unfortunate wife! It is I, Francesco! For the love of God, open the door!"

In the bad and miserable days of that memorable autumn, men were living in Florence amid daily recurring scenes of horror and dismay, — amid sights and sounds and emotions calculated to foster every sort of superstitious dread, and to keep the nerves strung to an abnormal degree of tension. The Florentine of the old republic, like his descendant of the present day, was in ordinary circumstances little given to trouble himself with thoughts and fancies connected with the denizens of another world. But death in those days was rife around him, — that portal of the unseen world was so constantly and so widely open, that in derogation of their ordinary habits of mind, men were prone to imaginations which would not otherwise have assailed them, and were led to fancy that the widely opened and constantly traversed way leading from this world to the other might possibly be more than in ordinary times repassed by those who had already travelled it, as it was more frequently traversed by those departing hence.

And under the impression of such emotions and of the astonishment and dread of the moment, Francesco Agolanti doubted not that the ghostlike figure, clothed in the garments of the grave, who thus in the stillest hour of the night revisited her once home, was in truth an unblessed wandering spirit from the other world whose proper abiding-place was — at all events, not amid the haunts of living men and beneath the glimpses of the moon! Perhaps, also, four years of unloving wedlock had left a consciousness in Francesco's heart that the spirit of his wife, doomed or permitted to revisit thus the scenes of her past life, had not resought her married home with any feeling or purpose that could tend to render her an agreeable or desirable visitor there.

So Ginevra's husband, hastily muttering such Latin words of adjuration as the amount of his acquaintance with church formulas rendered possible to him, bade the unquiet ghost begone to her own place; and slamming to the heavy wooden shutter, hastened back to bury himself under the bedclothes, which were no doubt in those days, as in these, known to be the safest refuge from all ghostly visitors, — perhaps from the non-conducting qualities of the blankets!

Thus repulsed, the unhappy woman turned from the unopening door, and dragged herself to the house of Bernardo Almieri, her father. It was situated behind the Church of St. Andrew, in the Mercato Vecchio, not far from the river. But there, too, she met with a similar reception; and at the house of an uncle who lived hard by it was the same thing. No one would believe that that ghostlike figure of one whom they all knew to be dead and buried, thus wandering about the city in her grave-clothes in the dead of the night, was other than a denizen of the world of spirits, who ought not by any means to be encouraged in such unholy and uncanny practices.

Refused and rejected on all hands, poor Ginevra began to give herself up to despair. Was then the open tomb which she had left really the only asylum in which to hide her head? Were all who

had known her determined to hunt her back into the grave into which they had prematurely hurried her? Retracing her steps towards the cathedral, as if really with the object of going back to the tomb, to which everybody bade her to return, she wandered up the Via Calzainoli, and, passing by the Loggia di San Bartolomeo, which then, but now no longer, existed there, laid herself down under the arches of it to die.

And lying there she bethought her that there was yet one other person in the world who had once known her well, and who possibly might — for the sake of old long since vanished days — find the heart to welcome her even though she came to him in her grave-clothes! Would Antonio Rondinelli, who had so worshipped that poor form of hers when decked in other fashion, turn from it with terror and loathing when clad in cerements? Rondinelli, the first and only one who had ever poured a love-tale in her ear, the only man she had ever loved — would he, too, drive her from his door? It is easy to understand all the feelings which would naturally oppose themselves to the idea of her seeking an asylum in Rondinelli's house. But, driven as she was from door to door, despairing, and feeling like to die, she once more dragged herself to her feet from off the pavement of the Loggia di San Bartolomeo, and with tottering steps made her way to the Palazzo Rondinelli.

Once more she knocked; and more timidly this time, when an upper window was opened, cried, —

"It is I, Ginevra! Do you not know me, Signor Antonio? It is I. Neither my husband nor my father will open their doors to me! Will you, too, drive me away?"

Perhaps Antonio Rondinelli had that in him which Francesco Agolanti had not; and thence it had come to pass that Ginevra had loved the one and could never find in her heart any love for the other. Perhaps, though Love may be blind, there are some things which the eyes that he has touched can see more unmistakably than any other eyes whatever! At all events, the possibility that Ginevra herself in the flesh was standing before his door had more weight with Rondinelli than any ghostly terrors. He had as much reason as any of the others, at whose doors the unhappy Ginevra had so fruitlessly knocked, to think her an unsubstantial visitor from the world of spirits. But it was impossible to him to hear that well-remembered voice appealing to him and to remain deaf to the appeal. Rushing down to the door, his first act was to bring the half-fainting woman into the house; his second to call up his mother that every care and fostering attention might be given to the poor wanderer.

Antonio and his mother soon succeeded in restoring her strength and vital forces, and then her strange and terrible tale was told. But what next was to be done? Early before the dawn Rondinelli hurried out to the steps of the cathedral, found the stone which formed the opening of the tomb of the Agolanti displaced, obtaining thence full confirmation — if any confirmation had been necessary — of poor Ginevra's story, and carefully replaced the stone. The husband, the father, and the uncle, who had closed their doors against her, whatever they might have whispered to each other, took very good care to keep to themselves all mention of so scandalous a fact as the unhalloed walking from her grave of their wife, daughter, and niece. In Florence, while Ginevra was recovering

health and strength in the most secret chamber of the Rondinelli Palace, she was deemed by everybody to be dead and safely buried beneath the marble steps of the Duomo.

But still what were they to do,—they, Antonio and Ginevra?

What was done was this!

Rondinelli applied to the authorities of the republic for license to marry Ginevra, — “late Ginevra dei Agolanti”; and backed his application by regular certificates of the death and burial of the lady who had borne that name! He related publicly, moreover, how Ginevra had returned from the tomb to the house of her former husband, to that of her father, and to that of her uncle; and how all of them had persisted in their determination to consider her dead, and in their refusal to recognize, or to have anything further to say to her!

And thereupon, as the historians assure us, it was authoritatively decided that Ginevra degli Agolanti was to all legal intents and purposes dead; and that the lady produced by Antonio Rondinelli was free to wed with him or anybody else on whom she might choose to bestow herself.

And of course Antonio and Ginevra were forthwith married; and of course they “lived happily ever after.”

A writer of the first half of the present century, Agostino Ademollo, in his book entitled “*Marietta de' Ricci*,” having occasion to allude to this tradition of Ginevra, remarks that there is nothing improbable in the legend, with the exception of the marriage with Rondinelli, with which the story concludes. And assuredly no “doctor *utriusque juris*” would undertake to support the canonical validity of the marriage between Antonio and Ginevra under the circumstances related. But those who know what sort of things were often done in such matters in those days,—who specially are acquainted with the sort of spirit that prevailed among the citizens of the masterful old republic, which once, when excommunicated by the Pope, caused the theologians of the commonwealth to reply by hurling back an excommunication of his Holiness,—those who remember this and other such-like specimens of the old Florentine proclivities, will probably not find it very difficult to believe that Florence may, when the story of Ginevra was told, have thought it very fair, reasonable, and proper that Rondinelli should have the lady for his pains; and, so thinking, may have decreed that he should have her to wife, let Roman civilians and canonists say what they might about it!

Besides, if anybody needs any further and more entirely undeniable evidence of the authenticity of the legend, is there not still extant in the City of Flowers, the Via della Morte, the little street running out of the Piazza del Duomo by the side of the Misericordia, down which Ginevra passed when escaping from her tomb to the house of her husband, and which received its name from that fact?

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MISS YONGE.
(Second Paper.)

DIDACTIC FICTION.

THE reign of didactic fiction for children was inaugurated by the Edgeworth family, who produced a great and lasting effect upon education and juvenile study. It is always difficult to believe that

they were Irish, so unlike was the whole tone of character to the ordinary nation alone, except in a certain ardor and intolerance. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, husband to four wives in succession, father of twenty children, and with a true genius in his eldest daughter, had certainly unusual facilities for studying “practical education,” and between himself and his daughter Maria much that was really wise and valuable was enunciated, though mixed with a good deal that was absurd and pragmatical. He was the first who impressed the public mind with the seemingly wise but excessively foolish maxim, that nothing should be taught to children that they cannot understand. It is almost inconceivable that a man with so many young people around him should have been so utterly blind to that curiously disproportionate power of memory with which childhood is gifted, as if for the very purpose of accumulating stores for future use, as well as to the almost equal delight in the mysterious and half comprehended. Such instincts are absolutely condemned by him as either conceit or imitation, or the mere love of pretty sounds. He would allow children to enter no temple of wisdom that their own rushlight cannot thoroughly illuminate, to tread no path which their reason does not accept,—never to be satisfied without replies to their ever-recurring “why and wherefore.” Nothing is too grand, mysterious, and sacred, too precious or too important, to be either reduced to their level or ignored: the discipline of unquestioning obedience, the duty of enforced attention, the reverence of awe, the joy of beauty beyond comprehension, are all denied to them. In truth, Richard Edgeworth must have been singularly deficient either in imagination or sense of beauty. Looking back at the joint works of himself and his daughter, it is strange to find how little there is of sense of admiration. There is actual condemnation of any sort of purchase for the sake of pleasing the eye; the strongest appreciation of the beauties of scenery that we can remember is of the oaks of Wootton,—of poetry, of Darwin's Botanic Garden, and of Pope's gaudy and falsified translation of Homer's moonlight simile; music is never dwelt on, and even in childhood we were scandalized at the utter indifference to a picture-gallery supposed to be natural to the young, when we remembered gazing with strange dreamy delight at, among others, a copy of the Madonna della Sedia, at Paul Potter's Evening, and at Erminia and her shepherds in the National Gallery.

Practice was probably better than theory in Mr. Edgeworth. An able man, always instructing his children, and exciting them to activity of mind, he had no means of seeing that the never putting a spade into ground that could not easily be dug up, led to unwillingness ever to go deep; and that reading nothing not easily understood might be a habit retained through life. He did much by awakening attention in parents, and showing them useful methods; and his daughter, a genius far beyond himself, gave a life and animation to all his tenets, which carried them far and wide.

Their first joint juvenile work, the “Parent's Assistant,” was, we believe, intended to supplement the “Evenings at Home.” It is curious to see how Maria Edgeworth's dramatic power made this, compared with those little polished hard pebbles, a chain of bright crystals reflecting every phase of childhood in true and brilliant colors, but still—just not diamonds.

Another thing that is strange is, how such sticklers for accuracy and truth committed such strange pieces of negligence and ignorance as are to be found in the "Parent's Assistant." Had they no Eton friends to describe to them the absurdities of their Montem? Did they not know the Neapolitan nature better than to make the public opinion of the children drum out of the market-place a boy convicted of lying and cheating? Did they really suppose that, even in glass hives, bees amiably allowed their mistress to come, like "Simple Susan," with a spoon, and help herself to a slice of their comb without more ado? and did they imagine Hereford Cathedral* to be solely the charge of a church-warden? Was this the consequence of the father Edgeworth's complacency in his universal knowledge, or was it the effect of that generation's happy immunity from criticism?

Sir Walter Scott was a great admirer of "Simple Susan," and was heard to say that "when the boy brings the lamb to the little girl, there is nothing for it but to put down the book and cry." We can imagine him to have worked up his own feelings to this pitch when reading to his children, or mayhap to the gifted little Marjorie Fleming, who, amidst the much stronger (not to say tainted) meats mentioned in her diary, speaks of "Miss Edgeworth's tales" with passing approbation. In general, Maria seldom ventures on the pathetic, and only successfully in a few Irish portraits. Usually, she is as cold as she is clear, and perhaps is therefore all the more wholesome reading for children, whose susceptibilities are much better left unstirred by mere fiction. "Simple Susan," "Lazy Lawrence," the "Orphans," and "Waste not, Want not," are the best tales in the "Parent's Assistant." The Orphans, as well as the "scotching" children on the road to Dunstable, do indeed perform wonderful feats, but a belief in infinite possibility is dear to the young, and very good for them. Made-moiselle Panache is a portrait of a class of French governesses which we suppose existed in those days. It is only made good for children by the clever painting of the young Helen's hasty friendship, and foolish love of making trumpery presents, — a fashion over-prevalent in our day. The "Filagree Basket" is thoroughly Edgeworthian. Poor Rosamond, who here first saw the light, is dumb-founded by her wise father and mother's inquiries, why a person's birthday should be kept more than any other day of her life; and her attempts at present-making are not directed, nor assisted, but permitted to stultify themselves. This was part of the system, and on her next appearance in "Early Lessons," this poor, ill-used child is, by way of wholesome lesson, allowed to give the price of a needful pair of shoes for a purple jar in a chemist's shop, without being warned that the color is not resident in the glass, but only in the liquid within. If it ever happened, it was a most unjustifiable trick! Yet some of the lessons to Rosamond upon present or future enjoyment have lasted us our life. The minor morals of life have never been better treated than by Maria Edgeworth. "Principles," as she calls them, — by which is meant religious faith producing obedience to moral precepts, — are taken for granted; and the good sense, honor, and expediency of life are the theme. It is a high-minded expediency, the best side of Epicureanism. Honesty is the best policy, but policy it always is;

success is always the object and the reward, but it is not a showy, gaudy gratification of vanity, although it may be of pride. Truth and moral courage are evidently the favorite qualities, and honor is kept very high and true. There is also a contempt for mere pleasures of the senses which is very wholesome; a disdain for sugar-plums and fine clothes, which it would be well to renew in the present generation.

Something of this was due to the reaction in favor of simplicity that preceded the French Revolution. The grand severity of the classic philosopher was the ideal. The sight of the foul orgies of the French court and noblesse, and the still coarser and ruder revels of English rakes, made a strict regimen noble and beautiful in comparison. Every better instinct awoke in favor of the avoidance of all manner of excess. Religion, then reviving in a stern, puritanical form, strongly supported this spirit of abstemiousness: with what effect is testified by our fine elderly men, slender eaters, often water-drinkers, looking with disgust at food taken at irregular times, despising smoking simply on the ground of its being a mere bodily indulgence; and utterly unable to comprehend the theory of later times, which prizes physical indulgence as a right and attribute of the complete human creature. Alcibiades, rather than Aurelius, has become the modern model.

But we have wandered from Richard Edgeworth and the pedantic maxims or proverbs which he set his daughter to illustrate, and between the narrow banks of which her bright genius flowed through the twelve volumes of "Popular, Moral, and Fashionable Tales." We wish that some of these could be published afresh, apart from the rest, for they are a great mixture, and some are by no means fitted for the young (for whom, indeed, they were not intended). "Manœuvring," "Vivian," "Ennui," and "The Absentee," in "Fashionable Tales"; the "Bad French Governess," in "Moral Tales"; and the less known "Legacy," in "Popular Tales," — are all admirable novelettes. "Lame Jervis" is much too interesting to be forgotten, and would be much liked by the lads of a parish library; and the "Good Aunt," the "Good French Governess," in "Moral Tales," "Emilie de Coulanges," and "Madame de Fleury" in the "fashionable" volumes, would make a charming book for young people. The last of these is, we believe, a veritable history of a benevolent lady; and nothing can be better than the lesson in "Emilie de Coulanges" against spoiling generosity in great things by fretful exactions in little ones. There is something very touching in the manner in which the French emigrant noblesse occur in several of these stories, with their distresses, their strange resources, and their unflinching cheerfulness; but Madame de Coulanges and her daughter Emilie are the best of all, the one in her frivolity, the other in her sweetness. Another capital story among the "Moral Tales" is the "L'Amie Inconnue," where the romantic girl absolutely runs away from home to throw herself into the arms of the authoress of certain Rosa Matilda novels, with whom she has enjoyed a sentimental correspondence. We believe the idea was taken from the "Female Quixote" (which, however, we have never seen), but it is carried out with more wit, and less caricature than Mr. Paget's "Lucretia."

"Early Lessons" began under Mr. Edgeworth's superintendence, but by and by they developed into their far more charming sequels. Frank — though a little too much of an Edgeworthian Emile — is

* Popular Tales, "The Limerick Gloves."

a real, fresh, bright boy, with his fits of idleness and self-improvement, his beloved pony Felix, his magnificent attempt at an orrery, and his regrets that he cannot be a self-taught genius. We have no doubt that he is exactly what a well-disposed Edgeworthian boy would be, and to our childhood he was a dear friend and companion. Rosamond is quite equal as a portrait, and some of the lessons to which she gives occasion still remain unapproached in excellence. Excuses, airs, and graces, and false daring and timidity (see the Black Lane), are all treated with a light grace and good sense, perhaps, only surpassed in the "Conversations d'Emilie" mentioned above.

We hear that children dislike these books now, as being dry. Is it the natural impatience of the last generation's fashions, or is it that they are too much used to sentiment, rapid incident, and broad fun to appreciate quiet detail? As to "Harry and Lucy," a certain exertion of mind is necessary for reading it, and Scott, whose imaginative nature would naturally shrink from science and mechanics, laughed at it; but we hold to its real value. First principles are capitally explained, and better popularized than we have ever seen them elsewhere, and they are well relieved by characteristic sketches of that thorough girl Lucy, and her plodding, persevering brother. That long journey of theirs, through the Black Country and among the Staffordshire potteries, will long be memorable in our eyes, and all the more so because they travelled post in their own carriage, and relieved the way with sense and nonsense, ranging from Humboldt's travels to "the grand Panjandrum himself." Miss Edgeworth seldom came nearer to pathos than in the account of Harry's accident; and the day during his convalescence, when Lucy insisted on "feeding him on nothing but plums," has acted as a salutary warning to us through life.

These works of Maria Edgeworth's spread through a long space, reaching from the youth of the grandmothers to that of the mothers of the present generation. Their influence was very wide, and scarcely anything of equal importance rose up coevally with them, not at least in the same style. All the "story-books" of the period bear their impress, and have the same coldness without the same freshness. Even Mary Russell Mitford, though writing so deliciously of children, could not write for them. She saw them from outside, not from within, and her juvenile tales are not spontaneous overflows of good-humored love of village nature seen through rose-colored spectacles, but all smack of being done as task-work for the annuals that preceded the more modern magazines, of which there were none for children except a very clever "Juvenile Spectator." Mrs. Holland was, perhaps, the most voluminous writer, but in general she wearisomely exaggerated the Edgeworth fashion of making children support the whole family by wonderful exertions and inventions. Now children have no objection to see themselves made valuable and important, but Mrs. Holland's sons and daughters of genius do not remain children after the first few pages, and after exertions and successes beyond the reach of sympathy, pass into the uninteresting grown-up world. Her "Rich Boys and Poor Boys" and "Young Crusoe" seem to our memory her only really interesting books. But among all the juvenile library of this date, how shines out Mary Lamb's "Mrs. Leicester's School!" It is one of those books of real force and beauty that

made a mark in our mind long, long ere we knew that books had authors, and that authors had different degrees of fame. The volume was not our own, but was devoured at a young companion's house, certainly before our eleventh year. The child leading her uncle to her mother's tombstone, the little changeling, the Mahometan fever, the church bells that were taken for angels singing, all dwelt with us in a delightful dream that we longed to renew, and when the next opportunity came it led to dire disgrace, for we sat a whole afternoon shut up in a book-cupboard with Mrs. Leicester's, wonderful scholars, utterly unsociable and deaf to the more commonplace living companions. It is a book that is nearly safe from becoming forgotten. Another really clever book was Mrs. Penrose's "Mrs. Markham's Children's Friend," which contained some capital stories and dramas, with more of the element of fun than was often found in books of the time. An early production of Agnes Strickland (we believe) stands out in our mind as full of interest. It was called "The Rival Crusoes," and gave the story of a youth, who had been taken by a press-gang to oblige a tyrannical marquess, finding himself *tête-à-tête* on a desert island with the nobleman's midshipman son. How the two youths held aloof in pride and hatred, how they found themselves silently burying their comrades together, how they stalked apart in gloom, till Philip, missing Lord Robert, found him nearly dead of fever, and how they were fast friends long before they were rescued, is well told, and raises the book far above the ordinary desert island. "Leila," Miss Fraser Tytler's much-loved island story, is the most improbable of all. It is less good than her "Mary and Florence," her only real imagination, and the second and third parts are almost absurd for their crowd of improbabilities.

Worthy, too, was Mrs. Whateley's "Reverses; or, The Fairfax Family," a book with something of the stiff wisdom of the time, but full of character, and almost historical from the picture of a voyage to, and settlement in, Canada before the days of steam. There are two excellent fairy tales, which are almost unique in their endeavor to treat fairies with proper respect to their traditions. For fifty years, fairyland had been under a ban. The reading of fairy tales had, from Madame de Genlis downwards, been treated as an intolerable folly; and if the poor things were mentioned at all, it was in the most arbitrary manner. Sometimes they became the torments of the naughty, sometimes the rewarders of the good, sometimes they were beneficent or malevolent old ladies, sometimes poor little sprites, loaded with priggishness. They became actual moral qualities, like Order and Disorder; kept halls of discipline, or, worse still, of science and natural history; and the only thing not dreamt of, was that they belonged to a beautiful and curious system of popular mythology, which it was a pity arbitrarily to confuse. Mrs. Whateley, however, from no doubt an innate sense of the fitness of things, made her fairies suit with genuine elfin lore, even while they had a moral, and a very good one.

In fact, we have omitted the first real good fairy book that had found its way to England since "Puss in Boots" and Co.: we mean Mr. Edgar Taylor's translation and selection of Grimm's collection under the title of "German Popular Tales," with admirable illustrations by Cruikshank. Here was once again the true unadulterated fairy tale, and happy the child who was allowed to revel in it,

— perhaps the happier if under protest, and only permitted a sweet daily taste. We rejoice to see that the whole book, illustrations and all, has been reproduced by Mr. Hotten, with a preface by Mr. Ruskin. It is a much safer and better-weeded book than the fuller collection illustrated by Wehnert, and published by Addy, but without Mr. Taylor's excellent notes.

Croker's "Irish Tales" followed, and, though not professedly intended for children, were soon heartily loved. Once for all, let us state our opinion of fairy lore. It has become the fashion to speak of children and fairy tales as though they naturally belonged together, and so they do, but it is the genuine — we had almost said authentic — fairy tale, taken in moderation, that is the true delight of childhood. The trumpery, arbitrary, moral fairy only spoils the taste of the real article; and the burlesque fairyland is still worse, for its broad fun, slang, and modern allusion destroy the real poetry and romance of childhood, and foster that unnatural appetite for the facétious which is the bane of the young. Why should the lovely princes and princesses, the dreamy groves and glittering palaces, that childish imagination ought to revel in, and brighten its sense of the unseen, be made mere occasions for trumpery parodies, and lowered to make Cockneys laugh? The burlesque has found its way into children's literature, and is fast vulgarizing every sweet nook of fairyland, which has come to be considered as a mere field for pantomime. A real traditional fairy tale is a possession.

"Tales from the Norse" is nearly as good, in its way, as "German Popular Tales," and infinitely better in style; and we were lately edified by the delight which a family of young children took in Miss Frere's "Old Deccan," proving, we suppose, the congeniality of the Aryan tale. Mrs. Craik has made an excellent collection of old English fairy tales in her "Book of Fairies" in the "Golden Treasury"; and with these, and those we have mentioned above, young people would be provided with the real classics of fairy lore, and would soon learn to regard them with the same sort of respect as the conclave of Olympus, with whom no one nowadays thinks of taking liberties. The pseudo-fairy, whether moral or comic, is an absolute injury to both taste and antiquarianism.

Far away, indeed, was the whole supernatural world banished by the educationalists who, in the track of Tutor, George, and Harry, in "Evenings at Home," strove to improve the young mind. Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," and Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry," were as stiff as if they had not been broken into question and answer with names inserted; we believe they were sound and correct as far as they went, but the century has gone on too fast for them, and Mrs. Marcet is better known now by her "Seasons," the "Willie Book," as it is still tenderly called in many a nursery, where it is the first step in literature beyond "Little Charles"; and her "Mary's Grammar" is precious in the schoolroom.

Walks with fathers, uncles, mothers, maiden aunts, and governesses were made to teach everything imaginable, — commerce, mineralogy, the Wars of the Jews, botany, geography, — all being decorated with dainty little steel engravings, two or three on a page. We remember diligently extracting the small sandwiches of story, and carefully avoiding the improving substance. One successful writer may, however, be honorably mentioned, —

Maria Hack. Her "Winter Evenings; or, Tales of Travellers," are admirable, and are the more valuable now, as the books they are taken from have drifted out of reach. They are far the best of their class, and stand unrivalled even in these days. She likewise put a certain Harry Beaufoy through three series of conversations, diluting Paley's "Natural Theology," Keith's "Evidence of Prophecy," and geology at about the Buckland era. These are all delightful in their way. It was our "entering" with geology, and served as a foundation to all subsequently learned.

Her "True Stories from Ancient History," and ditto from modern, were also good in their line, the former the best, inasmuch as it is minced Rollin, while the other is only minced "Russell's Modern Europe." But they belong to a class whose commencement was with the ever-memorable and fascinating "Tales of a Grandfather," a book thoroughly fulfilling its design of being easy enough for childhood, and yet of not being too puerile for manhood to be interested in. Its description of the removal of Bruce's remains always has seemed to us one of the most perfect specimens of simplicity and pathos that was ever produced. No child's history has ever come near it for beauty; but then who could hope to write like Scott, or on his own familiar ground? Croker's "Stories from the History of England" comes nearest to it in charm of manner, but *longo intervallo*; and all the rest, Mrs. Markham's, Lady Callcott's, Miss Sewell's, and many more, though very good for those who want to learn history, do not teach history by their own charm. We mean Lady Callcott's "Spain." Her "Little Arthur's England," though happening to be just in the style that children like and understand, is so full of inaccuracies of fact that we wonder no subsequent edition has corrected them.

Another variety of books sprung up in the early part of this century; namely, the Sunday story, or religious fiction. Hannah More's Cheap Repository Tracts had long been almost alone, when Mrs. Sherwood, just before she went out to India, published a little tale called "Susan Gray," and after an absence of nearly twenty years came home and found it universally read and pirated. It is a short story of a village girl, who is apprenticed to a dress-maker, and shows great firmness in resisting the addresses of a young officer, backed by her wicked mistress. Finally, she is driven to such straits that she runs away in a thunder-storm, reaches her native village, and dies of decline. One would not have thought this a very desirable story for children, but from its beginning with young girls, and from the religious talk therein contained, it was regarded as a Sunday study, and the peculiar prettiness of Mrs. Sherwood's writings rendered it a great favorite. The young women, for whom it was primarily intended, read it with great avidity, but we have our doubts whether it was beneficial; we suspect that the rank of Susan's lover gave it one charm in their eyes.

Mrs. Sherwood's writing is peculiar. Her descriptions of all that is pleasant to the young have a certain simplicity and earnestness of detail that go to the very heart's core, and some of her strangest episodes are told with a naïve straightforwardness that may be either dry humor or the utter absence of it. Her "Stories on the Catechism," though about a little Mary, are cast in barracks in India; and her heroine, a sergeant's daughter, illustrates, or sees illustrated, the breach of the

Commandments one after another, without mincing matters, while the lessons at the end of each chapter reflect the shifting opinions of a very untaught and conceited through pious mind. "The Fairchild Family" has more of her felicitous descriptions, and the gusto with which she dwells on new dolls and little tea-drinkings with good old ladies earned fervent love for the book, not diminished by the absolutely sensational naughtiness of Henry, Lucy, and Emily, and the dreadful punishments they underwent. Their second part is even worse than most second parts, but their first is, we suspect, still dear to many. Mrs. Sherwood was first in the field of pious slaughter: "Henry and his Bearer," and the feminine counterpart, "Lucy and her Dhayè," were both Anglo-Indian children pining to convert their native attendant and dying in the mean time. "Emma and her Nurse" follows in the same line, only the nurse-girl converts the child she waits on, and watches her death-bed; and a crowd of other tales of all sizes were so written as to touch a certain chord of sentiment never before appealed to in the same style, and inculcating a kind of Calvinistic piety.

Mrs. Sherwood ranged all over the world in all times. The poor Shepherd-Lord Clifford is brought in as an advanced Calvinist. Thanks to Lollardism, we have the "Vaudois Persecutions," and then again an Italian "Nun," whom at one time we used to admire unspeakably. No doubt Mrs. Sherwood was an effective writer, and a little discipline and real instruction would have raised her much higher. Her "Faithful Little Girl" is, we believe, her very best specimen, combining high aims, home truths, and a very beautiful and practical allegory, tenderly and well told and explained.

Her sister, Mrs. Cameron, shared her labors, and produced many nice little practical books. The "Polite Little Children" is one that ought to be brought to light again for its excellence. Mrs. Sherwood was the mother of two genera of books, — the religious story of the poor and of the rich. The Religious Tract Society was soon spreading pious little tales of both classes far and wide, — tales which inculcated sudden conversion, and very frequently ended in an early death, yet which still had a certain spirit and earnestness which made them attractive in spite of their sameness, and gained them a strong hold upon many minds. We would mention among the most really notable books of this school "Anna Ross," the story of a little girl of nine years old, whose father is wounded at Waterloo, and who goes with her mother to nurse him. On arriving, their meeting with his funeral is described in a really touching manner. The mother, already much out of health, sinks under the shock, and Anna is to spend half a year with each of her guardian uncles in succession, and then to choose with which of them shall be her home. Her first six months are spent in a fashionable school-room at Edinburgh, with a disagreeable governess, and cross, frivolous cousins, and in an alternation of difficult lessons and stiff appearances in the drawing-room.

The second period is passed in a manse among the mountains, with the kindest of uncles and aunts, and well-brought-up cousins, all full of helpfulness and good-nature, though of course without the luxuries of riches to which Anna had become accustomed. Then the choice is made, and Anna, of course, chooses the manse, where her return is celebrated by a most charmingly described succession

of bonfires upon every hill, and we feel that she is perfectly happy, and rejoice with her.

The weak point in the book seems to us to be that it is no sacrifice but the reverse, for Anna to remain with the good uncle. The fine clothes, and driving in a curricule, and the hopes of future fortune are not by any means likely to counterbalance the charms of the free life of the moorland manse; and if the author means to make comparison of a worldly life with a religious one, she made the contrast stronger than it would necessarily have been. There was nothing to dazzle Anna at her Uncle Ross's schoolroom, nothing to repel her from her Uncle Murray's manse, but it may be well to leave children's sympathies enlisted against the gayety which certainly is not sufficient for happiness.

Most of the tales of this kind are open to much graver objections. Without pausing to consider the doctrine they teach, the manner of it is undesirable, because obtrusive. Little children amaze their elders, and sometimes perfect strangers, by sudden inquiries whether they are Christians, or as to their personal love for God; they judge their superiors, and utter sentiments which are too apt to pass for practice; while the mixture of sentimentality with religion, the direful judgments brought on the unconverted, and the prominence given to feeling and conscious piety, are all undesirable. Moreover, when the Tract Society had pledged itself to introduce the central doctrine of the Christian faith in every publication, of whatever size, it undertook what was not possible without frequent irreverence. Much was doubtless done towards establishing a high standard of purity of reading, and beguiling the hours of the Sunday that once were weary; but something was also done towards rendering habits frivolous, and promoting the notion that a tale interlarded with religious reflections is a religious study. Example is often very precious, and establishes a maxim better than many comments, but the maxim and its deep why and wherefore are apt to be smothered under the Ellens and Lucys who are meant to bring it into action.

The species has of late culminated in "Ministering Children," a book multiplied by thousands, owing to a certain pleasantness of practical detail in the early pages, running on into the mawkish sweetness and sentiment that is peculiarly acceptable to a certain stage of development in children and in nursery-maids. The two American books, "The Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy," have much the same claim to popularity, — enhanced, however, by a real freshness and beauty of description in dealing with life in American farmhouses, and scenes in the depths of the forests. But these, as well as many more for which we have a much greater regard, have the grave and really injurious effect of teaching little girls to expect a lover in any one who is good-natured to them. Nothing ought to be more rigidly avoided, for it fills the child with foolish expectations and dreams, which poison her simplicity of mind and her present enjoyment. It is true that many beautiful lifelong attachments have dated from early childhood, but these must be spontaneous, not the effect of imitation. Nothing is prettier in real life, or in a story, than such affections, but we would entreat writers to withstand the temptation of representing them, and to recollect that though boys seldom are influenced by story-books, yet that girls are, and that theirs being the passive side, unable to take the

initiative, is exactly that which it is most cruel to impress with vain aspirations. Fortunately, most healthily constituted children become weary of a story so soon as it touches upon the sentiment of love, but it is those who do like to dwell upon it that should least be permitted what can be suggestive of application to themselves.

Belonging to this genus, yet rising above it by force of cleverness, is Miss Sinclair's "Holiday House," where the quaint naughtiness of the children and their unrivalled power of getting into scrapes, is delightful, and the conversation as amusing as it is improbable, being one continued succession of good things,—perpetual rockets fired off impartially by Grandmother, Uncle, Nurse Crabtree, and naughty children, till we stand amazed at such a blaze of wittiness, and do not feel in the least prepared to find ourselves beside the ordinary stamp of pious death-bed. Miss Sinclair, however, deferred to a second part the novelish termination, and we defy any child to anticipate that Laura is there married to the converted Peter Gray. Indeed, the conclusion looks as if it had been written to please some youthful admirers of the original book.

Of course there are many more stories of this description than we have space to mention. It is a class that is generally given up to utter reprobation by the critical world, the very words, "a religious tale," being almost contemptuous. The real flaw, of course, is that the author, as the Providence of the book, can twist the narrative to point the moral, and sometimes does so unjustifiably, as in a story we dimly recollect where the white feathers of a riding-hat are one day envied, and shortly after are seen (we used to think they were the same) on their late owner's hearse. The principle of "Don't care came to a bad end" ought not to be too often followed out. But a "religious tale," overloaded with controversy and with forced moral, should be carefully distinguished from a tale constructed on a strong basis of religious principle, which attempts to give a picture of life as it really is seen by Christian eyes. The leader in such writing was Manzoni, whose "Promessi Sposi" has always seemed to us the type of the novel of the religious mind. It is, of course, not a book for mere children, and we would deprecate the reading it merely by way of an Italian lesson, as there are long regions of desert in it that might deter a laborious reader, and we only mention it here as showing what the right sort of religious tale may be, drawing out the poetry of all that is good, enlisting the sympathies on behalf of purity, faith, and forgiveness, and making vice hateful and despicable.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE CHINESE.

WAS Columbus the first discoverer of America, or did he only rediscover that continent after it had, in remote ages, been found, peopled, and forgotten by the Old World? It is curious that this question has not been more generally raised, for it is very clear that one of two things must be true: either the people whom Columbus found in America must have been descended from emigrants from the Old World, and therefore America was known to the Old World before Columbus's time, or else the aborigines of the western hemisphere were the result of spontaneous human generation, the development of man from a lower species of animal, or descended from a second Adam and Eve, whose

origin would be equally puzzling. Unless we are prepared to cast aside Holy Writ, and all our general notions of the origin of the human race, we must believe that there was at one time communication between the Old World and the New. Probably this communication took place on the opposite side of the world to ours, between the eastern coast of Asia and the side of America most remote from Europe; and I believe it is quite possible that the inhabitants of Eastern Asia may have been aware of the existence of America, and kept up intercourse with it while our part of the Old World never dreamt of its existence. The impenetrable barrier the Chinese were always anxious to preserve between themselves and the rest of the nations of the Old World renders it quite possible that they should have kept their knowledge of America to themselves, or, at any rate, from Europe. The objection that the art of navigation in such remote times was not sufficiently advanced to enable the Chinese to cross the Pacific and land on the western shore of America is not conclusive, as we have now found that arts and sciences which were once generally supposed to be of quite modern origin existed in China ages and ages before their discovery in Europe. The arts of paper-making and printing, amongst others, had been practised in China long before Europeans had any idea of them. Why, then, should not the Chinese have been equally, or more, in advance of us in navigation? The stately ruins of Baalbec, with gigantic arches across the streets whose erection would puzzle our modern engineers, the Pyramids, and other such remains of stupendous works point to a state of civilization, and the existence of arts and sciences, in times of which European historians give no account.

One fact corroborative of the idea that the Old World, or at least some of the inhabitants of Asia, were once aware of the existence of America before its discovery by Columbus is that many of the Arabian *ulema* with whom I have conversed on this subject, are fully convinced that the ancient Arabian geographers knew of America, and in support of this opinion point to passages in old works in which a country to the west of the Atlantic is spoken of. An Arab gentleman, a friend of mine, General Hussein Pasha, in a work he has just written on America, called *En-Nasser-Et-Tayir*, quotes from Djeldeki and other old writers to show this.

There is, however, amongst Chinese records not merely vague references to a country to the west of the Atlantic, but a circumstantial account of its discovery by the Chinese long before Columbus was born.

A competent authority on such matters, J. H. Lay, the Chinese interpreter in San Francisco, has lately written an essay on this subject, from which we gather the following startling statements drawn from Chinese historians and geographers.

Fourteen hundred years ago even America had been discovered by the Chinese and described by them. They stated that land to be about 20,000 Chinese miles distant from China. About 500 years after the birth of Christ, Buddhist priests repaired there, and brought back the news that they had met with Buddhist idols and religious writings in the country already. Their descriptions, in many respects, resemble those of the Spaniards a thousand years after. They called the country "Fusany," after a tree which grew there, whose leaves resemble those of the bamboo, whose bark

the natives made clothes and paper out of, and whose fruit they ate. These particulars correspond exactly and remarkably with those given by the American historian, Prescott, about the maquay tree in Mexico. He states that the Aztecs prepared a pulp for paper-making out of the bark of this tree. Then, even its leaves were used for thatching; its fibres for making ropes; its roots yielded a nourishing food; and its sap, by means of fermentation, was made into an intoxicating drink. The accounts given by the Chinese and Spaniards, although a thousand years apart, agree in stating that the natives did not possess any iron, but only copper; that they made all their tools, for working in stone and metals, out of a mixture of copper and tin; and they, in comparison with the nations of Europe and Asia, thought but little of the worth of silver and gold. The religious customs and forms of worship presented the same characteristics to the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago as to the Spaniards four hundred years ago.

There is, moreover, a remarkable resemblance between the religion of the Aztecs and the Buddhism of the Chinese, as well as between the manners and customs of the Aztecs and those of the people of China. There is also a great similarity between the features of the Indian tribes of Middle and South America and those of the Chinese, and, as Haulay, the Chinese interpreter of whom we spoke above, states, between the accent and most of the monosyllabic words of the Chinese and Indian languages. Indeed, this writer gives a list of words which point to a close relationship; and infers therefrom that there must have been emigration from China to the American continent at a most early period indeed, as the official accounts of Buddhist priests fourteen hundred years ago notice these things as existing already. Perhaps now old records may be recovered in China which may furnish full particulars of this question. It is, at any rate, remarkable and confirmative of the idea of emigration from China to America at some remote period, that at the time of the discovery of America by the Spaniards the Indian tribes on the coast of the Pacific, opposite to China, for the most part, enjoyed a state of culture of ancient growth, while the inhabitants of the Atlantic shore were found by Europeans in a state of original barbarism. If the idea of America having been discovered before the time of Columbus be correct, it only goes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun; and that Shelley was right in his bold but beautiful lines: "Thou canst not find one spot whereon no city stood." Admitting this, who can tell whether civilization did not exist in America when we were plunged in barbarism? and, stranger still, whether the endless march of ages in rolling over our present cultivation may not obliterate it, and sever the two hemispheres once again from each other's cognizance? Possibly, man is destined, in striving after civilization, to be like Sisyphus, always engaged in rolling up a stone which ever falls down.

NODDY'S SITUATION.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. — CHAPTER I.

"I GIVE my daughter Julia three years. You understand? If she makes a good match within that period, well; if not, I have done with her: I wash my hands of her completely." Mrs. Muciller gently chafed her left hand with her right, arranged her rings, and replaced her fingers upon the lace

handkerchief in her lap, as though the operation were completed.

"Ample sufficient, my dear Mrs. Muciller, for a young lady who doubtless inherits her mother's tact for improving a favorable opportunity"; and Mrs. Sharing took a comprehensive glance at the drawing-room of Braithfield Villa. The room was handsome and tasteful, as even a neighbor would allow. A cool green light shimmered in through the jasmine-covered veranda, and played in wavering little pools of subdued sunshine upon the carpet. A soft green fernery had taken the place of the winter fire-grate, its beauty reproduced in a plate-glass background. The furniture modern, and doubtless elegant, but swathed up in holland coverings, as though it were dead furniture, shrouded and laid out, waiting to be buried. A tiny fragile stem of frosted silver depended from the ceiling to carry the Greek lamp branches, hung with silver chains, and the perfect globes of egg-shell glass. The piano was Broadwood's grand; and, displayed on dainty little tables, was the correct quantity of drawing-room stores.

As Mrs. Sharing mentally appraised the effects in her friend's room, she was not unmindful of the favorable opportunity that had been improved. It was not so many years since a Mrs. Cray, a widow with one daughter, had been a fashionable teacher of music and painting, and had found Mrs. Sharing one of the most useful of patrons. It was at Mrs. Sharing's house she had first met Mr. Muciller, a successful speculator, who experienced little difficulty in tracing back his genealogy an extra generation for every ten thousand he netted. Mr. Muciller was a rich man when he married Mrs. Cray; but he went on speculating, as people will, and the crash came, and he was nearly ruined in fortune, and quite in health; for he took it to heart, and died, leaving Mrs. Muciller a widow for the second time, with a handsome house and a very slender income. Still, it had been a favorable opportunity for Mrs. Muciller, late Cray, all things considered.

"At least," Mrs. Muciller said, in reply to Mrs. Sharing's remark, "I can rely on Julia's discretion. She is not likely to be betrayed into an undesirable match. My daughter is not flighty, like some girls."

When Mrs. Sharing had taken her leave Mrs. Muciller thought a few minutes, and then touched the bell.

"Send Miss Noddy to me," she said to the servant.

Norah Cray, for that was Miss Noddy, can hardly be described as a relation of Mrs. Muciller, being nothing more than a kind of connection, — in fact, a step-daughter, the child of her first husband, to be precise. She was a little thing for her age, which was quite two-and-twenty. She had smooth brown hair, neatly dressed, but rather odd-looking, as it actually showed the shape of the back of the little head, without any chignon at all to improve it. She had bright brown eyes too; but you could not say she was pretty. Hers was a plain face, but good-tempered and pleasant to look upon. She came into the drawing-room, in answer to Mrs. Muciller's summons, in a print dress, not fashionable nor new, though neat and becoming, and her hands white with flour.

"Noddy, what are you doing, to come into the drawing-room in that state?"

"Pies," said Noddy, laconically, and smiling.

"You might have waited till you had finished

your work," said Mrs. Muciller, "as I wish to speak to you on something of importance."

"They said you wanted me directly, so I came," Noddy explained.

"Very well; as you are here, you may remain; but please, don't sit down, or you will be sure to soil the chairs with your floury hands. I need not remind you, Noddy," Mrs. Muciller said with a smooth and rather pretty lisp, "that I have sought to discharge the onerous and unthankful office of step-mother to you in two families to the best of my ability. You have too much good sense to feel hurt at not having been placed on a precise equality here with my daughter Julia. You well know that, had your poor father, Mr. Cray, still lived, you would in all probability have been required to take at least as active a share in household duties as you have done with me. You have, therefore, no reason nor, I feel sure, any desire for complaint on that score. But it is needful I should inform you the time has arrived for a change in our mutual relations. You are aware Julia returns to-morrow from finishing her education. It is my intention to make great personal and pecuniary sacrifices, with a view to her advancement in life. It is probable we may entertain more company than we have been in the habit of doing, and, consequently, we may require more domestic assistance. But this and other expenses will involve pinching. I must pinch, you must pinch,—we all must pinch, in fact. Under these circumstances, I am not disposed to continue to employ you in a subordinate capacity in the household for people to make remarks about, and I cannot afford to retain you in any other. You will therefore see it to be your duty at once to look out for a situation as governess in some respectable family. I will not hurry you to a few weeks, and I shall do my best meantime to help you find such a situation; but I name three months as the time at which our present connection should cease."

"O dear!" said Noddy, her usually cheerful face becoming quite blank,—"I'm sure I'm not fit for a governess. I don't know nearly enough to teach."

"Perhaps not. No one does. What of that? You are quite as competent as many young ladies I know who go out. No girl is expected to be competent in her first place. You learn at your first situation what you want to teach at the second. It is the same in all businesses. Now, let us see what we can say in the advertisement,—French, German, Italian, and the usual accomplishments, I suppose; that is the customary thing."

"But I scarcely know a word of French, not a syllable of German, and can't even understand an Italian song," objected Noddy; "and as to accomplishments, I can only play hymn tunes, as you call them, on the piano."

"Very well, miss; and pray, what of that? Nobody will ask you for more; will they? You will go with young children first; you can teach them English, and spelling, and that, and what little French you do know, and their notes on the piano; and if their parents wish for more, you can tell them it is not advisable to overfill little heads too soon; can't you?"

"But I should be so ashamed," pleaded Noddy; "please don't say all that, for indeed I could n't teach at all when it was found out how ignorant I was of all I had professed; and people would despise me when they found me out."

"Nonsense; nobody will find you out. Why, how do you think I began as a drawing mistress? The same as other people do. I bought my specimens of a lady artist, and always took care to bring my pupils' drawings home to be corrected by the same lady. My drawings were admired, so were those of my pupils, and I obtained a connection. I forget what became of the artist; but you may be sure she never came to any good. You see she had a certain order of talent for production, whilst I possessed the superior ability to render her commodity marketable. As to advertising anything short of what I have told you, it would be useless; every governess does the same, for the reason that every other governess does so too. If people believe it, that is their affair; mine just now is to get you a situation; and when I have done so I shall consider myself relieved from further responsibility."

Noddy went back to her pies; but a heavy heart won't make light pastry, and Noddy's would n't rise.

The next day, Julia returned,—a tall, showy blonde of eighteen, with the languid air of completion which a finishing school so successfully imparts. Julia Muciller was an accomplished girl; she had learned all the last new tricks of musical execution, and showed peculiar facility in the performances of pieces of the Bubbings at Morn and Dribblings at Eve order. These she could rattle through with an air of easy superiority to the instrument, to the music, and even to her audience, as though such trifling feats of sleight-of-hand were the most easy of accomplishment in the world, as perhaps they are when once you know the trick. She was on singing terms with most of the gushing songs of flimsy sentiment of the day. She "knew an eye," belonging, it appeared, to some party who had had the other one made into a star, or had lost it in some other way to provoke admiration not quite so clear. She "saw two leaflets floating down a stream," and expressed regret at one having to "float onwards all alone" after its fellow had stuck in the bank. She aspired to be a bird,—she "breathed for wings"—she sighed for "a fairy's life in an elfin grove"; but of the passion and suffering of humanity, and its loves and tears, in a world that is in earnest, Julia did not sing. She could paint groups of impossible flowers, chatter boarding-school French, embroider in beads and wool, dance, and read novels on the sofa. In a word, Julia was finished.

Poor Noddy's little heart quite sank when she was admitted of evenings to the drawing-room (when there was no company) to hear the rehearsal of Miss Muciller's accomplishments, for it made her despair more than ever of being able to lay even the groundwork for such a display. But the advertisement was already sent to a weekly paper, spite of all Noddy's entreaties, detailing her proficiency; and so she could see nothing to be done but to borrow some of Julia's early school-books, and try, in spare moments, to gain a little knowledge of what she was expected to teach. It was with some difficulty that she could even do this, for Mrs. Muciller did not like to see her reading, observing that her duty was to devote her mind exclusively to household affairs, and there would be plenty of time for study when she went to her first situation. "You have only to keep yourself one lesson in advance of your pupils," Mrs. Muciller said, "and you are safe. It is very strange if a grown person

of average ability cannot manage to compete with children to that extent." So Noddy would get up early, and get all her dusting done, and manage to make an hour at least for study before breakfast.

Within a week of Julia's return from school, Mrs. Muciller received this letter by afternoon post:—

"London, June 27, 18—.

"DEAR MRS. MUCILLER, — You will be surprised to hear I'm just home from Bombay, — more so, perhaps, to learn I'm tired of India, and mean to settle in England. I shall run down and pay you a visit in a day or two, and shall probably stay till you turn me out, as your cool country scenery will be a relief to eyes that still have the glare of the India sun in them. Don't put yourself out of the way. You need not reply, as I shall not be in London after to-morrow.

Yours,

"FRANK GEOGAGAN."

"Well, that's cool," said Julia.

"It certainly is," replied Mrs Muciller; "but he must come. In the first place, he is a nephew of the late Mr. Muciller, and I suppose fancies he has some right in his uncle's house. In the next place, I am not disposed to dispute the point, for he has been making a deal of money in India in connection with a Reclamation of Land Company. He must have turned a pretty penny, or he would not think of settling down yet. Those Geogagans are a money-making family, and always were, and not satisfied with a little. I should have invited him myself, had I known him to be in England. I consider his visit highly desirable. You must look your best, Julia, when he comes."

Julia languidly smiled obedience. "But he does not say when he is coming, mamma?"

"No; just like the Geogagans, — always thoughtless. However, we need not trouble about that to-day, as it is time for you to dress for Mrs. Sharing's croquet party."

So Julia rang the bell for Noddy to come and do her hair.

CHAPTER II.

The 28th of June being the anniversary of Coronation Day, is kept holiday at most country places. Both Mrs. Muciller's servants had hurried to get their work done early; and as "their people," to wit, Mrs. Muciller and her daughter (for Noddy did n't count) were going out, they were given the afternoon as a holiday.

It was a real treat to Noddy to get a spare afternoon all to herself, with no work to do, and no one to find fault with her. Noddy made up her mind she would spend the time in trying to learn how to teach music. So she went in to the piano in the drawing-room. I don't like digressions, but pardon me for a moment. I would not have you think Norah Cray an ignorant girl simply because she owned herself consciously unfit for a governess: she was not that. Her opportunities had been scanty enough. She left school at thirteen to "make herself useful." But Noddy had read a great deal, and possessed besides much intuitive knowledge of the right and wrong of things, though without being at all times able to reduce it to such a rule and science as would properly qualify for a teacher. She at least had this wisdom, that when she did not know anything, she would make no secret of her ignorance about it; and if all of us did the same, we might none of us seem quite so wise as we do. Noddy had picked up a fair knowl-

edge of music, though not of a showy sort. Fire-works on the piano completely baffled her; but she could play some of Mozart's quieter sonatas with taste and real feeling, and they delighted her heart, though they were utterly unsuited for display. But what Noddy was now anxious to learn was how to teach. So she began at the beginning of her Piano-forte Tutor, and went slowly on till she came to the scales, which she commenced practising.

It being very hot, all the doors and windows of the house were thrown open to get the breeze, and the fragrant breath swept in through the hall-door, and along the passage, and to the drawing-room, bearing the scent of roses and jasmine to Noddy, as she sat there practising scales. It is rather monotonous work, but Noddy's whole mind was in it. She was indeed so absorbed in her occupation, that if a person had come up the gravel-path, and across the lawn, and straight into the room where she was, it is doubtful if she would have noticed it. Of course, it would be unlikely; but I say if a person had done so (the piano was at the farthest end, in the shadow of the large room), Noddy was so preoccupied that it is not probable she would have observed the intrusion. She had been grinding away at the F minor scale, up and down, down and up — one and two and three and four, and one and two and —

"O bother!" said Noddy, flinging her hands on her lap; "what an awful little goose you are! You have n't a bit of gumption, nor a mite of common sense. As to being a governess, and can't play scales, you must be a noodle to think of it, — a dreadful noodle!"

"You're about right there!" said an unmistakable masculine voice from somewhere by the door. Noddy started as if she had been shot; then she came over red and hot at being surprised. But the owner of the voice walked boldly into the room. Noddy, being left in sole charge of Braithfield Villa, and seeing an entire stranger march in like this, did not like the look of it. His looks were nothing to provoke dislike, be it said, — a tall, fine-bronzed man of thirty, with a tawny mustache and handsome sunburned features. She resolved to challenge him.

"What do you want?" she said brusquely.

"You," said he, — "you are Miss Muciller, I imagine?"

"No; I am Noddy, — Norah Cray, that is," she stammered, correcting herself. "Please what is it?"

"Cray?" the stranger said, — "Cray? any relation to Mrs. Muciller?"

"Yes."

"O, I think I know, then. So you are Miss Cray, eh? You will see who I am from this card; and as you have not offered me a seat, I'll take one, after shaking hands with you." He held out his hand frankly, and Norah could not refuse it.

"I don't know who you are," said Noddy. The stranger had lounged himself on the sofa.

"Then, perhaps, you'll look and see."

"Mr. Frank Ge-Ge-Geog-a-gan?" asked Norah, puzzled.

"Ga-gan, if you don't mind. It's spelt heathenish, but it reads easy. You've heard of your cousin, Frank Geogagan, in India, surely? That is, he might have been your cousin, if Mrs. Muciller's marriages had not mixed the relationships so confoundedly."

"No," said Norah.

He whistled. "Did n't Mrs. Muciller tell you I was coming?"

Norah did not wish to expose the precise state of things between herself and her step-mother, and did not choose to tell an untruth; so she replied: "Mrs. Muciller received a letter just before she went out this afternoon, but she was hurried, and I did not know its contents. So you are expected, then?"

"I said I was coming, but not exactly when."

"That 's awkward," said Noddy.

"Why?"

"Because we are not prepared to receive you. Mrs. Muciller would have been home, and Julia, had they expected you to arrive to-day."

"You are very plain."

"You are not complimentary," retorted Noddy.

"I did n't refer to your looks; but I wonder if you would insist on my saying they were anything different?"

"You can say what you please," said Noddy; "it is a guest's privilege."

"Whew!" Mr. Geogagan whistled softly. "Nettled, eh?"

"No; I justify your remark, that is all. You called me plain."

"So you are going out as governess, I heard you say. Pray, are you competent to teach?"

"I don't think so."

"Then why do you go?"

"I think you have no right to inquire."

"Gracious! Why, you forget I'm your cousin, and take a family interest in you already."

"If you do, you won't ask," said Noddy.

"But I do, and still ask."

"Then I can't tell you."

"Well, you are the coolest little baggage of a cousin to welcome any one home from abroad one could well expect to find. Are you not glad to see me?"

"Well, not particularly," said Noddy. "How should I be, never having seen you or heard of you before? Besides, you come at an awkward time, when nobody is at home. And for aught I know, you may be an impostor, and have watched your opportunity to enter the house when it is unprotected. I don't think you are that, though,—you are not polite enough. But one never knows."

"Upon my word, you are not flattering. Still, at any rate, I think you might have offered me some refreshment, as I have just come off a journey."

"I am very sorry," said Noddy; "but Mrs. Muciller has taken the keys with her. I can only offer you a cup of tea or coffee, and some bread and butter. Everything else is locked up."

As Mr. Frank seemed to think that would do very well indeed, Noddy went out to prepare it, and presently returned with a tray of tea and coffee and a single cup.

"Two cups, please," said Mr. Frank. Norah was not generally accustomed to take her meals with the family. She was certain Mrs. Muciller would not like this arrangement, but divining a refusal might prove embarrassing, she brought a second cup, and joined Mr. Geogagan at tea. When they had finished, Mr. Geogagan said he should walk up to the station to arrange about his luggage being sent, and on his return he should insist on Noddy giving him some music. No sooner was he fairly out of the house, than Norah hastened to Mrs. Sharing's, to let Mrs. Muciller know of the arrival of a visitor. However, Julia was in the

middle of an exciting game at croquet, and learning that Mr. Geogagan was gone out again, she prevailed on her mother to remain till it was finished. Meantime, Noddy returned to Braithfield Villa. In five minutes, he walked Mr. Frank again, clamorous for his music. Now, Noddy was never in the habit of playing for anybody's amusement but her own, and was quite certain if Mrs. Muciller heard of her taking the liberty of playing to please a visitor, it would be considered a deadly offence. Moreover, she expected Mrs. Muciller to arrive every minute.

But Mr. Frank insisted with such vehemence that a refusal seemed like palpable affectation; so Noddy risked the consequences, and began to play Mozart's *Ah Perdon!* She had only got half-way through it, when Mrs. Muciller and Julia appeared at the window. Noddy shut up the piano, threw down her music, and fled.

"What impertinence!" ejaculated the widow. She was so fairly astounded at Noddy's barefaced impudence, as to be betrayed into making this remark aloud,—and Frank Geogagan heard it. She had the tact, however, at once to divine it, and to correct her mistake. "What impertinence, Mr. Frank, of you, to be sure, to come and take us all by surprise without a word of warning! However, we must try and overlook it, as it is your first offence. I'm sure I hope it will not be the last. We are delighted to receive you, although, had you told us when to expect you, we might have given you a better reception."

"Well," said Mr. Frank (but he detected the artifice), "I thought I told you pretty exactly. I said 'in a day or two,' if I remember rightly, and I came in 'a day' instead of 'two,' to show my anxiety to pay my earliest respects to my aunt and her daughter,—for I presume this is Julia?" Julia made a most finished *révérence*, and offered her hand in the most approved style. Julia was well and carefully dressed for the croquet party. "That is fortunate, at any rate," Mrs. Muciller thought. We might have been surprised at greater disadvantage. So much depends upon first impressions."

A few interchanges of courtesies from the ladies, with commonplaces from Mr. Frank, and Mrs. Muciller and her daughter retired to remove their bonnets,—if the little bits of flowers and lace adorning their hair might be so designated. Mrs. Muciller took this opportunity of administering a severe rebuke to Noddy upon her boldness, forwardness, and presumption in attempting to entertain their visitor in a manner so unbecoming. It was not couched in gentle terms, but in words that stung the more from having truth in them. She reminded Noddy of her dependence, of her prospects as a governess, of her own father's position (he was Mrs. Muciller's first husband, be it remembered), and contrasted these with her behavior not to her guest, but to Mrs. Muciller's. If the sting of a rebuke be any criterion of its deservedness, Mrs. Muciller's was richly merited, for poor Noddy went away to cry where there were no eyes to triumph over her distress.

But Mrs. Muciller was a student of expediency. She felt it would be undesirable (a favorite word of hers) that Noddy should continue to take her meals apart from the family, with a visitor in the house. The continuance of such a course would convey an impression, not so much false, as undesirable. She therefore "desired" Miss Norah's

presence at supper, and made known her wishes for the future. But Noddy pleaded headache as excuse for that evening, and remained in her room, hearing the sounds of music come faintly up from the drawing-room when the door was opened, till bedtime.

Next morning, Noddy was up and about soon after the lark. As blithely as he, she was singing about her work, for there is nothing in all the world like cheerful work to prevent any one feeling dull and unhappy.

How strange a drawing-room looks in the morning light, in all the disarrangement of only a "little music" of the night before! The piano heaped up with songs—songs on the floor—songs on the tables, on the chairs—here and there—everywhere. Furniture untidy and displaced—antimacassars to be newly smoothed and arranged. Confusion that the sun lights up into chaotic disorder, but which candlelight eyes do not notice. Nobody ever dared touch the drawing-room to "tidy" it but Noddy,—that was her particular province and her pride. There she was, that bright June morning, sweeping and sweeping away, and singing, as her mind, like the lark's, soared above the dust.

"Bravo! Cousin Noddy!" It was Mr. Frank, who had been strolling about the lawn with a cigar in the fresh morning air, and who had walked up to the window.

"O dear," said Noddy, "please don't tease me. Don't you see I'm busy?"

"I'm coming in to see," said Mr. Geogagan, entering the easement.

Noddy looked pleasant enough as she was surprised in her print morning-dress,—her brown hair neatly arranged close to her head, where it could not stop without struggling out into little curls here and there,—and a faint blush on her cheeks,—partly shy, partly vexed at being caught, and partly ashamed of being vexed. "O, please, go away,—do,—or I must sweep you up," she entreated; and "O, please go away," she added more seriously, remembering Mrs. Muciller had cautioned her respecting her behavior to Mr. Geogagan. So Mr. Frank went and finished his cigar by himself.

CHAPTER III.

Six weeks had come and gone at Brathfield Villa. The advertisement had been inserted five times, but still no answer. A situation as governess is not the easiest thing to obtain. It is something like that of prime-minister,—there are always plenty of candidates for the office, and most of the candidates (poor things) are about as well fitted for it.

Mr. Frank had more than fulfilled Mrs. Muciller's most sanguine anticipations. He had proved a most attentive cavalier to Julia. He paid respectful deference to her piano performances and to her singing; indeed, he seemed particularly impressed with her rendering of Twilight Twitterings—a *Revery*, by some muddle or other, that sounded very like *fairies hammering in tin tacks*. As for music! I am only surprised at Mr. Frank's taste; but I suppose it came new to him on his return from India. He would lounge about, smoking, whilst Julia painted flowers or embroidered him a smoking-cap. He accompanied her in walks and rambles; he was her attendant at croquet parties, and picnics, and morning calls. Julia received these courtesies with artificial unaffectedness, and her mother remarked them with inward satisfaction. Nothing afforded Mrs.

Muciller more sincere delight than when people began to couple Julia's name with Mr. Geogagan's. They were not actually engaged, however; indeed, beyond the courtesies referred to, Mr. Frank had made not the slightest attempt at anything more decisive. But still, people will talk, and Mrs. Muciller liked to hear them. People began vaguely to suppose that Julia had made a fortunate hit, and that was in all probability an accomplished fact; but they hesitated to do more than hint their belief, without something like foundation. Mrs. Muciller, fully aware of the important part gossip plays in the history of daily life, determined to turn it to account. She reasoned thus: Mr. Geogagan is evidently impressed with Julia, but he is a little shy, or dilatory, in coming to the point. In either case, a favorable rumor may do much in bringing about a desirable result. It may encourage him; it *must* stimulate him.

With this idea, in the course of her next private conversation with Mrs. Sharing, when that lady inquired, with certain friendly nods and elevations of the eyebrows, if she might venture to offer congratulations on a certain fortunate event, Mrs. Muciller gave her unmistakably to understand that she might, although perhaps expressed in that coy language of partial reserve with which women like to enhance the value of private communications.

Now, thought Mrs. Muciller, I know Mrs. Sharing to be the greatest gossip in the neighborhood. She will be certain to spread the news of Julia's rumored engagement far and wide. It will undoubtedly get round to Frank Geogagan, and will lead him at once to make that proposal for which he seems so ready. So the rumor shall make the fact and the fact keep the rumor in countenance.

Meantime the subject of Mrs. Muciller's design appeared to be in most genial ignorance. He continued to pay the same respectful attentions to his charming cousin Julia. He took little notice of Noddy, as a consideration for the lady of the house indeed dictated, for he had more than once observed that any slight attention to Miss Cray was visited on her with a glance of disfavor from Mrs. Muciller when she thought he was not looking. But Frank Geogagan had very quick, restless eyes that could see round a corner.

As for Noddy, if she owned to herself one feeling at all about the matter, it was just one of sadness that a school-girl should render a man so artificial and constrained, and unlike his real self, as she thought Mr. Geogagan was becoming. But there was another feeling at the bottom of her heart, that Noddy would not own to herself. The wind bloweth where it listeth: you cannot tell whence it comes or how. There were Phœnician ships with sails ever set that carried their owners without oar or effort whithersoever they listed.

And in these six weeks Noddy had come to love Mr. Frank. She would not have confessed it to herself: she would have despised herself had she believed it. How was it? Dear soul! Is there any better reason to be given for loving anybody than the child's reason,—Because I do? Must we not all come back to that? Noddy had seen few people; few people had ever taken notice of her, or seemed to think of her as worth talking to or caring about. Mr. Frank always had a word of some sort for her. Many a morning he would chat pleasantly to her as she dusted the room; many a time he would refrain from speaking to her, or of her, before Mrs. Muciller, for her sake. Well, you

may say this, or you may put it how you will, but you will have to come back to the little child's reason at last, for all the wiser people in the world who have tried to give any better explanation have talked nonsense, and, what is more, owned it.

Frank Geogagan had made many friends in the neighborhood, and it was not long before one of them congratulated him on his engagement to Julia Muciller. It staggered him at the first; but, bless you! Mr. Frank had his eyes about him. He took it as coolly as possible; never said a word to contradict it. He saw it would not do, as this would be a palpable reflection on Mrs. Muciller, by whose tacit indorsement at least he ascertained such a report had obtained currency at all. He just smiled, and thanked his friends, and so gave renewed credence to the report, which now had received the final stamp of veracity. Mind, I do not defend Mr. Frank's conduct; I only state what he did: and now I am going to tell you what came of it.

Dear reader, — you who have followed me thus far, — do you think I am telling you fiction? If so, I ought not to make Frank Geogagan a party after the fact to a deceit. There was once an audience that thought the squeak of Archippus more lifelike than that of the real pig. Remember this.

The latter end of August a picnic had been arranged to Cheriegh Lake, — a most delightful jaunt, and Mrs. Muciller, Julia, and her Indian lover were to go, of course. It so happened, however, at the very last minute, that important business required Mr. Geogagan's attention in London. I need not further relate the nature of the business than to say it was understood to be something in connection with the Indian Reclamation of Land Company, and that it was urgent. It was not a letter that summoned Mr. Geogagan, but a printed notice, stating that, in consequence of the sudden depreciation of shares (which had previously gone up many hundred per cent above their paid-up value), a heavy call was to be made on the shareholders.

Mind, — once more. It is not for me to defend Mr. Geogagan. I take the facts as they come. I cannot apologize for facts, and won't. It was settled that Mrs. Muciller and her daughter were to go to the picnic, while Mr. Geogagan went to London to transact his business. Mr. Frank never went near the metropolis at all; he just marched over to Mr. Sharing's to smoke a cigar. And when the house was clear, Noddy sat down at her books to study teaching.

It has been said Mrs. Muciller knew Mrs. Sharing for a gossip. Mr. Frank also knew Mr. Sharing for one. With this knowledge, how it was he went and confided to such a man the state of his affairs, I must leave you to guess.

Over their cigars he stated something like this to Mr. Sharing: "The fact is this. Every penny I could get together I put into this Indian Land Reclamation scheme. The shares went up fabulously, till a hundred pounds became worth thousands. The scheme was feasible, and likely to succeed and to pay at any premium the shares could go to, it was so good. I had every confidence in it. Suddenly, a panic comes, the shares drop nearly to par before we in England can get the intelligence, and we are called on to pay up our amounts. Now, I know you are accustomed to advance money on security, — will you lend me three thousand pounds on a deposit of shares to twice the amount?"

"Ah, my young friend," said Mr. Sharing, "you see that's your way and the way of yours, always. Here you go and mix yourself up in the rashest of speculations without a chance of success, — as independent as you can be, all the time, — you're all alike. Then you get into a hole, as we say — and you come to me to help you out. Look you; your shares are not worth that," — and he snapped his fingers, — "not worth the paper they are printed on. Three thousand pounds? Three thousand fiddles, sir."

"But," said Mr. Frank, "it is only a temporary depression, owing to a panic: the scheme is a good one, — the shares will go up again."

"Yes, like a gunpowder mill! The whole affair will explode, — that will be the next rise, and the only one. I'm sorry for you, — sorry for you, sir," — Mr. Sharing gently emphasized his sorrow by tapping it out with his finger-points on the table, — "thought you had better judgment. You are just like a moth. You have been dazzled with a glittering prospect, and rushed straight into the flame. Now you complain that your wings are singed."

"Pardon — I have not complained. I do not believe my case so bad as you represent, and I do not yet despair of making you see it in a different light. Rumor may have informed you that I have been so fortunate as to secure the affections of Miss Muciller. I have not made minute inquiries as to the amount of that young lady's fortune, not wishing to appear mercenary, but I have every reason to suppose, from the style in which her mother and herself are living, and from the fact of her being an only daughter, that she will receive a handsome portion on her marriage. If you take this into consideration, you may be disposed to look upon my security as at least sufficient to cover the loan I seek."

Mr. Sharing was silent for a minute. "That is how the wind blows, is it!" he thought. "So you fancied you had got hold of a fortune, my fine fellow; and Mrs. Muciller, on her part, was of very much the same opinion respecting you. Why, the girl won't have a penny! As if the style in which a woman lives, who has a daughter to marry, could be the least criterion of her means! You know very little of the world, Mr. Frank." But he remarked aloud: "I have certainly heard of your happiness in that respect, but you will bear in mind you are not yet married to Miss Muciller. There's many a slip, you know. And in addition to this, I have every reason to believe that whatever may be the extent of Miss Muciller's fortune, it would be placed beyond her husband's control." — "That's about the neatest way I can put it without injuring the young lady," he thought. "For that matter, her fortune is beyond anybody's control!" And he smiled and tapped the table again.

"Well, sir?" said Mr. Frank.

"Well, sir?"

"Then I am to understand that you refuse to entertain the question?"

"Entirely. I don't discount possibilities, but only extreme probabilities. It is not in my line."

"I need not remind you, at any rate, that the subject of our conversation is private," said Mr. Frank.

"And confidential. Certainly. — May I offer you another cigar? — No? — Well, if you must be going, good morning, sir."

"Private and confidential — stuff and nonsense!" Mr. Sharing observed to himself, as soon as he was alone. "That is all very fine, young gentleman, —

but it is right Mrs. Muciller should get just a hint that her great catch is a very little fish that had better be thrown into the river again. I will tell Mrs. Sharing, and trust her to make use of the information."

Mr. Frank went back to Braithfield, and found Noddy sitting in the window trying hard to perfect herself in the mysteries of the accordance of French *participes passés*. She was huddled up with her book in her lap, her elbows on her knees, and her head in her hands.

"Noddy!"

"What, not gone to London? Have you missed the train, Mr. Geogagan?"

"No, — neither: I was not going. Put on your bonnet, and come out for a walk."

She hesitated.

"Come, put away your books. The walk will do you good, and Julia will not be jealous."

Still she hesitated; she thought of Mrs. Muciller.

"Come, Noddy; I'm in difficulty and some trouble, and I think you can help me. So, put away those books."

Noddy hesitated no longer. In two minutes, she was ready, and came down with a calm, wise expression on her little face, ready to help.

They set out, and walked for nearly half an hour without a word. Noddy remembered she was wanted for help or advice of some kind, and so was quiet, waiting to hear. Through pleasant corn-fields, glistening like seas of restless gold, while the warm summer breath passed over the ripe ears, and bowed them in long fleeting waves, whereon the cloud-shadows floated, — wide, swelling waves that calmly rolled the sunshine along to cool reedy music, as the breeze played on the heavy grain, — and burning poppies were upheaved or borne under by the chasing waves. By hedges, bright with summer flowers, and cool with ferns and creeping green. Along paths patterned over with the moving shadows of oak, and elm, and willow.

"Noddy, what would you say if I told you I was ruined?"

"I should say I did n't believe you."

"All the property I have in India is in the 'Anglo-Waddy Company' for the reclamation of land from the sea. I doubt if I shall ever see a sixpence of it again. Mr. Sharing told me to-day the share certificates are not worth the paper they are printed on."

"Well," said Noddy, "I thought you said you were ruined. Is that all?"

"All?" he returned rather sharply. "Is it not enough to be ruined? Not a sixpence of it, not a penny-piece, shall I see again!"

"O," Noddy said, half talking to herself, "is that ruin? It seems to me a man is never ruined while he has life, and health, and strength, and cheerful courage."

"It is easy to talk. You never had any money to lose."

"No; not much. But I have a little property for all that."

"Indeed. And, pray, how much?"

"Thirty pounds in the savings-bank, which my father left me."

Mr. Frank laughed, despite his own trouble.

"Dear me! I did n't know you were an heiress before. How you would grieve to lose your money!"

"I should be sorry."

"Then you can't find fault with me for being the same at losing so many thousands."

"The amount makes no difference. My thirty pounds is my all, and I should be just as sorry to lose it as you are at losing your all. But though I'm only a woman, I should n't say I was ruined, — that is absurd."

"You are a Job's comforter, at all events."

"There are very few comforters like Job's, in these days," said Noddy, — "very few persons who would sit down in silent sympathy, the deepest of all sympathies, for three days and three nights with a friend."

"So you look upon me as a friend?"

"Yes," said Noddy, blushing a little, but displeased with herself for doing so, on account of an avowal so innocent.

"And can you give me any better advice than Job's friends?"

"Perhaps not."

"Tell me what you think I ought to do."

"Do?" said Noddy, quickly. "Go and work. It's a brave thing, work is. You will forget all about being ruined, and only remember you are a man, doing a man's work. I don't know what I should do without work myself; it is the most soothing and refreshing comfort I know, even to me, and it must be better to a man. But your case is nothing like Job's. If it had been only his money Job had lost, his friends would just have stayed at home, and sent messengers offering to help him to work, and Job is just the sort of man who would have been content to take it."

"Noddy, I really believe you're right."

"I'm sure I am. Have n't you seen me sweep?"

"Yes," laughed Mr. Frank; "but that is hardly in my way, — digging would come more natural than that."

"Then dig. But there's plenty of work for earnest workers with brains without digging. I don't pretend to tell you the exact direction in which it lies, because that is out of my province; but I am sure you will find it, if you are in earnest."

"I will," said Mr. Frank, and he was quiet again for a little.

And Noddy was quiet too. She had something on her mind she wished to say, but hardly liked to mention it. However, she began: "If you mean what you say, you will not remain much longer here."

"I shall not remain much longer here," he echoed abstractedly.

"You will begin at once to strike out a new path, as a brave man should; and you will walk as straight, and feel as proud as a man ought who feels he is neither ruined nor disgraced when he has only lost his money."

"Gently, Noddy. People don't like to see much of this sort of thing in any but the rich."

"Then people are wrong, and must be shown so. But what I want to say is this: if you have lost all your money, you may have expenses to meet, and one thing and another that may harass you, and prevent your beginning clear."

Mr. Frank nodded. "Quite so," he said, and shook his head gravely.

"Well, would you mind, — that is, if I lent you twenty pounds of my property, would you be certain sure to pay it back to me again somewhere? I can't spare more very well, as I want ten pounds of it to get myself ready for the situation I am looking for. But I thought it might come in handy."

"Just so," said Mr. Frank, and shook his head again gravely; "there's no doubt about it."

"You see, I should not have proposed it, but I should charge you interest, and that would do away with all obligation."

"Entirely," Mr. Frank coincided; "that would be a regular commercial transaction. And the interest would be?"

"Three per cent, — the same as the bank gives."

"And you would require my note of hand for the amount?"

"No," said Noddy, laughing at the idea as absurd; "I can trust you for that."

"What! for nearly all your property?"

"Yes; because it would not ruin me if I lost it."

"Well, I will take your money, Noddy, — it will be very acceptable, — and I won't cheat you."

"No," Noddy said; "I hope you won't, for I look upon it as safe as the bank."

Mr. Frank laughed.

So it was settled that Noddy should draw her money from the bank on the following day.

"You are a good little friend, Noddy," Mr. Frank said, as they walked home.

"No," Noddy said; "I hope I should have done as much for any one."

Noddy meant to tell the truth. Maybe she "hoped" she would; but I am not at all certain she would. However, she had never before felt so rich as at the prospect of helping Mr. Frank. Her twenty pounds seemed to her quite a large property, and she almost jumped to the conclusion that it would go a good way towards making a prosperous man of Mr. Geogagan again.

Mrs. Muciller and Julia returned from the picnic party rather bored. It was "awfully slow," Julia decided; and "so many stuck-up girls that it was quite horrid."

Mr. Geogagan spent the evening listening to Julia's music with as much apparent appreciation and interest as though he had not been unsuccessful in his attempt to raise the loan he wished from Mr. Sharing.

CHAPTER IV.

One day passed — two days — three days, with little worthy of remark. Then Mrs. Muciller, becoming impatient at receiving no replies to the advertisement respecting Norah Cray, made a call on Mrs. Sharing to consult her about some immediate steps for getting Noddy out. At the close of her visit, Mrs. Sharing imparted the bit of news she had been burning to tell, but yet treasured up for her last communication, — namely, that on the most reliable authority her Indian nephew was not worth a dozen rupees; and that he had actually attempted to raise a loan on his prospects of marriage with Miss Muciller.

"Quite absurd, you know," said Mrs. Sharing; "but it just shows what he is worth."

"But I know he has money," Mrs. Muciller protested indignantly. "I'm certain of it. That Reclamation Company is a wonderfully good thing, and I know his money is in that. I have made every inquiry."

"Exactly. But that is the very reason. The Anglo-Waddy Company has gone to entire ruin. My husband says the shares are not worth sixpence."

This was a great blow for Mrs. Muciller, especially remembering that she had only herself to

blame for promulgating the report of Julia's engagement to this adventurer. The one little bit of comfort she had remaining was, that Mr. Geogagan had been as much deceived in thinking Julia had expectations as she had been with him. But that did not mend the matter, which presented itself to her mind in the light of a most atrocious take-in, and she said so.

"Well, but," said Mrs. Sharing, "the Company was prospering when he left India, and there is no reason to suppose he has been guilty of intentional deception."

"What has that to do with it? How does that make any reparation for the injury it has caused to my daughter's prospects? Everybody knows of the engagement, and people will talk. O, how they will talk! It is abominable! It will be most prejudicial to Julia to break it off now; but it must be done at any cost. And a most fortunate escape it will be."

Mrs. Muciller returned to tea at Braithfield Villa, outwardly calm and cool, but, as may be imagined, in not the most placid serenity of mind. She made not the slightest alteration in her behavior to Mr. Geogagan, who appeared in very fair spirits, and entirely unsuspecting of the coming storm.

Mrs. Muciller was a woman of quick action; a course once resolved on with her was put into execution immediately. When tea was finished she blandly requested Noddy and Julia to leave the room. Her manner of doing this was so marked that had Mr. Frank not been deeply interested in a book he was reading on the sofa, he might have had his suspicions aroused.

When they were alone Mrs. Muciller commenced: "Mr. Geogagan, will you do me the favor to pay attention to a few words I have to say?"

"I am all attention," said Mr. Frank, dropping his book and drawing himself comfortably on to the sofa-cushion.

"When you invited yourself as my guest I had not the slightest idea that you would place me in a false position."

"Nor I," said Mr. Frank resignedly, his hands languidly crossed, with the air of a martyr.

"I had no idea that you would avail yourself of my hospitality to betray the confidence naturally reposed in a visitor."

Mrs. Muciller paused, expecting an answer; but Mr. Frank was silent.

"Or," she continued, "I should not have extended towards you that hospitality. You will excuse my being plain, but it is my duty to be so."

Mr. Frank extended his hands and bent his head, as deprecating such an apology.

"Your conduct towards my daughter Julia has been most heartlessly cruel."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Frank.

"Pardon me; I don't wish to be interrupted. Most heartlessly cruel. You have paid her marked attentions at home and abroad, and have given currency to a most undesirable report that you were engaged to her, without any reference whatever to my wishes or feelings. I do not, of course, pretend to know the extent to which you have influenced her mind, or the hold you may have succeeded in obtaining over her affections; but I must say you have no right to promulgate a report that, in my opinion, is injurious to my daughter's prospects."

"I have paid your daughter no more attention than ordinary courtesy to a relative would dictate.

As to an engagement, I have not thought it needful to make a reference to you on the subject, Mrs. Muciller, not having had the slightest notion of such a thing, until I heard the report you allude to, which certainly did not originate from me."

"It is most singular how such a report could have obtained currency had you given no occasion for it," said Mrs. Muciller.

"There I agree with you; and significant also," said Mr. Frank.

"And significant also. Had your attentions to Julia been restricted to home courtesies, it might have been less so. But when you seek, on the strength of such a report, previously disseminated by you, to use your rumored engagement as the security on which to borrow money, it becomes still more than significant; it becomes conclusive of something that is detestably disgraceful."

Mrs. Muciller paused, wishing for an answer to a shot that combined truth and falsehood so deftly that she knew it would tell; but there was only one answer Mr. Frank could have given at the moment. If it had been a man who had stung him like this, Mr. Frank would have knocked him down; but as it was a lady, he was silent.

"In entering my household," Mrs. Muciller proceeded, "you led me tacitly to understand that you were at least in as prosperous a position as I had reason to believe you were some years ago. It is useless to say you did not actually state this in so many words; you led me to believe it, and took no pains to dissipate such a belief. Such conduct I can only characterize as the basest duplicity. You then sought, by the cunning artifice of a hinted engagement with my daughter, to mortgage her expectations as well as to injure her prospects. Such a proceeding I can only stigmatize as contemptible and systematic villany. Your future course, whilst you remain in my house—"

But Mr. Frank just walked into the hall, took his hat, and scribbling a pencilled address on an envelope, gave it to the servant for Miss Cray, and walked out, leaving his luggage and personal effects to be sent after him.

The note contained only an acknowledgment of the sum of twenty pounds borrowed from Norah.

THE TRYST IN TWIN-TREE LANE.

AT midnight between the 9th and 10th of May, 18— (it is less than thirty-five years ago), there occurred a meeting which, whether for the incongruity of its constituent elements, the difficulties with which it was encompassed, its gloom and mystery, or its actual purpose, has, to the best of the writer's belief, no parallel in social history.

During the period that has since elapsed, many minor particulars have come to light, and supplied the materials for as circumstantial a narrative of this singular transaction as the most curious inquirer could desire.

On the evening of the 8th of May, that is, the day preceding the incident about to be related, the family of Mr. Newton Horsfall, of Cowling Priors, Herts, noticed something unusual in that gentleman's demeanor.

Mr. Horsfall was the representative of an old and loyal county family. Though of somewhat quiet and retiring habits, he was an active county magistrate, and, the previous year, had served the office of high sheriff. Aged, at this period, about

forty-eight, he had married seven years before a lady twenty years his junior, by whom he had a son and daughter.

At dinner, on the day above mentioned, Mr. Horsfall's disturbance seemed to increase. He ate but little, was silent and abstracted, and, contrary to his wont, appeared relieved when his wife's departure left him to his own meditations. He moved restlessly in his chair, got up and paced the room, and, finally, sitting down at a bureau that stood in a corner of the room, fell to examining some papers he selected from its contents. These he divided into two portions, one of which he tore up to the minutest particles, the other he placed under seal and restored to its former place. It was known at an after period that he had also opened and reperused his will.

This done, he rested his head on both hands and resumed his anxious meditations. Suddenly he spoke aloud.

"I will,—yes, I will do it. Yes, come what may, the reproach of being absent shall not attach alone to me. Let danger, let what is worse, ridicule, attend this proceeding, I am of a race that keep their faith, and —"

"Newton!" said a gentle voice, and a white hand glistened on his shoulder. "I have not been your wife for seven years," resumed Mrs. Horsfall, "without learning to read your face. You have a trouble, dear; the first, I hope and believe, you have not permitted me to share. Forgive my eaves-dropping. My anxiety was intolerable. What has happened?"

Mr. Horsfall smiled.

"Happened, my love? Nothing, nothing in the world. The worst is,—the very worst is, that—that—I must leave you for some thirty-six hours, and that, unfortunately, this very night."

"To-night!"

"I understand your consternation, my dear," said her husband, trying to speak lightly; "we have people to dinner to-morrow, and unless they would consent to wait till six in the morning, my Lucy must be host and hostess too."

"O Newton, it is impossible!"

"Try."

"But will you tell me nothing more?"

"Every word, dear; but not now."

"Newton, I have a petition to make to you."

"Speak it, love."

"Take me with you."

"Not if,—ahem—my dear, it is impossible," said the magistrate. "You must remain to receive our friends, and assure them that nothing short of business that would not brook an hour's delay compelled me to be absent from my post. Now, if you love me, not another question. Ring the bell, like a sensible woman, and order the carriage at four."

"Four in the morning?" ejaculated Mrs. Horsfall, faintly, and burst into tears.

"The idea is terrible," said the magistrate, smiling; "but take courage. Duty calls."

"May I go with you part of the way?"

"To London? Certainly, if you wish it. All the way."

It was not in his very gentlest accents that Jacob Gould, the coachman, acquainted his pampered horses with the astounding fact that they were required to turn out of their comfortable nests, as he himself had done, at four in the morning. As for Mr. Horsfall himself, now that he had apparently resolved upon his course of action, he grew more

cheerful, and jested gayly with his wife as he put her into the carriage. At the top of Regent Street he stopped the carriage and beckoned to a hackney coach.

"God bless you, my love!" he cried, leaning from the window: and, adding a word of direction to the driver, was jolted away.

"Where did your master say, Robert?" asked Mrs. Horsfall.

"Why? seller, Piccadilly, 'm," retorted Robert, with a slight cough, meant to intimate that travelling so early did not agree with him.

"I will alight here also," said Mrs. Horsfall. "Let the carriage be put up for an hour or two. You and Jacob get some breakfast, then return home, and see that the letters I have left be delivered immediately. I shall not be back until to-morrow, with your master. Call that coach."

"Piccadilly," was the direction she gave, but, stopping the coach in a minute or two, she asked the driver what was the White Horse Cellar.

"Place wheer the Brighton coaches plies from," was the answer.

"Drive to the Elephant and Castle," said Mrs. Horsfall, "and be quick."

"Is there a Brighton coach about to start?" Mrs. Horsfall inquired, eagerly, as they mingled with the mass of coaches which, at that period congregated round the well-known hostel.

"Yes, 'm, the Age, in a moment; — one inside?" telegraphed a porter to the Brighton driver, who nodded.

Mrs. Horsfall was in her place in a moment, and whisking along through Tooting, half an hour ahead of her husband, supposing, indeed, he had taken that road. But she was far from content with herself. Twenty times, during the journey, she wished the step untaken. As often she succeeded in persuading herself that her disobedience was pardonable, and preferable, whatever its consequence, to the anxiety she would have had to endure; for that her husband was bound on an expedition of danger, she entertained no manner of doubt.

It was a period of discontent, and much uneasiness. From causes not necessary here to recall, the working classes in several counties had allowed themselves to be moved to serious outrage. Incendiarism was the order of the day, or night, and it was no uncommon thing to see the horizon lit up in twenty places with the fires that guilty hands had kindled. Everywhere there was a vague apprehension of a visit from the "mob," which noun of multitude was supposed to be prowling about, burning and pillaging the houses of the rich, and, in more than one instance, justifying the fear. Mrs. Horsfall trembled, as it occurred to her that her husband's excursion was connected with the repression of these disturbances.

She had resolved upon her course of action; and, accordingly, quitted the coach at a small hotel at the very entrance of Brighton, at which most of the coaches halted for a moment. Here she obtained an apartment facing the road, and, shrouded in the curtains, set herself to scrutinize the passengers of each vehicle, as they successively arrived.

The vigil was tedious, but, at six o'clock, her patience was rewarded. As the Red Rover dashed up to the door, the familiar face was discernible at the coachman's side.

Mrs. Horsfall had concluded that he would certainly go on to Castle Square, and had prepared

herself to step into a fly, and follow. To her astonishment, however, if not alarm, he quietly descended, obtained his valise, and entered the same modest hostel in which his wife had already taken refuge.

In the course of the evening, Mrs. Horsfall, by skilful inquiry, contrived to learn that the magistrate had dined, by himself, in the coffee-room, had subsequently smoked a cigar, and, that finished, gone to the play.

"To the —" Mrs. Horsfall had some difficulty in checking her ejaculation of surprise.

But the gentleman would return at eleven; only the porter was not to go to bed, as he was going out again, and might be absent some hours.

Mrs. Horsfall's heart gave a throb.

"That is it, then," she murmured, and sunk into trembling meditation. In this condition we must leave her, and repair to another part of the country.

Doctor S., who at this time presided over an important inland diocese, and was in the prime of intellectual, if not physical life, was a man who never spared himself in his Master's service. It was therefore an unmistakable token of overtaxed energies, when the bishop, sinking into his chair on the evening of the 7th of May, acknowledged that a brief respite from labor would not be unacceptable to him. His wife caught at the idea. For the last few days, a sort of harassed look, not habitual with him, had attracted her attention. He wanted rest.

"How I wish, my dear," said Mrs. S., "that you could escape, if it were but for four or five days, from all hard work! Now I really think that, with the assistance you can command, and —"

"My dear, you anticipate my thought," the good bishop replied. "Nothing would recruit me more effectually than a fair three days' holiday, exclusive of the travelling; a little unfatiguing journey, some whither, — say, towards the sea. I ought, yes, certainly, I ought to do it," he added, half to himself.

"That you ought!" exclaimed his wife, triumphantly. "I shall order William to prepare your things, so that, if you please, we can leave this very day."

"Gently, gently, my dear," said the bishop. "'We!' nay, nay; I must not take all my comforts with me, and expect to find health to boot. It is enough that I find rest, and — and change. I shall make my little expedition entirely alone."

"Alone!" echoed Mrs. S. "My dear, I shall be so nervous."

"On behalf of which of us, my love?" inquired the bishop, laughing. "Come, come, the dangers of the highways are reduced to a minimum. As regards the perils of damp sheets and doubtful fare, I can make your mind easy. I shall ask the hospitality of my cousin, Anna Meadows, at their pretty place near Brighton, and occupy the bachelor's room."

"At least, you will take Charles?"

(Charles was the bishop's nephew, his chaplain and secretary.)

The bishop hesitated. It was clear he purposed to have gone alone, but his wife's tone of entreaty prevailed. Moreover, he was very fond of his nephew.

"Well, well, Charles shall go."

They set off that day, and the next, May the 8th, saw them, to the delight of their amiable

host and hostess, comfortably established at Parkhurst Dene. Mrs. Meadows was, indeed, a little disappointed next morning, when her right reverend guest announced, with some reluctance, that a business engagement of a pressing nature would compel him to absent himself for that evening and night, but that he would return early on the morrow. Except that his destination was Brighton, the bishop added no further particulars, and, the distance being but eight miles, the carriage was not ordered till four o'clock, at which time, accompanied by his nephew, he took his departure. He had made a feeble effort to shake off this faithful companion, but Charles had laughingly reminded him of the promise his aunt had exacted from him, not to lose sight of the bishop till the latter returned in safety. So the prelate had given way.

During the drive, their conversation turned upon the state of the agricultural districts. There had been some threatening of disturbance, and several incendiary fires visible from Brighton; but the presence of a large cavalry force at the latter place kept the fashionable folks entirely at their ease as regarded a visit from the "mob."

After passing through the village of Portslade, the bishop began to scrutinize the locality with keen interest.

"Here are spots," he observed, "in which escape or concealment would not be difficult for these misguided persons, should these ample rick-yards tempt them to fresh crime. We are approaching a still more broken — My friend," added the bishop, taking advantage of the carriage walking up a hill to accost a rustic who was at hand, "do you know Coldstone Bottom — and — and Twin-Tree Lane?"

"I 'low I do," said the man, "whereby I 've lived at Coldstone better nor twenty years. T' other 's to the left, handy."

For the remainder of the drive the bishop was silent and meditative. They were quickly in Brighton, when the bishop drove to the York Hotel, dismissed the carriage, and ordered apartments.

"We will dine together, Charles, at seven," he said to his nephew; "the evening is at your own disposal, for my work, which may possibly detain me to a late hour, admits of no assistance or interference."

There was an emphasis on the latter words that forbade remonstrance. But the Reverend Charles Lileham was sensible of an undefined anxiety which induced him to resolve that, happen what would, he must not let his honored relative wander far from his sight. It was a little before eleven when the bishop, suddenly rising, put on his great-coat, took his hat and stick, and, affectionately pressing his nephew's hand, walked quietly forth alone.

That night, the 9th of May, was a festival one at Brighton. A gentleman of the highest distinction, in his line, was receiving the compliment of what might be justly called a "public" dinner, inasmuch as it was held at the Clenched Fists, Birdcage Lane, North Street, and was open to any gentleman interested in the matter to the amount of three-and-sixpence, liquors not included.

It was well attended, for Mr. William Beekes, far better known as the "Bradford Dumpling," retired champion of England, was the son of a much-respected yeoman farmer in the vicinity, and, though making Bradford the city of his adoption, had never forgotten the peaceful village that gave him birth.

The heads he had punched in youth were, like his own, tinged with gray, — for the Dumpling had attained the (for the ring) patriarchal age of forty-five, — but his visits were hailed with undiminished enthusiasm, and, moreover, this 9th of May was the anniversary of the last great triumph of his professional career.

The festivities were prolonged to a late hour. At that disturbed period it was felt that the usual loyal toasts should be received with double honors, if not with double draughts, and it was past ten o'clock before the chairman arrived at the great toast of the evening.

A song (patriotic), and another (pugilistic), with choruses to both, wound up the evening; when, as closing time approached, it was proposed to escort the ex-champion to his private residence in Burr Alley, West Street, give him three cheers, and dismiss him to his slumbers. But to this little attention the Dumpling opposed a strenuous opposition. He preferred walking home quietly, alone and unrecognized, — indeed, he was *not* going home, leastways, not yet. He had an engagement beyond the town, Patcham way, and it was near upon the time. To the playful comment of one of his friends that it was a "rum start," the Dumpling merely responded with a wink. To another, a little fluttered with drink, who affectionately insisted upon bearing him company whithersoever he was bound, the Dumpling offered just sufficient personal violence to disable him from doing anything of the sort, and, having at length shaken off his friends, strode away. It was at this time nearly half-past eleven.

The same evening Colonel Spurrier, commanding the gallant Hussar regiment at that time occupying Brighton barracks, had dined at the mess. The circumstance was not of frequent occurrence, the colonel being a married man, and having a house in Brunswick Square. During the meal a letter, bearing the police official seal, was delivered to him. The colonel read it with a serious look, but not till later in the evening did he communicate the contents to the officers present. It seemed that the authorities had been warned of the probability of a meeting of the chief promoters of discontent, at some spot near Brighton, and, fearing that the ordinary civil force might prove insufficient to effect the capture, the magistrates requested that a small military detachment might be held in readiness to act in case of need.

The colonel supplemented his information by issuing the necessary directions, and added that he should himself sleep in barracks that night, although, for the next two hours at least, he must unavoidably be absent.

"Perhaps," he added, smiling, as he threw on a cloak and lit his cigar, "I may bring back some information of the enemy's movements. I am not going into the town."

"Permit me, sir," said the young adjutant, "to recommend you not to go entirely unarmed. Your face is known, and if these lurking rascals are in earnest —"

"Well, well; lend me your pistols, Baird," said the colonel, and, thrusting them into his pocket, walked away.

The clock struck eleven as the sentry at the gate saw the colonel suddenly quit the high-road, and strike across the rising grounds in rear of the barracks.

Another event of some interest had signalized this especial evening, the 9th of May, at Brighton.

That admirable comedian, Mr. L., had wound up a starring engagement of six nights, with a benefit that attracted nearly all the play-going world of that gay watering-place. He had acted in three pieces with unsurpassable humor, marked, however, as the night drew on, with a haste and excitement unusual with him, and which did not escape the notice of his fellow-performers. He was perpetually glancing at his watch; fell into quite a passion at a trifling delay between the second and last pieces; ordered a fly to be in waiting at the stage-door, and, the moment the curtain fell (it was then full half-past eleven), threw himself, dressed as he was into the vehicle, and, calling out "Patcham! quick!" drove furiously away, disregarding the very treasurer, who, with his hands full of notes and gold, stood prepared to settle accounts with the fortunate star, in order that the latter might start, as he proposed, early on the morrow.

The traveller who passes old Brighton church, and, crossing the top of the hill, takes a by-path on the right, leading in the direction of Patcham, would, thirty years ago, have traced the windings of a very pretty rural lane, bordered on the one hand by beech and chestnut trees, on the other by a high bank, beyond which cornfields stretched away in the direction of the Dyke downs. Half-way down the lane the path, widening for a few yards, left room for a rude seat, which was under the immediate shelter and protection of two large beech-trees, so precisely similar in shape and size, as to have imparted to the path in question the title of Twin-Tree Lane. It was, at the time of which we speak, a sequestered place enough, and was approachable alike from the high-road through Patcham, and from that which crosses the Old Church hill.

It was a few minutes only short of midnight, on the eventful 9th of May, that a lady, muffled in a cloak and hood, stopped her carriage at the entrance of Patcham, and, desiring the driver to await her return, struck across the fields to the left. The night was fair and still; with occasional bursts of radiance, as the moon struggled from one blue-black cloudbank to another.

Whenever this occurred the lonely wanderer strained her eyes to the utmost, as if in search of some receding object, but seemingly in vain.

At last she paused, and gave a sudden sniff.

"Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in real thankfulness. "That is his pipe! I should know it among a thousand. He must be close before me."

In effect, she fancied she could discern her husband's form not far in advance, and, shrinking closer into the shadow of the hedge, she continued to follow him. At the mouth of what was apparently a wooded lane the guiding shape suddenly disappeared! Mrs. Horsfall hurried forward, and, pausing to listen, thought she could now hear both the step and voice of her husband. He was passing up the lane, evidently with one or more persons, but with little thought of danger, for she heard his frank laugh ring through the quiet air.

"If they should have betrayed him into some ambush!" thought the anxious wife. "He is so unsuspecting!"

The party ahead seemed to make a sudden halt. Instinctively, Mrs. Horsfall shrank toward the border of trees, and, in doing so, almost came in contact with a man who was stepping from them. Fortunately, she did not cry out, and the manner, unmistakably gentlemanly, in which the stranger

tendered his apologies, at once disarmed her fears. He looked at her, however, with a little astonishment, hesitated, then, as if a thought had struck him, said, —

"Is it possible — pray forgive me — that we are here on a similar errand? My name is Lileham, Charles Lileham, a minister of the church."

"Mine is Horsfall," said the lady, quickly. "I — I am in some anxiety about my husband, who is just before us, in company with I know not what dangerous and desperate men. O, what shall we do?"

"For the inoffensive character of one, at least, of his companions, I am prepared to answer," said the young clergyman, with a smile. "It is the Bishop of L., my uncle."

"The bishop!"

"Of his business here at this hour, I am as completely ignorant as you apparently are of Mr. Horsfall's. I fear I am transgressing his wishes in following him thus closely."

"Hark! There are more voices!" exclaimed Mrs. Horsfall. "They seem raised in anger."

"In amusement, rather, if I mistake not," said Mr. Lileham. "But come: if you will accept my guidance, you shall see what is passing. They have assembled under those two large trees. Will you permit me to show you the way?"

Mrs. Horsfall assented. In less than ten minutes they had reached the point indicated by Mr. Lileham. A bright stream of moonlight was pouring right into the recess canopied by the twin trees, and made the singular party therein assembled distinctly visible. It was composed of five individuals, seated on the curved bench, engaged in earnest and animated discussion. In the centre might be recognized the reverend and stately form of the Bishop of L., immediately on whose right sat the Bradford Dumpling, supported in his turn by Mr. Newton Horsfall, of Cowling Priors, Herts. On the left of the prelate might be seen the familiar, mirth-awakening lineaments of Mr. L., the celebrated low comedian, flanked by the commanding presence of Colonel Reginald Spurrier, of the —th Hussars.

The subject of their conversation was manifestly of the deepest interest. Of what could they possibly be talking? And why, — O, why this mystery? Mrs. Horsfall saw that her companion was as puzzled as herself, and that his countenance had become very serious indeed.

Suddenly they saw the colonel start to his feet. A horse-tramp approached from below, and his quick ear had been the first to catch the sound.

"I fear we are suspected," he said aloud. "Listen. I thought so. They are upon us from both sides!"

And in truth, next moment, an armed horse-patrol rode in from either side, and halted in the front of the party beneath the trees.

"Pleasant night, gentlemen," said the first patrol. "Curious time, though, to be sittin' here, ain't it?"

Mr. Horsfall conceded, in the name of himself and friends, that it *might* seem a curious time, but at the same time, inquired what business that was of the officer's?

"My business is to obey orders, that's all," replied the man. "And one of 'em is to perwert any gatherings at night we don't know the meaning of. It's our duty, gentlemen, to demand your names and occupations, preparatory to requesting you to move on."

"The man is right," said the bishop. "I could

have wished it otherwise, but the fault is our own. My friend, I am a churchman. My name is S., Doctor S., Bishop of L."

"Wery likely," was the reply. "And this here gent" (pointing to the Dumpling), "he's the Lord Mayor of London, I suppose?"

"Come, my man, you are mistaken," said Colonel Spurrier, striding out into the full moonlight. "If you are unacquainted with the face of the reverend gentlemen, perhaps you know mine?"

He took off his hat.

"Colonel Spurrier!" cried the men, saluting.

"This is Mr. Horsfall, a magistrate of Hertfordshire," resumed the colonel. "My other two friends are already known to you."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the patrol. "There was notice give, you see, of a hillegal meeting to-night, near Brighton, and seeing parties pinting this way, we thought we was down upon 'em. Whatever you was a-doing here's best known to yourselves."

"Stay," said the bishop; "I feel that some fuller explanation is needed. Whatever jesting comments our meeting may provoke, I for one am content to bear them, for the pleasure it has afforded me. Have I your permission, gentlemen to state the facts?"

Every one consenting, the bishop continued:—

"We five whom you find assembled here were in early youth schoolmates at an establishment situated at no great distance from the spot on which we stand. Twin-Tree Lane, as I find it is still called, was a favorite half-holiday resort. Here we discussed our school affairs, or speculated upon the wide, uncertain future that awaited us in the tumult of the world. The death of our excellent master caused the sudden dispersion of the school, and it was on the evening before the general departure that we five, sitting together under our favorite trees, entered into a solemn agreement to meet, if God permitted, that day *thirty* years, at the same spot at midnight, with the purpose of declaring how Providence had hitherto dealt with us in our several ways of life, and comparing our actual experiences with the brilliant hopes of boyhood.

"So far asunder have our duties separated us (I myself for some years presided over a colonial see, and my friend, Colonel Spurrier, has served in India) that for the whole period of thirty years no two of us have ever met together, nor, indeed, so far as I am aware, held communication of any sort. It was a doubt with me whether every member of the party had not long since forgotten this boyish compact. There were also the difficulties that might have arisen, if remembered, in keeping it. But the solemnity with which it was made had left upon my mind, as it did upon others, an abiding impression. My pledge had been given and never withdrawn. I thought of the possibility of one of us at least, faithful to his word, groping his way hither in the faint hope of grasping an old friend's hand, and finding only darkness and a void. I was altogether wrong and mistrustful; here we are, all five, grateful for many mercies, cordially rejoicing to have met again; and, if our vocations in life have been widely diverse, I may, I think, say with truth, that we have wrought in them with honesty and singleness of purpose, without wrong to any, in thought, word, or deed. You are satisfied, my friends?"

The officer bowed, and apologizing for their interference, prepared to move on.

"Not a word," said the bishop; "you have only done your duty. Good night, and may you meet with no less loyal and peaceable men than you have surprised here."

"Here are two more watchers to be forgiven," said a voice familiar to the bishop, as two figures, male and female, suddenly descended into the road, and Mrs. Horsfall, bathed in tears, threw herself into the arms of her astonished husband, while Mr. Lileham, in a few words, explained the anxiety which had prompted their pursuit. Anger was out of the question; a general laugh announced that all was forgiven. Only the bishop attempted to frown, and that was a failure.

THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE.

NOVELS are not more eagerly devoured by the unthinking multitude than the clap-trap written in the present day about women. Pope's famous line, "And fools rush in where angels fear to tread," can be so fitly applied to no other kind of criticism, and, naturally enough, as it requires little else but audacity, and proves extremely lucrative, the crop is abundant. One may safely say that a young author's fortune is made who can abuse women in a lively, ill-natured, and authoritative manner.

Frivolous, discontented, irrational, a creature of whims, a devotee of fashion, a victim of *ennui*, morally, physically, and intellectually feeble,—such is the woman of the present according to the satirists. The marvel is that they wish to see unchanged what they denounce as contemptible. If anything is proposed by which some of these faults must inevitably be eradicated, these consistent critics take affright. Let us keep these angels of perfection as they are, cry they, soft cushions whereon to rest masculine asperities. What would the world be like if womankind were changed from the lovely thing it is? and so on, the inconsequent multitude listening and believing.

Fortunately for all, this kind of writing, like any other form of sensationalism in literature, is of the day only, and will pass away. What has been said so often will tire even the foolish at last, and "we have piped unto you but ye have not danced" will be the lament of these once popular detractors. A great change, moreover, is taking place in public opinion regarding the education of women. The wise are more inclined to weep than laugh over the frivolities of the sex, and see no reason why this as well as any other element of unhappiness should not be eradicated from society. On one great point we imagine alike the serious-minded and the scoffer, the reformer and the epigrammatist, to be at one,—namely, that frivolity is evil and not good. Those who love the truth for truth's sake, and consider each individual life as an important unit of humanity, are bestirring themselves to remedy the evil; those who live without any sense of moral responsibility whatever try to hinder the work from pure selfishness or prejudice. To discuss the numerous schemes on behalf of the better education of women is quite foreign to the purpose of this paper. A few of these have already passed from the ordeal of popular contempt into the sunshine of popular favor; some still in embryo are too rational to meet with opposition from any quarter. Many others will doubtless be proposed when the world is ready for them. To own in the face of these facts that the woman of the future will resemble the woman of the present is to deny the entire sex all capabili-

ty of moral and intellectual growth. If occupation exercises any influence upon the character whatever, — and there is little doubt that it exercises great influence, — generations to come will indeed feel thankful for the change. Deprecating as we do the sweeping assertions of clap-trap critics, we are forced to admit that there is wide room for improvement. Women are not universally so beautiful, so wise and so good as they might be, and it is to the interests of humanity that they should be beautiful, wise, and good. Consider, in the first place, the question of beauty. The more hopeful look forward to the time when something of the old Greek feeling for physical perfection shall have revived, and a simpler and more healthful life shall have fitted women to become mothers of a noble race. In this respect we are wiser than of old; but, though hygiene and common sense have done much for ourselves, they have done much more for our children.

We of the present generation are the offspring of tight-lacing mothers; but small waists, tight shoes, and other abominations are no longer universal. Dress is much better adapted to out-of-door life than formerly. Etiquette has been relaxed, and our young women enjoy a freedom from physical restraint undreamed of by their grandmothers. Health has ceased to be the monopoly of the other sex. Still, the majority of women lead far from wholesome lives; and as beauty is more or less a matter of health, too much can never be said against such abuses of it as are yet in fashion. The worst of these abuses is that they lead to a perversion of taste. Quite naturally the fragile type of beauty has become the standard of the present day, and men admire in real life the lily-cheeked, small-waisted, diaphanous-looking creatures idealized by living artists. When we become accustomed to a nobler kind of beauty we shall attain to a loftier ideal. Men will seek nobility rather than prettiness, strength rather than weakness, physical perfection rather than physical degeneracy, in the women they select as mothers of their children. Artists will rejoice and sculptors will cease to despair when this happy consummation is reached. Let none regard it as chimerical or Utopian. A very little rationalism brought to bear upon daily life would place physical well-being within reach of women of all ranks; and where health leads the way, beauty is seldom slow to follow.

Few will deny that wisdom whose essence is common sense has a large share in determining the happiness of social and domestic life. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the various reforms in female education will have proportionate effect upon the female character, and that the women of the future will differ from the women of the present intellectually as well as physically? Steady culture, increased habits of self-reliance wider views of life and a keener appreciation of the truth for truth's sake, can but enlarge and elevate the whole sex. The obvious inference is that just as a more healthful mode of existence will invigorate and beautify the bodies of women, so a rational mode of existence will strengthen and improve their minds. Frivolity, pettiness, inactivity, and other faults of which men most complain, will make room for opposite qualities; and who shall aver this to be against the interests of humanity? Perhaps nothing causes more domestic unhappiness than downright silliness. A foolish wife will often bring about as much mischief in her husband's home as a persistently evil-tempered one could do, and with the best

intentions in the world is sure to hinder and hamper him upon every occasion. Now silliness is the first stronghold of evil that a good system of education will storm. Just so long as girls are trained to frivolity and irresponsible habits from childhood upwards will they become frivolous and irresponsible wives and mothers.

In granting, then, that the woman of the future must of necessity inherit a large share of physical and intellectual excellence, we are led to extend the same happy prophecy to the moral faculties. Women often commit grave as well as small errors, not because they are perverse by nature, but because their reason is at fault; and they fail to recognize the proportionate relation of things. Again, habits of subservience induce a cowardly attitude of mind. Very few women have the courage to be individual. Very few women estimate their own lives of any value in the fullest sense of the word. They know well enough that they have some use as wives, mothers, daughters: but that they can have any share in the well-being of the world does not occur to them. Self-development conveys to their minds something quite apart from the duty of wife, mother, or daughter, while the truth is that self-development embraces every other duty. Ill, therefore, does it become those who satirize women to hinder any efforts made on their behalf, whether educational or social; always remembering this, however, that such efforts are likely to do very little good which tend to make of women weak imitations of men.

A NIGHT WITH KING PHARAOH.

HIRING A DRAGOMAN.

"How I do envy you men!" said Mr. M'Baine, the bluff, pleasant English Consul at Cairo, throwing himself back in his chair, and purring away for a moment or two after he spoke through the cool rose-water in the vase of his narghilé, as he looked at me and Masters. "Bubble bubble," went the water with a sleepy, pleasant sound. I almost fancied myself sitting beside a fountain in Damascus, reading the love-verses of some Persian poet. "Here am I" (for the oracle, slowly withdrawing the bright amber mouthpiece, spoke again after a short interval of silence), "here am I, poor devil," he went on, "chained to my desk, signing papers, squabbling about contracts in Arabic, running backwards and forwards to Alexandria to see the Pasha, — never a day to myself; and here are you, young, rich, enthusiastic, going off to explore tombs, climb pyramids, wade through deserts-sands, copy cartouches, follow the very steps of Herodotus; in fact, as the Americans say, 'see the whole elephant'; while I am to be left plodding on at Cairo like an old mill-horse that I am. Is n't it desperate hard, Miss Shepherd?"

The worthy Consul, half an Arab in tastes, here stretched out his gaunt legs, assumed an aggrieved look, and rubbed his stubbly gray beard as if it was a talisman against trouble.

Miss Shepherd, one of three sandy, masculine, clever sisters about to visit Thebes and the First Cataract, replied that she only wished the Consul would accompany them; how delightful it would be! On which all three sisters turned up their eyes simultaneously and raised their hands.

We were a party of English travellers that night at the Consul's, all about to start for the First Cataract. We were going at different times, and in three different boats. Ramsay and Erskine, two en-

thusiastic young Scotch missionaries, first; next Masters and myself; lastly Mrs. Shepherd and her delightful daughters.

The Consul's large, dim, semi-oriental room had pierced lattices instead of windows, and its two large colored Chinese lamps scarcely shed more light than was just sufficient to observe the singularly pale, absorbed face of Erskine, the younger of the two Scotch clergymen, who sat with his eyes fixed intently on a string of tasselled ostrich-eggs that hung from the ceiling in the Arab manner.

I think I had never seen any one who so much resembled that eloquent enthusiast, Irving: the same handsome features, the same silken flow of long black hair, the same fine exalted expression, and all spoiled too by Irving's great defect, a cast — must we say it? — a painful squint, that gave a sinister and almost crazed look to the whole face.

"When do you two gentlemen start?" said Mrs. Shepherd, a good-natured, fussy woman, addressing Erskine and Ramsay; "and can you tell us how much money we ought to take, as I and Laura here differ on the subject?"

"My dear mamma," said the eldest and rather soured Miss Shepherd sarcastically, "how can you tease Mr. Erskine with such questions? You know Murray lays it all down, — twenty pounds for each person for the three months; and Murray is always right."

"You might just as well ask Erskine, Mrs. Shepherd, what horse to bet on for the next Derby," said Ramsay, laughing. "The prophecies about Egypt and the future of the Turk are all Davy here cares for. Well, so you've hired your boat, Barclay — good one — how much?"

"My friend Donovan, the commission agent," I replied, "is coming to-morrow to draw up our contract with Shoolamei. Wonderful creature, Donovan, — a real Irish Samson, up to every move. Our boat is one hundred and fifty ardebs burden, and is to cost forty pounds the month. We shall be second up the river."

"Yes; we start to-morrow, God willing," said Erskine, suddenly leaping into the conversation. "We shall be the first to hear the song of Memnon. O there is a great work to do in Nubia!"

"And we," said Mrs. Shepherd, "shall be third, I suppose. But pray, sir, who was this Mammon? Who was Mammon?"

"How can you, dear mamma, make such awful mistakes!" said the amiable Laura Shepherd. "Why, Memnon was one of the Pharaohs, of course. Mr. M'Baine, will you play us one of those extraordinary Arab airs on that curious sort of lute you have? O do."

The Consul was delighted; he took down a huge Egyptian lute and began an excruciatingly plaintive air, full of remarkable and subtle inflections not over-pleasant to English ears.

"Very singular, most remarkable! O thank you, thank you!" chorused the three Miss Shepherds.

"What a hideous row!" whispered Masters to me, with a sour look of hatred at the unconscious Consul, who kept humming Arabic songs. "Here, I'll give 'em something."

Masters went to the piano, as if at my request, and instantly broke forth into that sprightly, charming Welsh air, "The Bells of Aberdovey."

"Slight, but cheerful," said the Consul patronizingly. "It wants the tenderness of our Oriental music. Mr. Erskine, do you play?"

"O yes, he plays delightfully," said the Misses Shepherd.

"I am fond of music," said the young clergyman, gravely rhapsodizing; "but I fear my taste is an exceptional one. I like only old church music, and most especially the hymns of our early church. They seem to me like the voices of denouncing angels; they fill the air with prophecies of sorrow and doom; they speak loudly of coming wrath to the persecutor, to the good of beatitude ineffable. While I play, legions of the accursed appear to march and battle round me, till presently one bright note, like a sunbeam, glances across the turmoil, and then at once there rises before my mind the green calm of an unfading paradise."

"He played at Malta four hours without stopping," said Ramsay. "But I tell him it is dangerous for him, for he is not strong; and besides, he is working much too hard just now at his Arabic and Armenian."

"Evidently a tile loose," whispered Masters to me, touching his forehead as he spoke; "he's always at high-pressure."

By this time Erskine had seated himself at the piano and begun to play that grand hymn, the *Dies iræ*. He thundered out its warnings; he shot lightnings of swift-flashing notes across the deeper undercurrent of its threatened judgments; he clashed out screaming sounds as if of souls in torture; he struck the keyboard as if it had been an anvil, — sparks seemed almost to fly forth as he hammered at the bass; he played till the hot drops beaded on his forehead (Mrs. Shepherd slept through it all); he then, I suppose, began to improvise, for no natural piece of music could ever have been so long, and gave us what must have been warnings of a new crusade, for there was oriental battle-music in it, and charges of horse, French and English marches, file-firing and sabre-clashing; lastly he performed what he called "the Resurrection of the East." On, on he went, it seemed hours, till all at once his fingers relaxed, his eyes glazed, and he fell back senseless on the floor. He had fainted, as I had feared he would.

"Mad as a March hare!" said Masters scornfully, spirting a fusee as we went out of the Consul's door. "I would n't be in Ramsay's shoes for a couple of hundreds. I can't think how that mad duffer could let those Shepherd women egg him on to such a crack-brain display of himself. Suppose I'd gone on with the 'Bells of Aberdovey' all night; why, they'd have had me in the madhouse long before this. By the by, how Ramsay carried on with that younger Miss Shepherd, — decent girl, but not my sort; and did n't old M'Baine scowl when I talked too loud! Hang me if I darken his doors again, the old Turk! But look, there are Erskine and Ramsay crossing the corner of the Usbeckesh; he is spouting, I do believe, even now. Look at him, — only just look at the man."

I turned to look, and saw Erskine standing, a tall, dark figure, waving his hand at the great moon, that, large and bright, shone out with a lustre and purity only to be seen in the East. Ramsay was urging him forward.

"If old M'Baine ever gave anybody anything stronger than sherbet, I should call that fellow half-seas-over," said Masters. "That's just the sort of man who would throw up a good living in England to go out and hobnob with cannibal idiots two thousand miles off. He'll be trying to convert the

Pasha next, or denouncing polygamy in the Sultan's harem. He actually longs to lose his head. I do think he'd try and turn the Pope out of St. Peter's with his own hands. O, there's a tile off, no doubt of it. I never did see such a queer fish, such an impracticable, mad lot in all my life. I suspect those Nubians will bring him to grief. He's sure to go preaching about alone. He talks of stopping with them; they'll kill him for his gold watch, or his teeth, or his studs, and there'll be an end of him. For Heaven's sake, let's slip into Zech's first, or we shall have him sitting up jawing all the blessed night over his lefionade about founding a Christian empire in Nubia, or making Rothschild Emperor of Jerusalem. How I do hate that sort of irrational man, with theories no person on earth can understand! Look out, double up, they're turning the corner now."

"O, you're far too hard on Erskine, Masters," I said, as we entered Zech's hotel, and ascended the staircase together *en route* to our bedrooms in that enormous caravanseraï. "He is a fine enthusiastic fellow, and of the true Peter-the-Hermit type. Such men often convert whole nations, and reform the centuries in which they live. If Erskine's health holds out, he will be a great religious reformer."

"Well, I don't like the kind of man, that's all I can say; but we won't quarrel about it, old fellow. Take that chair, light a cheroot, and let's settle our kit on paper, before that amusing wild-beast of a fellow, Donovan, comes. He'll be on us like a typhoon to-morrow early, depend on it, and I want you to see my new Westley Richards."

I awoke at midnight; some one was singing. It was Erskine, two rooms off, chanting passages from the *Stabat Mater*.

Bang, rap, bang, went a slipper at his door. Bare feet paddled down the passage.

"For Heaven's sake, Erskine," cried an agonized and angry voice that I knew to be Masters's, "do get to sleep, and let other people. I hear groaning all down our corridor; go to sleep, man; you've had singing enough, surely, for one night."

Erskine replied diffusely; but what he said I did not hear, for I fell asleep.

A tremendous burst at the door awoke me the next morning; great feet trod the matted floor, a giant's hands shook my bedclothes roughly, and tore aside my mosquito-curtain; a huge coarse red face, not over-clean, crowned with a red tarboosh, glowered on me. It was Donovan, who, drawing a packet from his paletot-pocket, slapped it on the table, and then drank at a draught half a bottle of claret we had left from the night before.

"There's my luggage," he said, in his astoundingly deep voice, — "slippers, shirt-collar, and revolver. Came from Alexandria, my boy, by the night-train, and devilish hungry I am. Do nothing without my steak, — shall eat two this morning. Get up, you spalpeen; here's the contract in Arabic for you to sign."

"But, Donovan," I moaned, wistful of sleeping, "there's no hurry; wait for the dragoman."

"Wait for him!" roared my persecutor, rushing to the door, and shouting in Arabic twice as loud as a bull. "Why, the fellow's down stairs, and the captain too, — brought them both an hour ago. Great rogues; but they're afraid of me. Everything's ready; I never delay things. Flags, pow-

der, shot, wine, biscuits, ink, charcoal, will all come from my store by next train, — save you forty per cent. Saw the Pasha yesterday, by the by, about the right to excavate at Memphis. There was a dirty little Frenchman tried to get a prior permission, just to stop you. He boasted of it as I was going up; so I kicked him out of the palace for his impertinence. The moment the Pasha saw me, 'Donovan,' says he, 'my boy, what the devil have you been doing, kicking this Frenchman? This is a breach of the peace, Donovan,' says he."

The mode of putting the Pasha's remonstrance was so Irish and so intensely absurd that I could restrain myself no longer. I laughed till the bed shook again. Donovan looked amused and sobered for a moment; then he dipped his hand in a side-pocket and drew out an enormous flat-headed monitor-lizard, which he thrust in the face of a German waiter, who just then came in to say our dragoman was below. The German turned pale, shuddered, and fled, much to Donovan's cyclopean delight.

"I've got a vulture and a young hyæna coming for me to-day," he said; "I suppose you can give them a shakedown here. They are presents. I bought them for a friend at Malta. You should have seen me the last time I was here, riding full tilt down the Usbeekesh with a parrot on my shoulders. Every now and then the little dodger would fall off and hop after me. To see the Arab fellows stare! O, I sha'n't forget it. Now, then, you duffers" (here he opened the door and roared down the corridor), "Abou Hoosayn Shoolamei and Ali Reis."

I prayed for mercy. Could n't he wait until I was dressed, and had had my bath?

"Not a moment," said the Whirlwind. "Business is business. What did I come for but to manage the contract for you?"

A sneaking tap at the door, and a mean, fat-faced fellow in a turban thrust in his head deprecatingly.

"Want dragoman, sir? Second Cataract — pound a-day — good testimonial — Sir Smith, Dr. Dredger — Christian man, sir — no cheat."

Donovan snatched up my bootjack, and roared like a hurt lion. "I know you; you're Lezano — the fellow that two American gentlemen tied to the mast and flogged for stealing a bank-note. Vamoose quick, or I'll shy this. You dirty blackguard, — get out of that!"

Sir Smith's dragoman had scarcely gone, when the door again opened, and two men presented themselves. The one was a short thin Maiteese, with a long vulture nose and only one eye; the other, the Arab captain of the boat, — a tall, square-built, sullen fellow, with an air of authority, but evidently a satellite of the one-eyed dragoman, a little, subtle, thievish, hypocritical, servile fellow, with timid, greedy eyes and a weak chin, who kept moving about a great gilt thumb-ring as he spoke, whenever he was not fumbling in the folds of his red sash for his bag of copper-change. They were both evidently nervously anxious to sign the contract.

"Anything gentlemen wished. All rait, Mr. Donovan, as gentlemen wish. Stop where you like. No delay till reach Thebes, but two days for baking bread for the crew. All rait, sir, — make all rait."

"No backshish to crew; boat to be sunk to kill rats before starting," roared Donovan, laying down

each condition with a blow of the bootjack on the table. "Provisions to be first-class" (here Arabic to explain "first-class"), "beds clean, awning to quarter-deck, cat on board, fresh meat as often as possible, small boat to go on shore with, no unnecessary stoppages, crew not to absent themselves without leave, and mind you, Shoolamei, ballast enough, or I'll pull you up before the Consul, every man-jack of you: decks washed every morning, — mind that, you fellow, grinning there, — and plenty to eat, no starving, or I'll thrash you both the first time I meet you. Now, then, sign this. Where's Masters?"

Out whisked the Whirlwind: in he came directly, leading Masters half-dressed, and a hairbrush in each hand.

The dragoman remarked that he could not write.

"You thief of the world," cried Donovan, "who ever thought you could? Come, no shuffling. You'd better treat these gentlemen well, or I'll kill you. Where's your seal? Come, out with it!"

As the dragoman proceeded to wet the seal with ink and stamp his cipher, Donovan became vituperative in Arabic.

"What's that all about?" said Masters, who had been eying the dragoman and his friend with a most sarcastic and suspicious look. "What does that amount to?"

"I told him," said Donovan, stroking his beard, "and swore by the heads of Hassan and Hoosayne, that if he defrauded either of you, or violated his contract, I would drag him before the cadi, and beat him with my own hands; and that when the criers had next to proclaim the daily rise of the inundation, they should end by proclaiming the shame and rascality of Abou Hassan Shoolamei of Cairo, and Ali Reis of Boolak."

Donovan winked fiercely at us as he repeated thisrodomontade.

As soon as the somewhat sinister-looking men had left the room with many solemn oriental leave-takings, I asked Donovan calmly what he really thought of their probable honesty and fidelity.

Masters fixed his eyeglass steadily on Donovan, and paused for a reply.

"Well," said Donovan, "you fellows must n't expect too much. I never yet did find an Arab I could rely on entirely; but I think these two will do, if you keep a firm hand. They're both rogues, like all these dragomans and captains; they'll of course pluck you a little. But they'll be on their guard, I've thrashed so many of them. I nearly killed one fellow, a Syrian, because he tried to burn my boat. I walked into him, you may depend on it. O, there's no fear from Shoolamei. Don't show your money, don't leave any trinkets about; it's a bad plan. They'll tell any lie. Above all, be firm, and don't trust them farther than you can see. As for Erskine and Ramsay, who are gone up the river, they'll have a nice time of it. Those rascals will pull their very eyelashes out. O, they want a firm hand, these Arabs. Ha! you fellows are like young monkeys; you've all your troubles before you. By the by, did I ever tell you how I organized that revolt in Alexandria, when five thousand of my Italians, armed with knives, resisted the Austrians, who wanted to seize some refugees?"

I said, "No."

Masters began violently to brush his hair, and secretly groan; but at that moment the breakfast-gong beat, and we were saved an infliction. The Shepherds at the *table-d'hôte* eyed with profound

astonishment that huge Irishman, with his fez cap and careless dress, his stupendous appetite, his leonine laugh, his loud, declamatory assertions of his own sagacity and prowess, and his chivalrous scowls at any one who stared at him!

We had been fourteen days afloat; the life was pleasant, but still, from the want of exercise, it must be owned, rather monotonous. Miles and miles of earth-bank, through which the great brown river had cut silently its irresistible way. Ramsay and Erskine were on before; the Shepherds followed us. I read Herodotus aloud, while Masters watched at the cabin-window for pelican or wild-duck. He never brought much to the bag, as we could not stop to pick up the birds, and the current ran fast; but still it amused Masters. Day by day we could not help observing that the crew got more sullen, the captain more silent, and the dragoman more insolent and dictatorial. My gravest suspicions were aroused, though I scarcely knew why.

We passed the monastery of Our Lady Mary, on the lower plateau of the Gebel-e-Dayr mountain. A true Egyptian sunset turned the cliff to a ruby color. On the top of the cliff three black specks proved to us that the monks saw us, and were sending out their swimming emissaries; still, none came.

As the sun set in ineffable splendor, we fired our usual evening gun, and in came the malign dragoman with a smoking turcen of our favorite lentil-soup.

"I wish those beggars had swam out to us," said Masters.

"Dirty rogue men," said Shoolamei. "No Christians — humbug men — all they do, scratch, scratch, beg, beg."

Just as he left the cabin we heard a furious splash in the water, angry shouts in Arabic, and cries of "I am a Christian, O hawajee (pilgrims)!"

We ran out, and there was Shoolamei, yellow with rage, beating with a heavy oar at a lean monk who floated on the water, buoyed up on a raft of inflated hide.

The monk, avoiding the blows, screamed and spat, writhed his thick brown body as if he was a water-snake, and shouted his war-cry of mendicancy.

"Why, what's up?" said Masters, angrily.

"This up, this up — bad man — thief man!" said the dragoman, quite beside himself with hatred of the vociferous Christian.

"Lay down that oar!" I said.

"I'll kill him, as if was toad!" replied Shoolamei, striking harder, and inciting the crew also to strike.

"If Shooly does n't stop, I'll tip him over," said I to the captain, who looked on sullenly.

Shoolamei still used the oar, but could scarcely reach the monk.

"Once! Will you stop? Twice! — three times!" I said, and with a strong heave of both hands, the dragoman still striking furiously at the monk, I threw Shoolamei over into the river.

The captain and men dropped their oars, and seemed inclined to make a rush on us. I drew my revolver.

"Fish that man up," I said, "or the monk will strangle him. Touch me, and I'll kill one of you."

Masters ran down for his double-barrelled gun.

The men still looked savage and threatening, but a whisper from the Reis, who was smiling with treacherous cunning, and pretending to laugh at the whole matter, calmed them, and pulling out Shool-

amei and the monk together, they resumed their oars.

Shoolamei appeared vexed, yet contrite; but he muttered when Masters and I laughed at the draggled and miserable appearance he presented. A minute or two more and he was waiting on us and the poor monk with all the obsequiousness of a servant whose very existence depends on his master's pleasure. His one eye was turned almost benignly on us and on our gesticulating guest.

"Now that's what I call a good sort," said Masters, when Shoolamei saw the monk over the boat-side, and watched him swimming back to the monastery of Our Lady Mary, — "bears no malice. I know I should n't have much liked the flying mare you sent him. What a cropper he did go, to be sure! I thought he was never coming up again. Well, he deserved it; for that last kid he bought had been kept far too long. I only wish you had sent the captain in too; for he's a surly beast, and makes a point of not understanding my Arabic, which is ungrateful, for I almost find the beast in tobacco. I believe that what Donovan says is right, — the only way to reason with an Arab is to take him hard between the eyes, and then talk to him."

"We must keep them good friends," I replied, laughing; "but the lesson I gave Shoolamei will do him good, I'm sure. He fancies he is going to get the upper hand, but he isn't. Yet still, somehow, Masters, I don't like the man, and we must watch him closely."

Our first inquiry at Thebes was for Erskine and Ramsay. The latter had gone on alone to the First Cataract. Erskine had gone inland, in order to preach to the natives in some villages in the interior. We had had to tow nearly all the way, and forty days had passed in this tedious operation. The Shepherds' boat we had seen in the distance at Denderah.

"Just like Erskine," said Masters, contemptuously; "anything to be singular. He'll turn hermit next, like — like what's-his-name, who preached the Crusades. Now, then, look here, Shoolamei, about these tombs?"

We had not been ten minutes at Thebes, and here was that excellent but inconsequential fellow, Masters, already proposing, with the true English spirit of business, to begin the tombs. Pleasure with an Englishman always assumes an air of business. It is to be done quickly, punctually, and, if possible, cheaply.

That night we spent at the Egyptian Consul's, in a room every corner of which was packed with mummy-cases. The Consul had some native dancing to amuse us, and discoursed on the splendor of Karnak. We talked of nothing but lotus columns, hieroglyphics, Belzoni's discoveries, obelisks, and the vocal Memnon.

As we rose to take leave, the Consul said to us carelessly, "Had you a good character with your dragoman?"

I told him he had been hired for us by Donovan, whom he knew well. That seemed to entirely satisfy him. I asked him if he had any reason for his question. He replied, "No; only watch him. There was a story or two against him at one time."

LEFT TO DIE.

"Who is to go with us, Shoolamei, to the tombs?" shouted Masters through the cabin-door, the moment

he had leapt out of bed the next morning, and fired off a salute at a passing flock of wild-geese.

A big Nubian helmsman and a little Arab sailor rose up from the deck, where they were feeding out of a great wooden bowl, and grasped their acacia-sticks and their water-bottles ready for a start. Shoolamei and the captain whispered together, then came forward to our cabin-door. They motioned the volunteers back to their meal, and took up the water-bottles and staves.

"We go to tombs — I and the Reis," said the dragoman, with one malign eye looking sourly into space, and one sound eye all benevolence. "We wish good sight to gentlemen in Thebes. We show No. 17 tomb, Belzoni's tomb, high-priest tomb, great tomb, — all right off. Yes, better than boatmen — lazy fellows, know nothing. I and Reis show tomb — any tomb show — yes — best. Get good donkey for gentlemen — English gentlemen like good donkey."

"O, that'll do," said Masters. "We know all about it. English gentlemen like good donkeys, and good dragomans like you; that's about it. Come, fire away with the breakfast, and put up some grub for us, — some limes, mind, and some figs, lots of that stewed apricot stuff, some cold meat, and some hard-boiled eggs."

"How deuced civil that rascal is this morning, Masters!" said I. "I suppose he's afraid we shall have the Consul down on him, eh? He'll be wanting us to do all Thebes in a week. We've cured the fellow, sure enough."

"O, he be hanged! I wont move till I've seen the place from top to toe. We ain't at Thebes every day; and mind this, he sha'n't hurry me to-day; the more he hurries, the more I shall take it quietly; and if he gives us any cheek, down he goes, in the tomb or out of the tomb."

The heat had evidently upset Masters's liver. He was at bay against our lazy captain and our despotically dragoman. Shoolamei had better take care, I thought; for Masters, good-natured as he was, had his rough side, and could hit very hard from the shoulder.

We started directly after breakfast, mounted on donkeys; Shoolamei and the Reis taking our guns in case of a chance jackal among the sand-hills; a Nubian boy carrying our water-bottle, and running behind us, patient and untiring, with a great basket of provisions hanging over his swarthy shoulder. It was very hot even then, and the pure blue of the sky had turned to a sort of brazen glow and glare that only an eagle's eyes could meet with impunity. The sand over which we scuffled returned the glare with interest, and rose in a hot cloud around us if we ventured to urge our donkeys faster than their usual lazy, uncomfortable amble. The boys, their drivers, chattered in Arabic, and ran after us in subservience to Shoolamei and his long javelin of acacia-wood.

I and Masters kept well in front, our bridles of blue beads jangling as we rode first, so as to be able to talk undisturbed. Shoolamei applauded our riding and our spirit, our steeds and our punctuality. He was all smiles. Even the stolid Reis relaxed into approving gestures, and uttered his favorite English phrase, "Yes — all rait — yes!" several hundred times.

"What a famous humor they're in!" I said to Masters. "Rather civil of them, too, coming to save us a guide. I say, Masters, we must give Shoolamei and the others a sheep at the next place."

I really thought the other day we were going to have trouble with the fellow."

"Hang his civility!" said Masters, turning round in his saddle and scowling at unconscious Shoolamei, who, by the by, had now mounted a donkey, as also had the Reis; "some trick or other. I suppose he's going to ask us for more money in advance, or to reconsider the contract, or something of that kind. I don't like the fellow; he's a bad lot, that's my belief; and I shall tell Donovan so."

"Masters, you're a cynic."

"Well, I suppose I am; but I don't like dragomans, that's the fact. By the by, did I tell you that yesterday, as I was counting out the sovereigns in my belt for my Syrian trip, I looked up and saw that one-eyed beast glowering in at me? When he observed me he began cleaning a cabin-window; but I don't think he had come for that. I almost wish, though, I had n't left the belt in the trunk under my bed. I shall wear it again always, as I used to."

"Don't be so suspicious of poor Shoolamei," I said. "How could he help seeing your money? Of course he knows we have money. What of that?"

"Well, I don't know; but still I don't like the fellow, and I'd just as soon he had not seen me put the belt in that small valise."

As we were riding through the rank green fields that spread round the great statue of Memnon, a frightened-looking seller of antiquities from the tombs of the kings met us, and spoke in Arabic to Shoolamei and the Reis.

"What's up, Shoolamei?" said Masters; "the fellow looks as if he'd been bitten by a mad dog."

Shoolamei, who was of no religion, and believed in nothing, stared through his one eye, and said, —

"There was a ghou! seen last week in the tombs of the kings; no guide will go there now." The fellow sneered as he told us this. "Perhaps hyena, eh? — what say? English gentlemen afraid? Turn back — eh?"

"You be hanged!" said Masters, furiously. "If you turn back, I'll have you before the Consul; remember that. I should like to have a fair shot at a ghou! — new idea, eh, Barclay? Come, push on, Shoolamei, or let me. I say, Barclay, isn't it lucky we brought our white umbrellas! It's screeching hot; my brains are being regularly scalloped in the shell."

Presently we reached the burning Valley of the Tombs, with its cavernous rocks, and its wild, desolate scenery, bare, lonely, parched, and torrid. No weed grew there, nor any green thing; the quick brown lizards, glancing over the heaps of sand and broken white plaster, were the only living creatures that we saw, except once, when a scared jackal darted across a distant hill, and ran into a tomb where some Pharaoh had once rested.

We halted at a square dark doorway numbered 20. It was one, we observed, not noticed in *Murray*. Masters got out his red guide-book, and flew into a rage.

"Shoolamei," said he, "we want No. 17, — Belzoni's tomb. This is no use. Come, we will do as we like; you take us to No. 17 right off."

Shoolamei grew obsequious and argumentative.

"Not best first," he said; "no good. Belzoni tomb spoil all. Better see different sorts first, — this very large, curious for first. *Englishmen never see it. They're foolish.*"

"Well, so it is," said I, referring to *Murray*;

"It's the high-priest's tomb, Petemunap (King Horus), eighteenth dynasty. Deuce of a long time ago. Three hundred and twenty feet straight off to first deviation; eight hundred and sixty-two feet altogether from entrance; area, twenty-three thousand eight hundred and nine feet; occupies an acre and a half."

"The deuce it does!" said Masters; "like the cheek of those high-priests. What a pluralist he must have been!"

"Yes," said Shoolamei, "this priest too big, large, very large, mendous room — much hieroglyph — men cooking — men rowing — everything. Better than Belzoni tomb, — much fuss, Belzoni tomb, — not so good — no."

"Well, I suppose we must see it," said Masters. "Give us the candle, Shoolamei, and mind and bring the rope, in case we want to go down anywhere, or the steps are bad. Suppose, Barclay, we were to find a row of mummy kings, or a chest of papyri, with the lost books of Livy, — eh? or a complete Ennius, or some find of that kind; that would be rather jolly, eh?"

There was a good deal of whispering between Shoolamei and the Reis. The Reis was afraid of the ghou!, so Shoolamei said, but at last he consented to go with us. He did so sullenly and almost savagely. The dragoman had some hold over that man that we never could understand, for the Reis always did as he wished, although often after a struggle.

Down we went slowly out of the light, down a broad, broken staircase into the darkness, our path strewn with broken plaster, and encumbered with thick soft sand, detritus, and powdered gypsum. The walls were covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics, brilliant in rich reds, blues, and yellows; kings seated with their fan-bearers, priests, ministers, and soldiers. Trains of slaves and bearers of tribute defiled along the passage, and seemed almost to move as we passed them with our flickering lights. Passages, doorways, more staircases, then oblong chambers, mysterious pits, pillared halls, and intricate nests of small rooms, filled with sculptures representing all the phases of Egyptian life a thousand years ago; glass-blowers, saddlers, curriers, carpenters, chariot-makers, fowlers, husbandmen, boat-builders. Myriads of brown faces had bent over this work, myriads of brown hands had toiled in those gloomy chambers, miles as it seemed away from the burning sunshine of the outer valley.

Sculptured room after room, sculptured passage after passage, sculptured ceiling after ceiling, cell after cell, centuries of careful records of the hopes, toils, ambitions, and vanities of generations of ages since passed to dust. Still unheeded, the silent figures performed their mimicry of life, and recorded the names and deeds of men immortalized, but only within this tomb. The darkness pressed upon us; it moved before us slowly as our candles advanced in solid masses, like huge doors of black marble slid back from the mouth of a sepulchre. As our light moved on, fresh troops of quaint red figures and hieroglyphics appeared, approached, and faded again into the darkness. It was a gigantic but useless effort of man's ambition thus to inurn his body; a stupendous effort of wealth, and of that almost supernatural tenacity of purpose that enabled the Egyptians to rival the Titans and to raise the Pyramids.

"Glad we came here," said Masters, with a great effort to keep his eyeglass steady. "Good fellow,

that Shoolamei. This is a regular find. We'll write to the *Times* about this. I propose, Barclay we do it thoroughly."

"We'll go to the very end, if it takes all day," said I, "though the air is very close. I believe there's never enough foul air to be dangerous in these tombs."

All at once the darkness seemed to widen round us, the ceiling to lift, and we found ourselves in a large hall, supported by six giant columns of barbaric shape.

"This very fine—this good," said Shoolamei, muttering in Arabic to the Reis, as he suddenly scrambled up a heap of dry palm-twigs, and set them on fire with his candle.

"How stunning!" said Masters. "By George, look, old man, this is something like!"

It was indeed an extraordinary scene; the blaze of flame lit up the huge hall, disclosing the colossal colored figures of winged genii that adorned its four walls. On the ceiling a giant Isis and Osiris guarded the broken granite sarcophagus that still stood in the centre, on the edge of a great dark chasm, down which descended two broken staircases. Athor, Horus, and Anubis looked down on us from the vaulting, as the flame had brought them to life, but in the succeeding darkness they again melted away.

We all stood on the edge of the staircases, and looked down as into the entrance of Hades, dark, inscrutable.

"This not ghoul-tomb—that next tomb. Papyri there," said Shoolamei, pointing down; "perhaps treasure. I think king mummy there; perhaps sarcophagus—eh? Try, perhaps, find, eh? What think? Englishmen never here before. I hold rope safe round pillar; take plenty candle. Have lunch first."

As we lunched, Shoolamei and the Reis sat talking apart earnestly, and with side-looks cast at us.

"I'll go in for it," cried Masters, pouring out some wine; "here's to the two future Belzonis!"

"Belzonis,—ha, ha! Very good. What think?" said Shoolamei, laughing in his sour, dry way. "Reis here say you more sense than Belzoni; not afraid to go to end, and find king mummy. If you find, you give poor Shoolamei one guinea, eh?"

"Give you! yes, and my blessing too, you duffer," said Masters, as we finished our luncheon. "I'll stick my candle in the brim of my wide-awake; you do the same, Barclay. Come along. I'll go down first; the walls are quite steep, and I can work down with my feet safe enough to the first landing, wherever that may be."

The two Arabs secured the rope safely at one end, then let the other fall into the darkness.

Masters went down laughing; at about fourteen feet he stopped, and shouted up lustily. The two Arabs laughed together, and I laughed.

"All right, Barclay; come along! There's another staircase here to the right, and we shall have a great find yet. Now, man, come. The hieroglyphs here are wonderful,—as bright as if they were painted yesterday. Here are crocodiles and porcupines, and all sorts of rum fish. Come along, old man; it's quite easy getting down."

I descended too, with my candle in my hat; several more candles were to be lowered by Shoolamei afterwards, in case of accident. I thought once I heard a groan, and Masters laughed when I said it was the ghoul.

I was by his side in a moment or two more. We left our revolvers above.

Masters shouted up,—

"Take care of the rope, you duffers there; we sha'n't be long."

Still up lifted the rope. Already it was beyond our reach.

"Leave the rope alone, you fools there!" shouted Masters. "Leave it, I tell you, just as it is."

Up still—quick—went the rope; it was now far beyond our reach. We could see Shoolamei grin, and the Reis show his great yellow horse-teeth, as he coiled the rope up slowly.

"Now, then, English gentlemen," cried Shoolamei, kneeling on the edge of the chasm, and looking down sneeringly, "good by to you. No more call Arab fool Arab, ass Arab; him very good man now, if he give rope, eh? By and by, cold, hungry,—then go to sleep cumf'able. Large bed there, plenty of room with King. Shoolamei take care of your money. Reis wish you good night. Any message to Cairo? You fool, gentlemen, now—English—eh, what think?"

All became dark for a moment, then the light reappeared, and the two hideous, mocking faces, illuminated with the light, were thrust over the edge of the pit.

"All rait, gentlemen?" said Shoolamei. "All very cumf'able down there? No one come here to disturb you; no traveller, no Englishman, ever come here. We go back; take boat. Say to Consul, left you mile down below Karnac, get safe to Boolac, sell boat there, take train to Alexandria, go off and spend money. O you fool Englishmen! how you like dragoman's trick now, eh?—how you like it? Good by. Call Shoolamei when you want anything, ass, thief. Dragoman you tried to drown sure to come."

There was a-bellow of cruel, mocking laughter,—the light passed away. We were left alone there forever,—left slowly to die in that tomb, hopeless. Our death would be lingering, but it was certain. We heard a distant laugh recede; then came a deeper and more terrible silence.

O, the ineffable horrors of that moment, as the sense of the certainty of a dreadful death fell upon us like a thunderbolt, and struck us into agonizing despair! I tried to speak; but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and refused to utter the half-cry, half-prayer, to which I was wishing to give utterance. Then rose to my brain a rage and regret almost approaching to madness at having been the dupes of such rascals and murderers, whom with ordinary precaution we could so easily have foiled and overthrown. But was there no hope? None; no glimmer of light came to us in our utter misery. This tomb was never visited. Ramsay and Erskine were by this time probably up at the First Cataract; and the Shepherds, however soon they arrived, were not the sort of travellers who deviate much from the usual track. No; we should die of starvation; unless in some frantic moment of despair we should be tempted to kill one another. Not a moment now passed but it seemed like hours.

I clasped Masters's hand. We were silent for some minutes, then he said solemnly, "Here's a pretty go! I say we are in for it."

"Villain, blackguard, treacherous villain!" I shouted in a tempest of rage, that, however, soon subsided into despair.

We knelt down together, and prayed God to

deliver us. Then we began to try to cut steps in the rock with our pocket-knives, but that was hopeless. Then came hours of torpid despair.

It was night now; I thought, soon will come the gnawing pangs of starvation, the maddening agonies of despair. We should die mad with thirst. Who knew what insane and horrible impulses might not come upon us in that struggle for a few more hours of life? I could have run on the cannon or the bayonets, I could have leaped among shoals of sharks, to save a friend, or in pursuit of my duty; but death here, unpitied and alone, was too horrible. We shouted, we clasped each other's hands again, and prayed, — prayed with silent tears. Our light had long since gone out.

"Hark!" cried Masters suddenly. "What was that?" He sprang to his feet.

There was indeed a sound, as of a footstep; then arose from the darkness of the staircase beneath a verse of an English hymn, sung in a deep, hollow voice.

Gracious God! what could it be? A light came twinkling out of the darkness; then, slowly, a pale, mournful face, bound round with white, like a corpse, came down a long avenue of tombs moving towards us. A long figure, wrapped in white, and with shrouded face, like a Lazarus emerging from the sepulchre, came nearer and nearer, holding a candle in one hand. We could hardly breathe from wonder and fear.

"I come," it said, pointing to the rows of hieroglyphic figures on the nearest wall, "to preach to you, fallen spirits, children of Hades. When the angel spoke to me in the desert, and sent me thither, did I not arise at once to bid you repent, — ye who have not fallen, like Satan, forever? Dead father, whom I knew while I was in sin, trouble me not, for I have no part or lot with you. Leave me, while I go and pronounce the prophecies of mercy and of doom to the great crowned genii in the upper chamber. Osiris, repent! Isis, seek in prayer, and thou shalt obtain mercy. Fallen dominions, great principalities of hell, ponder these things; abandon this howling darkness, this blackness of despair, and follow me to the green paradise, to the river of life, to the unfading happiness. It will be centuries, cycles of centuries, ere God again sends you another warning prophet."

We were at first astonished as by a supernatural event; but before the figure had spoken two words we had recognized those words as English. Before a whole sentence had been uttered we had recognized the speaker as our friend Erskine. In such a place, and at such a crisis, it seemed a direct miracle could alone have sent him there. Were we dreaming? Masters looked at me, and I at Masters. Then we crouched closer into the darkness lest the spectre should see us before we had formed our own conclusions as to his purpose, his humanity, and his destination.

A frantic joy now seized me, and took the place of a ghastly despair. I felt inclined to shout and dance and sing, but that a vivid sense of the imminent danger still pressed upon me. If our reason had not already gone, there was Erskine. Why he had come, we could not guess, nor could we imagine how he had found an entrance to that abyss. Perhaps he, too, had been decoyed there and deserted, and in that case we should but share his death. Perhaps he had gone mad, and had voluntarily descended a place from which there was no rescue. These and similar thoughts rushed in a moment

through my fevered brain, over whose turbulent sea Hope once again cast its deceitful sun-gleam. I roused Masters from the torpor into which he had sunk.

As we stood there, Erskine — for it was indeed that mad enthusiast — sat down twenty feet off, at the entrance to a dark passage we had not before noticed, and began to sing that beautiful old hymn, "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." His fine voice rang through that great chambered tomb.

There was hope for us now Erskine had found his way there, — perhaps had taken up his abode there, in some fit of temporary insanity. Perhaps he would be able to find his way out. We debated whether we should at once leap out on him, and force him to be our guide. But our only candle was burned out, and our matches were expended in our searching. If, in the struggle, Erskine's candle should also become extinguished, a fresh frenzy might come on, and he might either refuse to allow our escape, or lose his way in the darkness.

I muttered in a low voice some Arabic words. Erskine turned, and began to descend a staircase.

"Follow him," said Masters; "let's follow him. He is mad, — stark mad, you see; but still he may have some means of getting out; he fancies he has been sent to convert the souls in Hades. He is living here among the tombs; he must have got some secret way out. He could not sing like that if he was starving, — I defy him. Look, he does not see us yet."

"There is hope, Masters; I feel there is," said I. "See, he turns into that hall to the left; yes, he must have a way of getting out."

"Yes, God in his goodness be thanked! He must have been the ghoul, then, the people saw."

We followed, taking off our shoes to tread softly, lest he might mistake us for some of his spirit-congregation, and turn and fly, leaving us to a fate too horrible to be thought of.

We followed him down passages that seemed endless, all far lower than the level of the tombs from which we had descended. Had he, too, been left there to perish? Suddenly he turned a corner, and his candle disappeared. To our infinite horror, when we turned the corner too, in our hot but silent pursuit, we could not see the light of Erskine's candle, nor hear his voice or his footsteps.

We now gave ourselves up for lost. Erskine must have seen us, and eluded us; or he had fainted, and was dying in a fit. Suddenly my hand, moving along the wall, detected an opening broken through, and a passage beyond.

"Hurrah, Masters! cheer up, old boy!" I said. "I'm on the right track now, — he certainly must have slipped through here."

In a moment we were through. We turned a corner; the light of day fell on us, — blessed, glorious light of hope and life! There was a broken staircase leading into the valley. Erskine was ascending. When he saw us, he screamed insanely, and fell on his knees, with his hands raised to heaven.

"I know you," he said; "you are sent by the prince of the power of the air to tempt me back to earth; but I will not come. My mission is to preach to the dead in Hades. No, no."

We leapt on the madman, and secured him as he was about to fly from us into a neighboring tomb.

Suddenly, at a turn of the valley, at the mouth of the famous Belzoni tomb, in the shadow of the entrance, we came upon an English party lunching, near a fire at which some Arabs were making cof-

fee. They rose when we approached, and greeted us warmly.

"But, my boys, what in the wide world are ye doing, dragging about Poor Erskine? O, I see, there's something wrong about him. Why, the Consul told us you'd gone off to Karnac. Here, let me see to Erskine."

Yes, it was that raging lion Donovan, and a friend, and the enchanting Shepherds. Donovan had started, on a sudden impulse, crocodile-shooting with a young Dublin-University man.

"Well, we are charmed with everything," said Mrs. Shepherd, as fussy as ever; "and so delighted to meet you and Mr. Masters. And where is that dear, clever, affectionate dragoman of yours?"

I briefly related my adventure, and explained how Shoolamei and the worthy Reis had tempted us into a trap, then decamped, leaving us to what they considered certain death.

The ladies were horrified at our story, and enraptured at our escape. Poor Erskine grew gradually calmer in their society, and we gave him into the care of the Consul, who was half a doctor.

Donovan was furious at the treachery of Shoolamei and the Reis; that very night he insisted on starting off in pursuit.

"I'll track them," he said, as he wished us all good by, "to Alexandria; and if I miss the spalpeens there, I'll follow them to Syria, or Greece, or Abyssinia, or any blessed part of the world; and when I find them, I'll beat them to a jelly, then drag them back and get them imprisoned for life. I know the Pasha will do that for me, and they can't afford to bribe themselves off. I say, but you two fellows had a narrow squeak for it. O, you didn't keep a tight hand enough over the dogs. I shall be sure to nab 'em, — I was in the police once."

Donovan fulfilled his promise, sure enough. He caught the two rogues at Malta, and returned with them, and with our money, not much of it spent. The crew owned the plot, and came forward as witnesses. As for poor Erskine, after a brain-fever of long duration, he slowly recovered, and is now, I believe, an active missionary in Lapland. It was a fortunate day for Masters and myself, I've often thought, when his madness took the form of a wish to *dwell among the tombs*.

FOREIGN NOTES.

GLADSTONE has completely recovered from his recent illness.

MAXIMILIAN is to have a gorgeous monument in Maxing near Hietzing.

THE Examiner praises President Grant for the course the American Government has taken relative to Cuba.

A PORTRAIT of Earl Russell when a baby, painted by Lawrence, has just been added to the Louvre Gallery.

MR. MILL'S "Subjection of Women" has appeared in Paris under the title of *L'Assujettissement des Femmes*.

MESSRS. BRADBURY and Evans contradict the report that Punch has been sold. They still remain the sole proprietors of that journal.

THE Musical Standard states that a monument is to be dedicated to the memory of Chopin in Po-

land. The monument is to be erected in Warsaw, and to be executed by M. Godebaki, son-in-law of M. Servais, and sculptor of a successful bust of Rossini.

It is said that Charles Dickens will resume his Readings in the autumn. His farewell series, it will be remembered, was interrupted by his ill-health.

MR. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON's elaborate paper on "Emigration," in the August number of *The Fortnightly Review*, has attracted considerable attention abroad.

NEWSPAPER literature has even invaded the Turkish harem. The *Zeraki* of Stamboul now issues an edition *de luxe*, printed on fine tinted paper, for exclusive circulation amongst Turkish ladies.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS, the late President of the Confederate States of America, is now making a tour through Scotland, accompanied by Dr. Chas. Mackay. One hardly knows which is to be pitied most.

A DIARY kept by Lord Palmerston, from the year 1827 to probably the later years of his political life, has been recently brought to light, and Lady Palmerston has given the MS. to Sir Henry Bulwer, for the forthcoming life to be published by Mr. Bentley.

AN Englishman who has invented a new life-saving apparatus wishes to be dropped in mid-channel between England and France and to be left to his own resources. The *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks: "Considering the trouble these inventions invariably give, and how seldom they turn out to be of any practical use, it might be as well to make an example for once, and let this gentleman have his own way."

THE foreign journals give the following account of the duel between Mr. Reginald Russell and M. de la Poeze:—

"Small swords were chosen, and it was agreed that the fight should continue till one of the men was incapable of holding his weapon. A couple of pocket-handkerchiefs having been thrown on the ground at a distance of twenty paces from each other to mark the lines to which either party might give way, swords were crossed, and on the word *allez* being given the combat commenced. M. de la Poeze attacked with such vigor that he exposed himself to his adversary and received a wound in the neck, but as it was simply a scratch, from which the blood, however, flowed rather freely, the fight went on. Again the Frenchman assumed the offensive, and again he was touched by his adversary's sword, this time in the arm, but the hurt was trivial, and a third appeal was made to the god of battles. Regardless of his punishment, M. de la Poeze again forced the fighting, and with such vigor that he drove Mr. Russell to within a yard of his handkerchief; the latter gentleman now thought it high time to change his tactics, and making a successful lunge, he wounded his antagonist in the chest. M. de la Poeze fell, and the affair was over. The victim in this encounter, though slightly touched in one of the lungs, is not thought to be in danger, and before Mr. Russell left the ground he desired to shake hands with him. The Helen of the quarrel has gone to Germany to drink the waters."

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A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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"JUVENTUS MUNDI."*

THE first Minister of the Crown lately produced, at the most critical moment of a critical session of Parliament, a new work on a subject of difficult antiquarian scholarship. The achievement, as so stated, is a remarkable one. Mr. Gladstone affords a highly remarkable instance of versatility in industry, of that habit of mind which for relief seeks no relaxation, but only what may be described as a change of tension. It would, however, be a poor compliment to Mr. Gladstone to discuss either division of his labors with the other division before our eyes, — to remind ourselves that his politics and his scholarship taken separately, are only parts of a feat of double activity, and to assume that, as such, they demand lenience of separate criticism. Neither politics nor scholarship are things that can be done by halves. When, therefore, we find a Prime Minister who is also a Homeric commentator, we expect, in justification of such duality, that his administration on the one hand and his commentaries on the other shall be as well done as if he were pure statesman or pure scholar. Every one admits this so far as the politics are concerned. No one would think of congratulating Mr. Gladstone on the comparative merit of his Irish Church Bill, considering the pressure of his classical pursuits. But the same principle does not find equal recognition in the case of learning. Although the days are past when learning was supposed to have received a compliment if men in high places condescended to meddle with her, there is yet a strong disposition to receive with indulgence a work of hard scholarship from the hand of the foremost statesman of his time. That Mr. Gladstone stands in need of such especial indulgence we by no means say. On the contrary, whatever faults we have to find with his work, lack of thoroughness or pains will not be among them. But it is necessary to premise that in treating of the present book we decline to take into account, what in a general estimate of its author's powers we should be bound to insist on, the difficult circumstances of its production; and that we propose to deal with it simply in its relation to the subjects which it handles, simply as a contribution, no matter by whom made, to European scholarship.

The romantic title "*Juventus Mundi*" might have led some readers to look in the present book for a new and complete historical picture or imaginative synthesis collected from the monuments of

antiquity, and setting forth in a fresh or clearer light the early glories of Hellas.

That is not what on examining the book we find. What we find is a reproduction, much abridged throughout, and in some parts seriously modified, of the author's large work, published ten years ago, — "*Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*," — a work strictly analytic in the main, and basing its conclusions on the persevering study of one set of writings only, not on any extended comparison of various writings or other sources of knowledge. "*Juventus Mundi*," then, is a treatise, rigorously compressed in form, and, it may indeed be said, scrupulously bald in style, on the religion, manners, and polity of the early Hellenes, so far as these can be illustrated by an exhaustive analysis of certain poems which are for the purpose assumed to be authentic and historical. Readers of Mr. Gladstone's previous "*Studies*" will be prepared to find that he makes this large assumption on the threshold. It is only too much in the spirit of insular scholarship that Mr. Gladstone remarks, in his first sentence, that "the general opinion holds" the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to be the work of an individual poet, and then proceeds, after some further parley, to adopt that opinion in its rawest form. If by "the general opinion" Mr. Gladstone means the general opinion of the uninformed, he is right in what he says; but uninformed opinion is not of much value in a question of scholarship, and Mr. Gladstone must be aware that since the days of Wolf the weight of opinion among scholars has been very heavily on the other side in this question. The sets of categorical assertions (a) (b) (c), and (a) (b) (c) (d) (e) (f) (g), with which Homeric unity and authenticity are maintained on p. 15, are simply an attempt to carry by force the desired position, and are nowhere, to our mind, at least, made good in the subsequent course of the book. Without adopting the position of any of the more extreme Chorizontes, and without considering the question absolutely foreclosed, we cannot but recognize that the verdict of scholars like Ruhnken, Lachmann, Hermann, and a dozen others, affords the strongest presumption against unity; while, on the other hand, we cannot but feel that the considerations by which English students have generally defended unity have had much more the nature of sentiment and superstition than of proof. As to the critical evidence that consists in assertions of dramatic consistency, artistic keeping, the indefinable stamp of a single genius, and the like, — this, so far as we may trust our own judgment, is, in part at least, the invention of persons

* "*Juventus Mundi: the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age.*"
By the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone.

themselves not to be credited with the finer critical perceptions and sympathetic instincts of literature, and guilty of grave misconception in applying to the spontaneous and unreflecting outbursts of old-world song the standards of a later and a more deliberate poetry. Whether or no Mr. Gladstone may justly be classed among such as these we shall see in the sequel. At present we have only to protest against the off-hand confidence with which he takes for granted at the outset the historical individuality of a personal Homer, author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and of those poems only. Surely, Mr. Paley has abundantly proved, in his valuable if somewhat whimsical preface, that, however much Homer were Homer, the poems of Homer, as understood by the Greeks of the fifth century B. C. meant something totally different from the poems of Homer as understood by the dogmatic defenders of unity in our day.

Granting Mr. Gladstone his Homer, — since without this his scheme would fall to pieces, — we have still further to grant him that Homer wrote of actual events and actual persons; that, saving the introduction of a poetical theurgy, and the use of a certain license in the arrangement and embellishment of his materials, he described the war of Troy as it actually happened. "It cannot be too strongly affirmed that the song of Homer is historic song." Strong affirmation is one thing, and convincing evidence another. That the Homeric poems are historical in so far as they present a vivid picture of Hellenic manners in the age of the early patriarchal monarchies, is of course admitted; but one may wish that, before pronouncing them to be in any other sense historical, Mr. Gladstone had given greater attention to the testimony which has been brought in disproof of such a belief. The error which seems to us to vitiate Mr. Gladstone's Homeric studies, and in great part to render futile the immense labor and ingenuity which he has brought to bear upon them, is in brief this: He starts with a mechanical and, as we think, an unauthorized and indiscreet faith in the Homeric texts taken by themselves. He seems to believe that by collation and classification of the Homeric texts taken by themselves, without reference to external testimony or collateral avenues of knowledge, it is possible to evolve a complete scheme a trustworthy and self-sufficient account of the whole ethnology, religion, manners, and polity of the Greeks of the Heroic age. By reason of this mechanical, this servile adhesion to Homer and nothing but Homer, and of an insufficient or hasty investigation of other sources of knowledge, our author seems to us to involve himself in a labyrinth of misconceptions, to impose sterility on his own labors, to cut himself off deliberately from fellowship with the main army of explorers of the Past. Of other recent explorers, Mr. Gladstone seems to have made himself acquainted almost exclusively with Welcker. The "*Griechische Götterlehre*," of Welcker, the first part of it at any rate, Mr. Gladstone appears to have read; and in certain main points to have given to that distinguished scholar the same kind of mechanical allegiance which he gives to the Homeric texts. In order to make clear what we mean, we must explain what are the characteristic and singular features of Welcker's account of the development of Greek religion, and in what manner Mr. Gladstone follows his guide. Welcker, like some other illustrious students of language and mythology, starts with

the dogma (the wholly arbitrary dogma, as we believe, but that is of no consequence here) of a primitive "Gottesbewusstsein," or intuitive knowledge and worship of a single spiritual deity. The *Dyaus*, Zeus, God in Heaven, of the Aryans, was at first an expression of this inspired primeval monotheism, and it was by a degradation of religion that he became the physical and visible Sky. An Aryan tribe, the Pelasgoi, carried to the shores of Greece and Asia Minor the worship of the physical Sky under the name of Zeus, and associated with it the worship of other physical elements, as *Okeanos*, *Gaea*, *Uranos*, *Heklos*, *Selene*, and the like.

By the Pelasgoi these Nature-Powers were worshipped consciously and directly as Nature-Powers, as actual phenomena or parts of nature, not as human or anthropomorphic deities resident in and ruling over the various parts of nature. But with the immigration of the Hellenic tribes proper came the great anthropomorphic revolution of religion; a revolution which was afterwards symbolized in the strife of the older with the younger gods, and which resulted in the relegation of the gods of the Pelasgian worship to the penal darkness of the underworld, and in the establishment of a new order of religious ideas. The gods of the new Hellenic faith were not the mere forces, beneficent or deadly, of physical nature; they were human, nay spiritual ideals. Their names and attributes had originally, indeed, been drawn from the manifestations of the physical world, — Here from the earth, *Apollo* from the sunlight, *Artemis* from the moon, and so on, — but their physical meaning came to be almost forgotten and lost sight of beneath the abundance of human character and of ethical and psychical symbolism with which the Hellenic genius overlaid them. Of this religious revolution Welcker gives a very eloquent and detailed account. The points in which he differs from other investigators are — the confidence with which he ascribes the original elemental worship to the Pelasgoi, and to no other factor of the later Hellenic aggregate, in spite of the extreme obscurity which is acknowledged to hang over the Pelasgian name; the strong distinction, or rather the positive oppugnancy, which he places between the old worship of nature and the new worship of human immortals resident in and ruling over nature; and the great stress which he lays on the spiritual and ethical superiority of the new worship over the old. In all these points Mr. Gladstone follows him, as we have said, mechanically, as we are almost tempted to say, unintelligently. Mr. Gladstone talks of the Pelasgoi as though we knew with entire precision all about them and their Nature-worship; he imagines a definite, regular, and consciously constructed Olympian system, wholly superseding the worship of Nature-Powers; he admits hardly a hint of nature among his later Hellenic deities. He commits what seems to us the incredible mistake of treating Homer as the architect of a new creed, as the skilful author and organizer of Greek religion as it existed for the next several centuries after him. "Homer was the maker, not only of poems, but also in a degree never equalled by any other poet, 1. Of a language; 2. Of a nation; 3. Of a religion." (Mr. Gladstone, by the way, indulges with a sort of Rabelaisian profusion in such classifications and enumerations, of which this is the shortest, of the things which Homer does and leaves undone.) The mythology of Homer, instead of being a chronicle or a catalogue, is a supreme work of art, that

lives, breathes, and moves, like the metallic statues of his own Hephaistos. And it is precisely the contrast between this wonderful performance and the Theogony of Hesiod which enables us to conceive in some degree the immense power with which the imagination of the Homer operated in shaping the characters of the Olympian gods, in adjusting their relations to one another, and in fixing the conditions of their government of the world, and of their intercourse with the children of men.

This, we believe, involves an entire misconception of the position of the Homeric literature in the history of human thought. Whether it is the production of one or of many, that literature is surely proclaimed by crushing evidence to be, not the expression of a deliberately organizing and constructing mind or minds, but the simple effusion of extant beliefs and traditions; the spontaneous utterance of thoughts already in the air; the poetical embodiment and embellishment of stories already in existence, and owing their existence to the free play, through many generations, of an imagination finding in human agency the readiest account of material phenomena, dallying with its own metaphors, expressing everything that happened in terms of human action, assigning to everything beautiful human limbs and noble human passions, — in short, making of every name a proper name. The race whose imagination worked in this way would be sure one day to produce singers or a singer who should consecrate its thoughts for all time; but it would be in no need of a singer or singers who should be exercised in giving to those thoughts distinctness or coherency, in painfully "shaping," "adjusting," or "fixing," the character of its worship. The Homer of Mr. Gladstone does this. He is a sort of Lord Chamberlain of Olympus. He regulates the dignity and precedence of the several gods and goddesses; he arranges the etiquette and the subordination of the children of Zeus to their father; he decides that Aphrodite, for moral reasons, is to be made contemptible; that Ares is to be represented as a half-brutal bully; that one god is to be allowed to traverse the air without visible means of locomotion, and another not. The minute and careful collection of incidents and comparison of epithets by which Mr. Gladstone establishes the nature of the Olympian regulation in such matters, are things for which he deserves our admiring gratitude; things in themselves most valuable for the student, and capable, if treated from a less dry and unfruitful point of view, of throwing great light on the nature of Hellenic religion. But Mr. Gladstone does not make as much as he might of them. He has laid hold of the essentially jejune conception of an Olympian system rigorously fashioned in imitation of organized polities and families of men, not one fashioning itself freely out of the combined experience and invention of an imaginative race. And when we say freely we do not mean according to no law, since there are, no doubt, laws of mythopoeia as of other things, according to which this fashioning process was unconsciously conducted. But we do mean according to no regulations, no laws consciously imposed and carried out, as Mr. Gladstone seems to apprehend them. Mr. Gladstone is puzzled, nay, scandalized by inconsistencies of genealogy or breaches of family subordination among the gods. Long ago he made the discovery, perfectly accurate in itself, that Athene and Apollo stood in a nearer relation to Zeus than any other of his children, and shared with him certain prerogatives

and privileges which Olympian custom did not allow to the children of Zeus generally.

With that singular turn of ingenuity without imagination which distinguishes him, Mr. Gladstone went about to account for this. Eager to corroborate the Christian revelation with outside testimony, and remembering the Messianic traditions of the Jews which that revelation had been held to fulfil, he bethought himself of finding a connection between Jewish tradition and Hellenic mythology. The Messianic traditions had pointed to the advent or manifestation of a deliverer, who was spoken of sometimes as the Word, sometimes as the Seed of the Woman. Among the deities of the Hellenic worship Zeus might be considered the representative, in a degraded form, of the Semitic Most High. Of his children, Athene and Apollo were held in peculiar honor, and were not as the other gods. Athene had been born without a mother from the head of Zeus; Apollo had been born with mysterious travail from the womb of Leto. Was it not plain that in this twofold form the traditions of a Redeemer had been carried on; that the birth of Athene from the head of Zeus figured the epiphany of the Redeemer as the Word, the birth of Apollo from the womb of Leto his epiphany as the Seed of the Woman? And this being so, the prerogatives of these two deities were sufficiently explained; their exemption in the Homeric poems from physical vulnerability, their character of moral purity, their gift of ubiquity, their potent command over external nature, their conformity to the will of Zeus, their right to wear his aegis. We are sorry to see this theory, — this mare's-nest, since there is no other word for it, — which occupied a considerable place in the previous "Studies," again brought forward in the "Juventus Mundi." The relation of Aryan ideas to Semitic is so dark, and the nature of the Messianic traditions itself so mysterious, that any hypothesis involving them should only be applied in the last necessity. In this case there was no shadow of necessity at all. The explanation of what struck Mr. Gladstone's notice lay at his feet. Athene and Apollo had an initial kinship and an initial title to equality with Zeus, long before the fancy of worshippers had invented an Olympian genealogy; before men had learned to call Apollo the son of Zeus by Leto, or Athene the daughter of Zeus either without a mother or by the Okeanid Metis (a collateral tradition which Mr. Gladstone's method leads him to ignore). Athene and Apollo were incarnations of purifying and beneficent physical light; no wonder that their attributes should have been akin to those of Zeus, who was the incarnation of the general expanse of heaven. In the field of comparative mythology every assertion may be as yet set down as more or less hypothetical; but if we are anywhere on safe ground, it is surely in seeing in Apollo the god of light, as conceived especially in connection with the sun; in Pallas Athene, the goddess of light, as conceived especially with reference to a supposed lucid æther and to all exceptional appearances of atmospheric brilliance. Mr. Gladstone's dry and, as we have ventured to call it, unintelligent acceptance of the outlines of Welcker's system of mythology, leads him to do what Welcker by no means does, to ignore the nucleus of physical meaning which remained in almost every figure of the Greek religion without exception, and about which the later ethical and other meanings gathered themselves with the growth of the reflective powers of the race. There is not a

single exceptional prerogative of Apollo or Athene which does not instantly explain itself by a reference to the original signification of these divinities. Have they the gift of ubiquitous penetration? so have the rays of the sun and the effulgence of the air. Are they pure, beneficent, strong? so are these. Are they intangible to human hands or weapons? so are these. May they wear the ægis? the ægis is the rushing or scudding cloud, the portent of storm, and it would be strange if Sunshine or Daylight might not veil themselves with this. And so on, down to the last of the distinguishing attributes of either deity. We owe Mr. Gladstone thanks for his industrious collation of such attributes, in so far as it serves to confirm our explanation; but we cannot help feeling that his own hypothesis belongs to the class of those which are both improbable in themselves and called in to remove a difficulty that has no existence.

We have dwelt in detail on this particular speculation of Mr. Gladstone's, because it is clearly a favorite one with its author, and because it exemplifies his manner of walking past the obvious reasons of things in his search for their hidden reasons. Nothing can be more valuable, as data for the student, than the tabulation and classification here given us of the results of a textual study of Homer probably more complete than any other man has made; but nothing can in general, as we think, be poorer, thinner, less satisfactory, than the conclusions here drawn from them. In deduction, Mr. Gladstone, we should say, shows a unique combination of caution and extravagance. He is guarded and he is improbable in the same breath. The chapter on Poseidon, and on the part taken by the Phœnicians in forming the early religion and civilization of Greece, seems to us the most convincing, so far as its conclusions are concerned in the book. From the actual text of Homer, Mr. Gladstone derives evidence of what the progress of research is every day making more and more probable, of the great part which the Phœnicians played in the historical development of Greece, by importing into Hellenic communities elements of Semitic culture and Semitic religion, — not the religion of the Messiah, but the religion of Ashtaroth and Melkarth. But even here Mr. Gladstone's restriction of his studies to the text of Homer, and his exclusion of collateral authorities, maintain their cramping influence. Compare his comparatively sterile treatment of this most interesting branch of his subject with the admirably fruitful and suggestive treatment which Dr. Curtius, bringing to bear on it all available light whencesoever, has given to it in the early chapters of his "History of Greece." In short, we find Mr. Gladstone's book, speaking generally, in spite of the great capacity and the severe accuracy which it displays within a certain range, debilitated and poverty-stricken nevertheless, by the narrowness of its method and by what we cannot help calling the perversity of some of its premises. As exemplifying the industry and attainments of its illustrious author, we have at the outset declined to discuss it. As a contribution to European scholarship, we cannot think that it will take very high rank.

"THE DREAM OF MY LIFE."

In recounting what I may safely call the dream of my life, I do not propose to speculate on the origin of dreams in general. Whether those mysterious agencies known under the names of mesmerism,

odid force, or animal magnetism which are said to hold certain temperaments "en rapport" with each other, influencing the sleeping thoughts and everyday actions of life, had anything to do with my particular case, I will not pretend to say; others must judge, if what happened was attributable to such causes, or if it was merely a series of curious coincidences. All I know is, that at Lucerne, some years ago, I dreamed a dream which, heralding as it did, the most important epoch in my career, and foreshadowing my subsequent fate, I am fully justified in looking upon as a most unmistakable portent, and the remarkable circumstances under which it occurred leave it a very open question whether it was the result of mere chance, or whether there are not indeed, certain unknown, and unmeasured influences at work surely but silently around the web of every human existence.

When, at the age of eighteen, I was on the point of commencing a college education, my father died, and to the surprise of every one, instead of leaving me a handsome independence, it was found that his assets were next to "nil." It was an ordinary case, supposed affluence proved to have been absolute poverty, a fair position only upheld, until the desperate struggle with overwhelming odds to keep up appearances was put an end to by death. Naturally, my plans and prospects went with the wreck; I must abandon every scheme of ambition which I had ever nursed, and I must earn my bread. So, instead of going to Oxford, I went into a merchant's counting-house.

I should not perhaps have realized so tangibly this change of fortune, had it not been accompanied by a misery which, to an earnest disposition at the outset of life, is almost overwhelming. I had formed an attachment to the only daughter of the tutor in whose house I was living, whilst being prepared for my Alma Mater. It could scarcely be called an engagement, inasmuch as, although our parents were not averse to the affair, they yet reasonably maintained that we were too young, and it had been settled that if, at the expiration of five years, we were still both of the same mind, no objection should be offered to our union. My father quite approved of my marrying early, saying that, as my prospects were good, if I could find a girl whom I really loved, it mattered little whether she had money or not, and the Rev. Hugh Mollett saw in the alliance all that he could wish for his portionless daughter. Beyond an occasional visit on my part, no communication was to be permitted, and all parties seemed quite satisfied with this arrangement, which had been arrived at just as I was about to leave my tutor's house, and when my father's sudden death shattered the whole fabric.

Many long months elapsed, and still the grief and disappointment, consequent chiefly, as I have hinted, upon the termination which was thus put to my love-affair, were unsubdued. Mollett, who was a sufferer financially by my family troubles, naturally insisted that the slight intercourse proposed should be, together with our future plans, entirely cancelled. He argued, reasonably, that my prospects now no longer warranted the contemplation of matrimony; it was a great question whether I should be able even to keep myself, much less a wife and family. He was deaf to all my appeals and avowals of unswerving fidelity; and gave me no credit for the determination which I declared, if he would only give me time, of yet being able in some degree to retrieve my lost fortunes. If he would

only, I urged, allow me still to look forward to the possession of his daughter's hand, I should have a motive for exertion which nothing else could supply. In a word, I used every argument which my sincere affection for Bertha prompted, and which can be imagined as coming from a lad in the passionate enthusiasm of his first love.

After much correspondence, my letters were at last returned unopened. I was wild, mad with my sorrow! I scraped together what little money I could, and, in a fit of desperation one morning, shipped myself as a steerage passenger on board a vessel bound for the Antipodes. My recent employment as a merchant's clerk had taken me a great deal amongst the docks: I was continually witnessing the departure of the Australian liners. I had frequently speculated on the prospects which a new country offered to men of energy and enterprise in my situation, and now that the only tie which could make England dear to me was entirely broken, I determined to quit her forever, unless I should be able to return and take up the position to which, from my earliest days, I had been taught to believe I was entitled.

Fortune smiled on all my efforts in the new country, not that I especially courted or deserved her favors, for I was indifferent as to how matters went with me for a long while after leaving London. Yet everything I touched literally turned to gold. Making my way to the diggings, I became a most successful adventurer, coming day after day upon vast quantities of the precious ore, and realizing, in a few months, more than many had done in twice the number of years. Like many things in this world, my indifference as to whether I found the gold or not seemed to be the reason for my meeting with it everywhere. My fame as a finder spread, bringing with it its consequent dangers and narrow escapes, the cupidity and lawless state of society in these regions, obliging every one to defend with his life the results of his industry or good luck. Great gain had really not been my original thought in going up there, but I imagined that any merely intellectual, or monotonously routine-like existence in a city, would not half so effectually distract my mind from its settled grief and disappointment as the wild and adventurous life I must necessarily lead in the gold-fields. I found, however, that this was only partially the case. I never forgot my sorrow, but as my wealth increased, by degrees I clung to that, not with any miserly intention, but because it seemed to open the prospect of my some day returning to England a rich man; and if I did so, might I not still make Bertha Mollett my wife? I could not entirely repress the latent hope, and yet I dared not indulge in it; nevertheless, it would sometimes assert itself, and indirectly it undoubtedly had an influence on my future plans.

I spent several years as a digger, paying periodical visits to Melbourne, where I turned the nuggets and dust to the best account. Then I grew weary of the work and the life, my health was not good, and I finally determined to settle in Melbourne, and, if possible, by judicious commercial speculation, complete the fortune of which I had already laid more than a good foundation. My old luck did not forsake me, my ventures were everywhere successful, and, at the end of ten years, I was undoubtedly in a better position, financially, than I ever should have been had all my boyish prospects been fulfilled.

During the latter part of my residence in Melbourne, and when I was seriously thinking of returning home, curiously enough I came across an old schoolfellow, who, like myself, had been prepared for college by Mr. Mollett. He had gone up to Oxford, where, however, having led a wild life, he had come to most unmitigated grief, and, at the time we met, was bound for the diggings. With a beating heart, I could not refrain from making inquiries after the person still dearest to me, and learned, without much surprise, but with an indescribable pang, that she was married.

"Yes," said Jack Judder, "she got over it at last, old boy, or, at any rate, seemed to do so; Mollett drove her straight at the matrimonial fence, and she was obliged to take it 'in her stride,' as we might say in the hunting-field. Very likely he called on her, with whip and spur, but anyhow she answered, and came off an easy winner; won the 'Grand Prix' in a canter, so to speak."

"The 'Grand Prix'?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied, "married the son of a Mossoo fellow, — Frenchman, I think, — queer name, can't remember it! Pombo, or Bombo, — something of that kind, — recollect his bringing the young beggar over one day soon after you were gone, and a pretty bad time of it he had, with his confoundedly affected foreign ways, — more like a lanky girl than a lad, — could n't speak a word of English; in fact, had come to learn it, and as Miss Mollett was the only person in the house who spoke French, naturally he fell in love with her, — desperately, I believe, and his governor (pots of money, you know, — made lace or shawls, or had something to do with silk-worms, I forget which) was caught in the trap which I don't scruple to say old Mollett, miser that he was, was always baiting with his pretty daughter. But she was broken-hearted about you, I verily believe, poor child; never saw a girl harder hit, — only married the foreigner out of desperation, not more than three or four years ago."

This was Judder's sporting and sportive manner of telling me the fate of my boyish love. I could hardly have expected anything else, yet it was a heavy blow, and one from which I did not easily recover. All my good fortune, hard work, and perseverance seemed to have gone for nothing, and for a time I was utterly cast down. Accepting the news with outward calmness, however, I did not even press Judder to try to recall with more certainty the name of the man poor Bertha had married. All my wandering, unsettled habits now returned, and as I no longer had the vaguest object for making more money, I still held to my determination to come to England; indeed, my arrangements for that purpose were partially made, and winding up my affairs, six months later found me at home again.

The sight of the old country made the many memories of former days only more vivid still. The decade which had passed away since I gazed on its receding shores, had, as I have shown, entirely failed in obliterating from my mind the one great cause of my departure, and, now that I was back again, I confess that I found it more difficult than ever to drive away from my thoughts the picture of Bertha as I then knew and loved her. I should not allude to, nor lay so much stress upon this state of my feelings, but for one very curious circumstance. I had never in my life dreamed of her. Throughout the long wretched time of my controversy with her father, and for

months and months after I had left England, and when I thought of nothing but her and my grief for her loss, I never once had a sleeping vision of her, and yet I would have given worlds for one. I used, foolishly, to try to coax myself to sleep in such a mood as could not fail, I thought, to bring it about; often and often I have prayed to see her and to pass in imagination some few moments of happiness in her presence, even though all that sense of desolation and misery which rushes over the soul that has loved and suffered as it wakes from its dream of delight and peace, must inevitably have been my lot. All was in vain, however; the associations, the surroundings of our love were frequently present to me, but in Bertha's absence from the scenes, they seemed to mock my wishes for a glimpse of her. Now again, after this lapse of years, and under my changed condition, I found myself continually dreaming of the old house, of Bertha's father, and of my own old family troubles, but never, under any circumstances, of her. For a long time my mind dwelt constantly upon the peculiarity of this fact, but, by degrees, the remembrance only crossed me at intervals, and I became as free from the old spell as I was ever likely to be.

My wandering, restless disposition, nevertheless, still clung to me, and though established in England, I frequently betook myself to the Continent, and travelling hither and thither simply for amusement, I often passed the whole round of the seasons abroad, lighting upon many localities at the most unfashionable periods. It was during one of these trips, late in the autumn, and when nearly every tourist had departed, that I found myself at Lucerne.

But few visitors lingered at the Schweitzer Hof, although the bright October weather might reasonably have tempted many to prolong their stay, as I did, by the shores of this most lovely of the Swiss lakes. The jagged peaks of Mount Pilatus for days and days stood clear out against a cloudless sky, whilst every seam and furrow, pinewood, and silver torrent, were plainly discernible on the face of its opposite neighbor, the Righi. The lofty chain of the distant Alps, by this time with their snowy garb grown much more ample, was reflected with marvellous precision and beauty on the bosom of the placid inland sea. My enjoyment of the place was so great, that I could do nothing all day but drink in its charms with eyes and heart, and even when night came on, I used to spend many a pleasant hour slowly traversing the old covered bridge with the wooden piles, getting various combinations of form and effect, as the moon lighted up the scene. The visitors' book at the hotel now rarely received any additional names. Here and there only a Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family jotted down the fact that they were returning from North Italy, and were "so sorry that they had not time to spend more than one night at Lucerne during such very pleasant weather"; whilst an occasional Mrs. Jones, and a stray Miss Tomkins or two gave a short history of their holiday trip, "regretting that they had not come here first, that they might have had time to explore the very beautiful scenery of the neighborhood," or made comment in glowing language on the comforts of the house, the civility of its landlord, and the excellence of its cuisine.

I would sometimes amuse myself in the *salle-à-manger*, by glancing through this budget of dull commonplaces, idiotic suggestions, and questionable English supplied by my fellow-countrymen, interspersed as they were at intervals by the sand-

covered entries in that little cramped, queerly twisted hand of the foreigner, which contrasts so quaintly with the large, clearly formed letters, and bold signatures of the Anglo-Saxon. Of course, with so few people travelling, every fresh arrival was easily discerned, and often gave matter for a word or two of gossip from Fritz, the head-waiter, who, like the rest of his class abroad, familiar and garrulous, conceiving that all the English and Americans were naturally intimate with each other, seemed to expect me to take a personal interest in every new-comer.

Returning from a stroll on the old bridge, the evening preceding the day I had fixed for my departure, I entered the *salle-à-manger* of the hotel for some refreshment. There was no one there, but the book lay open on the table near the ink-stand, as if some entry had just been made. I was about to glance at it, when, my eye fell on the latest *Times*, which, proving more attractive, prevented my looking to see if any fresh travellers had passed through during the day. Sitting down to the newspaper, I remember closing the book, and resting my elbow on it for a considerable period, whilst I dallied with the large quill pen, still wet from its recent use; for what followed induced me to recall minutely my slightest actions after I entered the hotel that evening. Fritz, the waiter, did not serve my meal; I read till it was very late, and went straight to my room, just as the lights were being extinguished.

Now, I suppose that for the last twelve years of my life, Bertha Mollett had never been farther from my mind than she was when I laid my head on the pillow that night. I had not thought of her for months; my brain teemed with speculations (far enough removed from old associations) which had been aroused by a stirring political article in the *Times*, and yet, I take it, I had scarcely closed my eyes five minutes, when I dreamed of her; yes, for the very first time, I saw her in my sleep! I knew somehow, instinctively, that it was she, although I could not see her face, for she was sitting with her back towards me, her elbows resting on a table, her head buried in her hands, and her long hair falling in thick masses over her shoulders, entirely hiding the upper part of her figure.

Although, of course, I had never seen her with her hair in this state, and although, as I say, I could not even now distinguish her face, I was yet perfectly conscious of who it was. The apartment where she sat, too, was quite familiar to me. It was as if the old schoolroom had been suddenly transplanted to Lucerne, for I could see, instead of our cricket-field, the moonlit lake and mountains through the open window, the same view, indeed, that there was from the front of the hotel. The furniture, likewise, was changed, and wore a foreign aspect. The floor was carpetless and highly polished; the recess for the bookcase was now much larger, and held, instead of ponderous tomes, a little French bed, with light muslin curtains festooned above it. It appeared to be occupied, and I remember striving in vain to see who was lying there. Everything was perfectly familiar and yet so strange, possessing all that curious combination of the real and unreal which marks such scenes in dreamland; but when at last the sitting figure rose, and turned towards me, it was as if the living woman herself were there!

There was nothing unreal about her! So vivid was the apparition that no doubt could have re-

mained as to her identity. Her face, grown much older, certainly, but as lovely as ever, was, in its ashy paleness, the very picture of despair and misery; her eyes welling over with tears, looked at me piteously, as if appealing for help, whilst stretching one hand towards me, and pointing with the other to the bed, she seemed on the point of speaking; but the next moment she sank back on the chair, and I awoke with a start, and a sensation such as I had never experienced before.

I need hardly say I slept but little more that night. I lay ruminating till daylight upon the strangeness of my dream; strange, under any circumstances, I thought, but doubly so as being the first in which I had ever seen her, and as having happened here, in a spot where there were no associations that could possibly have induced it. It made a great impression on me, and it was only after I had had my breakfast, and had come into contact a little with the outer world, that I began to recover my usual equanimity; yet it so unhinged me that I could not make up my mind to leave Lucerne as I had intended that day. I felt irresistibly chained to the place.

After dinner that evening, when the full moon had risen clear of the mountains, but yet not so high as to prevent her bright rays from stealing partially beneath the roof of the old bridge, I lighted my cigar, and strolled away to my favorite lounge. Here I revelled, as usual, in the quiet and beauty of the hour; not a breath of wind, and scarcely a footstep broke the silence, for your Swiss is early to bed, and there were but few passengers at that time crossing the broad embouchure of the lake, where it seems to repose in its greatest calm ere it rushes forward to its narrow channel, to lose its identity and name in the sparkling river Reuss.

I was leaning over the balustrade, about midway across the bridge, and in one of the broadest floods of moonlight, when the sound of the railway whistle announced the arrival of the last train from Zurich. Then I heard through the still air the omnibus drive away from the station down into the rough-paved streets, but, as the bridge formed a short cut for foot-passengers to the better part of the town, where the Schweitzer Hof stands, it was not unusual for a few returning travellers to take this way. Now I heard echoing on the old wooden planking, hurrying footsteps coming towards me from the direction of the station. By degrees, I fancied that these sounds became mingled with voices, in anxious and earnest converse. As they drew nearer, I could distinctly hear the broken English of Fritz reiterating the words, "No, sare, no, sare; I tell you he was not dead; zay only fear, zay only fear!"

Then there was some question which I could not catch, and with the talk still going on rapidly, the two persons passed into the flood of light where I was standing. Naturally turning to look at them, the foremost face instantly caught my eye; the moon's rays fell straight upon it, and showed me, but very little changed, the stern, hard features of my old Tutor Mollett.

Pondering as I had been over my dream, my mind filled with little else than the thoughts engendered by it, vaguely running over those early days, and all their surroundings, the sudden appearance of Bertha's father scarcely at first surprised me as much as might have been expected; it seemed perfectly natural that he should be at hand. I was more than ever, for the moment, back amongst the

old scenes, and it was only in the course of a minute or so, after he had passed, that I recovered myself sufficiently fully to realize the, to me, extraordinary circumstance. Had he dropped from the clouds, I could not then have been more startled. Was it really he, or only a phantom of my own active imagination? I had been unobserved; so to follow and ascertain, to speak to him, and set all doubt at rest, was my involuntary impulse. A few strides brought me to his side, just as he descended the steps at the end of the bridge and emerged into the full light upon the open "Place."

Time had dealt less gently with me than it had with him, and he did not recognize me when I spoke, but was passing on with a mere glance, as he said, "Excuse me, sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing you, and I am in great haste."

"I see it," I replied, "and I would not venture to intrude under such circumstances, were it not that I cannot refrain from making myself known to you. I am not prompted by mere idle curiosity, — look! Mr. Mollett, look again, do you not remember me?"

We were going straight in the direction of the hotel, and, without stopping, he turned his keen eyes eagerly upon me, and after scrutinizing me again and again, he said, "Yes, yes, I seem to know your face, but I cannot at this moment recall who you are, and I am in such anxiety that you really must pardon my forgetting you. My son-in-law is dangerously ill here in this house; I have been summoned from Zurich, and every moment is of importance if I wish to find him alive; I may even as it is be too late."

With this, reaching the entrance to the Schweitzer Hof, where the landlord was waiting to receive him, Mollett passed rapidly up the staircase with the host without deigning to bestow another word or look upon me.

Thus left alone in the hall with Fritz (for of course I did not attempt to follow), I turned to him with a look of bewildered inquiry. Now it so happened that I had not seen him the whole of this day, and therefore had not been favored with his usual gossip, otherwise I might possibly have been prepared for the sudden apparition of my old tutor, and so perhaps have gained a clew as I now did to the mystery of my dream. I say, perhaps; for I will not be tempted to assert that it was anything more than a coincidence, however difficult it may be to think so.

"Ah! sare!" instantly began my garrulous friend, "I have not had time to-day. Yes, yes, you know him, — I zought you would, you all know each ozer! and zare has been such sad vork! before he come! ze poor lady, too, so distress, — his daughter, — did you see ze book? No! Ah! Bien, I will show you! Madame de Pombéras, French name? Yes, but English writing, — no mistake in zat!" And he hurried me into the *salle-à-manger*, seized the book, opened it, and put his finger triumphantly down on the last entry, made, as I instantly recognized, in the once familiar handwriting of Bertha Mollett! It ran simply, "Monsieur and Madame Binos de Pombéras, en route de Milan à Paris, Octobre 18me."

As I was gazing at it half bewildered, Fritz continued, "Zay arrive last night, ven you vas out, monsieur very ill, go straight to bed, — madame take some supper at zis table, and while she wait, I bring her ze book, — she explain, — she have great fear for her husband, — she vant to get to Zurich, but he would not be able, — zen she go to bed, —

and quite early zis morning monsieur much vorse, — oblige to have doctor, — *he* have great fear, — ze heart, — ze heart, — he says, — must not be moved, — zen she send me to Zurich to fetch her fazer who wait zere to meet zem, — and I just bring him back now; — you know him, — so, — perhaps too you know his daughter, — zay all travel togezer sometimes, — zay have been here before, — ze old man look after his money, — ze money of his 'gendre,' vat you call son-in-law."

Here Fritz was called away, leaving me to ponder over the remarkable coincidence, which fate or some mysterious latent force had seemed to bring about. I need not dwell on what followed. Monsieur Binos de Pombéras died that night, and was buried at Lucerne. I studiously avoided coming in contact with either Bertha or her father, who almost immediately after the funeral left for England, and nearly a year elapsed before I ventured to present myself at the old familiar house.

I at first by no means met with a cordial reception from Mr. Mollett, who now released from all pecuniary need by the wealth inherited by his widowed daughter, had given up his old vocation, and was living in a style very different from that of former days. He drew but one conclusion, of course, from my reappearance on the scene. His selfish instincts evidently shrank from the idea of parting with his daughter again, not so much from the fear of losing her companionship, as from the possibility that through her making a second marriage, he would no longer be able to keep up his present easy and luxurious mode of life.

It was only by very slow degrees that I could make him see that it was Bertha and not her wealth I coveted; the close and narrow heart of the money-worshipping man refusing to believe in anything like disinterested affection. When, however, he was finally convinced that my own means were ample, and that his worldly position would not be interfered with, by my realizing, at last, the dearest wish of my heart, he placed no obstacle in my way, and I need hardly say, that when due time had elapsed, Bertha had nothing to urge against my suit.

Here, then, are the circumstances which led to my present happiness! Were they purely accidental? Had not the visitors' book, with Bertha's handwriting in it, on which I had been leaning that memorable evening at Lucerne, had not the pen which she had then just been using, and with which I had dallied whilst I read the newspaper, some mysterious influence over me, of which I was unconscious at the time?

Had not the fact of my being under the same roof with her, of having entered the *salle-à-manger*, the moment after she quitted it, — nay, even having taken, perhaps, the very chair which she had just vacated, something to do with my dream?

And the dream itself, was it not the result of a prevision, — a seeing, as it were, without eyes, and without presence, what was probably actually taking place in an adjacent chamber? And had I not had this dream, and so have been detained at Lucerne another day, should I ever have married the widow of Monsieur Binos de Pombéras?

ENGLISH YATCHING.

IT is popularly believed that Englishmen have a greater natural liking for the sea than the inhabitants of any other country; and it is generally considered a sufficient explanation in accounting for this

inherent partiality to refer to the insular position of Great Britain. Yet, on reflection, this accidental feature seems unlikely to be the sole cause of such a striking national characteristic; for we find other countries, although not insular, possessed of large seaboard, whose inhabitants evince no special fondness for salt-water whatever. But, however obscure or apparent the cause, there is no denying that the Anglo-Saxon, whether he be on this side of the Atlantic or the other, manifests an interest in maritime pursuits which has no rivalry among the most enterprising of other nations. To how remote a period pre-eminence on the "vasty deep" could be justly claimed for the Anglo-Saxon, we cannot say; but there has been a very potent tradition current for some time past which no doubt authentically declares that "Britannia rules the waves." This will probably be regarded as a very debatable statement, from a certain point of view, but it is unnecessary to consume time in dispute; it is sufficient for our purpose to say, what is indubitably true, that in general extent and importance our maritime interests are much beyond those of any other nation. In combination with, and rising out of, this superiority afloat, we have a minor demonstration which is generally referred to as the "pastime of yachting," and to this branch of the subject we are about to devote some remarks. It is not incumbent to understand the present vastness of our yachting eminence that we should inquire circumstantially into its earliest promotion; it will be enough to know that half a century ago there were probably not more than fifty British yachts afloat, and they were owned by noblemen or gentlemen of independent means; at this date there are at least two thousand yachts on the different club lists, representing in the aggregate fifty thousand tons, and we find it is not at all necessary to be either a duke, a lord, or an admiral, to become a yacht owner; in fact, some of the best yachtsmen of the period are connected with the commerce of the country. It is unlikely that out of these two thousand vessels more than half would be at any one time in actual commission, and during the winter months not, at the most, more than one twentieth; still, there are the yachts, and they are all commissioned and fairly underway for pleasure at one season or another. When half these yachts are in commission, employment is given to at least three thousand seamen, and this fact is often rather ostentatiously alluded to as representing a nursery for the royal navy. The truth is, yachtsmen are generally made out of fishermen, coast-watermen, and the working hands of pilot vessels and coasters, a class of men who are not at all likely to be attracted by the allurements of the R. N. On the other hand, a regular man-of-war's man would be entirely out of place on board a yacht, for almost any service which a regular long-shore loafer would not perform equally well. We recollect when the *America* was matched against the *Alarm*, in 1861, some dispute arose on board the former, and most of the crew left the vessel. This was the morning before the match, and Mr. Decie was compelled to select a scratch crew from whatever material offered. One stalwart fellow presented himself on board, and for weight and strength looked a whole main-halyard purchase in himself. "What have you been used to?" asked the owner. "A man-of-war, sir," proudly answered the candidate, looking down almost contemptuously on the little deck of the *America*. "And were you an able seaman?" in-

terrogated the owner. "Very nearly, sir," was the vague reply; and what particular degree of seamanship that represented may be guessed when we say that the crew, who amongst them numbered seven or eight navy-trained men, came on a wind with balloon jib and topsails, and when trying to get the fore-topsail in let it blow away, and eventually allowed similar freedom to the jib, and this in a fair whole-sail breeze. A yachtsman is a very smart sailor, and for consummate knowledge and expertness in handling a fore-and-aft-rigged vessel, he is without equal. He is highly combative, fights to the last, and always tries to win; in fact, a good racing crew to a gentleman fond of match-sailing is one of the principal charms of yachting. For a good crew a good skipper is required, or match-sailing will be found very unsatisfactory sport; it would be difficult to advise upon this subject, but it may be accepted as an exceptional truth, that the man is of no use as a racing skipper unless he has thorough control over the men, and he must moreover be capable of inspiring them with respect for himself and trust in his judgment to do what will best suit the vessel under existing circumstances. A great deal has been said to the effect that we require a better class of skipper altogether; but this is entirely a mistake. We never hear of one losing a yacht, and we are quite certain the present class of skipper is as much adapted to his vessel as the master of an Australian clipper is to his ship. The latter is excellent in his way, but all his acquirements in navigation would not avail him in a yacht match; and we are afraid, if scientific attainments are sought after in yacht skippers, we shall lose the thoroughly practical seamen we now meet with in charge of yachts.

It is not at all unlikely that our habit of sojourning at the seaside of late years has had a great deal to do with the growth and prosperity of yachting; it is not too much to say that there would be very few men who would keep yachts if our coasts boasted of no livelier places than they did a few years ago, — such as Hull, Yarmouth, Portsmouth, or Sheerness. This influence of the now prevalent fashion is peculiarly apparent across the Channel. A few years ago Frenchmen never dreamt of seaside visiting; now they have their annual marine resorts as we have, and are even becoming yachtsmen. They have a yacht club and, at least, fifty yachts: most of them are of English build, — old vessels, — and some of them are very extraordinary things indeed. One we saw at Havre last summer was a kind of huge wherry of twenty-five tons, with flush deck painted white; no boom to mainsail, mizzen, foresail, and jib, and no topsail. She was nearly as broad as long, and was doubtless about as uncomfortable a thing as any one could go afloat in. She was carvel built, and looked very old, the lands being well filled with pitch and tar. No one on board knew when she was built, or what she was built for; it was enough for them to know that she was then a French yacht. Our neighbors would consider themselves badly off at a fashionable coast town if, having yachts, they had no regatta; consequently, here again they imitate the English, and, we must confess, they very successfully carry out their arrangements. They invite English yachts to compete, with a certain knowledge, if the invitation be accepted, that an English yacht must carry off the prize; but they regard the result with no jealousy, and only hope the example will rouse the nautical enterprise of the nation to furnish something that

can more worthily compete with such an accomplished rival on future occasions. The regattas, although of such recent foundation, we may regard as fairly established annual events. That last season of the *Société des Régates du Havre* was very successful, both in its arrangements, which gave universal satisfaction, and in the number of yachts that competed. There were eight of our crack English cutters there, — the Fiona, Menai, Condor, Sphinx, Vindex, Niobe, Dione, and Phantom; and they were certainly not bored with a long course; and of schooners there were the Aline, Cambria, Gloriana, Albertine, and Egeria, and Julia yawl, besides many others that did not compete. The mode of starting, timing, and calculating time allowances for differences of tonnage were novel and complicated, but they were carried out with such unerring exactness that the very highest satisfaction was given; and, no doubt, Englishmen will be glad to again participate in matches so pleasantly conducted.

The Dieppe Regatta — the first, we believe, held — was not quite so successful, two causes militating against it: it was held during the regatta week of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club at Ryde, and the course chosen was a little too much, even for such prizes as 3,000 f. and a gold medal. The result was that only one English yacht and one French yacht started, and the former obtained a very easy victory. Still, what the French are doing affords very apparent evidence that they are associating themselves with yachting in a thoroughly practical spirit, and in all probability we shall find them a few years hence as perfect in the nautical sport as they have rapidly become adepts on the turf. Only last summer a French nobleman who owns an English-built schooner of one hundred and twenty tons was able to accept a challenge from the owner of an English yacht, to sail from Havre round Cherbourg breakwater and back. It was very bad weather, and the English yacht, through the rottenness of her gear, came to dreadful grief; but, although the Frenchman won, it by no means proved his superiority, as shortly afterwards the same vessels were matched again, and then the English yacht gained a very hollow victory. The French crews seem very willing and plucky, but they take about twice as much time to do a thing as an English crew does, and we expect they must sail a great many matches before they can emulate the smartness of their rivals. Now we have the Frenchman afloat we want him to do one other thing, the better to stimulate amicable rivalry, and that is, — build his own yachts. Contests then, of an international character, will be regarded with increased interest, and the results will be much more satisfactory to the competitors of both nations.

The Russians have a yacht club at St. Petersburg, and the Swedes have one at Stockholm; but neither seem to do much in the way of match-sailing. The St. Petersburg club numbers about a dozen large schooners of English build, and in 1852 they essayed a regatta at Cronstadt, and from the chronicles we have at hand, the two yacht matches sailed were contested with as much interest and spirit as such matches usually are on the English coast. The English cutter, War-hawk, sixty-six tons, Vice-Commander Bartlett, R. L. Y. C., won the first match, and Claymore, schooner, one hundred and fifty tons, M. A. Campbell, won the second: the prizes were two gold vases, value respectively, £120 and £150. The Crimean war interfered with the continuance of these amenities

afloat, and we believe the members of the Imperial yacht club have made no attempt to reinstitute a regatta since 1852, even amongst themselves. Indeed, there are, according to the yacht list of the club, only six yacht owners, beside five members of the Imperial family, and a succession of matches between these would be very dull work. Evidently Russian gentlemen, like most foreigners, discover only discomfort in yachting, and probably are insensible to the charms of keeping a yacht on purpose to be ill in. Nevertheless, we know that many Englishmen have as much natural horror of the sea-saw of the ocean as it is possible for either Russian or Turk to feel, and yet they keep yachts, and are always ill when they are under way. But an Englishman is often a martyr to an uncomfortable fashion, and it is not surprising to find some voluntarily enduring misery for the sake of enjoying the distinction such a characteristic custom as yatching gives.

Notwithstanding that match-sailing gives a certain amount of distinctiveness, vigor, and power of captivity to yachting, it by no means follows that such contests are the sole aim and end of the pastime. On the contrary, yachting is loved and pursued, in some instances, to a fantastic extent, for itself alone; that is, we presume, for the advantage of enjoying the invigorating influences of cruising under a blue sky, and in an uncontaminated atmosphere. The humorist's account of yachting was "living in a chest moored near Margate jetty"; now a yacht, according to the "yacht list," may range in size from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 400 tons, and to live in one of the former tonnage would certainly be living in a very confined space indeed; but a bachelor may find a great deal of comfort in living on board a vessel of 25 tons. Of course there are some owners of large vessels who never live on board, or at least for not more than a day or two at a time, and simply keep yachts because it is the fashion, and for the pleasure of enjoying a few hours' sailing in very fine weather. This can scarcely be called yachting, any more than the mere keeping of hunters by a gentleman could be called fox-hunting. Still, we frequently find that the owner of a yacht, who finds it disagreeable living on board, enters with much zest into yacht matches, and he is generally very fastidious in the matter of his boats, the dress of his crew, and the gilt stripe around his vessel's sides; he is also extremely anxious to get her moored as near as possible to the public promenade or pier, and is sure to have her photographed. Certainly living on board a yacht with half a dozen people is a dreadful trial sometimes, and going on shore is looked upon as a kind of freedom worth making the most of. It is necessarily very close quarters on board, and in such limited space there is no escaping each other; so if matters do not run smoothly, the social aspect must become very awful, and every one labors with the same kind of feeling that a man is suddenly shocked with when in a railway compartment he finds himself sitting opposite an exasperated creditor. This kind of accident ought not to occur in a well-assorted family, but whilst human imperfections endure, small surface troubles will arise in the most ably regulated fraternity. But an ordinary man is not sufficiently a philosopher to eschew living on board his yacht because he dreads the infirmities of his wife's temper, or fears his guests will quarrel over their pet idiosyncrasies, which are sure to become apparent in confinement. An Englishman who keeps a

yacht afloat is not quite such a squeamish animal as this, and if he does not live on board, it is probably because he prefers living on shore.

Match-sailing does not appear to have been followed very systematically until the Royal Thames Club took it in hand about the year 1823. On the Solent, from the time the Royal Yacht Squadron was established in the Waterloo year, regattas were occasionally held; but the yachts sailed without classification or time allowance, and it was soon made apparent that the advantage lay all on the side of the large cutters. Consequently owners, who were fond of being in the van, built enormous "one masters" approaching two hundred tons, such as the old Arundel, Menai, Alarm, Lulworth, and Pearl. Experience soon taught the owners of these vessels that racing such big craft was a very expensive game, and for some years match-sailing was indulged in with very faint zest on the Solent. However, it was pursued with an unwonted degree of liveliness on the Thames between vessels of different classes, ranging from seven to twenty-five tons. Of these, by far the most famous were the *Mystery* of Lord A. Paget and the *Phantom* of Mr. A. O. Wilkinson. The latter is afloat somewhere, and is still one of the fastest of her tonnage. Then there was an equally famous cutter, the *Thought*, which has sailed many a good match against the *Phantom*, and even to this day is famous for her speed. The matches between these vessels were generally sailed from Greenwich to the Nore light-ship and back, and were confined to vessels belonging to the Thames Club; but since 1846 the matches have been thrown open to any vessels belonging to a Royal Yacht Club. This proved to be a most excellent policy, and some very smart vessels straightway went round to the Thames, such as the *Heroine*, *Secret*, *Cynthia*, and *Cygnets*, of about 30 tons each.

But these crack vessels were altogether eclipsed in 1849 by the renowned *Mosquito*, an iron vessel of 50 tons, built and owned by Mr. Mare. This yacht proved a veritable flyer, and for speed was, at that time, much superior to any other cutter afloat in fair whole-sail breezes. In 1850 she beat the resuscitated *Arrow*, then of 84 tons, and the crack cutter of the Solent; but the next year she was very unexpectedly outmatched on the Thames. In June, 1851, the *Volante*, of 50 tons, appeared, having been built, it was said, in a month; at any rate she appeared without copper, having a blackleaded bottom, and her ballast was only stowed in her hull on the morning of the match. Of course she had at that time no internal fittings; but even as she appeared, she was the most marvellous production the yachting world has ever seen. She was built for light top-sail breezes, and it was not expected she would distinguish herself in heavy weather. Her first appearance was an extraordinary success. She beat the *Mosquito* in running down from Erith to the Nore, and went away from her still more in beating back. But there was very little wind; the match lasted ten hours. However, they who were dissatisfied must have been convinced of her superiority during the next week, for she then in a fine breeze fairly beat the *Mosquito* by fifteen seconds, after being kept shaking in the wind twenty minutes whilst her crew were repairing a burst bobstay. There is no doubt these two cutters at that date (1851) represented the very highest excellence in yacht building, and nothing has been produced to surpass them in any marked degree since. It

must be remembered that thirty years ago cutters were very different from what they are now; they then had very full bows and high free board forward, and their greatest beam was considerably forward of midships, tapering off towards the quarters. The mast was stepped well forward, and very large mainsails and booms were necessarily carried. The *Mosquito* and *Volante* were designed on very opposite principles to this; they had sharp runs fore and aft, no rise forward, very sharp bottoms, small beams, and a large quantity of ballast. Their masts were stepped just forward of their midship sections, and they even carried a greater spread of canvas than the vessels of larger beam. Mr. Chamberlayne was of course very dissatisfied to find the *Arrow* so easily beaten by these new cutters, and at once had her lengthened by the bow from his own designs, increasing her tonnage from 84 to 102 tons. She then appeared with, as before, a great deal of beam, small displacement, and very little ballast. Her success was decided, and she reigned the most popular cutter for many years, defying the best productions of yacht builders. Her great point was reaching, and to this day, we believe, there is nothing afloat of her tonnage that is so fast when sailing a couple of points off the wind. But in turning close-hauled—the quality *par excellence* of a sailing-vessel—she was never so good as the sharp-lined and heavily ballasted *Mosquito*, *Volante*, and *Lulworth*, and although she is a fine sea-boat, she is dreadfully slow on a wind if there is much sea disturbance, as the shape of her bow will not allow of her being driven. Of her bad weatherly qualities we had a very striking example, so recently as last summer, during a fine breeze inside the Isle of Wight. In running from Cowes to the Warner light-vessel, she beat the *Christabel* at least a mile; but when they came on the wind the superiority of the stiff little cutter was at once apparent; she laid right through from the Warner to Cowes, whilst the *Arrow* had to make a couple of boards to fetch the same point. However, her splendid reaching powers always gave her one advantage over all other cutters after her alteration, until the advent of the *Fiona*, 78 tons, in 1865, and the *Condor*, 132 tons, and *Oimara*, 165 tons in 1866. Still, it was very gratifying to find a cutter of the old school so defiantly holding her own for so many years, and we should not be at all surprised to find her owner bring her out again, remodelled, as great a triumph as ever. The two fastest cutters of less than 100 tons afloat now, in light topsail breezes, are the *Vanguard* and *Fiona*; but it is by no means certain that either of these could invariably beat the *Mosquito* or *Volante*, with the usual time allowance for excess of tonnage. We thus fail to see that any great progress has been made in the improvement of cutters from the point attained by the two crack vessels of 1851. But although our cutters were so near their present perfection in 1851, schooners at that date had no pretensions to excellence beyond comfort on board and their fine sea-going qualities,—quite enough to recommend them, the stanch lover of cruising will say. But just about that time yacht matches were being revived with such startling vigor and interest, that they attracted the attention of the whole nation, and it was found schooners were so much inferior in weatherly qualities to cutters, that a 50-ton cutter was classed with a 180-ton schooner; even then, unless a reaching wind happened to prevail, the cutter was the most advantageously placed.

Intelligence was probably conveyed across the Atlantic that we were a nation extravagantly fond of yachting and match-sailing, and yet were content with schooners that were extraordinary only for their slowness and indifferent weatherly qualities. There is no doubt that at this date our builders, and especially such a wonderfully shrewd and successful yachtsman as the late Mr. Joseph Weld, were perfectly aware our large yachts were much inferior in model to the then matchless cutters *Mosquito* and *Volante*. The *Alarm*, 193 tons, was probably the best of the large cutters, and the *Titania* represented what must be considered for that date a new class of schooner.

But we must admit we were far behind in excellence, in these examples of a large class of yacht, of what could have been produced. The Americans witnessed this, and availed themselves of an advantage they had obtained in devoting special attention to windward sailing, by sending over in 1851, with a great flourish of trumpets, the schooner yacht *America*, and they found us quite unprepared to compete with her. As we have before said, the *Titania*, of 100 tons, was the best schooner we had, and represented a new school; she was built of iron on the wave-line principle, with a much larger displacement than the *America*, and her rig was very different. She had two topsails, fore staysail, jib, and flying jib. The *America* carried no topsails, excepting a very small main-gaff jib header off a wind, and had no head sails beyond a forestaysail laced to a boom. It is true that she set an outer jib when going free, but even then that was seldom done. It will thus be seen that the *America* had practically but three sails, and they were cut and stood to perfection for windward sailing; the *Titania* had seven working sails, beside squaresails, and moreover we did not at that date properly understand cutting sails for flatness. Besides having an advantage in sails, it must be allowed the *America*'s lines and sections were superior for speed to the *Titania*'s, and indeed her general superiority was so apparent that no one was surprised at her unequivocal triumph when matched against our schooners. But although we so fully admit she was unequalled in this particular way, we are quite satisfied our two crack cutters were more than equal to her in weatherly qualities in moderate weather. When she sailed her first match, and won the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, she beat such cutters as the *Volante*, *Wildfire*, *Arrow*, *Alarm*, and *Aurora*; and the best of the schooners were the *Titania*, *Constance*, *Beatrice*, and *Gypsy Queen*. The course was round the Isle of Wight, and the match lasted ten and a half hours. Of course the wind was paltry, and in turning up the back of the island to the westward the *Arrow* got ashore, but some of the cutters weathered on the *America* whilst the wind held true; still the latter, by good management and good luck, was the first round the Needles, and then, goose-winging, made off up the Solent, whilst the others were half jammed by a tide outside, with scarcely any wind. The result was, the *America* very cleverly won the Squadron Cup, and the next week she unmistakably proved her power over our schooners by beating the *Titania* fifty-one minutes in a twenty miles' run, dead to leeward for the beat back, a fine breeze blowing true in strength and direction. After this achievement she was sold by her owner to Lord de Blaquiere for £4,000, and went up the Mediterranean. The succeeding year she was beaten by the *Mosquito* and *Arrow*, after

an eight hours' match round the island. Of course plenty of excuses were made for her, but we are quite content to believe the cutters were better than the schooner in turning to windward by short boards. However, we had still no schooner that could vie with her acknowledged supremacy in weatherly qualities, although our builders did their best to model one after the great example. At last the Swedes came to the rescue, and sent over the *Sverige*, and she certainly promised to beat the *America*. A match was arranged similar to that sailed by the *Titania*, and the *Sverige* beat the *Yankee* eight minutes in the run before the wind; but the *Swede*, in gybing for the beat back, carried away her main gaff, and although the spar was fished, her mainsail could not be set properly, and the *America* eventually won by twenty-five minutes. After this event, we do not recollect hearing anything of the *America* for many years.

We just now alluded to the endeavors of the builders to produce a schooner that should equal the *America*. They failed; but an English gentleman, in 1853, was more successful. Mr. Joseph Weld correctly appreciated every excellence of the famous *Yankee*, and quite unabashed by her prowess, set to work to produce something that would beat her. He altered his large cutter *Alarm* to a 248 tons schooner, and to this day she is one of the most beautiful and fastest yachts we have. She beat the *America* in 1861; but the latter then appeared under so many deteriorating alterations, and was so wretchedly sailed, that that victory alone would give the *Alarm* no prestige. It is a fact that cannot be disguised, that two private gentlemen, from 1852 to 1865, defied all the skill of our best builders with the *Alarm* schooner and the *Arrow* cutter; the latter, we have already stated, was successfully altered in 1852. The builders soon grew tired of attempting "*Americas*." The only two that were at all successes were the *Gloriana* and *Viking*,—the latter is now owned by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh,—and gradually worked into a style of their own; seeing it so repeatedly manifested that cutters were superior to schooners, they set about making schooners as much like cutters as possible. Their first prominent success was the *Aline*, of 216 tons, built by Camper and Nicholson, in 1859; but she was beaten by the *Alarm*, after a splendid match in half a gale of wind, in 1861.

We do not think they met afterwards; but as neither vessel has been materially altered since that date, there is no reason to suppose the *Alarm* would not again be victorious in a strong wind. We have, however, seen her beaten this season by both the *Cambria*, *Egeria*, and *Guinevere*; but in very light breezes. Still, it was seen that the *Alarm* labored under a certain disadvantage without proportionate benefit, by reason of her raking masts, when running, and Mr. Duppas has now had them stepped nearly upright, the same as the *Cambria*'s, *Egeria*'s, and other schooners. How far she will be benefited by this change we are unable yet to say; but there is no doubt that her shortcomings with the wind quite abaft will be quite removed. Since the *Aline* was built, many other fine and equally fast schooners have been set afloat, such as the *Egeria*, 161 tons, by Wanhill, of Poole; *Pantomime*, 140 tons, and *Cambria*, 199 tons, by Ratsey, of Cowes; *Guinevere*, 294 tons; and *Blue Belle*, 160 tons, by Camper and Nicholson, of Gosport. Now these vessels principally depend upon ballast for stiffness, and

the American yachts are chiefly dependent on beam for a similar quality. We have not much hesitation in saying the English builders are right for gaining really good weatherly qualities in fair weather or foul; and we have small doubt they have at last got the weather gauge of American builders,—that, however, the coming season will in all probability more satisfactorily afford evidence. In the mean time, we are of opinion that English schooners are now better rigged and canvassed, are better as sea boats, and faster sailers, on or off the wind, than any American yacht. And here we cannot help awarding our builders a word of praise for their unwavering perseverance in pursuit of success; nor must we omit to mention how ably, in many cases, the builder's skill has been assisted by the sagacity of owners. We can now fearlessly challenge the Americans for superiority; and we trust they will send us a formidable champion. We do not believe the *Sappho*, which came over last autumn, to be the best our transatlantic friends have; and we confidently expect they can send one that will, at least, fairly distinguish herself.

Thus far we have seen that the arrival of a solitary vessel in our waters in 1851 has exercised a wonderfully beneficial influence on English yacht-building, so far as schooners are concerned; and, although our builders have failed as exact imitators, they have been successful out of the multitude of experiments they made. On the other hand, so far as cutters are concerned, the Americans could teach us nothing in 1851; neither can they at the present time. Perhaps we have arrived as near perfection as possible in this line; yet it seems hard to be satisfied until we have seen a cutter display an equal superiority over all others, on all points, in every strength of wind, from half a gale to light topsail breezes. At present, the two fastest cutters under 100 tons—*Fiona* and *Vanguard*—can be easily beaten by such vessels as the *Menai*, 80 tons; *Sphinx*, 47 tons; or even the old *Marina*, of 65 tons, if they are obliged to sail with a couple of reefs down. This glaring defect seems to be principally owing to their builder's carrying the narrow-beam, sharp-bottom, and heavy-ballasting principles to just that extreme point—as in the bygone days of shifting ballast—where each becomes a positive evil. Now the *Sphinx*—one of Hatcher's many successful cutters—has not only a remarkably powerful hull, but is very fast either on or off the wind, and has fairly beaten, receiving a time allowance, the beautiful *Fiona* in light weather. It therefore seems almost certain that a vessel of double tonnage built on her lines would be more than a match even for such a fleet cutter as the one we have instanced.

We have stated that there is a probability of the rival merits of British and American yachts being again tested during the summer of 1869, a challenge having been sent across the Atlantic by the owner of the *Cambria* schooner. That challenge has been accepted by Mr. Bennett, the owner of a fine schooner called the *Dauntless*; but the stipulated Atlantic course, of not less than 3,000 miles, is not one that is very likely to afford a fair test of merit. Mr. Ashbury's great desire seems to be to receive the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, won by the *America* in 1851, and now held by the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual challenge cup. The commodore of the club (Mr. Stebbing, owner of the *Phantom* schooner) is disposed to give Mr. Ashbury an opportunity of doing this in American waters; and

when the *Cambria* makes the attempt we shall heartily wish her success. But this Atlantic course, excepting for the sake of adventure and possible shipwreck, is a very useless thing to attempt. It is true the Americans, who seem very proud of those very tremendous things, were pretty successful in their match from New York to Cowes in December, 1866; but, at the best, it is a very dismal thing to do; and that event, although attended with such even results, did not in any way prove the superiority of one vessel over another. Indeed, probably the worst vessel won by superior navigation, as the one which was the last to arrive at Cowes was the first to sight the Scilly Isles, and must have won but for the stupidity of her navigator. We can only say, if such a match does take place in September between an English and an American yacht, that our hope is a whole-sail steady head wind prevail; should they have a leading wind abaft the beam, as the *Vesta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Henrietta* had in 1866, there is not much doubt the American yacht will win on that one point of sailing; and, as the *Dauntless* is a third more tonnage than the *Cambria*, chances will be in her favor should they be troubled with a gale during the passage across.

We do not await the result with any great degree of interest, as we apprehend nothing but chance in the contest, both as regards strength and direction of wind and success in navigation. It is, of course, unlikely the vessels will keep within sight of each other more than a few hours, and after the separation takes place we do not even see what interest those on board can take in the match, unless it be wondering if both vessels are blessed with the same kind of weather. We are quite satisfied to let the *Cambria* go as the representative of English yacht-building, and anticipate her triumph in American waters, if a sensible course be chosen, such as the America was favored with on this side of the Atlantic in 1851.

English yacht owners have what are called "Channel matches," such as from the Thames, or Isle of Wight, to the French coast; but they, as a rule, are governed by fluking, and it is quite an exception to see the merits of all the vessels engaged in such struggles fairly tested. Yet it is impossible to feel no interest or excitement over these events, as all the vessels are continually under command of the eye; and so far, in spite of the probable variableness of the motive force, even in so circumscribed a radius as half a dozen miles, it is a hand-to-hand fight. Altogether these Channel matches invest the sport with a certain character, and give that bold flavor to yachting which could not be gained by "pot-hunting" up rivers and creeks. But the danger of having a fluking match is not peculiar to Channel courses, and it is nothing unusual to find vessels "out in a calm" on the Solent, or anywhere else on the British coast. Indeed, we frequently hear of matches at regattas having to be sailed over two or three times on account of the wind's treachery. Yet, so far as our experience and knowledge guide us, the most satisfactorily contested matches have been sailed in what Mr. Bennett calls "inland waters." Channel matches were originally promoted for the avowed purpose of giving yacht owners, who did not care for the ordinary sport afforded by regattas, an opportunity of participating in the excitement of matches with a fair chance of success; but such owners have discovered themselves even here at a disadvantage, as it is found a real racing yacht

has just as much superiority over one fitted for cruising in a Channel match, as she has over one in a match sailed inside the Isle of Wight. It must be understood that a racing yacht, although fitted up with every comfort and luxury for cruising, is much more heavily sparred, canvassed, and ballasted than one merely intended for racing. Their hulls may be equally good, and the difference only exist in the power of propulsion; still, that is sufficient to give an advantage to the racing yacht, and should she be matched against the snugly rigged cruiser, the latter is only likely to distinguish herself when the racer is obliged to take down some reefs.

There is no doubt that match-sailing gives an impetus to yacht-building, and we may safely attribute our present excellence in this particular line to the lively rivalry that has been maintained for the last thirty years among yacht owners. We know many would not keep yachts at all if it were not for racing them; and we have not yet met with the man who, although never racing his yacht, displayed any lack of interest in the sport. The only wonder seems to be that, seeing such a nationally important and extensive institution as yachting receives its primary force from matches, no encouragement, or very scant, should be awarded it in this respect by the State. Queen's Plates are common enough on the turf, and there now they are of little service and little appreciated in these latter days, when anything is better than a "weight for age" race for betting. A Queen's Cup at a yacht club regatta is a thing coveted and contested with zest, and the fortunate winner is sure to ornament his sideboard with the trophy. What the ultimate fate of all the Queen's Plates won on the turf is, we should not like to say; but we may express a fear that they are often only prized for their weight in silver. We should, therefore, like to see a little more Civil List liberality bestowed where it will be more honorably estimated, and be of greater practical service. It would foster no vice, for as yet yacht racing is pure and simple rivalry; and it has not been found necessary to encumber it with betting to make the sport interesting. Crews know no scheme, object, or motive, but to win; and we trust this natural combativeness will be never impaired by such a disastrous stimulant as betting.

We find by "Hunt's Yacht List" that each owner of a yacht out of the two thousand belongs to one or more yacht clubs, and in some instances to as many as nine or ten. But, in reality, many of these clubs have very little to do with yachting beyond having an annual match, and they bid for and accept members like an insurance society. Some of them are very strong in this respect, as no doubt it is considered a good thing by many to find the means of associating with men who can afford to keep yachts so easy a matter as the annual payment of two or three guineas. The oldest yacht club is the Royal Cork, having been founded in 1720; but the club that really became a centre of yachting, and gave to it a vigor and growth was the Royal Yacht Squadron, founded in 1815, at Cowes.

To belong to this club it was necessary to own a yacht of not less than thirty tons, and thus it was strictly "The Yacht Club," as it was originally designated. The Prince Regent was a member of and patronized the club when yachting, and in 1820 gave it right to be termed the "Royal Yacht Club"; in 1833 its title was altered to the "Royal

Yacht Squadron," we believe, at the suggestion of its Commodore, the Earl of Yarborough, who was very fond of leading a squadron of yachts in his fine brigantine, Falcon. He, then the Hon. Charles Pelham, was one of the forty who founded the club, and gave nearly all his time and attention to yachting. He certainly thought it the most important and serviceable recreation an English gentleman could indulge in, and his enthusiasm was imitated by the Marquis of Buckingham, Marquis of Thomond, the Earl of Uxbridge, the Earl of Belmore, the Earl of Craven, Lord Vernon, Lord Ponsonby, Mr. J. Weld, and many other noblemen and gentlemen. He was present at the battle of Navarino in the Falcon, and rendered the admiral some service by the conveyance of despatches. He became quite enthusiastic about carrying despatches, and he was often humored; upon one occasion he was directed to convey a despatch by an admiral, who might have felt himself bored, to the commander of a frigate that was cruising away from the fleet. It simply said, "Give Lord Yarborough a good dinner, and he will give you a better in return." So great was his fondness for command afloat, that it was said he offered to build and man a frigate if the Admiralty would give him a commission: but of course such a thing could not be done. He adhered to his favorite pastime to the last and died on board his yacht, Kestrel, at Vigo. A granite monument was afterwards erected to his memory on Bembridge Down, in the Isle of Wight. The Royal Yacht Squadron was found, perhaps, a little too exclusive to extend its benefits to all yachtsmen who seemed by general consent to make the Isle of Wight their rendezvous, and the Royal Victoria Yacht Club at Ryde, became, in consequence, established in 1845.

These two, out of no less than twenty-six clubs, at different places around the coast, are the most important, and are distinctly "yacht" clubs; the Cowes Club is a kind of House of Peers, and the Ryde may represent the House of Commons, and there is, perhaps, a similar distinction between the visitors to each town. The Royal Thames Yacht Club is regarded as a kind of earthly Paradise by the *soi-disant* yachtsmen, and can boast of more members and a larger fleet of yachts than any other yacht club. Its liberality in giving prizes is almost the sole incentive to yachting on the Thames, and we now annually find some of the largest yachts afloat sailing matches on the river; but the club is growing into a kind of scorn for these ebb-and-flood drifting matches, and sends commissioners, two or three times a year, so far as the Nore to start matches to the French coast. Indeed, not long since, it even attempted a match to Gibraltar; but the Bay of Biscay was a little too much for its yacht-owning members. However, although the Royal Thames Club is so remote from salt water, the true element is in its combination; and its influence is felt wherever a yachting station has been established.

ANTIQUARIAN LOGIC.

A TRUE STORY.

THE recent discovery of Roman antiquities has been followed by a correspondence, the tone of which occasionally reminds one of the disquisitions of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck. It would be invidious to particularize, where the correspondence is so recent, and where, doubtless, all that has been called forth by a discovery of considerable interest has

been written in perfect good faith. But here and there we notice traces of that quality which seems peculiar to the true antiquary, — the power of establishing the widest possible inferences upon the narrowest possible basis of fact.

It may not seem malapropos, therefore, to relate, at this time, a circumstance which rather more than a century ago set all England laughing, and has been made the foundation of two of the most humorous episodes in modern fiction, — the famous "prætorium" scene in the Antiquary, and the story of "Bill Stumps his mark" in Pickwick. Amusing as both those stories are, they yield in interest to the real event on which they are founded. Mr. Oldbuck had but four letters to saddle with a meaning, and although these four (A. D. L. L.) were very amusingly rendered by him into *Agricola dicavi libens libens*, his views were not met by rival absurdities. The story also halts a little, for it requires a strong exercise of imagination to conceive that one of the "kale-suppers of Fife" should have been at the pains to carve a representation of "Aiken Drum's lang ladle," with the initials of its description appended. There is a similar inconsistency in the story of the stone which bore the sign-manual of the apocryphal Bill Stumps, to say nothing of the forced aspect of Mr. Pickwick's attack of archaeological enthusiasm, which nothing in the recorded conduct of that famous man would have led us to expect.

To turn, however, to the true story, on which these humorous episodes are founded.

Rather more than a century ago, some laborers at work in a marshy heath in Northumberland discovered a fragment of stone which bore marks of squaring, and on which also could be traced a few symbols which seemed to the laborers to represent letters.

They carried this stone to the squire of the parish, who had it cleaned; a process which led to the detection of several more letters, forming with the others an inscription of some sort. But the letters were so badly drawn, and so disfigured by time and ill-usage, that it was not possible to make out very clearly what they were; and as for making any meaning out of their collective force, we shall see presently that that required the exercise of far more learning and ingenuity than were to be looked for from a simple country squire. The inscription appeared to run much in this wise: —

K · E · E · P · O · N · T

H · I · S · S · I · D · E

But the letters, as we have said, were severally indistinct, so that some latitude was permissible in their interpretation.

The squire presently called in the aid of the rector, and together these worthies coned the worn old stone. What theories they formed respecting it, what disputes, perchance, they had over it, history sayeth not; all that is known is, that they were unable to form any satisfactory hypothesis; but feeling certain that the stone was a valuable relic of antiquity, they looked about them for proper authorities to whom they might refer the interpretation of the inscription.

It was at length decided that the parson should take a copy of the inscription, and forward it to the Antiquarian Society, with the request that the members of that learned body would favor the world with their opinion on the relic. Nothing loath, the Society proceeded to debate with their

customary accumen upon all the circumstances connected with the stone and its discovery; and not satisfied with this, several members sent in written papers which were duly read before the Society, published in its Proceedings, and copied into most of the public journals of the day.

The first theory was put forward by a writer whom we will call Mr. A. His lucubrations are too valuable to bear mutilation, so we shall give them in his own words.

"On the first examination of this stone," he says, "I was not able to form any satisfactory conjecture concerning the inscription; but as the identity of the place where it was found ought to be materially considered, I wrote to a gentleman of the district for information, if there were any vestiges of antiquity, such as camps, fortifications, or the like in the vicinage. In answer to which inquiry, I was informed that there was nothing of this kind which he knew of, except the ruins of a priory about a mile distant." One might have supposed that A. would have been disheartened at this circumstance, since an inscription having relation to the priory could hardly be expected to have turned up at so considerable a distance from the building itself—or rather its ruins. But so far from being disheartened, A. was perfectly satisfied. "This is indeed sufficient for our purpose," he wrote, "and clears up the matter at once. *Clemens* (K·L·E·) *pontifex* (P·O·N·T·) *hic jacet* (H·I·) *sanctus* (S·) *servus* (S·) *dei* (I·D·E·). The second letter of the inscription is clearly an L, and the I·D·E· a transposition of D·E·I, from the ignorance of the sculptor; the meaning altogether being, that the stone was erected to the memory of one Clement, a dignified brother in the convent. (Literally, Clement the priest here lies, a holy servant of God.) Nothing can be more plain and easy than this."

It may be worth while to dwell a few moments on this interpretation of the inscription, because it embodies one of the most marked peculiarities of antiquarian logic. We notice, first, that a "dignified brother in a convent" could never have been called "pontifex" by his fellow-friars, unless they were remarkably ignorant; and even then, it would be difficult to explain why they should have gone out of their way to adopt a mode of expression which must have been wholly unfamiliar to them. But the coincidence that three letters, which can be taken to stand for the name Clement, should be followed by four which form the natural abbreviation of the title "pontifex" is too much for our antiquary. And when he finds the name and title of the departed brother followed by the usual symbols for *hic jacet*, confidence gives place to absolute certainty. Otherwise, the difficulty in the last three letters would have proved too serious even for a professed archaeologist. That a sculptor, however ignorant, having to engrave the letters D·E·I, should have begun with the last letter, seems to ordinary minds inconceivable; but to an antiquary who has already formed his theory, the mistake appears the most natural thing in the world. After this, the *prava latinitas* of the inscription is scarcely worth mentioning as a difficulty.

But A.'s solution was not satisfactory to all his brethren, however plain and easy it appeared to himself. Let us see what B. had to say on the subject. Again we quote the *ipseissima verba* of the ingenious archaeologist, "I was never so much astonished in my life," says B., "as at the perusal of Mr. A.'s solution of the inscription in question.

What a forced construction! What a preposterous idea! I will grant him that K is often found on monuments of antiquity in place of C; but how, in the name of wonder, could he imagine the two following letters to be L·E, which are plainly Æ? But the cream of the jest I·D·E·, a transposition of D·E·I." B. is very ready, it will be noticed, to point the finger of scorn at the theory of his brother antiquary; he is equally ready to put forward his own solution of the difficulty.

Let us see whether it is as plain and easy as A.'s. We must premise, however, that he had the advantage over A. in having actually visited the spot where the stone had been discovered, and the ruins of the supposed priory. "On a personal survey," he writes, "I have discovered that the stone was found near an old Roman *military road*. Here, indeed, we have a light thrown upon the subject which will clear up all manner of difficulty. First, K is often found in inscriptions for C, and here standing for Cælius, — Æ, *ædilis*, an officer whose business it was to see the roads kept in proper order; P·O·N·T·, *pontem*, H·I· *Hadriani* (the same person who built the wall to prevent the incursions of the Picts, — thence called Hadrian's Wall); I·S·S·I·, *jussu*, the first u and the former part of the latter u being obliterated; D·E·, *demolisit*. (In all, *Cælius ædilis, Hadriani jussu, pontem demolisit*, — Cælius the ædile, by the order of Hadrian, demolished the bridge.") Nor does B. fail to assign a reason for the demolition of the bridge, a fact which at first sight might seem surprising. The morasses had been drained, it appears, and thus "the bridge was rendered unnecessary." As for the priory, that had no existence except in the brain of A., for the ruins belong to the old bridge, says B.

It is possible that, had B.'s interpretation come first, A. would have found as much to laugh at in it as B. found in A.'s. He was in all probability preparing to demolish the new theory, and to rehabilitate his own, when a third hypothesis was set up by C., who scoffed at the two former views as "the most ridiculous that ever entered the head of an antiquary." C. remarks that, in inscriptions such as this one, each letter must be taken to represent a word. Just as Mr. Oldbuck found a word for each letter of the inscription A·D·L·L., so C. boldly constructs a complete sentence from the fourteen letters of the Northumberland stone. "I have taken," he says, "the most obvious and generally received meaning of the initials, and find the solution to stand thus: "*Cæsar* ex edicto per orbem nuntiatur templum hic instauratum sacrum sibi ipsi dicatum est"; that is, "Through the edict of Cæsar, it is announced over the world that the temple here erected is consecrated to himself." Here we find Cæsar, — after having, like Hercules, finished the greatest of his labors, — after having extended his conquests over the Britons, usually called fierce and indomitable, — erecting a temple on the limits of his ambition, and, flushed with victory, assuming the honors of a god! "This," he adds, "is the most easy and natural construction, and perfectly consonant with the precise terms in which their inscriptions were generally couched. We need no other proof to convince us of the certainty of the fact; but, as a corroborating testimony, if we look into Horace, we shall find a passage, evidently referring to this very circumstance: —

'The rank of God Augustus shall obtain,
With wild Britannia added to his reign.'"

C. does not explain how it is that history has

omitted to record the fact that Augustus had "extended his conquests over the Britons, usually called fierce and indomitable," or had indeed ever set foot in Britain. Apparently oblivious of this somewhat important omission, he dwells enthusiastically on the historical value of the antique relic dug up in Northumberland. "What," he asks, "would a Camden or a Holinshed have given to have traced the footsteps of Augustus Cæsar so far as the northernmost parts of the Brigantes (one of the divisions of the country under the Romans), or to have seen him introducing the Roman temple into Britain!" For C., like B., had been at the pains to visit the northern shire, in order to examine the now celebrated ruins, and he had come to the conclusion that both A. and B. had been mistaken as to the character of the stones. "They bear a much greater resemblance to the remains of an old temple," he says, "especially one which has the uncouth figure of a sword upon it."

C's labors were not unappreciated by the learned body to which he had sent them; for we find that he was at once elected as a member of the Antiquarian Society, and without a single dissentient voice!

And now there seemed nothing to prevent D., E., F., and all the other letters of the alphabet, from having their own account to give of the interesting relic. An inscription which had been so satisfactorily interpreted in three different ways might fairly be held to admit of other meanings; and as each new inquirer met with increased attention, there is every reason for believing that the world would have profited by an extended series of labors on the subject of the relic, but for an unforeseen and disastrous catastrophe.

It had not occurred either to B. or C. to make any inquiries respecting the treasure-trove in the neighborhood of the place where the stone was found; whether they feared that others might step in and reap the reward due to their own labors, or from whatever cause, certain it is that they carried on their investigations with the most profound secrecy, until the time had come to divulge a theory — *totus, teres, atque rotundus* — to the outer world. But the results of their labors were too remarkable to remain unnoticed, even so far north as Northumberland; and thus it came to pass that in the course of time the news of the great discoveries which were being made reached the place where the stone had been found. An aged schoolmaster, amongst others, read in the papers of the day, or heard from some of his neighbors, about all the great things which had been done by the Society of Antiquaries. It is clear from the sequel that he must have been a man lost to all sense of the dignity of science. Had he but held his tongue, the world might still have admired the learning and the acumen with which our forefathers had dealt with an interesting relic of antiquity. But this hard-hearted and unfeeling old man would not hold his tongue; and it unfortunately happened that he was but too well acquainted with the real history of the stone. He remembered, he said, a kind-hearted cottager who had lived near the morass in which the stone was found. This cottager, anxious to warn all whom it might concern of the dangerous condition of the road in the neighborhood of the morass, had been at the pains to carve upon a stone the injunction, "Keep on this side." But, like Bill Stubbs, the cottager was not an adept in the art of chiselling inscriptions, and accordingly the

result of his labors was of a dubious character; and being valued rather according to its merits than according to the good-will of the carver, had been presently flung into the morass. Thence it had been dug out, under the influence of some malign star, to bring confusion and ridicule upon the learned antiquaries of England.

AN EXPERIENCE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. — CHAPTER I.

It was on a warm, early June afternoon that I was called into the consulting-room to see her.

It was out of the usual hours for seeing patients, and I remember that I resented the interruption, and the irregularity; for I was busy in the anatomical department of the hospital, deep in the study of an extraordinarily interesting specimen of — but you won't care for these details.

However, when I read the note of introduction she had brought with her, I was reconciled to the disturbance; the rather, because it seemed that just such a case as we had long been lying in wait for now presented itself.

I was then young; an enthusiast in my profession, full of faith in science and in one whom I will call Dr. Fearnwell, under whom I had chiefly studied; without any consciousness of other kind of faith.

I was ambitious; up to this time, iron-nerved and hard-headed; possibly I should add hard-hearted. Yet I don't know that I was specially callous, careless, or cruel. It was more because such culture as I had had was exclusively of the head, that I knew nothing about having a heart, than that I did not care to have one.

I believed myself to have, and I gloried in having, unusual power of brain. As many men I knew, boasted of the many hours they could run, row, or ride, I boasted of the many hours I could read hard and work hard. I had never spared myself, and, up to this time of which I write, had never had any warning that it might be wise to do so.

I dimly suspect, however, that this warning was on its way, that even without the shock of which I am going to tell, some crash would have come.

I remember that when I was interrupted to read the note which the porter brought me, the perspiration was streaming from my forehead. And yet the afternoon, though warm, was not sultry. And I had been employed in a way that called for extreme delicacy and accuracy of investigation and observation, not for physical force.

"Won't you wash your hands, sir, first? It's a woman and a child," was the suggestion of the good-hearted porter.

Though with some muttered expletives against the folly of such "fiddle-faddle," I took the man's hint, and also buttoned my coat over my shirt-front, and pushed my wristbands up out of sight.

The venetian-blinds were down in the consulting-room, for the afternoon sun poured against its windows. Thus, until my eyes a little accustomed themselves to the dimness of the room, I could not well distinguish its occupants.

After a few moments I saw the palest woman, of the most corpse-like pallor, I ever, before or since, beheld. She was seated near a table, with a female child of some two or three years old upon her knees.

She did not rise when I went in. Possibly —

probably — she could not. A woman with a face like that could hardly stand up and hold so large a child. She wore a widow's cap, its border brought so close round her face as hardly to show an indication of hair. Her eyebrows were dark, at once decided and delicate; her eyelashes were peculiarly long and full, still darker than the brows, and almost startlingly conspicuous on the dead white of a fair-skinned face. Not even on her lips was there now any tinge of other color.

The child upon her knees was a little miracle of exquisite loveliness. But I noticed little of this then.

At the first moment of being in this woman's presence, I felt some slight embarrassment. I had expected to see "a common person." I felt that about this woman there was something, in all senses, uncommon.

My embarrassment was not lessened by the steady earnestness with which she fixed her deep dark eyes on mine, nor by the first words she spoke, slowly moving those white lips:—

"You are very young; surely it is not to you the letter I brought was addressed! You are very young."

The voice was the fit voice to come from such a corpse-like face. It was not her ordinary voice, any more than was her ordinary (or could have been any living woman's ordinary) complexion.

I was still young enough to be annoyed at looking "very young." I was impatient of my own embarrassment under her searching study of my face. I answered, rather roughly:—

"My time is valuable; let me know what I can do for you,—unless, indeed, you think me 'too young' to do anything."

"It may be the better that you are so young," she said. There had been no relaxation in her study of me, and her voice now was a little more like a natural voice,—like *her* natural voice, as I afterwards learned to know it only too well; soft and sweet, a slow and measured, but intense music. "Being so young, you must remember something of your mother's love. It is not likely your mother loved you as I love this child of mine; still, no doubt, she loved you; and you, remembering her love, may have some pity left in you for all mothers. This child of mine is all I have, my only hold on hope in this world, or in another. Life does not seem long enough to love her in; without her, one day's life would seem impossible."

Striving against the awe that *would* steal over me, looking into that solemn face, fixed by those deep, still eyes, hearing that solemn voice, I said, with brusque impatience,—

"I have told you my time is valuable. If you wish me to do anything, at once tell me what."

"Have you not read the letter I brought?"

"I have; but that explains nothing."

"My child is lame."

"That much I know."

"I am ready to answer any questions about what you do not know."

Then I questioned her as to the nature, extent, and what she thought probable cause of her child's lameness. She answered always in few, fit words. I examined the child, she watching me with those deep, still eyes of hers. My heightened color, my increasing animation, my eager looks, seemed to stir her a little.

My interest was thoroughly roused. This was exactly such a case as we desired to experiment

upon,—a case in which to try a new operation, on the success of which, under fair conditions, I was ready to stake all I cared for in life. She, with that monstrous egotism of maternity, mistook me so far as that she took my interest to be concentrated on this one sufferer.

"Can she be cured?" was asked so hungrily by the whole face that there was no need for the lips to form the words.

"Yes, yes, yes!" I answered, with joyous triumphant confidence. "She can be cured! She shall be! She shall walk as well as the best of us."

Before I knew what was happening,—not that there was any quickness of movement, but that I was utterly unprepared for any such demonstration,—the woman was on her knees at my feet. With one hand she held the child; with the other she had taken my hand, on which she pressed her lips.

There was a speechless rapture over her face and the most exquisite soft flush upon it, as she did this.

A queer feeling came over me, as I awkwardly withdrew my hand,—my hand that for a long time afterwards tingled with consciousness of the touch of the woman's lips.

She rose, with no awkwardness, no haste; re-seated herself, bent over, and kissed her child.

The child had been always watching us, its soft, serious, unchildlike eyes fixed sometimes on me, and sometimes on its mother. I had never before, and have never since, seen anything like that child's eyes. They—but why voluntarily recall them, when the effort of my life for so long, was to keep them from always floating before me.

Suddenly the woman's face resumed its deadly pallor.

"Will it be very painful?" she asked.

"That is as you will."

"What do you mean?"

I explained. It was my advice that she should let her child be put to sleep with the then newly discovered agent, chloroform.

"Is there danger in it?"

"None,—if the stuff is carefully administered, as, I need not say, it shall be to your child. You can understand how difficult it is to keep a child still enough under pain to give an operator a fair chance."

"It would be difficult with any other child, perhaps: with mine it is not difficult. She is so docile, so patient; she would keep still, and bear uncomplainingly anything I asked her to bear. She has already undergone great agony from a fruitless attempt at cure. But, of course, if, indeed, there is no danger, I would wish"—here she paused—"O, the weak folly of words! to save my darling pain."

"Do you judge your child to have a good constitution? The extreme debility you speak of is preternatural."

She answered me eagerly, assuring me that her child, except for this lameness, which she considered to be, not the result of constitutional disease, but of an accident, had always had perfect health. She added,—

"You are too young for me to tell my story to, or I might, by the circumstances of her birth, account to you for her extreme docility."

I then questioned her as to what had been done in attempt to cure the child, and I blamed her for not having at first come to us.

With perfect simplicity she gave me the incredible answer that she had never, till a few weeks since, heard of "us." Then, when she had replied to all my questions, seeming to win confidence in me because of my confidence in cure, she spoke to me, with quiet intensity, of the child's peculiar preciousness to her.

To this I listened, or seemed to listen, patiently.

I was conscious that she was speaking to me; I was also conscious of her child's eyes watching me; but while she spoke and the child watched, I was arranging for the operation, the when, the how, all the details. There were difficulties in my way, obstacles to be surmounted. I was not at all sure of winning Dr. Fearnwell's consent that this child should be the first subject upon which the new operation should be tried. Dr. Fearnwell had said, I remembered, "We must first try this on some coarsely born child, some child of robust peasant parents; some child, too, who, should its life be sacrificed, would be, poor little wretch! no loss, and no great loser."

I had more faith in Dr. Fearnwell always, than Dr. Fearnwell had in himself. I had, also, more faith in science than the more experienced man had. Besides this, Dr. Fearnwell was of extreme sensitiveness and tender-heartedness; his hand could be firmer than any, and his courage cooler, but he required first to be convinced of the unquestionable beneficence of the torture he inflicted.

Dr. Fearnwell's seeing this child beforehand would be a risk (when I looked at it with Dr. Fearnwell's eyes, I recognized its extreme fragility), but his hearing the mother speak of it, and of its extreme preciousness to her, would be fatal. He would warn, and question, and caution, till the woman's courage would fail; he would think it better that the widow should keep her lame child, than run the risk of losing it to cure its lameness. He was quite capable of telling her that this lameness would not kill, and that the attempt to cure it might; and then how could one expect a poor, weak, selfish woman to decide?

Once interested in the woman, Dr. Fearnwell would think nothing of the glory to science, and the gain to the human race, of successful operation, compared with the loss to this woman if she should lose her child.

This "weakness" (so I thought it) of Dr. Fearnwell's filled me with something as like contempt as it was possible for me to feel towards one who was my hero. Against it, I determined as far as possible to protect him. Though I had no consciousness that the child's eyes touched me, I knew how they would appeal to Dr. Fearnwell.

While the mother talked, therefore, I was scheming and contriving. I received the sounds of her words on my ear, and they conveyed corresponding ideas to my brain; for afterwards I knew things she then, and only then, told me. But at the time I heard without hearing, in the same way that we often see without seeing, things that vividly reproduce themselves afterwards.

"When can it be done?"

That question brought her speaking and my thinking to a pause.

"Do you stay here long?"

"Not longer than is needful for my child. I am poor. It is dear living in a strange place. But anything that is needful for my child is possible."

"If it can be done at all, it shall be done within the week."

"If it can be done at all!" You said it could be done; you said it should be done."

The way in which this was said, the look in the eyes with which it was said, revealed something of the stormy possibilities of this woman's nature.

"I spoke with indiscreet haste when I said it could and should be done. There are many difficulties."

I then explained the nature of those difficulties in the manner I thought most politic, and most calculated to induce her to connive with me in overcoming them. I dwelt much on the morbid oversensitiveness which would paralyze the hand of the good doctor, were she to speak to him as she had spoken to me about the extreme preciousness of her child.

She studied my face with a new intensity; then she said, —

"He need know nothing about me. I need not see him till all is arranged. The child can, for him, be anybody's child."

"Exactly what I would desire. I am glad to find you so sensible. Bring the child here to-morrow morning, at ten."

White to the lips again, she faltered, —

"You don't mean that it will be done to-morrow?"

"No, no, no. No such luck as that," I answered, impatiently. "There are preliminaries to be gone through. The child will have to be examined by a council of surgeons. All that is nothing to you. Bring her to me, here, at ten to-morrow. That is all I ask of you. This is my name," — giving her a card. "You, know from the superscription of the note you brought me, that my name is Bertram Dowlass. You may trust me to do the best I can for you."

She rose to take leave.

The quiet intensity of her gratitude, and her implicit, patient belief in me did not touch me. I let these things pass me by; there was no contact.

"I have no claim whatever on your gratitude," was my most true answer to what she said. "It is not the cure of your child that I care about, but the proof that human skill, aided by science, can cure thousands."

She smiled slightly, in gentle deprecation of my self-injustice, — perhaps, too, in incredulity of my indifference towards her child.

That was the end of our first interview.

All the rest of that day I worked with divided attention, and with a strange unsettled feeling. This was a new experience, and it made me uneasy. Ordinarily I was my own master. I now put on the screw as I had never had to do before, and with little result beyond a painful sense of strain and effort.

It was natural that I should be under some excitement. I would not own to myself that my excitement was more than natural; nor would I, for an instant, listen to any internal suggestion that it had any other cause than that to which I chose to attribute it.

At the appointed time next morning, she brought the child.

There was no quailing yet, as I had feared there might be. She was still intent upon the cure, still full of confidence in me.

When she gave the small soft creature into my

hold, and it put one of its little arms round my neck, voluntarily, confidingly, I experienced a sensation I had never before known.

It turned out as I had expected. I had a hard battle to fight; my patience and temper were pretty well tried.

Dr. Fearnwell took the small being upon his knee, stroked its hair, looked into its eyes, felt its arms, and declared that this was not a safe case for operation; that the child was too delicate.

I and one or two others, equally bent on testing the new discovery, at last overruled his judgment, and carried our point, — not till I was conscious of the perspiration standing in great beads on my forehead. I do not know that I exactly lied about the little thing, but I deliberately allowed Dr. Fearnwell to suppose that the child's position was such that it had far better die than live a cripple, — possibly had better die than live at all; that it was a child whose existence in the world was an inconvenience rather than anything else, and a constant memorial of what was best forgotten.

I was flushed with triumph when I returned to Mrs. Rosscar, — so she called herself, — bearing the child in my arms.

"With the sweat of my brow, I have earned the healing of your child," I said to her, as I wiped my forehead.

She was standing up close to the door; her arms eagerly received the burden of mine; her tongue made me no answer, but her face replied to me.

"On Monday at eleven," I told her. "This is Thursday. In the intervening days keep your child as quiet as you can: give her as much fresh air and as much nourishing food as you can. Dr. Fearnwell sent you this" — slipping five sovereigns into her hand — "to help to pay your expenses. He will help you as much as you may find necessary. He is rich and kind. You need have no scruples."

The money was my own; it would have been more, but that I was short of funds just then. Her face had flushed.

"I take the money for my child's sake. I thank him for my child's sake," she said, proudly.

I was now waiting for her to go.

The door of the room was open; she stood facing the opening, and the light from the great stair-window fell full upon her.

For the first time I noted her great beauty.

She was still young, I dare say, but hers was not the beauty that depends upon the first freshness of youth. It was the beauty of perfectly harmonious proportion. Her form was at least as perfect as her countenance. She had the most statuesque grace I ever saw in living woman, as she stood there holding her child, — holding it with no more effort than a Hebe shows in holding the cup of nectar.

Her deep, still eyes were fastened upon me. A curious shock went through me, even before she spoke.

Her face had now again that extreme pallor, such as I had never seen on any other living face.

"On Monday, at eleven," she repeated. Her marble pale lips seemed stiffening to marble rigidity. They seemed to form the words with difficulty. "You would not deceive me? There is not more danger than you tell me? Forgive me; but, now it is settled, my heart seems turning to ice. You would not deceive me? I know something of the callousness, the cruelty, of men; but this would be too cruel. In all this world I have, as I have told

you, nothing but this," hugging the child, as she spoke, closer to that breast whose superb lines were not to be wholly hidden by the heavy muffling weeds she wore. "I have nothing but this to hope for, to work for, to live for. This is all I have saved from the past, all that is left to me in the future."

Her delicate, dark brows gathered themselves threateningly over her intense eyes, as she added, in a soft, deep voice, —

"There would be one thing left for me to do if I lost my child, — one thing, and only one. To curse the hand — whether it were the hand of God or of man — that took her from me."

I answered her coldly, as far as I could, carelessly. I steeled myself against the tragic truth of her words; but I was conscious of a creeping of my flesh.

"Madam," I said, "you are at liberty to change your mind. All arrangements that have been made can be unmade. I would, however, advise you to avoid agitating the child."

This drew her eyes from mine to the small face on her breast. She had not raised her voice, had not indulged in any gesture; had not betrayed, except in the blanching of her face and the intense passion of her eyes, her agitation; the child was too young to understand her words. And yet, as we both looked at it now, its lips had parted, its face had flushed, its eyes and mouth and chin were quivering with emotion.

Perhaps the little creature was distressed by the vibrations of its mother's strongly pulsating heart, against which it was held so closely.

She bent over it, held her face against its face, murmured soothing sounds. I was holding the door open. She now passed out without another word, and began to descend the stairs.

I stood looking after her; my eyes were caught by the glorious great knot of bright hair, which, all pulled back from her face, escaped from her bonnet behind. A slanting beam from the window had touched and fired it as she passed down the stairs.

Half-way down she stopped, turned, and looked back and up at me. When the mother looked, her child looked too. They remained so for perhaps half a minute.

How often afterwards, in dreams of the night, in waking visions of the dark, and worse, far worse, in the broad daylight and peopling the sunshine, looking up from the grass, or from the water, looking forth from the trees, or from the flowers, hovering between her and other faces, did I meet those haunting eyes; the two pairs of eyes, so like in their difference, gazing at me with varying expressions of appeal, reproach, agony, or — worst of all — resignation!

"Good evening, Mrs. Rosscar."

I turned back into the room, but could not hinder myself, a few moments after, from looking out to see if she were still there. She was gone.

During the Friday and Saturday intervening between that day and the Monday, I hardly thought of the mother and child. I thought constantly, and with feverish eagerness, of the operation, and of the triumph of its success; but I did not realize the quivering agony of body and spirit — the child's body (even if all sensation were deadened for the moments of operation, there must be keen suffering afterwards), the mother's spirit — implied even in success. As to failure, I did not admit its possibility.

On the Sunday I was restless. I felt it needful to do something. I could not apply to book study, and from the more practical part of study the day shut me off. I got on board one of the river steamers, not designing anything but to get out in the country, and have a good walk. But the first person my eye fell on, when I looked round the crowded deck, was Mrs. Rosscar, her child, of course, in her arms.

For a moment I felt afraid lest this might mean that my patient was escaping me.

"Where are you going?" I asked her, abruptly.

"I do not know," she answered, with her quiet voice and rare smile. "You recommended me to give the child all the air I could. I thought of landing at one of the pleasant green places, and sitting about in the fields for a few hours, and then taking the evening boat back again. I thought, at some farmhouse or small inn, I could get some food for her,—at all events, milk and eggs and bread and butter."

I was standing on the deck in front of her. I said, what suddenly occurred to me,—

"You are much too beautiful and too young to go about alone in this way, among such people."

"I dare say I am beautiful, and I know I am not old; but my beauty is not of the sort to draw on me the impertinence of common people. I am not young in my soul. I know how to protect myself."

"If you don't mind my company, I'll manage for you. You are not strong enough to slave about with that weight always in your arms. You can do it, I know; but you should not overtax your strength to-day; your nerves should be in good order to-morrow."

She blanched, suddenly, to that absolute pallor again.

"Will they let me be in the room? Will they let her lie in my lap?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this would not answer, though it might in yours; it is difficult to make exceptions."

She gave a patient sigh, sat some time with her eyes fixed on the gliding shore, then said, looking at me again,—

"Will it take long?"

"O no, no, a very short time,—a few moments."

"And she will feel no pain?"

"None."

She said, as if to herself, her eyes subsiding from my face to settle on the shore again,—

"After all, God is sometimes merciful. I almost feel as if I could love him. When these little feet"—touching them with a tender hand—"walk, I will try with all my soul to love him."

I don't know what possessed me this day. I laid aside all my habitual shyness. I hardly thought of exposing myself to the ridicule of my colleagues, should I encounter any of them. But thinking of this chance, I glanced at Mrs. Rosscar's dress, trying to discover how she would strike a stranger, and to what rank she would be supposed to belong.

Of the dress I could make nothing; it was all deep and long-worn mourning. As far as I could tell, nothing of her station could be learned from her dress.

She was standing. She had moved to the side of the vessel, a little way apart from me. She was pointing out something to the child. From the poise of her head, down all the lines of her form, to the firmly planted, beautiful foot, from which, by

times, the wind swept back the drapery, there was something regal about her. The child was daintily dressed in white; it looked all soft swan's-down and delicate embroideries. It might, I thought, have been a queen's child.

I went to her side, and proposed that we should land at the first stopping-place, and take a row-boat. She agreed. She would have agreed to anything I proposed; she had a feeling that the child's life was in my hand. So we were soon gliding along the shady bank of the river,—she and I and the child,—sometimes among the water-lilies and close to the swans, sometimes almost touched by drooping boughs, sometimes for a moment held entangled by the sedges. All very silent.

Mrs. Rosscar was one of those women who have a talent for silence, and, more than that, who seem hardly to need speech. To-day she was content to watch the child. The child sat on her knees, with musing eyes and tranquil face, watching the gliding water.

Now and then the child smiled up into the mother's face; now and then the mother bent over and kissed the child; there seemed no need, between them, for any other kind of speech. That child's smile was of the most wonderful, sad sweetness. It was the loveliest and tenderest expression. I did not then, you must understand, consciously note all the things I speak of as I go along; they returned upon me afterwards. I had time enough, in time to come, to remember the past. Time enough, Heaven knows!

Early in the afternoon, we stopped at a comparatively unfrequented place, and dined.

Mrs. Rosscar's quiet, undemonstrative, and yet pleased and grateful, acceptance of all my services, her acquiescence in all I proposed, did not seem to me strange. The day was altogether a dream-day. I was in the sort of mood in which to find myself the hero of a fairy-tale's adventures would hardly have surprised me; a most unwonted mood for me.

I have thought about it since, and wondered if she acted as she did from inexperience, or from indifference. Was she ignorant, or was she careless, as to what might be concluded about her? I believe the fact was that she thought neither of herself, nor of me, but merely of "a good day" for the child.

She laid aside her bonnet, and her cap with it, before she sat down to table, showing that wealth of brown hair, and, what much more interested me, that head fit to be the head of a goddess. "And yet," I thought, "she seems a very ordinary woman; she seems, even more foolishly than most women, absorbed and satisfied by the possession of a child."

In laying aside her bonnet and cap, she had laid aside, also, her shapeless cloak; her close-fitting black dress displayed the lines of shoulders, bust, and waist, fit to be those of that same goddess.

She was a splendid woman. The well-formed white soft hands made me conclude that she was also, by conventional rank, a lady.

We returned as we had come; only that the sunset mirrored in the river, the swans, the sedges, the rippling run of the water, the capricious warm breathings of the soft wind seemed, yet more than the morning brightness, things of a dream. We reached the widow's lodging at about the child's bedtime.

She did not ask me to go in, but I went in.

She told the child to thank me for "a happy, happy time," which the little thing did with a prettiness pathetic to think of afterwards, adding, of her own accord, —

"And for showing me the lilies and the pretty swans."

The mother hung on her words with rapture, and then, raising her face to mine, said, —

"If you make my child able to walk in the warm sunny grass, on her own little feet, I will learn to believe in a loving God, that I may call his choicest blessings down upon you. I will entreat him to prosper you in all your doings, to gladden your whole life, to let the love of women and of little children sweeten all your days."

I pressed, in parting, the hand she held out to me. After I had left her, her last words went echoing through my brain.

When I got home I tried to apply myself to hard study, — quite vainly. But I do not think that she, alone, was responsible for this. I believe that, just at the time when I first met her, my brain was on the point of giving in, and of resenting the strain of some years.

This phase, at all events, of my collapse, had a strange deliciousness about it. Soft thoughts and sweet fancies thronged upon me. I gave myself up to them, weary of the effort of self-mastery.

Again and again, as I fell asleep, I was gliding softly down a sunny river. I seemed to hear the dip and splash of oars, to feel the movement of the boat under the impulse given by them, and then the words, "May the love of women and of little children sweeten all your days!" sounded in my ears with such distinctness, and seemed to come from a voice so near, that I awoke with a start, and a feeling that I should see the speaker standing beside my bed, and that I had felt her breath upon my brow.

Then, like a fool as I was, I lay thinking of the woman who had spoken those words. "What a rich, low voice she has; what sweet deep eyes she has; what a shapely foot she has; what a splendid form it is; what a soft, white, steady hand she has!"

"Yes," I then said to myself, trying to deceive myself. "She would make a first-rate hospital nurse; strong, calm, gentle, wise."

Next day, a day of intense excitement to me, the operation was performed. It was successfully performed. Everything that happened at about this time, after that Sunday on the river, seems wrapped in a dream-haze.

But I have a distinct recollection that Dr. Fearnwell said to me, "Dowlass, you are over-doing it; I don't like the look of your eyes; take a holiday." But whether this was before the operation, or after it, I don't know. I know that I made him some jesting answer, and laughed at his grave concern.

I know that late in that day, when I first saw Mrs. Rosscar after the operation, her expression of her passionate joy and gratitude made me half delirious with an uncomprehended feeling, — and that part of it was fear.

The child, after the operation, was placed in one of the wards of the hospital. The mother left it neither night nor day. I had prevailed in getting this exception to rule allowed; and for this her gratitude was almost as great as for our other success.

Through the day after the operation, and the

day following that, I often stole a few moments to go and look at the little patient sufferer, and at the joy-illuminated, radiant face of the mother. The more radiant the mother's face was, and the more entirely all seemed well, the more I felt afraid.

When, on the third day, the child sank — died in its sleep — I knew it was of that I had been afraid.

I cannot even now account for the child's death. It should have lived and grown strong; there was no inflammation; the success of the operation was perfect.

Perhaps it was a child born not to live. Perhaps the constant presence of its mother made it keep up too strong a strain of self-control for its strength. It must have suffered, but it did not moan, or cry, or give any sign of suffering, except what was to be read on the often-damp brow and in the over-dilated eyes. "Eyes!" Yes. It is always "eyes." Eyes are always haunting me. Often the child's eyes, as they looked up at me, when I bent over it. I have fancied since that it would have spoken to me then, complained of pain, but for the mother being always close and within hearing. I have fancied since that it looked at me with that intent look, hoping that I should understand.

A poor sickly tree — I think a sycamore — grew outside one of the windows of the ward in which the child lay. It was swaying and swinging in the evening wind and evening sunlight, and its shadow was waving to and fro on the child's bed when I went into the ward on the afternoon of that third day.

The child liked to watch the shadow and had begged not to have the blind pulled down.

"Had I best wake her?" Mrs. Rosscar asked me, the moment I approached the bed. She was looking strained to-day, and anxious. "It is rather long since she took nourishment. And last time she was awake, I thought she seemed more weak and faint than she has seemed since Monday."

"When was she last awake?"

Mrs. Rosscar looked at her watch.

"Half an hour and three minutes ago; but she took nothing then, for she smiled at me, and then dozed off, just as I was going to give her her arrow-root and wine. It is an hour and a half since she had anything."

"By all means wake her," I said. It struck me that her little face looked pinched and cold. "The sleep of exhaustion will do her no good," I added.

Mrs. Rosscar bent her face over the child's face. I stood by, with my heart striking sledge-hammer blows against me.

"Mamma wants her darling to wake up and take some wine," she said, with her cheek lying against the child's cheek.

No movement or murmur of reply.

Lifting her head, and looking into my face, she said, in what then seemed to me an awful voice, —

"She is very cold!"

I pushed the mother aside, I bent over the child, I felt for its pulse, watched for its breath. In vain.

I ordered flannels to be heated, and the little body to be wrapped in them and rubbed with them. I tried every means I knew of for restoring animation.

In vain.

While the mother was preparing food for it, the child, having smiled at her, had fallen into a doze. That doze was the doze of death.

When we desisted from our efforts to wake it, and left the poor tortured little body in peace, Mrs. Rosscar, who had been kneeling by the bed, rose. She stood motionless and speechless for moments that seemed to me no portion of time, but an experience of eternity.

I resolved that I *would not* meet her eyes; but she was the stronger willed, and our eyes did meet. I shrank; I shivered; I looked, I know, abject, craven, self-convicted. I felt I was the murderer she thought me.

Slowly, with her eyes on mine which watched her with a horrible fascination, she lifted her grand arms, and clasped her hands above her head.

The uplifted arms, the awful eyes, the indefinite horror of that pause before speech were enough for me.

As her lips opened, to give utterance to the first words of her curse, I, lifting my own arms, as if to ward off from my head an imminent blow (they told me afterwards of these things), and struggling for power to articulate some deprecation,—I, meeting her eyes with unspeakable horror in my own, staggered a moment, then fell, as if she had struck me down.

BOYS.

PHYSIOLOGISTS, we believe, have discovered, or at any rate have demonstrated, that there are facts to justify the poet in holding the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child. The Caucasian brain, they say, even in its earliest stage of development, is shown by its convolutions to be as highly organized a structure as the brain of the adult negro, and by the time the period of childhood is reached it is on a level with that of the Mongol. It may be that this line of investigation, when pushed a little further, will throw some light upon a question which has from time immemorial puzzled parents and guardians, perplexed legislators and magistrates, and generally troubled society. Why should that section of man's life commonly known as boyhood be distinguished by that bitter hostility to civilization and order which is only too frequently shown to be its leading characteristic? Why should it be impossible to take up a newspaper without finding that two boys, aged nine and ten respectively, have been endeavoring to upset an excursion-train by placing obstacles of some sort on the rails, or flinging stones at it from a bridge, like Masters Hall and Hustin a week or two ago, or attempting to set fire to a dwelling-house, or blowing up a letter-box, or burning down a bobbin-mill, like those amiable youths at Barnsley the other day, or beating a little girl to death for wearing green ribbons, like those others at Manchester, or engaged in some other enterprise which had for its object the destruction of life or property, or both? Why should it be that, when agitators in London or Paris want to get up a little disturbance and intimidate or annoy society, they can always get any number of boys to overset kiosks, or pull down railings, or smash lamps and windows, and perform other services the mere performance of which is obviously a sufficient reward for the labor? If there be anything in the theory we have mentioned, it offers an explanation of this mystery. If the civilized man in arriving at maturity does really pass through stages corresponding with the various degrees of moral development to be found in the human family, and if in babyhood he is to be considered the analogue of

the negro, then, assuredly, in boyhood he is the representative of the Red Indian. This fact—which, by the way, that acute philosopher Sam Weller seems to have had an inkling when he charged a boy with behaving "with as much politeness as a wild Indian"—cannot of course be considered as fairly established until a boy and a Choctaw have been placed side by side and dissected by some competent anatomist; but in the mean time we have abundance of collateral evidence tending to support it. Of all human beings the boy and the red man are the only two to whom cruelty *per se* is a pleasure.

With some others the infliction of pain may be to some extent an element in the pleasure derived from a sport, but with the boy and the red man it is a sport in itself. All experienced travellers are agreed as regards the one, and as to the other, I quote the words of Mr. Lecky in his *History of Morals*, "few persons who have watched the habits of boys would question that to take pleasure in giving at least some degree of pain is sufficiently common." Nevertheless, in the one case, as in the other, society has always indulged in a deceptive sentimentalism. We hear people talk of the fine free, generous nature of boys, just as we hear them talk of the noble red man of the forest, the noble savage, the gentleman of nature, &c., when they really mean a greasy, whooping, screeching, tomhawking savage. In the second place, the boy and the red man are the only two varieties of the human animal that evince an implacable enmity to civilization, and upon whose natures it fails to exercise any influence for good. The difference in this respect is merely one of opportunity and circumstance. The Indian has comparatively few chances of declaring his sentiments. The utmost he can do is to massacre a family of settlers now and then, or, just at present, tear up a piece of Pacific Railway, and scalp a few station-masters and stokers. The boy, on the other hand, has a much wider range of opportunities, but he is unable to make use of them in the same complete and satisfactory manner. Society is rather too strong for him, and the expression of his feelings, though varied in kind, is limited in degree.

In studying any animal we must, of course, take that variety which on the whole appears to be most typical and least affected by disturbing influences. It would be idle to expect sound deductions as to the nature of the ox from an examination of a stalled shorthorn, or of the dog from an inquiry into the habits of a puppet-show "Toby." So for purposes of boy-study we must not select a specimen cowed, subdued, stiffened, and made unnaturally gentlemanlike under the system of a Dr. Blimber, but rather go to some breed less widely removed from the natural animal, such as, for instance, that which the penny-a-liner, with his usual flowery infelicity, insists upon calling the "street Arab"—the most monstrous, perhaps, even of his misnomers, for if there is a being in every respect the opposite of the grave, decorous, reverential Arab, it is the boy of the streets. No one who has observed him with any degree of attention can doubt that warfare against society is what he lives for, or that, if he had only the power, any member of society, say a policeman, would fare just as badly in his hands as a stray Salt Lake emigrant in those of a war party of Arapahoes. The policeman, to be sure, is an extreme case, for, besides the natural hatred due to him as an adult and a member of society, he is

odious to the street-boy from the nature of his duties. He is hated not only as a man but as a policeman, for it is always his unfortunate function to stand between the boy and his dearest pleasures. Whenever there is a fire, or a fight, or an upset, or run-over, or any other opportunity for the contemplation of suffering or loss to the sons of men, just as the boy is at the very height of his enjoyment the policeman is sure to appear, drive him back, and interpose a form aggravatingly bulky and opaque between him and the sight which was affording him unmixed gratification. This conduct is especially irritating at a fire, for it may be observed that boys always take a peculiar interest in a fire. They have somehow got into a way of regarding it as something specially got up for their entertainment, and indeed of all ordinary disasters there is none so well calculated to afford them thorough satisfaction. There is, at the very least, the destruction of property to be witnessed, which is always delightful. If it should luckily happen to be in a dwelling-house, there is the additional pleasure derived from the terror and confusion of the inmates, and the chance of the sublime treat of seeing them carried out more or less scorched and wrapped up in blankets, not to speak of the possibility of some one being entirely roasted. From this Paradise of delights, at the policeman's bidding, the boy has to "stand back," and sometimes so far that he can only hear the distant sobs of the laboring engine; and at the supreme moment, when the roof falls in, he is left to his own imagination to estimate the amount of damage done and the probabilities of life lost.

Consequently, there are few spectacles so soothing to the boy-mind as that of a policeman in difficulty, and for this reason boys may be always observed to muster strong in the neighborhood of police-stations for the sake of seeing the force involved in taking charge of troublesome cases of intoxication. An elderly lady, on her way to the station, while suffering under that form of inebriety which makes the patient lie down and kick, every dozen yards, and between halts bite and scratch the officer, is a sight particularly refreshing to the boy, presenting as it does, two beings with whom he is at feud, under humiliating and uncomfortable circumstances. For if the boy hates the policeman he hates lovely woman too, and it must be confessed that in this case also he has some reason for the antipathy, because unquestionably lovely woman hates him. The affection of mother and son apart, — which is purely a matter of instinct, a mere animal attachment, — no woman ever yet was fond of boys. There is a natural antagonism between them. Women are conservative by temperament; boys are naturally revolutionary. Women are lovers of order; disorder in all its forms is what boys love. All the feelings that are strongest in women — reverence, pity, tenderness, sympathy with suffering — are in boys "conspicuous by their absence." Naturally, therefore, there is no love lost on either side. Lovely woman in distress excites in the boy's mind emotions the very opposite of those with which the late Mr. T. P. Cooke used to boast himself inspired; and she on her part is at no pains to conceal the fact that she considers him an imp, an aggravating toad, and a young monkey. She loses no opportunity of impressing upon him that he is an inferior being, and possibly the natural misanthropy of boys is occasionally intensified by the depressing theories as to their own physical constitution imbibed

while still under female domination. From woman's lips they learn that

"Snipe and snails and puppy-dogs' tails, —
That's what little boys are made of";

while, with a perhaps pardonable partiality to her own sex, she declares that

"Sugar and spice and all that's nice, —
That's what little girls are made of."

"Quibus

Mellere luto finxit precordia Titan."

It may be that some of the unsatisfactory qualities of boys are in part due to the despair and the envy which such a gloomy account of their comparative anatomy would naturally produce. If we cannot accept the view literally, it must be admitted there is something in it figuratively. In all other animals the difference between the sexes at an early age is trifling; in man it is very striking. To take a familiar illustration from the streets, — since that excellent piece of legislation sometimes called "the Bass Relief Act" has been in operation, a vast number of barrel-organs have been altered, and instead of grinding the *Trovatore* where it was not wanted, they now supply reels, jigs, and horn-pipes to neighborhoods where such things are thoroughly enjoyed. It is scarcely possible to look into a back street in London now without seeing an organ-grinder at work, and several couples of little girls dancing, often gracefully, always prettily and happily. But no reader of this or any other journal ever saw any boys joining in that innocent amusement; though it must be allowed they do sometimes cut in and perform evolutions in the nature of a war-dance round the organist, to whom they address certain traditional scraps of gibberish supposed to be injurious expressions of an intensely irritating character, out of some foreign language, no matter what, but intelligible and galling to him as an alien.

And here it may be observed that the boy has this immense advantage, that he is above all creatures entirely *ἀναιδής*, — no one English word hits off the quality precisely, — that, as he respects nothing, so he is totally free from the weakness of self-respect, and knows not what it is to feel himself contemptible or ridiculous. Hence, in giving annoyance; he is never checked by any sense of degradation. He would coat himself from head to foot with mud an inch thick if he thought there was a chance of running against a well-dressed fellow-creature and escaping unthrashed. This, joined with an almost diabolical ingenuity in devising modes of aggravation, makes him nearly as accomplished a tormentor as his congener, the Red Indian. We once saw the Strand thrown into terror, confusion, and distress by the unaided wit of two boys. It was one of those foggy, damp December evenings, when the lamps look like blurred moons, and objects twenty yards off are all but undistinguishable, and the pavement is as slippery as if all the clowns of all the theatres had been practising the making of butter-slides for the coming pantomimes. These playful youths had got a suit of old clothes and some straw, out of which they had made up an image sufficiently like a man to pass muster in that uncertain light. With this, counterfeiting the action of affectionate sons taking home a beloved but intoxicated father, they would suddenly appear in front of some passing omnibus, and then, affecting to lose all presence of mind, allow their helpless parent to fall almost under the feet of the horses. The scene may be imagined. Terror of the passengers, horror

of the driver, horses down through having been sharply turned aside or pulled up on the greasy pavement, general agitation, which culminated when at length an omnibus with more way on than usual actually passed over the body, the wretched driver of course suffering the mental agonies of a homicide until relieved by seeing the straw intestines of his victim.

The greatest misery to the greatest number is, in fact, the aim of the boy's philosophy, and it is worth noticing how, even when apparently tamed and civilized, and ostensibly earning an honest livelihood, he contrives to make his vocation conducive to that great end. Hence his partiality for callings which enable him to persecute society under the pretence of seeking custom, such as that of the shoeblack importunate to "Clean your boots, Sir," when you have no need of him; or the evening-paper vender, breaking in upon your meditations with his shrill recommendation of the last horrible murder. Even when civilization has done its utmost to expel nature by modifying the boy into the "young gentleman," nature will sometimes break out. Illustrations only too familiar are to be found in the boy with the mechanical turn, and the boy with the chemical turn; young imps so-called because they have been discovered destroying the furniture, or making a stench with some bottled nastiness, and have been in consequence set up with a tool-chest or a "youth's laboratory" by an addle-headed old uncle, who has some confused notion that it was in this way the genius of Watt or of Faraday first showed itself. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the sufferings of the household where this occurs, but fortunately they are very seldom of long duration. Sooner or later the young philosopher disables himself with his tools, or is "hoist with his own petard" while in pursuit of his grand arcanum, that explosive compound which shall combine the greatest possible amount of smell, smoke, and noise.

But these are merely varieties of the boy, and as such they have as little connection with our subject as that highly artificial specimen who is prematurely particular about his boots, generally dressy, and partial to ladies' society, and who is to the boy pure and simple very much what the town Indian, with a civilization consisting of trousers and fire-water, is to the original red man of the prairie.

They may be interesting from a Darwinian point of view, as exhibiting the original boy-nature coming out, here and there, under domestication, but, as we said before, they are useless for the study of boy in the abstract, and it is to this neglected branch of natural history that we wish to see attention directed; the more so because there seems to be a disposition in some quarters to deal rashly with the subject. It is growing more and more common to treat as an assault in law that wholesome corporal punishment which used to be not only a schoolmaster's privilege, but even his duty, and some there are who would actually make castigation under any circumstances penal. Is it wise, we would ask in the face of the facts we have mentioned, to throw away in this heedless manner checks and safeguards that have been established by the wisdom of our ancestors for the restraint of dangerous instincts and the protection of society?

A CAPTURE IN CANADA.

I AM not Mr. Pollaky of Paddington Green, neither am I Inspector Webb, nor Detective Bull

of the City force; my status in society is that of a banker's clerk. I hold an appointment in a Midland Counties firm, which I entered upon five-and-twenty years ago. I had reached what is termed the "ripe middle age," when some months since the even current of my life was interrupted by the following event.

The establishment with which I have been so long associated is well known, and has gained a reputation by the quiet, respectable character of its business transactions. It does not indulge in speculative ventures, and hence has escaped many of the misfortunes and missed no little of the agitation which some banking firms have had to encounter. Occasionally we have been startled by the presentation of a bad note, a forged check, and other cunningly devised schemes of well-practised swindlers to impose on our simplicity and credulity, which circumstances have forced us into the excitement of judicial investigations. Thus from time to time, I was brought in contact with some of the most celebrated detectives of the day. I still remember the feelings of admiration with which I witnessed the skill and sagacity of such men as John Forrester, Leadbeater, the Bow Street officer, Inspector Whicher, and other police officers, in tracking and detecting a swindler. At that period I little dreamt that my quiet life would be disturbed by an eventful episode, such as I am about to relate.

On the morning of the 28th September, 186-. I was at my post as usual, when a message from the bank manager summoned me to his presence. I saw at a glance, on entering the room, that something had happened. My chief informed me that a customer of the bank, whom, for obvious reasons, I will call Mr. Hooker, had absconded. I was aware, not only that he was under an engagement to liquidate a considerable claim we had against him, but that he had recently fixed a day for the fulfilment of his promise, assuring us that he should be in the immediate receipt of a large sum of money, which would enable him to pay his debt, and leave a balance to his credit in our hands. The statement of his expected funds was no fiction,—he duly received them,—but instead of appropriating his newly acquired wealth to the honest discharge of our claim, he clandestinely left his home, and before the intelligence of his departure had reached us, he was half-way to Canada. The manager's indignation at the fraudulent conduct of an individual whom he had believed to be an honorable man, and had trusted as such, did not surprise me. Neither was I astonished when he told me that he would do all in his power to punish the absconding debtor, if means could be adopted to discover and arrest him in his flight.

It was a matter for anxious deliberation. Ultimately, acting on an impulse I could not control, I proffered my services to go in pursuit of the defaulter. They were accepted. The same evening, in company with one of our directors, I left by the mail train for Liverpool, reaching that place some little time after midnight. The object of this journey was to endeavor to ascertain, through the Liverpool detectives, when and by what ship Mr. Hooker had sailed, as well as his destination, in order that we might arrive at a conclusion as to the propriety of my crossing the Atlantic in pursuit.

Early the following morning we were at the head-quarters of the detective police. We related the nature of our mission, and the services of one of

their most efficient officers were placed at our disposal. He was evidently well known at all the shipping offices. In something less than an hour he furnished us with every information we could obtain in Liverpool. He ascertained that Hooker had sailed for Quebec seven days previously in the Canadian mail-packet ship *Belgian*, and had booked through to Montreal; and he added the still more important facts that the delinquent had with him his wife, his sister-in-law, and two children, and, further, that he was in possession of a roll of bank-notes at the time he secured the berths.

Had he gone alone, I doubt whether I should have had the courage to proceed farther; but the fact of his being encumbered with the ladies, the children, and a large quantity of baggage, was a set-off against his seven days' start, and considerably altered my views. With such a drag on his movements, I felt there was a hope of success, and at once accepted the responsibility of following him. A berth was secured on board the *China*, of the Cunard line, and on Saturday, the 30th of September, 4.30 P. M., I found myself afloat, and the docks of Liverpool becoming fainter and fainter. Fortunately the weather was extremely fine; and as we steamed down the Mersey the scene and the event was one of unusual interest to me.

The interior of a first-class mail-packet just starting on her voyage and its animated appearance have often been described. I need only say there were over two hundred passengers on board, and that my immediate companions were a French gentleman, a Spaniard and his wife, a Scotch physician (who was in a state of complete prostration three fourths of the voyage), a shipbuilder from St. John's, New Brunswick, and his two daughters, the chaplain of the ship and his wife, and Mr. Tucker, an intelligent man from Philadelphia, who, during the voyage, gave me much valuable information, and introduced me to some Canadian merchants on board. These gentlemen subsequently rendered me great assistance in the prosecution of the object I had in view.

One of the most agreeable interludes of our voyage occurred during our detention at Queenstown for the mail-bags. A delay of the mail-train enabled us to pay a visit to the lovely Cove of Cork. We landed at the pleasant quay, ascended Lookout Hill, and partook of the hospitality of the Queen's Hotel. The jaunting-cars, nigger minstrels, mendicants, men-of-wars' men, yachtmen, hawkers, occupied the foreground, whilst the Cove itself was studded with vessels, amongst which some of our iron-clads and gunboats were conspicuous. The view was bounded by the islands of Spike and Haulbowline and the famous lighthouse that marks the entrance to the harbor.

It was about 4.30 A. M. on the following day week when I was aroused from sleep by the report of a cannon close to our saloon. The first idea that I had on awakening was, that we had struck upon a rock, but my neighbor informed me it was a salute we were firing on entering Halifax harbor. We had made one of the quickest passages on record; for before five o'clock A. M. on Monday, the 9th of October, we arrived at Halifax, being only seven days and twelve hours from the time of our departure from Queenstown. I proceeded to Boston, where I remained one day. I left that city for Montreal. I reached the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel in that place at ten A. M. on Thursday the 12th of October. I confess that the three hundred miles

of night travelling, following so closely on the voyage out, caused me great bodily fatigue, and I suffered much from mental depression.

As I sat alone that morning, some three thousand miles away from home and as far distant from any friend, I began seriously to reflect whether I had not undertaken a task of too great magnitude; I was weak enough to regret having left the shores of England upon what now appeared so Quixotic an undertaking. It was too late for regret, and I immediately dispelled my doubts by action. My first step was to collect my credentials and call upon the solicitors whose advice was to guide my future proceedings. Messrs. Roberts & Roe are one of the most eminent firms of *avocats* in Montreal. On making the acquaintance of the senior partner, I felt that I stood in the presence of a gentleman of no ordinary ability, — one, whose verdict would go far to decide whether my mission would be stamped with "success" or indorsed with "failure." I related to him as briefly as possible the circumstances which brought me to him; I handed him the power of attorney, and, being desirous of securing his unlimited confidence, I also exhibited to him my letter of credit and introduction to the eminent Canadian house, Messrs. Gillespies', Moffatt, & Co. When I had finished my recital, Mr. Roberts took a few moments for reflection. I watched him narrowly, and I fancied I read distinctly in his countenance that his honest conviction was adverse to my cause. I found that such was the fact; for, addressing me very deliberately, he said, "I fear your case is hopeless, and that your journey will be a fruitless one." He explained to me the law of Canada in reference to such cases, and pointed out, that even if I found Hooker, which was in his opinion doubtful, I could only treat him as a debtor; I could not touch either his person or his goods; that I might bring an action against him for a common debt, with the consolatory thought that after I had spent some weeks in litigation and obtained judgment, Mr. Hooker would run across to the United States and snap his fingers at me and my judgment. Mr. Roberts was kind enough to say he could not but admire the spirit which had been evinced by our bank in taking such prompt and energetic action in the matter, and expressed a wish that other large mercantile firms in England would adopt a similar line of conduct, which would prevent Canada, and more particularly Montreal (from its proximity to the United States), becoming the resort of so many swindlers from the mother country.

Naturally I felt for the moment cast down by the revelation of the "hopelessness of my case," and for an instant I contemplated relinquishing all further proceedings; but happily, in a few minutes, this feeling vanished, and I became as it were fortified with unusual strength and energy. I was enabled calmly to reflect upon the formidable difficulty I had to encounter, and instead of abandoning my mission, I resolved to prosecute it to the utmost. I told the legal adviser that my first step must be to discover the fugitive, and next to give him into "pretty safe" custody, until I could come to a satisfactory settlement with him, — disregarding for the time all the terrors of the Canadian law on the question of false imprisonment. At this period I was introduced to the junior partner of the firm, who subsequently undertook the management of the affair, and by his advice I shut myself up in my hotel, in case Hooker should see me and abscond

whilst the *avocat* undertook to send during the day to all the hotels to examine the books of arrivals. After a wretched time of inactivity I again sought my solicitors to ascertain the result of the search. It was altogether unsuccessful. I subsequently found that had the official to whom the duty had been intrusted exercised an ordinary amount of vigilance, he would have been able to have furnished me with most welcome intelligence. His search, however, had been a very superficial one, and I was consequently compelled to return to my hotel sadly disappointed, and wearied both in body and mind.

The following morning I was introduced to the Chief of the Montreal detective police, Mr. O'Leary, a remarkably acute and intelligent Irishman. He regretted that for a day or two he could not give me much personal assistance, as he was engaged in several important criminal cases at the assizes, which were then being held in Montreal. I briefly put him in possession of the facts of my mission, and he consoled me with the assurance that, if Hooker were there or in the neighborhood, he should have no difficulty in finding him. As I was deprived of the detective's active assistance, I resolved to take a line of action of my own. I suggested to Mr. Roe that we should make inquiries at the offices of the Canadian Mail Steam-Packet Company, in one of whose ships (the Belgian) Hooker and his family had sailed from England. Mr. Roe acceded to my suggestion, and accompanied me at once to the office, where I was introduced by him to Mr. Allan, the principal partner in the firm. My object was to ascertain whether, from the official list of the passengers by the Belgian, they could furnish me with any information as to the arrival of the fugitive either in Quebec or Montreal. Mr. Allan at once communicated with the officials at Quebec, where the passengers had landed.

I was employed during Friday in visiting my solicitors and the detective officers, as well as in making inquiries at banks, post-office, and smaller hotels, but without acquiring the least information likely to prove serviceable.

At an early hour the next morning I started out with a conviction that if Hooker were in Canada I should obtain some clew to his whereabouts before night. This presentiment did not mislead me, for before three o'clock I effected his "capture" and had him closeted in my solicitor's office in Little St. James's Street, with O'Leary and a brother-detective in close attendance.

I will record the events as they occurred that day, which was one of much anxiety and excitement.

When I reached Mr. Allan's office, I was informed by the head clerk that a letter had been received from their establishment at Quebec in reply to their inquiries, containing some important and satisfactory information.

It is true they had lost all traces of the fugitive on his landing at Quebec, and consequently could not have rendered any assistance but for a singular coincidence which occurred a few days previously at Toronto. The purser of the Belgian had occasion to visit the City of the Lakes, and whilst there he saw and had recognized Hooker as one of the passengers. The latter believed himself to be perfectly safe, and, not having the slightest idea that any one was in pursuit of him, he invited the purser to take some refreshment, and then voluntarily

entered into conversation about himself and family, mentioning, among other things, that his wife, sister-in-law, and children were at the Montreal Hotel in Montreal, where he intended shortly to join them. The purser returned to Quebec, and, fortunately for me, was at the office when the letter of inquiry from Montreal was opened. He immediately communicated the above facts to Mr. Allan.

I hastened with the welcome intelligence to my solicitors. It was difficult to decide upon the best course to adopt. If any direct inquiry were made, Mrs. Hooker would probably communicate with her husband and prevent his return; after a short consultation we decided to leave the matter in the hands of O'Leary, the detective. I went for him at once, and fortunately found him at the chief office of police. As I have previously stated, he was a sharp-witted Irishman, of gentlemanly bearing. After deliberately reading the letter which had been intrusted to me by Mr. Allan's clerk, he took my hand in his own, and, grasping it warmly he said in his native accent, "My dear sirr-h—it's all right—lave it to me."

On our way to Montreal House he informed me that he knew, and had the greatest confidence in, the landlord, from whom he could obtain every information without exciting any suspicion. We entered the house by the public bar, and of course were at once the object of that curiosity which is invariably manifested when a detective office appears in company with a stranger in a public place of that description. The character of O'Leary was too well known for any one to venture upon a remark beyond an inquiry as to the state of his health, and what he would drink? One cadaverous-looking Yankee put the latter question to me, but as I was a stranger to him I politely declined to take anything.

I soon discovered that I had committed rather a grave sin, for the Yankee appeared much irritated at my refusal, and advised me if I were going to New York, never to decline such an offer if it were made to me in that city, or, said he, "I guess it will be the worse for you." On turning to O'Leary, I found him carelessly glancing at the names in the arrival-book of the hotel. Suddenly he closed the book, took it in his hand, and gave me a sign to follow him into an inner office. When the door was closed he opened the book, and putting his finger on Hooker's signature, inquired if that was the man. I replied in the affirmative. The landlord was then admitted into our council, and a cautiously whispered conference took place. The landlord informed us that Hooker's wife and children were up stairs in the apartment above us, and that he had stowed large quantities of baggage in an adjoining room. At that moment Mrs. Hooker was expecting her husband by the first train from Toronto, after which they intended leaving, but where they intended to go he had no idea. O'Leary advised me to change my quarters from the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel to Montreal House, and keep a watchful eye on the movements of the family, so as to be ready to confront the husband on his arrival. I hastened to the hotel, removed all traces of my address and railway tickets from my luggage, and entered my name on the arrival-book of the Montreal Hotel as Mr. V. Robinson, from Boston. I lounged about the place with a view to picking up any stray piece of information I could. I heard amongst other things that Hooker had lodged his money in the Merchants' Bank. I thought this

sufficient importance to communicate to my solicitor at once. On my return I was somewhat startled by the announcement that Hooker, who had just arrived, was then sitting down to dinner in the public room. There was evidently no time to be lost, as he had ordered his bill, and would leave in half an hour. I knew my only chance consisted in playing a bold game. With the "hopelessness of my case" ringing in my ears, I had not the courage to confront him myself; and yet in half an hour he would be gone. It was just a question of finding O'Leary and bringing him on to the scene of action in those thirty minutes. There was no vehicle at hand. I ran hastily to the head office of the police, and found to my dismay that O'Leary was not there, nor was there any one who knew where he could be found.

I retained the services of the chief officer present, secured a cab, and went at full gallop to O'Leary's private residence, where we were fortunate enough to find him. He immediately entered the cab, and we returned to Montreal House, whilst I related to him all that had occurred since I last saw him. As I told him we should probably find our man quietly taking dinner, his face lighted up with pleasure, and he exclaimed, "It's one of the most beautiful little affairs I have been engaged in for some time past!" I feared that his zeal might get the better of his discretion. I again explained to him the full nature of the case, — that I could not legally give him into custody, and my only chance of recovering any portion of the money with which he had absconded from England was to frighten him into some concession before he could procure legal advice; O'Leary appeared delighted with the prospect of his game, — and requesting me to "leave it entirely in his hands," assured me that in case he were obstinate he would terrify him out of his life. Ere we reached the hotel I was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement; the time for decisive action had arrived. Preceded by the landlord, and in company with the two detectives, I ascended the principal staircase at the top of which was the entrance to the dining-saloon.

The door was open, thus affording us a view of some twenty of the guests, and, among them, of the man in search of whom I had crossed the Atlantic. He was sitting with his back to us, his wife and sister-in-law being on each side of him. He appeared in high spirits, and was chatting with the various guests at table, little dreaming who was standing at the open door, prepared to denounce him, if necessary, as a fugitive swindler from England. I pointed him out to O'Leary, who calmly remarked, "That's enough"; and then as a second thought struck him, he added, with a spice of his Irish humor, — "But we'll let him finish his dinner first, for he seems to be enjoying it so much." In accordance with so odd a request, we allowed him a few minutes' grace; he was then touched on the shoulder by the head waiter, and informed that a gentleman was waiting to see him. Still unsuspecting, he arose from his seat and came towards us with a smiling countenance. O'Leary met him, and with a slight inclination of the head, said, "Mr. Hooker, from England, I believe?" "Yes," was the apparently firm reply. I thought I could discover an anxious nervous twitching in his face, betraying an undercurrent of guilty consciousness, and a fear that he had not escaped pursuit, as perhaps only a few minutes previously he was flattering himself he had.

I was standing a little in the rear of O'Leary, and thus was partially hidden from observation. Stepping on one side and extending his hand towards me, O'Leary said, "Allow me, Mr. Hooker, to introduce you to a gentleman from England, with whom, I believe, you are well acquainted!"

Making an effort to appear calm and unconscious of danger, the swindler deliberately disowned all knowledge of me. Looking at me, and then turning to O'Leary, he replied, "I do not know the gentleman. He is a perfect stranger to me."

I was unprepared for such a barefaced disavowal from a man with whom I had so often and so lately transacted business. For a moment I felt staggered by this fresh evidence of guilt. At length I stepped forward, and said, "Mr. Hooker you know the — Bank, and you know me as the cashier of that establishment; and you know, too, perfectly well, the nature of the business which has brought me to Canada in search of you."

These words, uttered with all the menace and determination I could throw into them, had a marked and striking effect on the conscience-stricken man to whom they were addressed. His courage instantly forsook him. He trembled as if stricken with ague. Uttering all sorts of miserable excuses for his conduct, he requested that we would retire to a private room with a view to an explanation and settlement. I readily acceded to this, and now felt somewhat hopeful of bringing the business to a satisfactory conclusion. I soon discovered that in this I was fated to be disappointed; for, shortly after we were closeted, he again assumed a bold appearance, and seemed disposed to justify his conduct rather than make any reparation for what he had done. His principal anxiety appeared to be to avoid exposure before the inmates of the hotel; this afforded me an opportunity for suggesting a movement I was anxious to effect, viz., an adjournment to the office of my legal advisers. Taking his arm in mine, and requesting the detectives to follow closely, we left the hotel. After we reached Mr. Roe's office, nearly two hours were expended in vain attempts to induce the delinquent to accede to some equitable terms of settlement.

He at first appeared very penitent, and, in the midst of his tears, declared that it was his intention, as far as lay in his power, to act honorably to every one; he begged, again and again, to be allowed to return to his wife, who, being ignorant of the state of affairs, would be suffering great anxiety from his prolonged absence. He seemed so sincere in his protestations that Mr. Roe suggested that I should accede to his request. This was a moment of great difficulty to me. I did not wish to be unnecessarily severe, neither did I wish to act in opposition to the advice given me by Mr. Roe. Still, I felt sure I should be losing some of the vantage ground I had gained through the day, if I released him whilst matters were in their present position. At last I said, "I have a duty to perform, and I cannot shrink one step therefrom. You absconded from England, and, having incurred expense in finding you, I cannot, and will not, release you until you have given me some material guaranty that the funds which you have deposited in the Merchants' Bank, in this city, shall not be touched until you have made a satisfactory settlement with me."

My determination had the effect of again making him change his tactics. He upbraided me for

bringing two detectives to his hotel, threatened vengeance against me for having been given into their custody, and asked me, indignantly, what I required.

An idea flashed across my mind. I confess it was a piece of strategy, and, conceived as it was in a minute, I could hardly hope that my prisoner would fall into the trap I wished to lay for him.

I replied, "You are anxious to get back to your family, and I am equally anxious to terminate this painful interview. I will release you on the following conditions: you shall draw a check for the funds (with the exception of a few pounds for your immediate use) which you have placed in the Merchants' Bank, payable to your order and my order jointly, and deposit the same with my solicitor. As a man of business," I continued, carelessly, "you are aware that I shall not be able to touch this money without your indorsement to the check."

I confess I did not draw his particular attention to the fact that he would be equally helpless without my signature. Neither could he have given one moment's consideration to this feature in the transaction, or he certainly would not have so readily acceded to my terms. He appeared lost to every idea but that of his present escape; he immediately drew up the check, which he signed, and handed to Mr. Roe.

I was now as anxious to get rid of him as I had been a few hours previously to effect his capture. It was necessary to have the check "initialed" at the bank, which would place such an embargo on his funds as would prevent the possibility of his tampering with them by other means. It was Saturday afternoon, and a half-holiday. Hurrying away as quickly as we could, we proceeded to the Merchants' Bank. It was closed. After some little delay, we gained admission by the private door. The clerks were leaving, and informed us that no further business could be transacted until Monday. Monday would be too late; the full nature of my compromise with Hooker would be laid before him by a legal authority, and, perhaps, was at that moment being divulged to him. Steps might be taken to remove his funds from my grasp. He, too, would be told of the "hopelessness of my case," and would, doubtless, set me at defiance. I felt that if we failed now, I should never recover one shilling of the money; that I should have to return to England beaten and disappointed, with a heavy bill of costs to add to the amount of which my firm had already been swindled.

With desperation I urged my solicitor forward, and we soon found ourselves in the interior of an inner office, where one of the chief tellers and a junior still remained. Fortunately for me and those whom I represented, the principal was a friend of my solicitor. The cashier had his hat on, the junior was in the act of placing the last huge ledger in the iron safe, when he was stopped by Mr. Roe. "One minute," he exclaimed to his friend the cashier; "I will not detain you long, but in that ledger you will find an account opened, within the last few days, by a Mr. Hooker from England. He has just given me a check for nearly the whole amount, payable to the joint order of himself and this gentleman," pointing to me. We do not require the cash, but simply to have the check accepted by the bank."

The cashier, anxious to oblige his friend, opened the ledger, turned to the account, attached his initials to the check, and returned it to us. The

thanks we tendered him were neither few nor cold; and, as we hastily left the bank, Mr. Roe warmly congratulated me on the success of my plot. I was too overpowered to say much myself. Begging him to take especial care of the check, and under no circumstances to part with it without my authority, I left him, promising to see him on Monday morning. I wandered down Notre Dame Street in a state of complete abstraction and bewilderment. I was overjoyed at the result of the day's proceedings, the exciting events of which had passed so rapidly in succession, that I could scarcely realize the agreeable change which during the last few hours had taken place in the aspect of my Canadian adventure. Of one circumstance I have a vivid recollection. I sat down to dinner that evening with a heart full of thankfulness; and, for the first time since I landed in America, I really and truly enjoyed the viands which were placed before me.

Although I had virtually brought Mr. Hooker to a strait which would compel him to accede to my own terms of settlement, still he evinced, at times, more obstinacy than ever; and it was not until that day week that I finally closed with him.

It was early on the morning of Saturday, the 21st of October, that I sought an interview with Mr. South, the solicitor who had been consulted by Hooker. Fortunately for me he was a highly respectable man. He had, on one or two occasions, intimated his contempt for his client; also, that he was heartily sick of the transaction. I told him that I had fully made up my mind to leave Montreal that night by the mail-train for Quebec, and to take passage in the North American, which would sail from the latter place on the following morning for England. "If," I said to him, "your client does not accept my terms, I will take his check back with me, make a bankrupt of him, — his assignees shall indorse the check *per procurationem*; and the whole of the funds will then be sent out to England for the benefit of his estate."

His reply was satisfactory. "I admit," he said, "that the terms you propose are such as my client ought to accede to. He will be here shortly. I will inform him of your ultimatum; and if he still remains obstinate, I shall decline to have anything further to do with him. Will you call on me again at twelve o'clock?"

I kept the appointment punctually. The guilty man was there too, and quite crestfallen. Under the heavy pressure that had been brought to bear upon him he had at length given way. He accepted my terms, — indorsed the check; and in a few hours, with a draft for the "salvage" money, drawn by the City Bank of Montreal on Messrs. Glyn & Co., of London, safe in my possession, I was steaming rapidly towards Quebec.

I landed in England on Thursday, the 2d of November. Notwithstanding the "hopelessness of my case," I had effected my "capture in Canada," and was enabled to report the same personally at headquarters in less than five weeks from the date of my departure.

NODDY'S SITUATION.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. — CHAPTER V.

PEOPLE did talk; and the bitterness of it to Mrs. McCuller was that it was all her own doing. However, she was equal to the occasion. She had made one attempt to bring Julia out at eighteen with indifferent success. As a shopkeeper, whose good-

have been exposed in his window for a few weeks, and become a trifle soiled, will remove them to the back of his shop, that they may come out fresh again by and by, so Mrs. Muciller, whose daughter had become a trifle fly-blown by the exposure, resolved to send Julia to France to finish her education for the second time, to come out fresh at eighteen again in another twelvemonth. It took a few weeks to complete the necessary arrangements for Julia's departure, during which time Mrs. Muciller's attention was distracted from Noddy's affairs. The only *sentiment* of emotion at the *contre-temps* exhibited by Julia consisted in a renewed expression, in song, of something like regret that the "two leaves were parted in the stream"; but as to any *feeling* of emotion, she probably had about as much as the "other leaf," that "floated forward all alone."

Towards the close of September, a very few days after Miss Julia had become a *pensionnaire* of a Parisian establishment, Mrs. Muciller pounced upon an advertisement in the local paper.

"At last!" she exclaimed to Noddy; "here is the very thing for you. It seems like a providence. Here have we been trying the London papers for weeks, and the very identical thing suddenly turns up in our own little print. I'll read it:—

"WANTED, A GOVERNESS.—The advertiser wishes to obtain instruction for a child turned eight years old. English only required.—Address W., Pinewood, Lyndhurst, Hants."

"Just what you want,—no accomplishments whatever mentioned; so write directly."

"Yes," said Noddy, "I will. I like the look of that advertisement. There is not too much said, and not too much required."

Noddy wrote three or four notes before she could manage one to suit the conciseness of the advertisement. The one she sent was this:—

"To W.

"I think I am competent to undertake the situation.
NORAH CRAY."

Return of post brought the following reply:—

September 26, 18—.

"To Miss NORAH CRAY.

"If Miss Cray is of that opinion, she is requested to be at Lyndhurst Station at 7.15 P. M., to-morrow. Carriage will be sent.
W."

"P. M.?" Mrs. Muciller remarked. "Not a very suitable time to engage a governess. However, that is not my affair."

Noddy was so really anxious to secure a situation for which she thought herself qualified, that she would have gone had it been M. M.,—twelve o'clock at midnight.

"You will not make any frivolous objections about accepting this situation," Mrs. Muciller said. "The family, whoever they are, seem evidently disposed to engage you, and you will understand I have no further occasion for your services with me. Should you be engaged at once, I do not even see that it would be needful for you to return. You forgot yourself more than once in your demeanor to a visitor of mine; it is not my wish you should have another opportunity of making a similar mistake. If you return at all, it will be your own fault; and if you suffer for it, it will be a consequence of your own folly."

"I will really try," returned Noddy; "for indeed, I am in earnest for employment. But you will not be angry if I return unsuccessful? You would not turn me away?"

"If you return, I do not think I should turn you away. People might talk. I should not turn you out of doors; but if, after once showing you a separate path from my own, and you refuse it, there should be a way I have not yet tried to make you feel my resentment, I will try to find that way. Until you had the prospect of a situation, I have restrained myself, because to exhibit my feeling would be useless and purposeless. Now, let me tell you that I know something of your deceit and treachery. Thanks to your poisoning Mr. Geogagan's mind against my daughter Julia, he left in the sudden and disgraceful manner he did. You need not pretend to innocence. You were walking with him the day we went to the picnic, and your lies have brought all this disgrace about."

"I assure you it was not so. I never said a word to—"

"You own you walked with him, then?"

"I did," said Noddy quietly; "but—"

"O, you did! Vastly fine! You did! Mrs. Muciller's upper-servant and parlor-maid walked out for an airing with Mrs. Muciller's guest! Indeed. Cat!" and Mrs. Muciller bent herself forward, the better to project her indignation. "Leave the room without a word, or I may forget my own interest, and, once out of the house, may be fool enough to forbid your return, even to such a reception as I can give you. Go!"

Noddy was too angry to cry. She went. Mrs. Muciller's words were too unjust to stab. No one knew their injustice better than Noddy. The one bit of truth, that she had taken a walk with Mr. Geogagan, she was not ashamed of. Mrs. Muciller's deduction from it, about its being the means of breaking off Julia's expected match, needed no contradiction. Noddy knew that, and, what is more, knew that her step-mother knew it too. The mistake of women's disputes is their predilection for hanging a quarrel on any peg but the right one. Had Mrs. Muciller confined herself to saying she hated Noddy, and always had done so, she would have been completely justified, and would have succeeded in making her victim cry.

The 7.15 train set Noddy down at a little country station, in the middle of the New Forest, amid a wilderness of tree-beauty, with no other habitation in sight for miles than the station-master's house, and the long red roofs of Lyndhurst Union peering out from the distant green. The air was scented with flowers, and musical with bird-voices, and the golden evening haze lay on all the sombre trees, and burned them into a red misty glory. A few minutes, and a shaggy pony became visible, drawing a small phaeton out of the forest shade. The man drove up, and asked for Miss Cray.

"No luggage, mum, I think? No. Perhaps you won't mind sittin' by me. The road is roughish, and the front seat is more springy."

So Noddy perched herself beside the coachman, and the shaggy pony began a shuffling sort of running trot, and the "carriage" began to glide and bump over the grassy forest-path.

"How far is Pinewood?" Noddy inquired.

"A matter of five mile, mum,—miss, I should say,—but the road is a rum un."

So it seemed. Over humps and bumps in the

lawnly way, and the forest-path twisting and winding about among the majestic trees; the wheels singing pleasantly on the grass, grating a stone here and there, or going over a bough yonder, but the pony shuffling along over everything with a happy see-saw swaying of his head.

"Are they at home?"

"Yes 'm, — leastways, miss."

"Who did you say your master was?" Noddy wanted to know something of the folks she was going to.

"I didn't say he was no one, did I?" He thought this too sharp, however; for he added, "He's the governor, — that's what he is."

"And the child?" asked Noddy, a little rebuffed.

"A girl, I suppose?"

The coachman looked at her severely. "No," he said, doggedly; "it ain't a girl. — Come up, Peg, can't you?" — the last remark being addressed in a surly tone to the pony.

It was getting dusk when Noddy arrived. She was shown into a spacious room, comfortably furnished, but plenty of room to walk about. The windows looked out on the billowy forest, now fading into purple gloom, all save the nearer trees, which stood in a silhouette of black lacework against the twilight sky. Presently, an old lady in black silk entered the room. Not the lady of the house, Noddy judged, — more like a motherly housekeeper than that; but there was a comfortable smile on her face as she said, "Miss Cray, I believe, — in answer to the letter? Will you follow me, my dear?"

Noddy followed her out of the room, and along a cool white hall, to a door. The old lady knocked. "My master is within; please to enter."

Master! thought Noddy, and trembled at the prospect of the approaching ordeal; but the housekeeper had opened the door, and Noddy had to go in. The room was larger than the other; it was also darker, inasmuch as the blinds were half-way down, and no lights to enliven the gloom. Noddy could only distinguish dimly the figure of a man, in a great chintz-covered easy-chair, at the far end of the room. She judged him to be elderly by his reclining as if with gout, his legs making two great bolster-like parcels in front of him. The hair that strayed out beneath his velvet skull-cap appeared white, and he addressed her in a slow voice of some firmness. "Be seated, Miss Cray, if you please."

Norah took a seat.

"Your letter appeared to me straightforward."

Norah bowed.

"You think yourself competent for the situation, you say. I hope you have thoughtfully considered the terms in which I advertised, before venturing to make such a statement? It is a situation which will involve some amount of responsibility, as I wish to depend entirely upon the person whom I may select for the education and general oversight of her charge. I will not conceal from you that that charge, in addition to being a responsible one, may prove a difficult one, — the lad to whom I refer having many objectionable propensities, that will require to be watched and corrected."

"I think you stated in the advertisement the child is eight years of age," Norah said.

"'Turned eight,' are the words employed. He is, in fact, 'turned eight.'"

"Then, I think there is every hope that those propensities may be subdued."

"I hope so. And in proof of your ability to

bring about such a result, I conclude you can give me some testimonials, received from previous situations."

She had not thought of that. "I have never been out before," Noddy said.

"H'm. Then your method of procedure would be tentative? That is a grave consideration."

"I would try to do my best," said Noddy, eagerly, "if the child is not too old, and not beyond my capacity to teach. I'm not clever nor accomplished, but it was your plainness in advertising led me to think I might suit. You said, 'English only required.'"

"Exactly, but the best of English. And you will bear in mind that there are many more English persons who can talk three or four foreign languages than can speak their own with correctness."

Noddy's heart began to sink. "The advertisement doesn't say the best of English," she said.

"No, it says *English*, and only the very best can be called that."

Noddy thought of Mrs. Muciller and of her own prospects at Braithfield, if she lost this place. She determined on a despairing battle for it.

"But the child is yet young, only eight; and I can teach him till he is ready for some one wiser. Indeed, I will do my best."

"Turned eight, if you please. He is, in fact, 'turned' nine. He is at least ten years of age."

"Then," Noddy said, just ready to cry with disappointment, "I suppose I am not competent? You may know better English than I do, but you have not made a brave use of it to torture a poor girl who wants work."

"Miss Cray, I believe you are so far competent that I have no hesitation in offering you the situation. You speak truth, in spite of its being calculated in many a similar case to lose you an engagement. I therefore see you are likely to give instruction. Will you accept my situation of governess?"

Noddy hardly believed her ears. "I will," she said, with heartfelt thankfulness.

"You have not mentioned terms, remember."

"I am content to accept what you may please to offer."

"Then I have only one other question to put. You may think it a strange one, but I shall be obliged if you will answer it. Do you know what you are?" There was a distinct alteration in the old gentleman's voice that sounded queer.

"No," Noddy said, blankly enough.

"Then I must ask another, — do you know what day this is?"

"The 29th of September."

"Then you are the biggest little Michaelmas-goose that ever was!" and the elderly gentleman kicked off his gouty legs, and pitched his skull-cap and wig into the fender; "and you had better own it, Noddy!"

There stood Mr. Frank Geogagan.

"Turned eight, Noddy," he said; "and turned eight-and-twenty, for the matter of that. Behold your pupil! Of the establishment, you see I am the governor. You have already given me your promise to be governess. Do you wish to withdraw it?" — and he came towards her.

Noddy was utterly disconcerted for the moment, but she got out of his way. "Mr. Frank," she said, "I answered your question, now please answer mine. Do you know what you are?"

"No," said Mr. Frank.

"You are a most dreadful horrid story; that's what you are. You said you had lost all your money." Noddy was nearly crying.

"No. I said, 'all I had in India,'—which was quite true, and six thousand pounds. I did not tell you I had brought four times that sum home with me."

"You told me you were going to seek employment." Mr. Frank was dodging her about the room.

"I did,—you told me to go and dig,—I came down here and took this little farm, and I have gone and dug, or digged, whichever you prefer."

"But you don't want a governess, after all; and that was a wicked cheat."

"But I do, Noddy. I want to be made such a man of as you can love, and you have given your word, you will not refuse. You won't take it back again? you will forgive me the artifice? For I love you as I can love no other woman."

Mr. Frank caught her up. "It is a very bad story," she said. But Mr. Frank gathered her to him in his arms; and Noddy did not refuse. He folded her to him against his breast, and Noddy did not refuse. He hushed her sobs as she lay nestled against him like a bird that has found shelter. "I love you with all my heart," she murmured, "and I'm so happy!" (in proof of which she was wiping tears from her eyes); "but you don't think I loved you for your money?"

"I'm sure you did n't, little goose," said Frank, soothing her with kisses.

"I had rather you had n't any at all, and that we had to work together."

"Nonsense, Noddy; you have forgotten you are a little woman of property yourself. Just come out with me and take the first instalment of a quarter's interest for your twenty pounds." He led her through the house, and out into the dairy, to have a draught of warm new milk. It was from Noddy's investment,—the finest milch cow on the farm.

Somehow, the comfortable old housekeeper did n't seem altogether surprised at Mr. Frank walking about the shrubbery with his new governess on his arm; I think she must have been in the secret.

Noddy did not return to her step-mother. In three days she was Mr. Frank's wife, and as there were no cards, this is how Mr. Geogagan informed Mrs. Muciller of Noddy's marriage:—

"MADAM,—I beg to inform you that Miss Cray has accepted the situation. FRANK GEOGAGAN.

"Pinewood, Lyndhurst."

FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. HENRY KINGSLEY has assumed the editorship of the *Daily Review*, a leading Liberal Edinburgh newspaper.

A LETTER from St. Petersburg announces the death of the celebrated Russian romance writer, Lashetschnikoff.

RISTORI has been received with almost royal honors in Brazil. Her first appearance was made in the "*Medea*" of M. Legouvé.

In Paris, a vast lyrical theatre, to contain 4,000 spectators, is to be constructed, the price of admission to which will be, for certain parts of the house, only one franc.

THE King of Bavaria has just decided that in future the anniversaries of the births of Gluck,

Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber shall be celebrated at the Theatre Royal of Munich by extraordinary performances.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS will bring out in November his "*Dictionnaire de Cuisine*," the most prolific novelist of the age being likewise the best cook of modern times. The author of "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*" is a master of the art illustrated by Brillat-Savarin, Vatel, Soyer, and others.

THE immense oyster beds on the coast of France have been nearly destroyed by the intense heat. The most despondent owners had not anticipated so complete a disaster as that which has overtaken them. It is now certain that the harvest of this year will be a total failure; in many cases the beds are entirely depopulated and their owners ruined.

It is stated in the Italian papers that great progress is making with the Mont Cenis tunnel, the works being actively carried on night and day, and that there is every probability the line will be opened in the course of next year. To celebrate this event it has now been definitively decided that a Universal Exhibition shall be held at Turin in the spring of 1872.

THE young Earl of Rosse, the son of the peer whose monster telescope and love of astronomy are memorable things in their way, does not appear to advantage as an orator. One of the English journals alludes to the earl as "the pale, nervous young man who has spoken once or twice in the House of Lords on the Irish Church question, but has always been next to inaudible."

A CURIOUS old portrait has been discovered of Napoleon I., painted at Ajaccio in March, 1773, by Cavallucci. The future Emperor was then but four years old. He is dressed in a sailor's costume of dark olive green, and wears pointed shoes with silver buckles. Thick hair falls over the child's forehead, but the features wear a decided resemblance to subsequent likenesses.

THE last lottery which the French Government will license has been drawn. The first prize of one hundred thousand francs was won by a young seamstress of Paris whose *fiancé* on last New Year's Day bought two tickets of the Loterie de Toulouse, and, offering her one, said he did so because he could not afford a more costly gift. The young girl is going to marry him, which, under the circumstances, strikes one as the least she could do.

OF all the mad books ever written by a man of genius "*L'Homme qui Rit*," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, appears to us to be the maddest. The incipient insanity which might be observed in "*Notre Dame de Paris*," and which in that work might be described as the extravagance of genius, began to run to seed in "*Les Misérables*," became far worse in the "*Travailleurs de la Mer*," and has gone almost as far as it can go in "*L'Homme qui Rit*."

THE movement for woman's rights has spread to Italy. Not long since a young and beautiful woman appeared before the Roman Senate, and announced herself to be the last descendant of the Emperors of the East, living unknown with her father in a valley in Piedmont; and, producing documents, she demanded an investigation of her pretensions. The Senate complied with her request, and finally recognized her as the Princess

Lascaris-Paleologus, ordering her name to be thus inscribed in the "Book of Gold" at the Capitol. The Princess subsequently went to Florence, where she has now taken a bolder step and founded a masonic lodge for women.

THE Prince of Wales has presented to the Euter Museum a mummy and coffin discovered during the progress of some excavations recently made in Egypt, by command of his Royal Highness, with the sanction of the Viceroy of Egypt. Mr. S. Birch, of the British Museum, pronounces the mummy to be the body of Amenhetpai, a man prepared by the wax process. The coffin is covered with hieroglyphical inscriptions, an explanation of which has been supplied by a learned gentleman.

LADIES who bathe will be interested in the costume of lady bathers at Dieppe. At that town the members of a newly formed swimming club wear a *vêtement* of stout white merino, close-fitting to the shape, and bound at the knees with scarlet ribbon, a scarlet sash round the waist, and a scarlet ruche round the neck; short sleeves, looped with scarlet bows, and a casquette of the same material as the *vêtement*, with a scarlet peak. We don't comprehend a word of this. We copy it blindly from "The Ladies' own Paper."

M. GARNIER, architect of the new opera house, was the first to announce to the Paris press the triumph of his rival candidate for the Emperor's quinquennial prize of four thousand pounds, to be awarded to the finest work of art produced by a French subject since the year 1864. Ten candidates alone contended for the prize. M. Duc, architect of the new Palais de Justice, was elected by a majority of two over Blanc, and by six over M. Garnier. M. Duc, in 1831, was the architect of the Column of July erected on the Place de la Bastille.

A HUNGARIAN paper, the *Hermannstädter Zeitung*, mentions a new system of railway signalling, invented by Herr Eduard Krejczy, the special advantages of which are the following: 1. A train, without slackening its speed, can communicate with any station or any other train on the same track. 2. In case of an accident the train itself can signal for assistance, and make the casualty known along the whole line. 3. A concussion is impossible, as two trains in motion can constantly exchange signals. 4. The working of the new system is very cheap. Herr Krejczy has placed his invention in the hands of the Hungarian Government, with the stipulation that in case of its being sold he is to receive one half of the purchase-money and the State the other.

AN extraordinary accident lately took place at Malta. Some officers of the garrison, thinking to compliment the inhabitants of the island on one of their great festivals, that of the Madonna of Mount Carmel, added to the illuminations provided by the Roman Catholic authorities by fixing a number of lights from the stores which were always understood to be kept for the purpose of lighting up the port in the case of a night attack. They proved, however, to be fatal projectiles, and as soon as they were fired they delivered a storm of grape-shot. Fortunately, although there were crowds of spectators, little or no harm was done. The officers, seeing the mistake they had made, rushed forward at great personal risk, and threw several of the infernal machines into the sea, when they exploded under water.

If in France women fail to obtain some legal or political status, it will not be for want of their own energy, or the eloquence of their advocates. A grand banquet was given in Paris a short time since at which those of both sexes most interested in the question of "l'affranchissement des femmes" were present. The chair was taken by M. Guérault, the principal editor of *L'Opinion Nationale*; whilst the vice-chair was occupied by Mlle. Maria Deraismes. Amongst the guests were Messrs. Arthur Arnould and Robert Hyenne, of the *Rappel*; Feyrnet, of *Le Temps*; Henri Carle, of *La Libre Conscience*; Aristide Roger, of *Le Petit Journal*; Camille Flammarion, Ch. Fauvey, &c. Amongst the ladies were Mlles. Maxime Brenil, Louise Bader, editress of the *Revue Populaire*, and Karl, a well-known actress, Mmes. Arnould, Esther-Sezzi, and Collet, Miss Cameron and Miss Blands, Mde. Augusta Gamberg, from Finland, and many others. After dinner the gentlemen and ladies seem to have spoken in turns. M. Léon Richer, the editor of a journal, *Le Droit des Femmes*, the majority of the contributors to which are ladies, exposed the object of his paper and of the meeting, — namely, the pacific solution of the various difficulties which at present surround the position of women in society. Mlle. Brenil, whilst thanking the men whose presence at the dinner was a proof of their assent to the efforts made by woman towards emancipation, added that the greatest enemy woman had to contend with was the impalpable but ever present one — "on dira ceci et cela"; and the *on*, according to Mlle. Brenil, represents only women, — of whose raillery women are more afraid than they are of men's. The speech of Mde. Gamberg — who had arrived from Finland to attend the meeting — is not reported. It would have been interesting to learn the present position of women's rights in those distant countries, and under the paternal government of the Czar.

MY DARLING.

My darling is the sweetest maid
That ever lived on marmalade

Or wanted wings, to make her
The angel that she ought to be;
But then — unluckily for me;
I'm five-and-forty, and, you see,
She's only twelve — deuce take her!

Why, I was over forty-three
Before she had begun to be —
That B you see leads me to D,
Because the Fates miscarry.
To let her be my wife a bar
They prove — nor suffer letter R.
To make my MARY marry!

Her hair is gold in wavy curls,
Her eyes are stars, her teeth are pearls,
Her boots are bronze and lace up,
Her cheek is bloomy like a plum,
Her breath is sweet as marjorum;
But poetry is weak to sum
Her figure and her face up.

Alas, the truth I must aver, —
My nephew Dick's in love with her,
While Prudence says I should prefer
Her aunt, who's plain and heavy.
O, would — but why ask Fate to grant
A boon which I'm aware it can't?
O, would that she had been her aunt,
Or I had been my nerry.

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A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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MY CASUAL ACQUAINTANCES.

AT five o'clock one August afternoon, a few years ago, it was hot in Piccadilly.

"Must one dress?" I asked in pathetic tones.

"Of course," replied Tibbit. "You are in London, my dear Stumps. — You will excuse my leaving you now, but I have important letters to write before dinner. Remember, half-past seven to the fraction of a second: till then, fare you well."

Important letters I knew meant adjournment to his chambers in the Albany, the removal of his coat and neckcloth, a glass of sherry and bitters a cigarette, and a sound nap till it was time to adorn himself for the event of his day; and I thought that he might have kept company for once with a poor provincial, who had but his hotel to go to when he was weary of strolling about the streets. But still a dinner at the Apician is doubtless a very great treat, and I felt ashamed of my ungrateful repinings.

Ah, here was one of the bliss-houses of my youth, still open, and showing by large announcements that it continued to cater for sight-seers. My heart was forty-two, and did not beat on approaching the Egyptian Hall so violently as it had done thirty years before, but it gave a decided though slight wobble; so fresh do hearts keep in the country. Any entertainment would be more amusing than sitting alone in the hotel smoking-room reperusing the newspapers. What! the Victoria Cross Gallery? Why, that was one of the things I had wished to see directly I heard of it. An old schoolfellow had shot six Russians with his own revolver at the affair of the Ovens in the Crimea, and another had spitted several mutineers in India with a regulation sword: a wonderful feat to the mind of a fencer, who finds one of those weapons clumsy enough in his hand after the foil. I turned in, paid my shilling, and ascended the well-remembered stairs, hoping that the room would not be crowded that hot afternoon. The selfish wish was gratified: the only living being in the place was an official seated behind a green baize table at the entrance, who wanted me to buy a catalogue, and write my name in a large book spread open before him for the purpose. To the first request I gladly acceded, but not to the second. The name of Stumps is not beautiful in itself, and I could not flatter myself that it would awaken any particular enthusiasm in the mind of a subsequent visitor who might read it; unless, indeed, he was a monomaniac about cricket. So I left the half-filled page unenriched by my autograph, and gave myself up to the enjoy-

ment of a real treat. The room was cool, there were seats at intervals, and the pictures were just what I enjoy; full of action, and representing stirring scenes. A man named Stumps cannot be expected to appreciate high art; or at any rate I don't. I own with shame that I like Music with a tune, and Painting with a story; that I am a being without culture in short, fit to make all Mr. M——w A——d's nerves jar horribly if I came within five yards of him. Now, with the exception of a few French works, like the "Gorge du Malakoff" and the "Prise du Malakoff," all the battle-pictures I had hitherto seen were disappointing representations of smoke and impossible horses, with a broken gun-carriage and a few dead soldiers in the foreground. But there was a vivid, thrilling episode in each of the paintings which now engrossed my attention, and to study them seemed as good as reading Napier.

I was roused from rapt admiration of a couple of midshipmen in the ditch of a fortified place at midnight, one of whom was quietly lighting a portfire with his cigar, by the sound of voices and the rustling of dresses, and turning round I saw five newcomers clustered round the visitors' book. They had no objections to signing their names. Paterfamilias, who was round and stout and pleasant-featured as the ideal middle-aged gentlemen in *Punch*, said: "Eh, what?" and scratched his signature with the rapidity of a man who was constantly performing that operation. His wife a portly lady with an imposing nose and proud demeanor, took longer about it, evidently reading the names which preceded her own. Her two pretty daughters — the relationship was written on their faces — signed next; and then a young man in flower-show apparel, with silky hair parted in the middle, took the pen, whispering something to the youngest girl, who simpered. I'd have taken slight odds he uttered an allusion to a ceremony which is performed in vestries.

Of course, I was not staring, but took this little by-play in out of the corners of my eyes, which were still apparently riveted upon the midshipmen who were engaged in patriotic arson. Why only apparently? Because the proper study for mankind is man; because, though Art is very fine, Nature sometimes beats it; and because, even at forty-two, if one lives in the country, a pretty girl is still a pleasing object.

I soon discovered a fact, however, which modesty and experience alike prevented my calculating upon; they were noticing me. I remember a story, told I think, in this Journal, of a man who flattered

himself that he was stalking a lion, and hearing a rustle in the bushes behind him, found that the lion was stalking him. I sympathized with that sportsman. There could be no doubt about it. Madam was the first to gaze on me, as though she thought she knew me, whenever she fancied herself unperceived; then she nudged her husband, and whispered in his ear, whereupon he too inspected me, as if I had formed part of the exhibition; then a mysterious communication was conveyed to the girls, and they examined me in a quiet sort of way, shyly but perceptibly. The young man, too, gave a glance in my direction, but evidently did not think much of me, — his attention being engrossed by the charms of the younger-looking of the two sisters, though, indeed, neither of them appeared more than twenty. An incident soon occurred which I am almost ashamed to mention, lest it should appear to be insinuated that it was not entirely accidental, as of course it must have been. The whole party, making their tour of inspection, passed behind me in single file, *Materfamilias* bringing up the rear; and just as she passed me, she dropped the pencil with which she was marking her catalogue, without perceiving the loss until she was two pictures off, when she suddenly called to her eldest daughter: "O, do look here, love; here is dear Sir Henry Slasher, whom you danced with the other night, cutting a horrid native's head off! I must put a cross against that. Dear me, what has become of my pencil?"

I picked up the little golden toy, studded with turquoises, which lay at my feet, and presented it to her. Her gratitude was amazing. She set a particular value upon the article; would not have lost it for worlds; was so much obliged to me. Perhaps you are aware how fascinating the manners of a proud matron with a Roman nose are when she condescends to make herself agreeable. I was quite charmed, and being very sociable in disposition, preferring, indeed, almost any one's society to my own, I was glad enough to accept the advances towards conversation which were made to me, in a cordial manner. Presently *Paterfamilias* chimed in; and then the eldest girl asked some question about a picture which was referred to me, and so in a little while I found myself chatting away indifferently with the whole party. They were a very diffident family, at least so far as opinion of their own judgment about works of art went, for they listened to my crude observations with a respect which seemed almost tinged with awe. I was cautious at first, fearing lest the young man with silky hair might be either a painter or a soldier; but when I found that he was perfectly ignorant about the things represented, and the merit of the representations, I launched out. It is not often that a commonplace dweller in the provinces finds an appreciative audience, and it is therefore just as well for him to make the most of the opportunity when he does.

The time slipped pleasantly away, till it was necessary for me to go and adorn myself for Tibbit's banquet; and then I took a cordial leave of my new acquaintances, and left the place, feeling rather as though I deserved a Victoria Cross myself, for had I not stormed the reserve of a respectable British family? I rather wished that they had gone away first, and so afforded me an opportunity of looking at the visitors' book, and finding out what their names were; especially the Christian name of the elder of the two young ladies, who

had a peculiar droop of the eyelids and a certain dimple on the left cheek when she smiled, which made me feel that perhaps I had been wrong to put off from year to year the crowning of the edifice by the election of a Mrs. Stumps. Pooh, — pooh! absurd; I was as old as her mother! "But O my heart is an evergreen," and would not be pooh-poohed.

But however fresh the heart may be, it is apt, after beating for forty years, to find a powerful rival in the stomach, and I certainly forgot all about smiles and dimples when the table-napkin was across my knees. Tibbit has not many merits, but he does understand how to order a dinner, and the artist of the Apician can execute that order in a manner to satisfy the most exacting gourmet. In the smoking-room afterwards, however, those drooping eyelids came back upon me, and I spoke of the acquaintances I had picked up to Tibbit.

"Very curious, their showing such readiness to be friendly with a complete stranger, was it not?" I observed.

"Very," replied Tibbit. "The younger man said nothing about the game of skittles, I suppose?"

"Absurd!"

"Neither did the cheerful father propose subscribing seventy-five pounds to a hospital, if you would put down another twenty-five to make up the hundred — eh?"

Tibbit has a most absurd conceit of the superior wisdom of dwellers in cities, and supposes that a man who, like myself, is for the greater portion of the year "buried," as he calls it, in the deepest wilds of the agricultural counties, must be ready to fall an easy prey to the first sharper who chooses to bait a hook for him. But, except in gastronomy, Tibbit is shallow.

My reason for making my home so far from London is, that I cannot afford to gratify my passion for field-sports on any other terms. The hire of a moor is also quite beyond my means, so, when trout-fishing ends, it is a dead season for me till September; and at the time I am speaking of, I was therefore "on the rampage." This unsettled period comprised a month at Scarborough (spent), three weeks in London, two of which had also expired, and the rest of the time in Paris, or at one of the gay German baths. So seven days after Tibbit's dinner, I went to London Bridge Station to catch the tidal train, and, in consequence of three separate and distinct blocks on the road, nearly missed it.

"Look sharp, sir, and I'll manage it for you. First-class? All right, sir. Take the portmanteau in the carriage with you? Two places; here you are."

Moralists may write what letters to the Times they like, but that porter deserved his shilling. I should certainly have had to go back ingloriously to my hotel, and remain there till next day, if he had not been remarkably spry. The guard was whistling shrilly, and some official was calling out to another that all was right behind, as the tipped one shoved my portmanteau under the seat; and when I plumped down, panting, and he slammed the door to, the train was actually in motion.

When I ceased to be a flurried package, and grew capable of observing, I discovered that the four occupied seats besides my own were filled by my acquaintances of the Victoria Cross Gallery, minus the young man with silky hair. I greeted

them, and they returned my salutations most cordially. The drooping-eyed one was sitting next to me, and was faced by her mother, to whom, of course, I directed my conversation, not, however, with the same complete success which had attended my efforts to interest her on the former occasion, as her mind seemed to be much occupied with a peculiar class of phenomena.

"I beg your pardon," she observed, soon after we were clear of the station, "you are next the window, can you tell me if the smoke from the chimneys is going straight up?"

"Not quite," I replied; "it is waving about, as smoke usually does."

Soon we were in the open country, and then she put another question. "Are the trees still, or swaying to and fro?"

"They seem pretty quiet, I think," said I wondering.

And then Paterfamilias leaned forward, and spoke of some matter about which he had been reading, — a Times article.

His wife soon interrupted us. "There is a wind-mill somewhere about here," she said, "on the left."

"O yes; I can see it," I replied, looking out of window.

"Tell me, O, do tell me, is it going round?"

"No," said I, beginning to think her rather cracked. "It is quite quiet; no grinding going on to-day."

I suppose that the young lady sitting next me saw a bewildered and curious expression on my face, for she offered an interpretation. "Mamma dreads sea-sickness during the crossing so very much," she said, "and takes great interest in the wind."

"O!" cried I, much relieved in mind, "then I am glad to say that it seems to be very calm."

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed the mother.

What brutish husbands almost invariably are. A man standing in any other relation to this poor lady would have let her take what encouragement she could from the motionless windmill; but her rougher half must needs blurt out, "You cannot tell inland what the weather is on the sea; I dare say it is blowing half a gale of wind at Dover."

"Prophet of evil!" said his wife, "I will not listen to you."

"You think too much about it, and frighten yourself into being ill," continued he. "Are you, sir, a good sailor?"

"Stumps, — Mr. Stumps," added I, observing that he paused.

There seemed to be a prospect of our travelling together, for I was quite alone and unfettered, and glad enough of their company, while they apparently liked mine. So, as it is very inconvenient for people who are thrown much together not to know one another's names, I was glad to have the opportunity of at once avowing mine.

But I could not imagine why it should give them all an electric shock, which it did: if they had been joined hand in hand, and the word "Stumps" had been the brass knob of a charged Leyden jar to which one of them had advanced a knuckle they could not have started more simultaneously.

Of course the involuntary movement was very slight, and might not have been observed, but that I was somewhat thin-skinned about my name, and therefore on the watch for the smile which it sometimes evoked; but there was no smile, only a thrill of surprise, which was immediately suppressed.

"O, indeed," said Paterfamilias. "I did not mean to — to be inquisitive; but since — in short, self-introduction — my name is Draper; this is Mrs. Draper (bows); this is my eldest daughter, Caroline (bows); this my youngest, Julia (bows)."

"And the young man who was with you at the Egyptian Hall the other day, was he your son?" I asked.

"O no, Mr. Stumps," replied Mrs. Draper, with a strong accentuation of the word "Stumps." "He was only a friend, no relative."

I looked across at Miss Julia, who tried to appear unconcerned, but colored slightly. It was evidently as I had supposed. What taste in the lad to think twice of the younger sister while the elder was there!

Caroline is nice; but her family called her Carry, which was intoxicating. It was impossible for me to help showing a certain anxiety to please when speaking to her, or paying her any little ordinary attention, quite different from my manner towards her parents or sister; and I thought she noticed it, and seemed rather pleased than otherwise. There is no fool, you know, like an old fool.

There were opportunities enough of showing civility to all of them before we got to Paris, for — though Mr. Draper did his best, and was not inactive for his figure — to wrestle with so much luggage as the ladies found it necessary to travel with, was quite beyond the powers of any one man who was not a Briareus, or an Argus, or a Hercules or some other peculiarly gifted myth. And then that overtaken gentleman's anticipations about the weather proved correct; it was blowing very hard in the Channel, and he did not get off much better than his wife on this occasion. Indeed, the whole Draper family were thoroughly prostrated, and as I am not subject to the malady of the sea, they looked up to me very much as people do to a doctor when there is illness in a house. The romantic boy breaks ground by presenting the girl of his heart with a nosegay; I, middle-aged and practical, insinuated myself by handing a basin.

When we were in the train on the other side, and my fellow-travellers had recovered, they seemed really hurt and ashamed at having put me to so much trouble; not that they bored me by dwelling much on the subject, but what they did say was evidently genuine.

Then they deferred to me in everything. "Which is the best hotel to go to, Mr. Stumps?" "How long ought we to stop in Paris, Mr. Stumps?"

That was a queer thing; they never spoke to me without mentioning my name with an emphasis, pausing upon it, as it were, as if to impress it upon their memories. And when Miss Carry grew playful, as she did under my attentions, she said "Mr. Stumps" in a sly way, as though there was some joke in the word, which I did not at all like, seeing that I soon began to contemplate the possibility of asking her to assume it.

For I went to the same hotel as they did; walked, drove, dined, and visited the theatre with them. When they were tired of Paris, we went to Cologne and up the Rhine together; and by the time we had settled down at Wiesbaden, I was quite like a member of the family, and the continued deference they, and particularly Carry, paid to everything I said, might well have tickled the vanity and softened the heart of a man even older than I was.

At last I determined to declare myself, and took the opportunity of speaking to Mr. Draper after the *table-d'hôte*, when we were taking cigars and coffee at a little round table in the courtyard of the Rose. I told him that I knew I was rather old for his daughter, and that I was not possessed of that wealth which in these cases often makes up for lack of youth; but that I was not exactly poor either, and would do my best to make Carry happy.

"Well, my lord," said he, "of course I am deeply sensible of the honor a man of your rank does my girl by such an offer—"

"My lord! What on earth do you mean?" interrupted I.

"Surely, it is time to throw off your incognito when such a serious matter as marriage is being discussed," he said.

"Incognito! What are you driving at? Whom do you take me for?"

"Why, for the Marquis of Walden," he replied.

"Marquis of Walden!" cried I. "Come, come, if you have other views for your daughter, say so; but there is no need to banter me."

"Do you mean to tell me you are not the marquis?"

"Of course I am not; there never was a title in my family yet."

"Then who are you?"

"The man I profess myself, to be sure,—plain Mr. Stumps."

Mr. Draper remained utterly dumbfounded for a while, but at last roused himself sufficiently to say, "I beg your pardon for the mistake; but why, may I ask, did you sign yourself the Marquis of Walden in the visitors' book at the Victoria Cross Gallery?"

"I never committed such an absurdity."

"It was the last name in the book when we entered, and you were the only person in the room."

"I can't help that," cried I, losing patience; "I never signed my name at all."

Mr. Draper sat still a little while with his lips tightly compressed, and his fat sides and shoulders heaving convulsively at intervals. At last he could bear it no longer, and exploding with irrepressible laughter, he rose and rushed into the hotel; while I strode off in a state of boiling indignation to the Rooms, and lost a couple of pounds worth of florins to relieve my feelings.

The cold manner of Mrs., and alas! also of Miss Draper towards me on the following morning was so extremely disgusting, after their late cordiality, that I packed up my portmanteau and left the place at once. I must say that Draper himself looked hurt and ashamed, and, I doubt not, would have apologized for his own mirth the evening before, and his wife and daughter's behavior afterwards, if he could have got hold of me alone. Poor hen-pecked wretch! Well, if I had been a marquis or a millionaire, I might have been hen-pecked too at this present writing; but that I may now safely say I never will be. I have learned my last lesson.

AN EXPERIENCE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. — CHAPTER II.

WHEN I was again aware of anything that could have belonged to the real world,—and not to the dreadful world of horrors, some terrible, some grotesque, in which my diseased brain had, during an inexplicable period, lived such life as it had known,

—I was in my own room in Strathcarrin Street. One of the first things I consciously noticed and thought about, was the fact that my bed had been moved, from the sleeping and dressing closet in which it usually stood, out into the open room.

My dreamy eyes took this fact in slowly; after a while, my drowsy brain languidly decided that this meant I had been sometime ill, and that the bed had been moved in order to give me more air.

This settled, my weak mind was free to take note of, and feebly to speculate about other facts.

A woman sat at work not far from my bedside. Which of the hospital nurses would this be, I wondered. She was working by the light of a shaded lamp. This was night, then, I supposed, or, at least, evening.

Was it summer or winter?

There was no fire burning in the grate, and, by the moving to and fro of a blind, I knew a window was open; so I concluded it was summer.

Night-time and summer-time. I had, then, settled something.

Next, who was this woman? I seemed to need to settle this also.

I could not see her face from where I lay. I watched the swift out-flying and return of the busy hand, and wondered about her, and impatiently fretted for her to turn round towards me, that I might see her face.

But she worked on.

I remember a lady once saying to me (long years after this time, but when she said it this scene returned upon me), "Work, indeed! needlework!" she spoke with a bitter intonation and an infinite contempt. "Amuse myself with my needle! How often have I been counselled to do that! Such a sweet, soothing, quiet, gracious employment! So it is, for the satisfied, the happy, the occupied. Nothing can be sweeter than to sit at one's needle through a long summer-day, and dream over one's happiness, and think out one's thoughts. But if one be not happy, and if one's thoughts be dangerous? Or, if one be utterly weary and *ennuyée*, and the mind seems empty of all thought?"

"To you men it is all one. To see a woman sitting at her needle makes you content. You think she is safe, out of mischief, just sufficiently amused, and so suitably occupied! Not too much engrossed to be ready to listen to and to serve your lordships; not so far *ennuyée* as to be disposed to make exacting claims upon your attention and your sympathy."

"Your eyes rest on her with satisfaction; she forms such a charming picture of housewifely repose and industry,— 'Ohne Hast ohne Rast.' You like to let your eyes rest upon her when you choose to look up from your paper, your review, or your wise. You feel at liberty to study her at your leisure, as you might a picture. It never occurs to you that mocking, miserable, mad thoughts may be hammering her brain,—that passion, desperation, despair, or that utter weariness, worse than all, may be in her soul!"

This woman, sitting by the shaded lamp in my room, worked on and on.

By and by some lines of the throat and bust and shoulders began to be suggestive to my slow brain. They seemed to belong to some remembered person. To whom?

As well as I could see, this woman was dressed in white; a white, short gown, such as the peasant women wear, open at the throat, loose at the sleeve;

probably, because of the heat, she had taken off her outer dress. As I was straining to remember, a great sense of pressure upon my brain, descending on me, and grasping me with the tightening grasp of a cold and heavy hand, stopped me. I should have swooned into sleep, but just then the woman laid down her work, looked at a watch hanging near her, rose, and came towards the bed.

Immediately, I closed my eyes, but voluntarily. She came close, bent over me, as if listening for my breath. I felt her breath: was conscious even of the warmth and fragrance of her vitality, as she stooped over me. Presently she laid her hand upon my clammy forehead.

Instinct revealed to me who she was: without opening my eyes, I saw her. A cold sweat of horror broke out over me; such life as was left me seemed oozing away through my pores; I was ready to sink into a swoon of death-like depth.

But I heard these words:—

"That he may not die, great God, that he may not die!" And they arrested me on the brink of that horrible sinking away, to hold me on the brink instead of letting me fall through.

Somehow, those words, though they saved me for that moment, did not remove my sense of horror and fear, any more than is the victim who knows himself singled out for death by slow torture, comforted and reassured by the means taken to bring him back from his first swoon to consciousness of his next agony.

Was it that physical weakness and nearness to death gave me clearer vision than that with which I saw later, when my senses had gathered power?

It was fear. I now experienced—there is no denying it—a most horrible fear,—a shrinking of the spirit and of the flesh.

Why was I given over to her?

Was this another world, in which she had power given her to torment me? Was this my hell?

I, weak as a child, was alone with her. That awful woman with the terrible eyes, and the arms uplifted to curse me! The woman of my dread and dreadful dreams and fever-fancies.

Here, I believe, the icy waters of that horrible cold swoon closed over my consciousness.

But by and by (and whether after moments, hours, or even days, I had no means of knowing), when I felt the gentleness of the hand that was busy about me,—wiping the clammy moisture from my forehead, bathing it with ether, holding to my nostrils a strong reviving essence, wetting my stiff lips with brandy; when I felt a soft strong arm under my neck, slightly raising my head to lean it on the yielding breast,—when I felt the soothing comfort of the warmth, the softness, the fragrance of vitality, after the wormy chill of the grave, whose taste and smell seemed to linger in my mouth and nostrils,—then it seemed not hell but heaven to which I was delivered.

Presently she gave me to drink some restorative medicine which was measured out ready for me. I swallowed it. She wiped my lips. I closed my eyes. Silence was, as yet, unbroken between us.

That medicine was strong stuff: a few moments after I had taken it, life, and conscious delight in the sense of life, went tingling through me.

Almost afraid to speak, and yet too full of wonder to remain silent, after I had for some moments listened to the steady, somewhat heavy, pulsations of the heart so near which I leaned, I asked,—

"Have I been long ill?"

"A month."

She had paused before she spoke, and her breast had heaved high,—was it, I have wondered since, in proud disgust to bear my hated head upon it.

She did not look at me as she spoke, I knew, for I did not feel her breath.

"What sort of illness?"

"Congestion of the brain."

"Is the danger past?"

"If you can be kept from dying of weakness."

"And how comes it that *you* nurse me?"

"I have given myself up to be a nurse."

"And have you nursed me all this month?"

"No, not the first week: not till after my child was buried."

The tone of that last answer made me shudder. It was so unnatural, in its perfect freedom from all emotion.

"I shall tire you," I said; "lay me down."

Fear was regaining its empire over me.

She did as I asked her, and, after she had arranged my pillows and the bedclothes neatly, moved to her work-table. The delicious sense of warm life was fast dying away out of me.

"Are you Mrs. Rosscar?" I asked presently, raising myself on one elbow, for an instant, to look at her.

"I am your nurse," she answered me, without looking up from her work.

I made another effort to try and get things explained and disentangled; but they were too much for me. Before I had framed another question I was overwhelmed by sleep.

That was my second "lucid interval." The first in which I was capable of speech, I believe. A week elapsed before I had another.

I knew something of what passed; I distinguished voices: I knew that Dr. Fearnwell was often in the room; I was conscious that I had a second nurse. I knew who she was: one of the hospital-nurses, a good, honest, hearty creature, but coarse and rough—a woman never intrusted with the care of delicate cases; but she seemed to act here as servant to Mrs. Rosscar. I knew all these things, but they seemed to concern some other person. When I tried to recognize myself in things, to take hold of anything with distinct self-consciousness, then came those horrible sweats and swoons, and overwhelmed me.

It was a strange wild phase of semi-existence, instructive to a man of my profession to pass through.

For some time after I had got on a good way towards recovery, I talked and thought of myself as "that sick man": seemed to watch what was done to me, as if it were being done to some other person.

When this phase cleared off, the sense of relief was not unmixed: for I had so laboriously to take myself to myself again,—to learn that that sick man's history was mine, that his memories were mine, his remorse mine, that I often groaned at the labor of it.

"You would never have struggled through, but for the skill and the devotion of your nurse," Dr. Fearnwell said to me.

"So he thinks I have struggled through now," I remarked to Mrs. Rosscar when he was gone. "I must call you something different from 'nurse.'" I went on. "It is impossible that you and that good rough creature should share one title between you."

"I should share no title with any good creature."

"You know it was not that I meant."

"I know it was not that you meant."

"What may I call you?"

"You may call me, if you choose, by my own name, Huldah."

"Huldah!" I repeated. "I wish you had a softer name. It is difficult to say Huldah softly, and —"

"I have known it said softly," she answered. "I have never, since I was a child, been called by that name, except by one person. You may call me by it."

Saying this, she let her eyes, which I had hardly ever, till then, for one moment, been able to meet, rest on mine with a heavy fulness of expression that sent a languid subtle fire through my veins, — that, also, made me again afraid; after meeting it, I watched, covertly, for its recurrence.

Mine was a long, protracted, uncertain convalescence. I did not set my will towards growing well. I yielded myself up rather to the luxury of my position, yielded myself up, body and soul, as it were. I was under a spell of fascination not devoid of fear. The shock that felled me had come upon me when my whole health of mind and body was at a low ebb. In looking back, I recognize this, though I had not at the time been conscious of it. I had never, since I was a boy, given myself a holiday; never given one hour's indulgence to any passion but that of ambition, till I knew Mrs. Rosscar.

At the time of my meeting her, I had just come to the dregs of my powers, but was not yet conscious of the bitterness of those dregs.

Now, it seemed as if my whole nature — moral, intellectual, physical — voluntarily succumbed. I lay, as I have said, under a spell, and luxuriated in my own powerlessness. As yet it was not the bitter but the sweet dregs of the cup that were passing over my lips.

The weather was hot; boxes of mignonette, some heliotropes, and lemon-scented verbenas, were in my balcony. She watered them of an evening, and let the windows be open and the scent of them float in to me as I lay and watched her at her work.

While this delicious languid luxury of convalescence lasted, and did not pall upon me, why should I wish to get well? While she was there to feed me, I would not raise a hand to feed myself.

The truth was, that my nurse, my perfect nurse, of whom Dr. Fearnwell now and again spoke with an enthusiasm and effusion that would fire my weak brain with sudden jealousy, — my nurse, who would, in untiring watchfulness and self-forgetting devotion to her task, have been a perfect nurse for any man, who had been indifferent to her, to whom she had been indifferent, was now a most pernicious nurse to me.

I loved her with a desperate sort of passion, — a love far more of the senses than the heart.

She was neither an innocent nor an ignorant woman. She knew exactly what to do and what to leave undone. She gave me no chance of growing indifferent through familiarity, if, indeed, with such beauty as hers that could have been possible. As I grew better, though always on duty near me, she was less and less in my room; ever oftener and oftener, when I longed in those cold half-swoonings and icy sweats of weakness, with an almost delirious longing to feel myself soothed and cherished, as on that first season of consciousness, by her close presence, there came to my call, not Mrs. Rosscar, but the other nurse, with her coarse good-tem-

pered face, and her form, from which — reducing, as it did, the sublime to the ridiculous, and the lovely to the loathsome, in its caricaturing exaggeration of all feminine charms — I turned in disgust.

Every day Mrs. Rosscar seemed to me more beautiful. Every day I seemed to feel her beauty more bewilderingly and overpoweringly. Not so much the beauty of her face; it was strange how unfamiliar that remained to me, and how seldom I had a full look into it; whenever it was possible, it was averted from me; her eyes shunned mine, and she kept the room so dim, that I had little chance of studying her expression. If I noticed this, I accounted to myself for it by supposing her to be growing conscious of the burning fever of my passion. Not so much did the beauty of her face, I say, bind me prisoner. It was the beauty of her presence that so grew upon me: of her whole physical self, as it were. Of her mind and heart I knew nothing. With the music of her movement, the gracious delicacy and harmony of all she did, I was more and more captivated.

The accidents of the sick-room, the perfect postures into which her limbs would fall when she slept the sleep of exhaustion, on the couch at the far end of my chamber, made me more and more conscious of the wonderful and rare perfection of proportion of her physical beauty. And yet it was something beyond this that enchained me.

Has the body a soul apart from the soul's soul.

Is there a soul of physical beauty?

But what I mean, escapes me as I struggle to express it.

In my strange passion for her, there was always something of fear.

Sometimes, in the night, I would lie awake, leaning on my elbow, and watch her sleep, and follow the rising and the falling of the now childless breast. At those times I always thought about the child, and wondered how she thought and how she suffered, and I wondered with a great awe. Was her heart dead? About all her soft gentleness there was no touch of tenderness. Did she nurse me mechanically, not caring whether it was I or another? Then recurred to me the first words I had heard her speak when I revived to consciousness: "That he may not die, great God, that he may not die!"

Remembering these first words of hers, I could hardly think her tendance mechanical or indifferent. Was she grateful to me, knowing I would have saved and healed her child? Then returned to me the scene by the small bed, — the awful eyes, the uplifted arms. Often, at this point of my thinking, I would cry aloud to find myself bathed in that terrible cold sweat, and my cry would wake her, and her approach would then fill me with dread.

For a long time, things went on without change. I got neither worse nor better. Dr. Fearnwell grew impatient.

"Your heart continues strangely weak and irritable," he said one day; saying it, he looked — I believe it was a pure accident — from me to Mrs. Rosscar, and back to me. The sudden rush of heat to my face, then, possibly, suggested something to him; for he considered me gravely, and Mrs. Rosscar judiciously. I wished, how I wished, that, for the time of the good doctor's eyes being on her, she could have looked ugly!

"We must try change," he said. "It will not do to go on like this; we must try change. You are a man with work to do in the world; you

must be braced up to do it. The air of the town, and especially of your room, is enervating in this warm weather."

"I am far too weak to go out," I said. "It would kill me to move."

He paid no attention to that; he was reflecting.

"To-morrow," he went on, "I will call for you, in the afternoon; you can quite well bear a short journey in my carriage. I will take you to a farmhouse in the country, pretty high up among the hills. There, you will soon get strong and well. You will be yourself again before the cold weather comes."

"I shall die of weariness," I answered, peevishly.

"Nothing of the kind; you will grow calm and strong."

"I can't possibly do without a great deal of nursing yet."

"The good woman of the farm is a kind motherly creature; she will do all that is necessary, — she and one of her cows, from which you must take plenty of new milk."

At that moment I hated Dr. Fearnwell. I do not know what answer I might not have made him, but Mrs. Rossar spoke, and my attention was immediately arrested.

"I am very glad you proposed this change, Dr. Fearnwell," she said. "It relieves me of a difficulty. I am unable to remain here longer. I have had news from my own neighborhood that calls me south. Nurse Wilkins is hardly competent to undertake the sole charge of my patient in his present stage of convalescence; but the farmer's wife and the cow, between them" — she smiled, one of her very rare and very brief smiles — "will get me over my difficulty."

"We are to lose you? You are unable to remain here longer?" Dr. Fearnwell said.

He paid me a long visit that day, but very little of his attention was given to me; he seemed to be studying Mrs. Rossar with roused interest.

"She is too beautiful and too young for the vocation she has chosen," he said, by and by, when she had, for a few moments, left the room. "Besides that, she is a woman with a preoccupied mind, with a memory, or a purpose."

His last words made me shudder, but I returned him some sulky, dissenting answer. That this woman was the mother of the poor little child on whom we had operated, he did not know, or suspect.

"My poor fellow, I see you're in a devil of a temper. But I don't care; what I'm doing is for your good, — if only I have done it soon enough."

"Oh! People are so very brave, always, in their operations for other people's good," I remarked, still as sulky as a bear, and yet troubled by the sound of my own words. I was mad enough to believe that Dr. Fearnwell was himself in love with my nurse, and jealous of me!

"You'll live to thank me for what I'm doing, or to reproach me for not having done it sooner," he said, and then took leave of me.

Mrs. Rossar returned to the room, finding me, of course, in the deepest dejection and sullenness. She looked at me, as she entered, with some curiosity or interest. It was very rarely that she spoke, except in reply; very rarely that she approached me, except when some service made it needful she should do so. To-day she spoke first, coming to my side, within reach of my hand, but averting her face from me. She took up her work, and then said, —

"So it is settled? You go into the country to-morrow?"

"I don't know that it is at all settled. I am not an idiot, or a baby, that I should do exactly what I'm told. I am well enough now to have a will of my own. Probably, when he calls for me I shall say, 'I will not go!'"

"Do not say that," she returned, earnestly. "Go, I advise you. It is true that I cannot stay here longer."

"It is true that here, or there, or anywhere, I cannot live without you," I said, in a passionate outburst.

"I own that you are not yet well enough to go without your accustomed nurse," she answered, "and your nurse does not like to have an incomplete case taken out of her hands. But, after the way in which Dr. Fearnwell spoke to-day, after the insinuations contained in his look to-day, I could no longer nurse you *here*, where I am always liable to be seen by him."

"Do you mean —" I began, with a great throbbing joy.

"I mean that if you go with the doctor to-morrow, you may find that your nurse will soon join you, if —"

"I will promise anything," I cried, grasping her hand.

"If you will be controlled and prudent, and will not again expose me to the doctor's remarks."

"I will do, or not do, anything you tell me to do, or not to do."

"Have you a sister?"

"No."

"Does Dr. Fearnwell know you have no sister?"

"He knows nothing of me, except as a student."

"Tell him to-morrow, then, and tell the people at the farm, that your sister is coming to join you. Dr. Fearnwell won't come out often: when he does, it will be easy to devise some reason for his not seeing 'your sister.'"

She stopped the outburst of my gratitude by rising to leave the room. Not only by this, but by the look she gave me, — a dark, inscrutable, terrible look, — pondering over which I grew cold.

Next day, she asked Dr. Fearnwell, when he came to fetch me, how to address to me at the farm, giving no reason for her question, which, indeed, required none. It was natural that she should wish to write to the patient to whom she had for two months devoted herself unwearingly.

In late August and early September, the Haunted Holly Farm, under the edge of the Gray Moor, was a delicious place. Dr. Fearnwell, who had, no doubt, chosen it for its austere severity of situation, and the absence of all softness and luxuriance in its surroundings, had no knowledge of the old walled south-sloping garden, lying at some distance from the house, where, because of the bleakness of the spot, all flowers blossomed late: Midsummer blossoms postponing themselves often till August; and where, because of the good soil and the pure air, they blossomed profusely. Nor did he take note of the one great meadow, now gray for the scythe, into which the flagged path, rose-bordered, of this garden opened through a grand old gate, with carved pillars and sculptured urns, and, on each side, an ancient lime-tree, the sole remnants of a glorious old avenue. The farm had been one of the dependencies of a great mansion.

On the second afternoon after I had come to the farm, — for more than four-and-twenty hours she

had let me know what it was to be without her, — Mrs. Ross-car, "my sister," sat with me in the old garden, a profuse wilderness of roses and of honeysuckles; and in the meadow before us the hay was down, and the air full of its fragrance. She let me hold her hand in mine, she let me press close to her with a passionate desire to satisfy the hunger for her presence, created by her absence.

"God bless Dr. Fearnwell!" I cried. "To be ill in that dingy room in Strathcairn Street was exquisite beyond anything I have known, while you nursed me; but to grow well in this enchanting place, where the air feels like the elixir of life, with you always beside me —"

She smiled, a smile of which I saw the beginning only; for she turned her head aside. Then she sighed, and said, softly, —

"And when you are well? When you have no longer any excuse for claiming 'nurse' or 'sister'?"

There was in her voice, as she said this, for the first time, a slight tremulousness.

"Then," I cried, passionately, — the air, the beauty of the place, her beauty, completely intoxicating me, — "I shall claim a wife. I can never again do without you. You must marry me!"

Her hand moved in mine, but not with any effort to withdraw itself. She turned her face still further aside, but through the muslin that covered her bosom — she had in these days discarded her close black dresses, though wearing always mourning — I saw that the warm blood rushed across her snowy neck and throat.

By that emboldened, I pressed her for an answer, for a promise of her love. She turned on me.

"That I should love you!" she said. "Is it credible?"

She rose and left me. I sat where she had left me, pondering what might be the meaning of those words, of the voice in which they were spoken, of the look that accompanied them. The voice had none of the music of her voice; the look was incomprehensible; I could read in it, it seemed to me, anything rather than love. And yet I confidently, audaciously, believed that she loved me, but that she struggled against her love.

What motive could she have, but love, for devoting herself to me thus? Why risk good name and fame, which, to so proud a woman as I thought her, could hardly be indifferent. What could I conclude but that she loved me? And yet, with what a strange fashion of love, — so cold, so passive, so irresponsible! With so slight a difference, if with any difference, one might so easily express disgust.

I must have sat a long time where she had left me: for when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice said, near my ear, "My patient, you must come in, the dew begins to fall," looking up, I found that the sunset was burning in the west, and that the stars were beginning to show.

Somehow, the way that hand touched my shoulder, and the slight accentuation on that word "my," made me shudder. She was like Fate claiming a victim. It was only the chill of the evening that sent such a thought through me. Indoors, by and by, when the curtains were drawn and the logs blazed on the open hearth, and she made my tea and brought it to me, and tended me with all watchful observance, I entered again into my fool's paradise.

And so again, next day, as through the hot, drowsy afternoon hours, she sat, and I lay beside her, on the warm hay under the shadow of the still

fragrant boughs of one of those late-blossoming limes. My head was in her lap, and my cheek was pressed against the blue-veined inner side of that warm white arm.

Beyond this meadow, stretched wave after wave of yellow corn, all in a shimmer and glimmer of heat, running down the hill, overflowing the plain, seeming, from where we were, to wash up to the very feet of the castle-dominated romantic old city.

With eyes growing more dreamy and more drowsy every moment, I watched the glisten and sheen till I fell asleep. I fancy I slept some time. I awoke suddenly and with a sense of alarm. I had had a strange and dreadful dream; words of deadly hate had been hissed into my ear by a serpent, and its cold coil had been wound round my throat.

My hand went quickly to my throat when I awoke, and there lay across it — nothing dreadful — only a heavy tress of Mrs. Ross-car's hair, which, slipping loose, had uncoiled itself as she bent over me.

I looked up into her eyes with the horror of my dream still on me. Did I expect to find love shed down on me from them? They held mine a moment; they were full of darkness, but, as I looked up something softened the darkness. She smiled; in her smile there was some pity.

"I was half afraid to let you sleep," she said, "but on such an afternoon, I thought there could be no danger."

"Danger! What danger?"

"Of your taking cold. What other danger could there be? You look as if you had been dreaming painfully, my poor boy."

She had never so addressed me before.

"I have been dreaming horribly," I said. "Lying on your lap, on such a day, in such a place, how could that be possible!"

She would not meet my eyes.

"I am not at all sure I have not taken cold," I said, with a shudder, half real and half assumed.

"You must come in at once, and take some hot drink. Come."

We both rose and walked to the house. I leaned on her arm; not that I now needed its support, but liked to feel the soft, warm arm under my hand, and I liked to remind her of my dependence upon her.

I often wondered, and with uneasy wonder, that she never spoke of her child: never, so far as I knew, wept for it. But she was a strangely silent woman. As I have said, she very rarely spoke first, or, as it were, voluntarily; and when she responded to what was said to her, it was always as briefly as possible. It seemed as if she understood how expressive was every movement of her gracious form; how needless for her, compared with other beings, was speech, even of the eyes, far more of the lips. Anything approaching to liveliness of movement, or of voice, would have been out of harmony with her being. She was more fit to be set on a costly pedestal and gazed at, than to move in the common ways of this common world, I thought. And each unconscious pose of hers was so completely beautiful that I always thought until I noted the next, — "That is how I would have you stand, that I might gaze on you forever!"

Though I believed she loved me, I was not satisfied. I remembered her as she had been upon the river that day, and I felt that she was changed. I remembered the smiles she had shed upon her child. If only she would smile so, once, at me, —

but she never did. Once, I had implored her for a full eye-to-eye look, and for a smile. Then, she had turned her face to mine; had fixed her eyes on mine; but the dark quiet eyes were inscrutable. Suddenly, just as I believed I was going to read them, she covered them with her hands, and turned her head away.

One evening, as we sat together in the warm twilight by the hearth, I tried to break down the silence between us about the child.

"Huldah!" I said, "you have not told me where your little child is lying. Let us go together to the grave. Let me weep there with you — let —" I stopped suddenly, with a cold damp on my brow, as I remembered the awful eyes, the arms raised, and the lips moving to curse me, of this very woman by whom I sat. I felt a slight convulsion of the frame round which I had drawn my arm; but when she spoke it was in the quietest voice: —

"We will go there together, but not yet."

"When?"

"When you are stronger; when I am your wife."

"And you will let that be soon?"

"Yes, it must be soon."

It seemed to me her heart was beating very heavily. I told her so.

"It is full," she said, drawing a deep breath.

"It is over-full."

"Of what?"

"Cannot you guess?" She leaned her face close down to mine, too close for me to be able to read it. "It is strange if you cannot guess," she added.

"If only I dared to read it by my own," I said.

"Dare to read it by your own," she answered.

"My heart is heavy and over-full with love of you, Huldah."

"And must not mine be heavy and full with love of you? Of you so generous that you are willing to make of an unknown woman your wife; to give her your name, not asking her right to the name she bears, or to any name."

She spoke more quickly than I had ever heard her speak; still with her face so close to mine that I could not read it.

"Generous? I generous in being ready to give for that without which everything else is worthless all that is only any worth through that."

"That is it!" she said, with something approaching to eagerness (so answering, I thought afterwards, some inward scruple). "It is to yourself you are ready to sacrifice yourself: not to me. Suppose I tell you I have no right to the name you call me by, or to any name; that though a mother, I have never been a wife; that I shame your name, if I take it; that —"

"You can shame nothing; you and shame are not to be named together. I want to know nothing of your past. What you are is enough for me, and what you will be — my wife!"

She answered me never a word. She suffered my caresses as she suffered my other forms of speech. Not one slightest hand-pressure, even of a finger.

My wooing of her was like the wooing of a statue, if only a statue could have been exquisitely warm and soft, and, by contact, could have thrilled one with intensest life.

A day was fixed for our marriage. The time went on. I cannot say that it lingered, or that it

flew; it was, to me, a time of intoxication, — not quite untroubled by occasional pangs, and pauses of sobriety, for sometimes in those deep dark eyes of hers I surprised expressions that troubled me, — sometimes looks of pity, — sometimes darker looks than I could understand.

At last there came an evening when, as we parted for the night, I said, "After this night, only one night more, and then a day after which nothing but Death shall part us!"

An hour afterwards, not being able to sleep, I came back into the sitting-room for a book. She was sitting before the embers, which threw a lurid light upon her face, and upon her hands clasped round her knees.

She was so far absorbed that she did not hear the approach of my slippered feet across the floor.

I spoke to her, throwing myself at her feet. I poured out a passion of foolish eloquence. To my wonder, to my horror, to my fear, to my delight, she burst into a terrible storm of weeping.

I tried to soothe her as a lover might; but she rose, withdrew herself, and leaned against the oaken chimney-piece until the storm subsided.

I pressed to know the cause of this, grasping her hands to detain her.

"I find I am not a fiend, not an avenging spirit, only a woman, — a weak, miserable, wretched woman." She would tell me no more; she rid herself of my grasp, as if my hands had had no more strength in them than an infant's. "To-morrow," she said, "by my child's grave, I will tell you more." So she left me; to be all that night sleepless, and haunted by her perplexing words.

Soon after breakfast we set out, through the soft gray autumn morning, for the child's grave.

I had not known until now where the little creature was buried.

It was not a short walk; chiefly across the moors till the close of it, when we dropped down suddenly into a little jewel of a green dell, where was the smallest of churches, overshadowed by the biggest of yew-trees.

Through all the walk she had hardly spoken. The few times I spoke to her, she did not seem to hear me. Perhaps she had never, since the loss of her child, looked so softly beautiful. I had never felt myself held further aloof from her, had never been more afraid of her. I followed her through the churchyard gate to the little grave.

"She lies here."

The turf on that small grave had not yet drunk deep enough of the autumn rains to look fresh and green.

"It has had no tears shed on it. It is dry and scorched, like my heart, like my heart!"

She stood motionless and speechless for a time that seemed to me immense; her drooped eyes seemed to be looking into the earth. Presently she sank upon her knees, then dropped upon the grave, pressing her breast against it, and laying on it, first one cheek and then the other. By and by, she rose again to her knees. When she spoke it was brokenly, piteously.

"I cannot do it, I cannot do it! The mother in me will not let me. My child will not let me. You were once kind to her. You made her happy for one bright blessed day. Bertram, poor boy! I had thought to do it, when I was your wife. But here, on my child's grave, I recall the curse I invoked upon you by her death-bed. I am only a weak, miserable woman, not even able to hate or to curse

Everything, even revenge, is lost to me with what lies here!"

She threw herself down again upon the grave in utter abandonment of grief; and I, leaning against the yew-tree, watched her, weeping there. I have not much consciousness of what transacted itself in my brain, meanwhile. I think I realized nothing clearly. I fancy I had a feeling of saying to myself, "I told you so" — as if something I had been expecting long, had happened at last. A soft drizzling rain that blotted out the distance, and blurred the landscape, began to fall. Of this she, lying always with her face pressed down upon the turf, was not aware, though I saw her shawl grow sodden under it. I remember well the words with which I recalled her to herself. They showed the blackness of my brain, and how little I comprehended the situation; yet, even as I spoke them, I was smitten by their imbecility.

"It is raining," I said. "I am cold and wet. It drips through this shelter. I shall be ill again. Let us go home."

I was tired, benumbed, mind and body. I stumbled and walked vaguely. She made me lean on her arm, and led me home. Even more silently than we had come, we went.

I was trying to believe all the way, that I believed that to-morrow everything would be as it was to have been, in spite of this episode, and in spite of my sense of my utter powerlessness under my bondage to her. When we reached the house she was tenderly careful of me.

That evening she told me her history, and what had been her proposed revenge. She had designed to make me love her madly. That she had done. She had designed to let me marry her, who had been a mother and not a wife. She had designed, as the wife of my infatuated love and unspeakable passion, to have cursed me as her child's butcher, at her child's grave. She had designed, — or was the nameless dread and horror of my illness taking this terrific form in its flight? — when she had thus slowly ground down my heart to its last grain of misery and grief, to murder me in my bed.

"I could have married you for hate," she said; "but for such love as has arisen in my soul for you, — if indeed it is love, or anything but compassion and kindness towards the poor wretch I have helped back to life, — never."

She left the farm that night. I never saw her again.

A BUCCANEER.

RAVENEAU DE LUSSAN was a young Parisian of good family and insatiable appetite for stirring adventure, who went early to the wars. But the peace of Nimeguen putting a period to the fascinating perils of soldiership, he determined to become a traveller. Somewhere about his twenty-first year, then, early in March, 1679, he sailed for St. Domingo. He reached that island in due course, and equally in due course found himself subjected to the usual fate of those simple youths who ventured on the West India voyage two hundred years ago without adequate precautions, — slavery. "I continued more than three years in that country," he says; "chiefly because I could not get out of it, being chained to one who deserved to be called a Turk rather than a Frenchman. Christian charity forbids me to mention his name; but, if ever he

come in my way, he may expect just as much mercy from me as I experienced from him. Weary at last of his cruelties, I made my complaint to Monsieur de Franquesnay, the King's lieutenant, and that gentleman generously took me into his house, where I abode six whole months. I had borrowed money in the mean time, and thought it the part of an honest man to repay it. But not having the wherewithal, I bethought myself of borrowing from the Spaniards as much money as I wanted, — the more especially as this method of raising funds is attended with one great advantage, — nobody is under the obligation of repaying." Accordingly, he procured the necessary tools, and being a likely youth, — pretty well provided with muscles and daring, and having had most of his scruples and squeamishness thrashed out of him during his bondage, — he was readily admitted of the buccaneering brotherhood; launching on his first cruise, with one hundred and twenty good fellows, November 22, 1684.

The next three months were spent in wandering about the West Indian seas, but with very little profit. Thirty years of ceaseless depredation had driven the Spanish settlers of these shores into two or three strong towns, and reduced their trade to a minimum; and, worse still, compelled that little traffic to be carried on in vessels far too powerfully armed to be mastered in the old rough-and-ready buccaneering style. Growing weary of this, De Lussan and his comrades determined to cross the isthmus and try their fortune on the Pacific, — a course that had by this time become very popular with their tribe. They anchored, therefore, February 25, 1685, at the Golden Island near the mouth of the Atrato, the usual resort of rovers bent on these excursions. There they learnt to their gratification that the buccaneers were mustering very strong just then in the neighborhood of Panama. On the 27th two other pirate ships entered the anchorage, and the whole of the crew of the one and the greater portion of that of the other volunteered to join them in their projected expedition. Nor were they long in preparation. They were little troubled with baggage; while as to their ships, those who preferred the Caribbean Seas selected the best and burnt the others. This done, they despatched a native to apprise their predecessors of their coming, and departed on Sunday morning, March the 1st, being two hundred and sixty-four Frenchmen in all, accompanied by forty Indians as guides.

First of all, however, they knelt devoutly on the sands, and recommended themselves and their enterprise to the protection of the Deity: a proceeding by no means unusual among them, nor even out of character. For, though the buccaneers were not exactly models of Christian perfection, they were far from being the irreligious rascals that most people are disposed to consider them. The English rovers, for instance, were generally strict observers of the Sabbath. Nor were our predatory countrymen without that distinctive token of earnest religious conviction, a slight leaven of intolerance. They showed themselves sad iconoclasts whenever they found an opportunity, and never omitted a fair chance of knocking a friar on the head. And the French freebooters were even more intensely sanctimonious in their own way. Whenever they captured a town, their very first proceeding, after securing the plunder and the prisoners was to chant a *Te Deum*. And

as often as they set a place on fire — their usual custom ere retreating — they took much pains to remove the saintly pictures and images out of harm's way.

Our amiable young friend and his pious companions set out precisely as the rainy season set in. Their route lay over the precipices, and through the tropical forests of that singularly rugged isthmus. And every man among them was tolerably laden; carrying his arms, — musket, sword, and pistols, — an axe, sundry knicknacks for Indian traffic; and six or seven doughboys (flat cakes) by way of provision. The journey, therefore, was a toilsome one; so toilsome, indeed, that the passage of a valley wherein they had to wade only forty-four times across the same torrent, was regarded as a relaxation. Their small stock of food was soon exhausted, and their trade with the natives went no great way towards supplying them with more. Nor could they venture to do much hunting, since they were liable at any moment to stumble on a Spanish ambuscade. So on they went, then, with hunger added to their other hardships. By the seventh day they had reached the crest of the Cordillera, and the worse half of the journey was before them. Vessels wherein to make their *début* on the South Seas were indispensable; and, considering their scanty band, these had to be prepared where they stood, or not at all. They spent the remainder of March, therefore, in shaping canoes out of single trees. On the 1st of April they launched fourteen, carrying twenty men apiece, on a branch of the Santa Maria, a river whose outlet forms the eastern limit of the Bay of Panama, and began their passage downwards. For the first ten days, a terrible passage it proved. Every hundred yards or so, something or other — shoal, rapid, cascade, or accumulation of drift-wood — was sure to interrupt the navigation. And at every one of these places the heavy canoes had to be dragged through the forest, past the obstacle, and this under a pelting rain, by the half-famished adventurers. Death, accordingly, began to be very busy among them. But this was not altogether an unmitigated evil in the eyes of the survivors. For when a party happened to lose their weapons by the upsetting of their canoe, "God was pleased," writes De Lussan, "to provide a speedy remedy for this great trouble, — disposing of some among us, who left their arms to those who had lost their own." On the 11th they reached the tide-way, where the heart-breaking work of the passage ceased; and on the 12th they entered the Pacific, and, to "their great comfort," met a party which their predecessors had despatched thither with a plentiful supply of food.

April the 21st the whole body of freebooters in these quarters assembled at the King's Island, in the Bay of Panama; and a tolerable show they made, — numbering nine hundred and sixty men in all, distributed among ten ships. The latter, indeed, were of little account. Two only were European, and fitted, therefore, for a long voyage. The rest had been picked up, with their cargoes, along the coast, and were of too slight and slovenly a build to be useful anywhere else. But the men were all hardy pirates, and in a fight fully equal to six times the number of the soft and inexperienced creoles. About six hundred were English, and so were the principal leaders, — Swan, Davis, and Townley. The first of these, indeed, was only a half-hearted buccaneer, whose men had compelled him

to change fair-trading for freebooting, and who never took kindly to the profession. But the others were thorough "lads of the knife and pistol," and had at their elbows men of even greater celebrity than themselves, Dampier being then on board one of the vessels, and Basil Ringrose in another. The French, who were the later comers, had but one small bark, commanded by their most noted chief, Captain Grognet, and were therefore distributed, for the most part, among the English crews.

And here we may remark that the "*entente cordiale*," though frequently manifested, was never particularly strong, in the seventeenth century. Frenchman and Englishman often fought shoulder to shoulder, but it was always with much distrust. More than once the Frenchman left the Englishman in the lurch in the midst of a deadly fight; and more than once the Englishman was not ashamed to follow the very bad example. Of course the buccaneers were no better in this respect than their more legal brethren of the sword; and when the scamps of the two nations consorted occasionally to plunder the common victim, it was always with an amount of jealousy and bickering that was sure, sooner or later, to dissolve the partnership. More than the average quantity of this unpleasant material was collected just then in the Bay of Panama. Some of these very Frenchmen had formerly marooned Captain Davis; and Captain Davis, only two years before, had overpowered some of these same Frenchmen, turned them out of their ship, and carried it off himself. Nor were these the only accounts of the kind open between the parties. But, worse still, the English were never to be restrained from outraging the very sensitive religious feelings of the French by their behavior towards church and picture; and when other causes of quarrel happened to be lacking, this always proved a very sufficient one.

The treasure fleet from Lima was on its way to Panama, and the buccaneers were gathered to intercept it. Meanwhile they prowled day and night along the coast; making small raids in all quarters for intelligence and plunder. As to the last item, however, they were seldom very successful. For the creoles maintained strict watch, kept their valuables carefully concealed, and were always ready to retreat in good time when they happened to fall short of their ideal of fighting equality, — about ten to one. In the intervals of this amusement the pirates delighted to speculate on the coming battle, and, of course, victory. How the armada was to approach, where it was to be assailed, and who were to board the particular vessels, all was minutely arranged, — an oath even was administered, pledging every man to the strictest honesty with regard to the plunder. But exceedingly elaborate plans, as a rule, are sure to come to nothing; and this one proved no exception. While the freebooters made up their minds that the Spanish fleet must enter Panama by the south side of the King's Island, and cruised very carefully up and down this particular channel, the expected prey got in by another, so quietly that, though assured of the fact by prisoner after prisoner, they could not believe it, until it came out again to fight them on the 7th of June.

The Spaniards numbered between three and four thousand men, and in ships they had no less the advantage. Six of their vessels carried from fifty to eighteen guns, and the remainder — eight barks and thirteen or fourteen large boats — were crowd-

ed with musketeers. But, justly confident in their hardihood and skill, the rovers advanced with alacrity. This, however, was not destined to be one of the many fights which stupid Spanish pride has taken such exquisite pains — to lose. All the freebooters except Grognet had — that great advantage in old-fashioned sea-fights, — the weather-gauge, and it was clearly their interest to engage at once. But the half-hearted vice-admiral, Swan, availing himself of the excuse offered by Grognet's position, hung back, and the fight was put off for that day. When night fell the Spanish admiral sent a boat with a light some miles to leeward, and while his antagonists based their manœuvres upon the decoy, he stole away unnoticed to windward. So when morning dawned the freebooters found, to their great astonishment, that the relative position of the fleets was exactly reversed. They could no longer fight or forbear as it suited them; all that now depended on the Spanish admiral, and he resolved to engage. About an hour after sunrise on the 8th the fight began, and a very one-sided affair it proved. The Spaniards made the very best use of their advantage, kept comfortably out of musketry-range, and mauled their opponents terribly with their cannon, receiving little or no damage in return. But somehow or other, though their vessels were almost torn to pieces, the pirates themselves received little injury, — four or five killed and nine wounded forming the sum of their casualties. Nor did they show any lack of courage or skill — so far as skill could avail — during the whole of this dispiriting engagement. It ceased with the day, nor was it again renewed. The adventurers had no great liking for battles like this, and their enemies were not just the men to overdo a piece of fighting. But before it terminated the bark in which De Lussan fought was compelled to put before the wind perfectly riddled with cannon-balls. One of the Spanish frigates turned in pursuit, but the pirates looked so dangerous as she ranged up that she went about without attempting anything. Next morning both fleets were out of sight, and the damaged vessel being in great danger drove slowly for the Island of Quibo, two hundred and seventy miles off to the northwest. Few on board had any hope of reaching shore again, for they had already five feet of water in the hold. But, fortunately for them, the wind continued light and favorable for the next week, and early on the morning of the 14th they ran ashore at Quibo, quite worn out with baling.

There the rest of the fleet joined them on the 21st, being, especially the English, in no very pleasant temper. The islanders scrupled not to charge Captain Grognet with cowardice, and not a few of them were quite prepared to punish him according to rover's law. His countrymen of course supported the delinquent, and the quarrel ran high for a day or two. There was plenty of brawl, bluster, and recrimination, but as no blows were struck, the breach was patched over for the present. The *entente cordiale*, however, had received an irreparable injury, and this was soon apparent. With the view of procuring provisions, they threw a heavy force ashore near Puebla Nuevo on the 29th. But by this time all the Spanish settlements, from Chili to California, were thoroughly on their guard. Non-combatants and goods were everywhere removed out of reach. Beacons, too, were reared and sentinels posted on the heights, and the coast beneath thickly garnished with breast-

works, behind which every man capable of bearing arms was marshalled on the first alarm. The buccaneers carried the town without difficulty, but they found not so much as an ear of maize within it; and this second disappointment revived and embittered the feud to such a pitch that the French, to the number of three hundred and thirty men, seceded and encamped by themselves on the island.

De Lussan and his comrades were now in no very pleasant predicament. Their bread was exhausted, and they dared not waste their scanty stock of powder on the numerous deer and monkeys that ran about. They were driven, therefore, to search the beach for shell-fish and the woods for fruit; both precarious resources, and the latter a dangerous one, for they lost several men thus poisoned. At this juncture a strange English captain made his appearance with a cargo of flour which he had picked up along the coast. This, of course, he reserved for his countrymen; and the result was that thirty of the French and one of their captains, unable to endure their privations in the face of such a temptation, deserted and joined the British. The others, however, remained firm, and on the 9th of August — the English having departed some days before — one hundred and twenty of them set off in five canoes for a raid on the mainland. Here they surprised several farms, taking a number of prisoners, two barks, and a quantity of provisions. Ransoming the prisoners, they bore away for Quibo with the booty, and reached that island on the 3d of September.

After two or three more of these petty excursions, and being now provided with craft capable of a longer voyage, they set off to plunder Realejo, a port about fourteen miles from Lake Leon, in Guatemala. On the way they encountered a storm that put them for some hours in jeopardy. "But," says De Lussan, in true buccaneering phrase, "the weather, as God would have it, proving fair again, we spent the 19th in setting our vessels in order, and in mending our sails with our shirts and drawers, wherewith we were already but indifferently provided." On reaching Realejo they found that city and the neighboring hamlets deserted. The English had been beforehand with them, and as the freebooters found them, and afterwards to their cost, the places they captured were invariably excommunicated by the Spanish prelates, and thenceforth given over to desolation. An important city indeed might be rebuilt, but always on a new site, as was the case with Panama itself, which now stands three miles farther west than it stood in the days of Morgan. But petty hamlets underwent no such resurrection. Their walls were abandoned hopelessly to the vegetation of the tropics, which has by this time reduced most of them to mere traveller's puzzles. De Lussan and his comrades spent some weeks in this quarter, hunting the woods and savannas in all directions, but picking up little, except a few stragglers of little value, and finding themselves too closely watched by bodies of horse to venture far inland. After a good deal of this profitless prowling, and one or two sharp skirmishes, the provisions began to run short. So releasing thirty prisoners, they bore away southward on the 24th of November, having the annoyance to see beacon after beacon flare up as they swept by, until as far as the eye could reach the shore was girt with a line of fire. They husbanded their stores to the utmost, — they dismissed prisoner after prisoner, — and they landed repeatedly. But the Spaniards were far too

alert, and famine came down in spite of them. On the 9th of December they landed fifty men, and managed for once to surprise the sentinels. But the country was too thoroughly alarmed for that to avail them anything, and so "they were forced to kill and eat the sentinels' horses, after four days of strict abstinence. And this sort of fasting," adds De Lussan pathetically, "was not the first that we had to put up with, and did not prove to be the last neither." On the 10th they landed at a plantation of bananas and helped themselves to the fruit without stint. On the 22d, "having no victuals to eat," they threw sixty men ashore to seek some. And these found some few handfuls of maize, 600 men intrenched to the teeth in a little town a league and a half from the beach, to oppose their advance, and 400 horsemen manœuvring to intercept their retreat. This, however, they effected, after fighting every inch of the way. As nothing further could be done in these parts, they reembarked and bore away for Quibo, which they reached on New-Year's Day, 1686.

On the 5th of January 230 of them departed for a raid on Cheriquita, some eighty or ninety miles off. They landed, undiscovered, at the mouth of the river whereon the place is built, at midnight on the 6th, and marched till dawn through the woods. All that day they kept under cover, and started again at nightfall. But they found on the 8th that they had taken the wrong side of the stream, and thus thrown away all their labor,—not a pleasant thing, considering that they had tasted nothing since they left the boats, and could expect nothing until they took the town. Retracing their steps, they crossed the river, near its mouth, the same day, and soon traversed the three leagues that lay between them and Cheriquita. "The scenery hereabouts," observes De Lussan, "would have been delightful if we had not been so awfully hungry." They managed to surprise the town and all its people without the slightest trouble. Though perfectly aware of their danger, the Cheriquitanese had been squabbling for the last three days,—like the couple in the old Scotch song,—about whose duty it was "to bar the door"; and the door, therefore, remained conveniently open until the pirates marched in and settled the dispute. At this place De Lussan ran one of his greatest risks. The day after the capture, himself and four companions were decoyed into an ambuscade, and beset by a multitude of Spaniards. Standing back to back they faced their enemies on all sides, and fired with great effect. Numerous as they were the Spaniards never once attempted to charge, but kept shooting at the buccaneers from a "foolish distance." They were very bad marksmen as it happened. Still they managed, after pegging away for the better part of an hour, to kill two of the party and disable a third. The survivors then raised their voices in a farewell halloo, and prepared to go through the last dread scene like buccaneers,—fighting to the latest gasp. "But," says De Lussan, "God was pleased that some of our men, who, up to this, had supposed us to be firing at a mark, should hear our shout," and these, running up at the critical moment, alarmed the Spaniards, who took to their heels, leaving thirty dead behind them. Next day the corsairs fired Cheriquita, and marched off with their prisoners, beating up an ambuscade by the way. They delayed for the next four days on a neighboring island for the ransom. This they received on the 16th. and re-

turned to Quibo. Here they were attacked on the 27th by a fleet sent from Panama expressly to destroy them. But as they were all snug ashore, whither their assailants did not care to follow them, the latter wreaked their fury on the solitary ship, riddling it first with cannon-shot, and then burning it to the water's edge. This done, they drew off, having taken no life but that of a cat, and inflicted not the slightest damage on the rovers, since the ship had become utterly useless to them for want of sails.

The next two months were employed in building canoes. These completed, they set out on the 4th of March for Granada on the Lake of Nicaragua, and caught a Tartar by the way. A Spanish frigate, which they attacked at Puebla Nuevo about the 6th, beat them off after a fierce fight, in which they had four killed and no less than thirty-three wounded.

On the 9th, "having nothing at all to eat," they went ashore at a town ten leagues to the east of Cheriquita. The place, however, had been ransacked and deserted by its inhabitants before their arrival; and as they returned rather downcast to their canoes on the 11th, they found, "in order to strengthen them under the languishment to which hunger had reduced them, a regale in the shape of an ambuscade of 500 men spread before them," and had to fight their way through with the loss of two killed. Making three or four more descents as they passed along, sometimes to hunt and sometimes to pillage, but always with poor success in the latter particular, they reached the vicinity of Granada on the 22d, and went ashore on an island to make their last arrangements. This done they started at once and rowed all night. Next morning they fell in with Captain Townley and 115 Englishmen,—one of the three bands into which the freebooters of that nation had by this time broken up. As for the rest, Captain Swan had sailed with one for the East Indies; and Captain Davis had led the other south to Peru. Mutual disappointment had by this time toned down the national rivalry. Besides, neither party felt sufficiently strong to effect anything of consequence alone, so they coalesced at once with considerable heartiness. And from this time forward De Lussan's story becomes more stirring. The enterprises in which he shares drop their patrician and assume a broad and daring character, ceasing to be mere henroost robberies, and becoming good hearty raids after the old Norse type,—prolific of stubborn fighting, and in the end of any quantity of plunder.

They landed to the number of 345 on the 7th of April, marched upon Granada, finding little or nothing edible by the way, and reached the town on the 10th, to discover—that nothing was left therein except a strong garrison. Nevertheless, they attacked and carried the place after some fighting, losing four killed and eight wounded; but gained nothing by the exploit, except a number of captives and a seasonable supply of ammunition. They hovered about the neighborhood, making various descents for provisions, until the 7th of May. On that day they came to an arrangement with their wounded, of whom there remained but ten. Four of these, who were crippled for life, received 1,000 pieces of eight a man; and each of the others, whose hurts were of less consequence, 600. This distribution completely cleared out their treasury; so that their whole gain, since they entered the South Seas rather better than a year before, amounted to

7,600 pieces of eight: considerably less than the men lost in winning it would have realized had they been brought to the hammer in the white slave-markets of St. Domingo or Jamaica.

Disappointed at the bald result of so many hardships and perils, the company broke up on the 12th, — 134 of the Frenchmen going northward under Captain Grognet, and 134 more, including De Lussan, accompanying Captain Townley and his Englishmen towards Panama. This party met with ugly weather — several squalls, some heavy gales, and one or two good specimens of the tropic hurricane — as they stood along the well-known coast, but they weathered all gallantly. Nor did they dawdle away their time at Quibo on this, as on so many former occasions. Pausing just long enough to take in wood and water, and not a moment longer, they steered southwest to their next goal, La Villa, 100 miles from Panama. Reaching the neighborhood by midnight of the 21st, 160 of them landed at once and marched on the town. This they gained early next morning, and, thanks to their speed, they surprised the whole community in the church and much of its wealth unremoved. — 300 prisoners, 15,000 pieces of eight, in silver, and goods to the value of a million and a half more falling into their hands. Even greater treasure was thought to have been concealed. But De Lussan complains that "the rascal Spaniards" preferred to be tortured to death rather than reveal the hiding-places. There were two barks, also, lying in the river, but these had been dismantled and the rigging secreted. Selecting the choicest of the prisoners and the best of the goods, the buccaneers fired the town and departed. The heavier plunder they heaped in the only two canoes they could find thereabouts, and told off nine men to conduct them down the river. All went well so long as they marched beside the stream, but a stretch of marsh and thicket soon interrupted that arrangement; and while they made a circuit to clear the impediment, a large body of Spaniards took the opportunity to assail the canoes. The men in charge made a stout defence, but in the heat of the fray they neglected the navigation and drifted ashore. There a close volley killed four of them and severely wounded a fifth, — the survivors taking to the water and barely escaping. The Spaniards carried off the plunder and the wounded man, smashed the canoes, and, by way of wind-up, decapitated the dead and stuck their heads conspicuously on four poles. The main body of the pirates, alarmed by the firing, pushed on towards the river, but before they could reach it they were joined by the fugitives and apprised that all was over. Having stumbled, however, on the rigging of the barks, they determined to carry off these vessels as some small compensation for their loss. And as the rising tide compelled them to defer that operation for another day, they took advantage of the delay to pay a visit to the scene of the catastrophe. The sight that met them there excited them to characteristic vengeance. Removing the heads of their comrades they slew four of their prisoners and stuck theirs up instead. They then dropped down the river, fighting their way to its mouth through several ambushes, and losing three more men slain. Here they lay for a week awaiting the release of the wounded rover, and the ransom of the captives. But a hitch took place in the negotiations, and the pirates, to show that they at least were in earnest, cut off two heads and despatched them to the authorities as a slight

sample of what mischief their parsimony might produce. This had the desired effect, and on the 10th of July they received their comrade, a store of provisions, and 11,000 pieces of eight, including compensation for the arms that they, the buccaneers, had lost in the expedition! A few days after they found themselves in great need of water. But as four thousand horsemen tracked them along the shore they sailed for the neighboring islands. There, however, the water proved undrinkable; and they had no alternative but to land on the continent, which they did in the teeth of the foe, filling their casks after a stubborn conflict.

They cruised about the Bay of Panama during the whole of July, — making various incursions, sundry captures, and two narrow escapes from destruction. The governor of Panama caused a sham ship to be built on the sands near the city, constructed several earthworks in its neighborhood, and employed an adroit scoundrel to throw himself in the way of the freebooters. This fellow discharged his mission to admiration. Being caught on one of the islands after a smart chase, he kept his lips firmly closed to that gentle persuasive, — much in vogue among the buccaneers, — suspension by the thumbs with a weight at his heels. But perceiving that his captors had gathered a quantity of spines from the prickly palm, and were wrapping them in cotton dipped in oil, with the view of planting them in his flesh and setting them on fire, — another practice dear to the advocates of "no peace beyond the line," — he deemed it time to recover his speech, and he told his inquisitors so much that they knew to be true, that they credited him very readily concerning more of which they were ignorant. Among other enticing things he admitted that there was a frigate richly laden in the port, and that, under his guidance, it was very possible to cut it out. The pirates caught eagerly at the idea and determined to realize it. Bringing their vessels to the Island of Tobago, about twenty miles from Panama, they anchored them behind a convenient headland, and set off in their canoes. By moonlight on the 1st of August they reached the harbor, and seeing what seemed to be a vessel ready to slip from its moorings in a neighboring cove, they prepared for a rush that would certainly have fixed them high and dry aground in the midst of an ambushade. But just then a bark glided out among them and was taken.

This was fatal to the governor's plan, and not less so to his spy, who, being recognized and denounced by the crew of the prize, was instantly shot and thrown overboard.

The governor next attempted to destroy the ships while a majority of the crews was absent raiding to the south. But, by a special interposition of Providence, as De Lussan puts it, the cruisers rejoined their vessels before the plan was fully developed. The attack took place on the 21st of August, and almost caught them at anchor. The point of land behind which they sheltered, concealed the approach of three Spanish ships until the foremost was upon them. But slipping from their anchors under a heavy fire, the rovers gained the weather-gauge by a desperate manœuvre, that smacks all over of the English seaman. They ran, one after another, ship, barks, and canoes, between two rocks where there was barely room to pass, and where, indeed, until they had cleared it, they could not be sure that a passage existed. The battle lasted some hours, and a right give-and-take affair it proved, wherein it was hard to say who had the

advantage. About noon, however, a volley of grenades exploded a quantity of powder in the principal Spanish ship, blowing up many of the crew and setting the vessel itself on fire, and the pirates boarded and carried it in the confusion. A second Spanish ship surrendered immediately after. And the third, seeing the battle lost, attempted to escape, but being closely pursued, ran ashore and went to pieces. The loss of the conquerors was trifling, but the enemy had most of their officers and the greater part of their men destroyed. And the rovers were all the better pleased when they found that the larger vessel was the very one that had handled them so roughly at Puebla Nuevo. While they were examining the prizes two more sail appeared bearing down upon them. Raising the Spanish banner above their own, the buccaneers loaded their guns to the muzzle and awaited the result. Ranging alongside without suspicion, one of the new-comers was sunk with a broadside and the other captured. While rummaging this last prize, the victors found four packages of halters intended for themselves stowed away in a corner; and fierce as they were from the action, they brought them instantly and mercilessly into requisition, hanging every man they found on board.

The freebooters had but one man killed in this fight, but there were twenty of them wounded, and nearly every one of the latter, including Captain Townley, died. For the Spaniards, it appears, had adopted a device very common with degenerate races, and poisoned their projectiles. This did not tend to soften the temper of the conquerors; and after some tedious parleying they decapitated twenty of the prisoners and sent their heads to the governor. Nor would they have scrupled to present him with all the unfortunates by similar hideous instalments, had he not instantly come to terms; releasing five buccaneers captured at various times, supplying medicines and stores, and paying down ten thousand pieces of eight.

De Lussan and his comrades remained in the Bay of Panama for the next three months, harassing the country in all directions: seizing everything that put to sea, and making no end of prisoners. In the beginning of November they started northward for another cruise of the old stamp. But raiding had now a greater danger before it than mere skirmish or ambuscade. The creoles, improving in ferocity as well as the buccaneers, adopted the ugly stratagem of firing the woods and prairies to windward, and more than once made a close approximation towards roasting their tormentors alive. Slowly and fiercely the latter edged away to the north, impressing their mark in characters of fire wherever they set foot. They devastated; they captured by wholesale, to ransom when they required money or food; to torture cruelly when they needed intelligence; and to degrade or massacre according to the appetite that happened to be in the ascendant. On the 30th of January, 1687, they met their old captain, Grognet, and sixty of his men: the remainder had gone off to California.

Three days after they took Nicoya, and as the citizens refused to ransom the place, burnt it to the ground: "showing ourselves very exact, however," writes De Lussan, "in the preservation of the churches, into which we carried the images of the saints which we found in the various houses, that they might not be exposed to the rage of the English, who were not over-pleased at this kind of precau-

and pleasure in burning our churches than in destroying all the other houses in America."

Having perpetrated all the mischief they could in this quarter, they made up their minds to steer for Guayaquil. But disagreeing about the arrangements, they separated once more; Captain Grognet's band and ninety-two Englishmen going together in a ship lately taken, and 168 Frenchmen, including De Lussan, remaining in their own two vessels. There was now a trial of speed as to which party should reach Guayaquil first. De Lussan started on February 24: on March 8 they crossed the Equator; and on the 18th they sighted their former consort and made up their differences. For the next ten days they steered rather wildly, the weather being too hazy to allow of an observation, and the rovers, therefore, not knowing very well where they were: and being besides in very great straits; for their water was all but exhausted, and their provisions so far spent that they were restricted to a single meal every forty-eight hours. On the 26th, however, a providential shower, as De Lussan takes care to inform us, filled some of their casks, and a few hours later they fell in with an equally providential shoal of fish. The next fortnight was a succession of contrary winds and tantalizing calms. At last, on April 14, they sighted the long-wished-for Cape St. Helena, to the north of the Guayaquil inlet; and the same day they received a small reinforcement of eight Englishmen, who happened to be on board a prize laden with those very acceptable commodities, wine and flour. This handful was a portion of the company that had sailed with Captain Davis, and which had pillaged the Peruvian and Chilian shores with great effect, sharing five thousand pieces of eight a man, at the end of the cruise. The major part of the band had gone home with their money through the Straits of Magellan. But, as usual, a large number had lost every penny for their plunder at play, for the buccaneers were incorrigible gamblers. And these not choosing to return to Europe in such a plight, were still cruising about the coast under their old commander. The main body, however, was too far off to share in the coming fray.

Leaving their ships in charge of forty or fifty men near Cape Blanco, they took to their canoes on the 15th, and steered two hundred and sixty strong, up the bay; having a pull of one hundred and twenty miles before them. Hiding on the islands during the day, and going up with the tide at night, they managed to reach the neighborhood of Guayaquil on the 19th undiscovered. For though one party of sentinels had seen them and lighted their beacon, the pirates had killed the men and extinguished the blaze before it was noticed. They concealed themselves all the 19th on an island at the entrance of Guayaquil River, and resumed their course after dark with the flowing tide, intending to land on the farther and weaker side of the town. But the ebb caught them while they were yet some leagues from the spot and compelled them to go ashore two hours before day. Just then a careless fellow struck a light for his pipe, and this being noticed by a party on the watch, a thundering volley rolled the alarm to the city. Further concealment being impossible, the buccaneers moved sharply forward. But they had not advanced many paces before the clouds broke overhead, and down came a furious tropic shower, that extinguished the matches of the grenadiers, and drove the whole

some neighboring sheds. This storm blew over by the dawn, and then they advanced again in very good order. First went the forlorn hope of fifty Frenchmen under Captain Picard; then came fifty Englishmen conducted by Captain Hewitt; the main body, one hundred strong, under Grognet followed; and finally marched the reserve of forty men commanded by one of the quartermasters. As for the city, that had been in uproar for the last two hours; lights flashing and guns going off in all directions. Nor were the rovers altogether so silent as they might have been. A dozen drums kept up what would have been a considerable clatter in their ranks, if the roll of these instruments had not been stifled by the songs and yells that usually accompanied a freebooter's charge: for, as the governor of Costa Rica once wrote of them, they invariably "fell briskly on singing and dancing as if they were going to a feast." Nobody among them had the slightest notion of localities. So keeping right on for the spot where the houses were grouped the thickest, they found themselves very unexpectedly brought up by a ditch, a wall five feet high beyond it, and seven hundred long muskets poked viciously across. And scarcely had they clapped eyes on this pretty obstacle, when out rushed a sheet of flame and a hail of bullets, and down fell a dozen freebooters. Utterly surprised, the others reeled back in very unwonted confusion. Taking the movement for incipient flight, the Spaniards sallied forth amid a very hurricane of "Santiagos." This was exactly what the buccaneers would have preferred had they been allowed any choice in the matter. And therefore, in somewhat less than five minutes, a small, but not particularly elegant, extract of those heroes, re-entered the fortification with the rovers at their heels. Some of the fugitives sought to defend the neighboring houses, but the grenades soon disposed of them. The others mixed up with the crowd of non-combatants, or gathered into the numerous stockades. The latter were stormed, one after another, by the indefatigable Brothers of the Coast, who, as the sun went down, found themselves masters of Guayaquil, with the loss of nine killed and eighteen wounded; Grognet, who died shortly after, being among the latter.

The booty was magnificent, — fourteen ships, heaps of merchandise, golden ingots, "a great many pearls and precious stones, and a prodigious quantity of plate, besides six hundred thousand pieces of eight in coin," is De Lussan's description.

By the 24th, "the dead carcasses which, to the number of 900, lay up and down," rendered the place unbearable; and, nailing up the cannon and dismantling the fortifications, the desperadoes removed to the neighboring island of Puna, with the best of the plunder, and 600 of the choicest prisoners, "including a great many officers, and persons of distinction." There they remained exactly a month, and a delicious season they found it. The Spaniards on the mainland supplied them with necessities and luxuries in profusion; and their female prisoners, at least, were not backward in amusing them. For, dripping as they were with the blood of their kindred, the buccaneers were only too acceptable to the dames of Guayaquil, and their victory in the bower was just as rapid and complete as it had been on the battle-field. It was not that the creole beauties had exaggerated notions of these men, and fallen in love with them beforehand. Up to the day of the storm, they had been far from dreaming of the pirates as the Greek demaols

dreamt in their day of those antique buccaneers, Theseus, Hercules, and Jason, — far from picturing them as heroes, whose presence corresponded with their daring deeds. But on this point we must let De Lussan speak. "The women of the place are very pretty," he writes; "but the lazy padres had actually taught them to believe that we were monsters in shape and appetite, who took especial delight in roasting and eating women and children. Nor is it from hearsay that I know this. The day after we took the town, a young gentlewoman happened to fall into my hands, and as I made her walk before me to the place where we kept our prisoners, she turned round, with tears in her eyes, and exclaimed, 'O sir, for the love of God, don't eat me!'" Then I found that the fathers had not only libelled us in this scandalous manner, but had actually given the dear creatures to understand that we were formed for all the world like monkeys, — tails included! Ugh! But I can boldly affirm," he continues, "that these ladies formed very different sentiments on this point before we quitted the island." Here we may remark, by the way, that De Lussan makes no further complaint concerning the sacrilegious doings of the English.

To fair lady and pirate that month on the island was a very carnival. Lute and harp and sweeter voice never ceased to discourse most eloquent music through the long clear tropic nights. And the voluptuous Spanish dances whirled their mazes round and round before the weather-beaten robbers, and the figurantes "made eyes" at them until they must have fancied themselves the tenants of Mohammed's paradise. It was the realization of the ideas which Browne expressed seventy years before in his exquisite Sirens' song.* There was no lack of pairing off either before the month was half out, and De Lussan had his fair share of the good that the inevitable providence had so kindly provided. A charming matron, widowed by the assault, looked upon him with doting eyes, and endeavored to witch him from his stormy career "to live with her and be her love." Nor was beauty her only spell. She promised him wealth, and she proved that she could procure him rank, — if he would only stay; and the youth was much perplexed. What between the perils that threatened before, and the golden bribes and brighter smiles that tempted beside him, — it was only by dint of sternest resolution that he brought himself to speak the dreadful "No."

But this voluptuous season was not without its sprinkling of the terrible. As usual the Spaniards delayed and haggled over the ransom; and as usual the pirates resorted to their hideous logic. Causing their male prisoners to throw the dice, they sent ashore the heads of the four who chanced to lose at the game of death. This was decisive; and on the 26th of May, the last payment of 42,000 pieces of eight was made and the prisoners released; but not without much reluctance and considerable altercation, — though scarcely of the kind that recent events would lead us to expect. A strong body of pirates, discontented with the ransom, — so far short did it fall of their expectations, — proposed to murder the captives every one. Fortunately, however, for the latter, the milder-tempered cut-throats happened for this once just, and only just, to outvote their more atrocious mates.

* "Steer hither — steer your winged pinet,

During the previous weeks the Spaniards had been gathering forces by sea and land, and 5,000 men were now assembled at Guayaquil, while two heavy ships waited to dispute the passage down the bay. But the buccaneers on their side had been joined by Davis and his crew fresh from a running fight of three days. This affair had lasted so long, not because the Spaniards had fought very desperately, — though they were quite powerful enough to have destroyed their antagonists had they possessed either the skill or the courage to use their superiority, — but simply because the Englishmen were too drunk for the first two days of the battle to manoeuvre as they ought. Attributing this to anything but the right cause, the foe waxed insolent, and on the third morning hung out the blood-red flag, — the signal of no quarter, a trick that soon sobered the Englishmen, and set them to work in such good earnest that in another hour the Catalina was beaten to matchwood on the neighboring rocks. With this catastrophe in view the remaining Spanish frigates made no very strenuous opposition to the departure of the rovers. They skirmished with them during the three or four days that they were beating down the bay, but so feebly that they merely wounded of them half a dozen men, of whom De Lussan was one. And no sooner had they reached the open sea, where seamanship might be brought into full play, than the Spaniards stole off under cover of the night.

Having repaired damages and taken in wood and water, the buccaneers proceeded on the 11th of June to divide the booty. The coin was distributed first. Then they put up the pearls, gold, and precious stones to auction. And as many, — especially the fortunate gamblers, — bid eagerly for these because they took up such little room, they were speedily sold and the purchase-money shared out. "The last," says De Lussan, "I made no account of, but used just for play money during the rest of the cruise."

So well, indeed, were the buccaneers satisfied with their prey that in their future descents they looked for nothing but gold and precious stones. Indeed, they attached such little value to silver that they thought it not worth their while to take along with them "a great quantity of plate and other things, whereof Guayaquil was full."

Next day Captain Davis sailed for Europe; but their vessels being too small and crazy for a voyage like that, De Lussan and his comrades determined to return overland. They weighed and went northward on the 18th of June, and having made a raid and captured one ship during the passage, they reached St. Michael's Bay, some distance to the north of Realejo, by the 17th of July. Here they met thirty of the men who had separated from Captain Grognet, and determined to go in search of the remainder, whom they judged to be in difficulties on the Californian coast. They took the bare walls of Tehautepec on the 29th of August, after a smart contest, and hovered in that quarter, making occasional and generally profitless forays, until the 20th of November. Hearing nothing by that time of the party they sought, they turned southward for the last time and steered for Amapala. This was not a very pleasant run. A storm dispersed them on the 1st of December; nor did they reunite until they reached the rendezvous. During the greater part of the way De Lussan and his comrades were almost famished with thirst. For eighty leagues the sea broke violently over a

shoal that extended all that great distance between them and the shore. One of the company, unable to bear his sufferings, swam through the breakers and gained the land, but was drowned as he attempted to return, not twenty yards from his comrades, who could give him no aid. Two days after, their own extremity drove them to encounter a similar peril, and they ran desperately ashore near a small town, through a surf that half filled their bark as it touched the sand; and this, too, under the very eyes of an armed party that had been watching their motions. But the latter thinking that an attack was meditated on the town, hurried off thither, and the pirates filled their water-casks and departed at their leisure. Next day they obtained some food by a raid on a happier beach. And on the 15th they reached the rendezvous, where they found the rest of the band assembled.

From this spot they determined to cross the continent, taking the city of Segovia on the passage, and descending the river Gracias á Dios to the cape of the same name. But requiring further information, a party of eighty was sent ashore on the 18th of December to catch a few prisoners. During this inroad, De Lussan and seventeen others, separating from the main body, made a reckless assault on a town containing four hundred whites, besides colored inhabitants. Thinking them the advanced guard of a much greater force, most of the people fled at their entrance, but still the rovers managed to secure fifty prisoners of both sexes and all ages, and clapping these up in the church, under a very small guard, they dispersed to plunder. The fugitives, however, seeing no sign of a larger party, returned and attacked the scattered buccaneers, who retreated to the church. The prisoners there seeing the state of affairs, attempted to break out, and then ensued probably the most horrible incident that De Lussan has to record. One half of the pirates fired fast and furious on the assailants, and the other poured volley after volley into the prisoners. These wretches, after the first rush, could do nothing but huddle together in a helpless mass, while the murderous bullets smote them down, male and female, old and young, until but eight were left. By this the Spaniards on the outside had scattered out of range and the pirates appalled for once, and not the less since the catastrophe had befallen in the place which they were accustomed to hold so sacred, mounted in haste, for there was always plenty of horses at hand in these towns, and dashed off with their prisoners, closely pursued by the infuriated creoles. After riding a few miles they did a very unusual thing — released the females — and, coming up shortly after with their comrades, escaped without loss. This was their last raid.

The report of the prisoners was far from favorable. But most of the buccaneers were determined on the march; and to prevent any faltering, they ran their larger vessels aground on an island, and reserved only their canoes to carry them to the mainland some three or four leagues off. The next day, the 28th, a Spanish frigate hove in sight, and bore down to destroy their shipping. This was a matter of small consequence to them now; but they dared not let the Spaniards think so. Accordingly, they made a show of resistance until the last man had left for the mainland on the last night of 1687.

They spent the whole of New-Year's Day, 1688,

in arranging the order of march, and making the few personal preparations requisite. Their treasure they placed in bags to be carried with the ammunition, and as their incorrigible habit of gaming had by this time distributed the booty very unequally, — some having lost all, and a few having accumulated really large fortunes, — those who had more than they could carry, divided the overplus among their more unfortunate mates, on condition that the latter should return half when they reached a place of safety. And this was done the more readily since it was very well known that the more unfortunate gamblers had conspired to murder the winners at the first favorable opportunity. De Lussan was one of the wealthiest of the band; though, having invested his thirty thousand pieces of eight in precious stones, his booty was probably the lightest of all. But for all that he had the prudence to intrust a third of it to other hands; and a very effective method of assuring his life this proved. The day closed, as will probably be surmised, with solemn prayer.

Having secured seventy or eighty horses to carry their food, and such among them as might happen to be disabled, they set out on the 2d of January; and admirably did they conduct their march. They had an advanced guard of forty men, and a rear-guard of an equal number, while mounted buccaneers scouted in couples far away on all sides.

They never entered a wood without firing down the avenues and into the coverts at the entrance. They always encamped on some commanding eminence. They placed their sentinels and went the rounds with military precision. And they roused and formed for the march at beat of drum. The country was soon in fierce commotion round them, dogging them perpetually with strong bodies of cavalry: obstructing the forest-paths and mountain-passes with felled trees and rocks hurled from the cliffs; firing the woods and savannas to windward, and posting ambuscades at every convenient spot. But, thanks to their fine order, not one of these devices succeeded in injuring the buccaneers. On they wound through the difficult forests, and up they went shivering through the misty mountain-passes towards the summit of the ridge, here probably eight thousand feet above the sea, finding the country devastated before them, and the enemy indefatigable upon their track. They reached Segovia in the midst of this Alpine district on the 12th, and much to their surprise found it deserted too; for they had calculated that there at least they must prepare for some resistance. But all that was to come. An old and skilful Walloon officer with a powerful force and ample resources at his command was busy not many leagues in their front. And they had escaped so well hitherto, merely because it was considered wisest to involve them inextricably in this difficult country previous to assailing them with an overwhelming force.

At sunrise on the 13th they paused on a hill-top, and seeing some cattle on a height half a mile in front, they despatched a party across the valley to secure them. This detachment returned in half an hour with startling news. What they had taken for cattle were but a few of thousands of saddled horses; the road crept up that same height through a ravine cut by a torrent, and for the first fifty yards of its ascent was heaped with felled trees, above which one over another rose three formidable

ble redoubts crowded with men, while a precipice and thicket rendered the rest of the hill altogether impassable. The horsemen in the rear, also, were rapidly barring the path in that direction. And beacons, flaming like volcanoes along the cliffs, apprised the distant districts that the hour of vengeance had come at last.

So far the buccaneers were safe in the trap: and that it must be allowed was a strong one. But every school-boy knows what an ugly customer a snared rat is; and a buccaneer in a predicament like this was not a whit less perplexingly fierce and formidable to Mexican Spaniards. De Lussan and his comrades acknowledged all their peril at once and braced themselves to meet it. Despatching a dozen of their comrades — proved cragmen all — to search the mountain side under cover of the thick forest, — they set about fortifying their post. Towards night the scouts returned and pronounced it just possible to scale the barrier in front. That was all the buccaneers needed, and selecting eighty men to keep the camp, with directions to shift for themselves as best they could should the coming fight prove disastrous, "they said their prayers as low as they could, that the Spaniards might not hear them," and crept out on their perilous enterprise, just as the moon began to show above the horizon. The Spaniards, too, went through their vespers, but in much noisier style, accompanying each response with a discharge of small arms. This, however, soon ceased, and for the rest of the night the adventurers heard nothing but the roar of the torrent, the watchword of the sentinels, and the occasional whirr of a bird disturbed from its nest. Slowly and painfully they labored forward, through brake and quagmire, up precipitous cliffs and across giant trunks that had fallen through age, — more than once brought to a despairing halt by their difficulties, but always impelled to fresh exertion, by the recollection of their danger. When day broke they found themselves on the crest of the mountain. A little to the left they recognized the road, and a few yards lower down they heard the tread of the topmost Spanish sentinel; but he and all beneath was as yet enveloped in the morning mist. Half an hour's halt to take breath, look to their weapons, and gather their ranks; and then, just as the fog lifted, down they went like an avalanche, or the Highlanders through the pass of Killiecrankie. A fierce halloo called up the Spaniards, a crashing volley mowed them down, — and then with nervous arms and bloody blades the buccaneers were among them. The best and bravest were slain at once, the rest turned and fled. But they had been too mischievously skilful in barricading the pass for flight to avail them much; and while they floundered among its thousand impediments they were massacred without mercy. Then followed the flight of the horsemen in the rear, and the junction of those who had maintained the camp during that fearfully anxious night with those who had toiled to victory through such appalling difficulties. Te Deum was chanted on the field; the slain were stripped of their valuables and their boots; and hundreds of horses being seized and hundreds more hamstrung to prevent pursuit, — the whole band mounted and resumed the march with the loss of but a single man slain and two wounded. Two days after they passed a similar formidable intrenchment, and on the third another, but both alike deserted. That morning's work was enough for the Spaniards: they showed no

more on the track. At last, on the 17th of January, the buccaneers gained the southern declivity of the plateau and the head-waters of the river they sought.

The torrent here was too fierce and broken for canoes, so they constructed a host of *piperies*. Each of these very primitive craft consisted of four or five logs some six feet long, bound together by creeping plants, and carried two men, who stood one at each end and guided it with poles. This kind of navigation was rather precarious, especially the first day, when the freebooters started in a crowd, and suffered, of course, no end of collision and upset. The *pipery*, too, had an awkward trick of deserting the surface, and progressing several feet beneath for miles together; and a still more awkward one of tumbling over as it shot the numerous rapids. But when De Lussan and his friends became habituated to these trifling peculiarities, they got on very well, seldom averaging more than a score of immersions in the day.

As for the cataracts, when the boom of the fall and the aspect of the stream apprised the voyagers of their vicinity, they landed and let the *pipery* take its chance. If it passed the ordeal undamaged they re-embarked; if not they made another. With respect to food: they killed a number of horses the day they set out; but the flesh was too constantly immersed to keep, and they had to fling it away the second morning. Their firearms too were rendered quite useless. But they found an abundance of bananas along the banks, and the Indians of these parts, being bitter enemies of the Spaniards, helped them a good deal. There was another risk, however, which some of them could not so well provide against. After the first day it was arranged that the *piperies* should float one by one at considerable intervals; and some of those reckless scamps who had lost all by gambling, took advantage of this to murder and rifle five of their comrades who had omitted to avail themselves of De Lussan's precaution. The adventurers reached the navigable portion of the river by the 20th of February; and though some few — Englishmen, of course — chose to complete the voyage on their beloved *piperies*, the great majority here made them canoes. De Lussan and his party completed and launched theirs on the 1st of March, and by the 9th they had reached the mouth of the river. There they found a small vessel, and fifty of them crowding into it were wafted to St. Domingo at a cost of forty pieces of eight a man. But it was easier to get home than to recover from the habits and feelings of the life they had so long been leading.

While coasting St. Domingo, they happened to notice some planters riding along the beach, and a number of them, thinking that they were still on the Pacific, ran to their arms, and could hardly be restrained from firing. They landed on the 4th of April at Petit Guaves, so delighted to find themselves among people of the same tongue, that they burst into tears; "grateful," says De Lussan, "that after we had undergone so many perils it had pleased the Almighty Maker of earth and seas to grant us a safe deliverance. For my own part," he adds, "I had so little hope of ever escaping, that for the space of fifteen days I could not persuade myself that my return was anything more than a pleasant illusion; and I dreaded to go to sleep lest on waking I should find myself back among the hardships of a BUCCANIER."

THE MINUTE NERVE-STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN EYE.

BY DR. MANN.

MR. HULKE has recently been delivering a series of lectures on the structure of the eye, at the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The course was brought to a close a few days since by a very elaborate and interesting description of the minute nerve-structure of the organ, in which the lecturer ably demonstrated pretty well all that is known at the present time in this still somewhat mysterious and recondite branch of human anatomy, and in doing this had to deal somewhat with paradox, and to indicate the road to further investigation. The field, indeed, is a peculiarly rich one, both in suggestion and in material for philosophic thought.

The lecturer dwelt very lucidly, and with some measure of professional relish and affection, upon the delicate mechanism by which an exquisite physical impression seems to be transmuted into a yet more exquisite vital action. He traced out, by the combined power of a pictorial hand and tongue, the way in which vesicles, and fibres, and prisms are piled into successive layers, bacillary, outer, inner and intermediately, and finely, granular; nerve-vesicled, nerve-fibred, and liminary, and the rest. All of which, however, when reduced to ultimate simplicity, simply means that into this wonderful organ nerve-fibrils run on end, and are then bunched with ripe-nerve vesicles, somewhat as the fruit stalks of a vine are bunched with ripe grapes; the vesicles, however, being grouped more or less into interrupted layers, and the whole thickness of nerve-vesicle and nerve-structure being bound together by transverse bands of non-nervous fibre, or connective texture. On one side this remarkable mesh of organized fabric is defended by a compact "liminary membrane" of invoven fibres. On the other side it is paved with a layer of rods, or prisms, imbedded upon the subjacent texture, somewhat as the wood prisms are imbedded upon the subjacent surface in one particular method of paving the streets. These prisms, or rods, are fairly held to be the essentially physical parts of the structure, because they are "optical" in character and look; straight-sided, regular, rigid, and exact; instead of being vital and physiological of aspect, like the subjacent granular and vesicular layers. There is, however, also an intermediate and debatable ground of considerable interest, where a series of bulbous expansions, or "cones," connect the physical domain of the rods with the physiological domain of the granules and vesicles, in which the transmutation of the physical into the vital action is presumed, most rationally, and in all probability correctly, to be effected. There is obviously a very delicate and subtle fibrous connection between the cones which lie on the threshold of the physiological domain, and the outer granules which are within its pale. A fine fibre passes from the granule, through a sort of outer limiting membrane, into the pointed extremity of the cone; and this fibre has been described by some observers as being carried on into the prism, or rod. The cones, however, fall asunder very readily from the prisms; their connection with them is very frail and slight. In the eyes of many birds the exact points of connection are "jewelled" by beads of very remarkable and brilliant color; but these optical gems are not found in the more sober and prosaic eyes of man.

This is pretty well all that the microscopic anatomist is able to tell regarding this wonderful piece of elaborate living organization.

But the inquirer does not reach even this stage without coming across paradox. He has had clearly displayed before him a beautiful structure spread into a broad membrane in which there are tubes, or prisms, for the reception of light-beams on one side, and nerve-vesicles and fibres, to be acted upon vitally by the rays that are received by the prisms, at the other side. When this plan of arrangement is first perceived, it is very naturally anticipated that the prisms which receive the light are on the outer side of the fabric, and that the vital vesicles and fibres are on its inner side. This, however, strange to say, is not the case, — the nerve-structures are on the outer side, or that upon which the light first strikes in the interior cavity of the eye, and the optical prisms are on the inner side. The eye, in regard to its intimate internal structure, is not like a camera in which the opening of the window is in front, and the ground-glass screen for the painting of the picture at the back of the dark chamber. The arrangement is virtually just reversed. The opening of the window is behind, and the screen in front, and the light has to pass clean through the screen to the window, and has then to be thrown back from it, upon the posterior surface of the screen. The whole of the granular, vesicular, and fibrous layers, which form the vital portion of the organ, are so exquisitely transparent that the light passes freely through them, as it would through the clearest film of glass, then strikes into the closely ranked tubes and prisms, and reaches their bottoms; but finding no outlet there, rebounds upon the nerve-structures it has just permeated, to be felt by them in its reflected and spent-ball-like state as sensation. Why it is that vision is thus brought about by this rebound, and back-stroke influence of luminous vibration, no one can say. No one can tell how it is that the light rushes through the sentient nerve-membrane in its first direct course without exciting visual perception in it; or why on its return-course, or rebound, it does not again pass through in the same unperceived way. The prisms and the cones no doubt contain within their walls the explanation of the mystery. It is, unquestionably, by their instrumentality that light is changed into "sight," and no doubt the back-stroke action that looks so paradoxical to the uninitiated observer is part and parcel of the ways and means. In some wonderful way the prisms absorb the physical energy that traverses the million-mile chasms of space in almost unmeasurable instants; and convert its spent-force rebound into vital feeling. But in *what way* the marvellous transformation is brought about, neither optician nor physiologist, can yet declare.

The prisms (or rods and cones) associated with the vital nerve-structure of the human eye have been conceived to be each a complete piece of optical apparatus in itself; a virtual camera obscura, or dark chamber, in which the cone plays the part of lens, and the prism, or rod, the part of opaque walls.

It is worthy of remark that in the eyes of some creatures lower in the scale of organization than man, the walls of these prisms are coated inside with a dark pigment, much as the cavities of artificial cameras are painted with lamp black, to prevent confusing dispersions and reflections. In the human eye the dark absorbent coating is dispensed with, mainly because the cavity of each prism is so

narrow and long, that the dispersions and reflections which would have room for play in wider quarters are stifled for want of space. In the human eye the isolation of each separate stroke of light appears to be secured by the refined delicacy of the optic part of the apparatus, rather than by the blackening of the tubes. That, at any rate, is at the present time the explanation of the anomaly offered by physiological ingenuity. In this particular also, there is, most probably, room for further investigation.

It is hardly possible to contemplate this curious apparatus of prismatic chambers paving the interior surface of the nerve-coats of the eye, without being forcibly struck with its intrinsic resemblance to the chambered structure of the compound eyes of insects, in which a faint mosaic of external nature is laid down in light by sifting and sorting the parcels of rays in the precise order in which they are thrown from the external objects that are distributed around. In all probability the eye of man is a compound eye with a difference: the coarse elementary type of eye-organization extended and perfected by additional contrivances.

In one part of the seeing nerve-membrane spread out around the interior of the human eye, there is a spot which is deserving of a separate and an especial notice. It looks, at first glance, like a pit or depression, in the woven fabric. It lies near the centre of the concave eyeball, and it has thence been designated the "*fovea centralis*." The cause of the pit is simply that the substance of the woven membrane is here thinned away. This effect, however, is produced merely by the removal of the granules and fibres, and coarser elements of the structure. The remaining portions, the prisms and cones, and nerve-vesicles are smaller and finer than they are in other parts of the membrane, and they are proportionately more numerous, and more closely packed together.

Indeed, they are more delicately and more exquisitely organized, and on that account perform their appointed task of seeing with finer precision and finish. This portion of the eye is accordingly employed when any extraordinary effort of vision has to be made. There is neither paradox nor uncertainty about the nature of this spot. Its character is well ascertained and thoroughly understood. The seeming speck is in reality a tract of refined finish and perfection, in which the optical and vital structure of the organ is raised to the highest strain of perfection. The coarser portions of the fabric are drawn away, and the finer portions, and more essential elements, are further refined and vitalized. The "*central pit*" is in reality the "*microscope of the eye*," the part of the organ which is drawn upon for all its most exact, and delicate, and exhaustive operations.

The "*fovea centralis*" of the human eye has, however, an indirect bearing upon a paradox, although unparadoxical in itself. The discovery of its character and structure suggests a complete explanation of a matter that has puzzled some of the most intelligent and distinguished opticians of the day. The puzzle, reduced to its simplest form of expression, is this, — If, in the deepening twilight of the evening, a telescope of considerable aperture and low power is directed to the face of a clock when the figures and hands of the dial have already become quite invisible to the unaided eye, they become perfectly plain again as if more light had been thrown upon them. The telescope is a

faint-seeing as well as a far-seeing instrument. The reason for this is that the telescope virtually enlarges the aperture of the eye that avails itself of its co-operation. The comparatively large aperture of the instrument gathers in additional light, and so paints the image within the eye with proportionally augmented brilliancy and splendor. But if, in faint twilight, an optical lens of high power, which really augments the size of the visible picture very much more than it adds to its illumination, be employed in looking at an inconspicuous object, the same result ensues. The print of the *Times* newspaper can be distinctly deciphered by a very small and very powerfully magnifying lens of glass when no trace of the letters can be discerned by the unassisted eye. Now the explanation of this curious and unanticipated fact is physiological rather than optical. When a powerful magnifying glass is used in looking at a small, faint object, the picture of that object is spread over a very much larger surface on the membrane within the eye. Consequently, thousands instead of hundreds of the minute prisms and nerve-fibres of the organ become engaged in the work of discriminating the details and features of the delineation. The increase of nerve-power enlisted in the effort to see virtually has the same effect as increasing the force of the stimulus. Vital energy is brought into action to compensate for the deficiency of the physical impacts. When a powerful lens is used to assist vision, the entire surface of the nerve-coat of the interior of the eye is for the time being practically converted into a fovea centralis. A larger number of the visual prisms and fibres are caused to perform the particular work on hand, and the work is accordingly more delicately, completely, and exquisitely accomplished. By the use of the lens the entire eye is converted into a microscope. All parts of its seeing membrane become endowed with the superior powers which otherwise belong to the "central pit" alone.

Allusion has been made to the strong probability that the conical appendages of the rods or prisms of the human eye are the material instruments concerned in the transmutation of physical impact into vital action. There can be no doubt that these little bodies are very important parts of the organ in eyes fitted for the most perfect kind of vision. Eyes can, nevertheless, be made without them. They are entirely absent in the eyes of night-prowling animals like the owl and the bat. The inference is hence very fairly drawn by some of the German physiologists, that the sight of these nocturnal creatures must be wanting in some of the higher attributes of the sense. As it is not possible to bring the owl and the bat into the Court of Scientific Inquiry to give evidence upon this point, the great experimentum crucis of all the more occult and subtle difficulties of vital organization, pathology, will have to be appealed to. In all probability some day an owl-eyed or a bat-eyed human being will be discovered who will be able to tell how external nature looks to "coneless" eyes. Possibly Schultze's idea that such eyes see everything in monotonous white and black shadow may be near the truth.

RACINE, WITH A GLANCE AT HIS TRAGEDIES.

YOUTH OF RACINE.

JEAN RACINE was born at Ferté Milon, 21st December, 1639. He learned Latin at the College of

Beauvais, where, in one of the juvenile battles fought in imitation of the intestine struggles in which the children's parents were engaged, he received a wound in his forehead, of which the mark remained during life. Being removed to Port Royal des Champs, he was enabled by the able scholar, Claude Lancelot, to understand Euripides and Sophocles in the course of a year. It need not be understood by this that all the passages which have since given so much trouble to Porson and other English and German scholars, were thoroughly mastered by him. The spirit of poesy paid him early visits. He would take his darling authors, and spend days in the woods enjoying their beauties, and indulging in the poetic images presenting themselves before the mirror of his mind.

The discretion of his master is not at all to be boasted of. Finding him studying the Greek romance of Bishop Heliodorus, "*The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea*," the earliest of all the Greek romances extant, and a thoroughly harmless one, he took it out of his hands, and cast it into the fire. He used another copy, afterwards procured, in the same way. The third was voluntary, presented (a month or so later) to the severe tutor with the words, "Here's a third victim for the flames: I have it all by heart."

Racine's early platitudes in Greek and Latin verse were not much better or worse than the unnecessary and unhappy efforts of other modern geniuses in the same line. But his "*Nymphé de la Seine*," an ode on the marriage of the young King with the Spanish Princess, met with unwonted success. Chapelain, who was then head-ranger of Mount Parnassus to the Court, spoke so favorably of it to the Minister Colbert, that he presented a purse of a hundred louis to the poet, and soon after put him on the pension list for six hundred livres. To an ardent poetic spirit this must have been a strong incentive to make literature his unique profession; but his uncle, Vicar-General of Uzeu, in Languedoc, who wished to resign his living to him at his death, induced him to pay him a visit and study theology. He was obliged also to pay attention to jurisprudence, distracting and unpalatable occupations both, for a young man of his peculiar talents. Writing to La Fontaine he said, "I spend my evenings with my uncle, with St. Thomas, Aristotle, and Virgil."

He did perhaps a wiser thing than any of these, — he studied his own language, and when he began to be known his composition was remarked for a propriety of expression, and what might be termed daring combination of words, a richness of style, an energy, a movement unknown to French writers before his time. Getting tired of waiting for promotion in an ungenial place, he returned to Paris.

The first acted tragedy of our poet was the "*Thebaide*" (the Seven before Thebes), which made its appearance in 1664.

LES FRERES ENNEMIS AND ALEXANDRE.

In this piece the monologue of Iocasta, in the third act, the interview of the rival brother-kings in the fourth, and the animated description of the internecine fight in the fifth, were the passages most approved by the judges. However, the stern contention of determined spirits, or the word-painting of the deadly struggle of a heady fray, were not the things after his heart, which was more susceptible to the tender passions, including, in chief,

pity and the domestic affections. There was an evident imitation of Corneille in the *Thebaïde*.

He read his second piece, *Alexandre*, to Corneille before representation, and the great tragedian uttered this opinion at the close: "I judge by this play that your talent is eminently poetic, not dramatic." As Corneille was so injudicious on one occasion as to say that he preferred Lucan to Virgil, Racine's satiric friend, Boileau, made this epigram on his taste:—

"It is possible to rhyme well, and yet want judgment;
It is possible to obtain the name of poet in the city,
And yet not be able to distinguish between Virgil and Lucan."

In the papers on Molière was mention made of *Alexandre* being withdrawn from that great man's company, and given to the actors of the Hotel de Bourgogne. Molière's people, though excellent in comedy, were not at home in tragedy; at least, so thought Boileau and others of Racine's friends. In consequence a coolness arose between the two great dramatists which continued through life. A circumstance of this removal, very annoying to Molière, was the loss of his best actress, Mademoiselle Daparc, who accompanied *Alexandre* to the rival house.

Soon after the failure of the tragedy at the *Théâtre de Monsieur* (Molière's), an Abbe was observed during a sermon to be in great uneasiness. He twisted himself about, grimaced in a fearful manner, and exclaimed in a loud whisper from time to time, "O Racine, O Racine!" A friend sitting near at last whispered, "What is disturbing you about Racine?" "O my friend, don't you perceive the identity of my position with that of the author of *Alexandre*?" "How so?" "I wrote this sermon to which you are listening. It is an admirable discourse, but this executioner delivers it as Molière's actors did Racine's piece. If I had intrusted it to another it would have the success which *Alexandre* has had at the Hotel de Bourgogne."

Racine in his first glow of self complacency was boasting to Boileau of the ease he found in putting his verses together. "Dear friend," said the critic, "I will endeavor to teach you to make these same easy verses with some difficulty."

In one of Boileau's "Dialogues of the Dead," he pleasantly ridiculed his friend's making a *petit maître* in love out of the insatiable conqueror. Pluto is in some trouble; he has a little insurrection to quell, and is consulting Diogenes. They see the shade of Alexander approach, and Diogenes exclaims in some surprise,—

"I believe that it is Alexander. How changed he is! I can scarcely recognize him. His physiognomy is neither Grecian nor Barbarian; it is that of a *petit maître*-warrior. His long travels must have made a great alteration in him. It is Alexander, however."

Pluto, however, being in need of a champion is determined that the new-comer must be the genuine hero. He cries out, "Draw near, generous conqueror of Asia, draw near. Fighting is at hand. The king of hell has need of your strong arm." The hero, bent on quite another business, utters a rhapsody on love. "Did I not say well," observed Diogenes, "that he has been spoiled by his travels? Alexander the Great is now only a sighing youth." Pluto adds,—

"What abominable nonsense he utters! Eh! Alexander who breathed only in combats, sighing to his mistress, resigned heart and soul to a woman!"

Alexander continues, addressing his Dulcinea:—

"How little you know of the violence of my love,—
Of a love which breathes out all its sighs to you!
I confess that ere now I mingled with armed men;
My heart aspired after naught but renown;
But now, alas, thine eyes, these amiable tyrants,
Very different effects have produced on my soul,
The name of conqueror it desires no more."

"We must," says Diogenes in an aside, "send him to keep company with the Grand Cyrus." Alexander continues,—

"Eh, do you imagine that, cruel to myself
I would have in this bleak region a beauty so rare?"

The king of hell much chagrined at his own disappointment, cries,—

"To Cerberus with his extravagant tenderness!
By my sceptre he is as great a fool as the rest. A pity that Macedon did not possess a lunatic asylum. If they had treated him as a madman above, he'd have brought some sense down here. Shut him up."

In fact the great conqueror was so occupied in matters of the heart, that Porus enjoyed more of the warlike interest of the piece, and much of the poetry was weak.

It was about this time that he obtained the presentation to the priory of Epinay, but all the benefit fell into the hands of the lawyers, as his claim was disputed, and a lawsuit followed, which neither he nor his opponent nor the judges understood, but which he afterwards made capital of in his comedy of the *Plaideurs*. He was soon engaged in a more annoying quarrel. His aunt, a *Religieuse* of Port Royal, finding him much taken up with the player-folk, wrote him a feeling letter on the danger he was in from consorting with men of loose lives, disapproved of by the Church, and liable to be excluded (unless previously reconciled) from Christian burial at their death.

Racine looked on this letter as a sort of excommunication, and while he was suffering from the smart, he found himself engaged in a controversy between the mad enthusiast Desmarets de Saint Sorlin, and the simple, and timid, and withal profound scholar and pure moralist, Pierre Nicole of Port Royal. Desmarets had composed many plays and poems, and a romance or two, one of them obscene enough. He put the "Imitation of Christ" in poor French poetry, and wrote the "Triumphs of Grace," and an epic poem or two. His *Visionnaires* was considered the masterpiece among his dramatic works. He was entitled the greatest fool among the poets, and the greatest poet among the fools. He took on him to explain the Apocalypse, the leading idea being himself as sent for the regeneration of man. In his "Advice of the Holy Ghost to the King," he promised Louis XIV. the Mohammedan empire, through the means of 144,000 victims, who under him would establish the true religion. Jansenists and Atheists were his special *Bêtes Noires*.

PIERRE NICOLE, OF PORT ROYAL.

Of a very different type was his literary antagonist, Nicole, of Port Royal. From his youth this man was gifted with great penetration and a surprising memory. Port Royal was his favorite abode.

In 1656, being then thirty-one years of age, he was advised to enter into holy orders, but after an examination of three days he was discouraged by his examiner, Pavillon, Bishop of Aleth, to aspire to anything beyond mere tonsure. Nicole was a

Jansenist, yet on the subject of quietism he sided with Bishop Bossuet. He died in 1695 at the age of seventy. His "Essays on Morality" (thirteen vols. 12mo, 1704) are very highly esteemed. There are upwards of a score of his works extant, chiefly on moral or theological subjects, all distinguished by depth and research. Some are controversial, a few in defence of Jansenism. His treatises against infidelity were so closely reasoned that a nullifidian said of him: "If you commence to read a tract of his, be on your guard. If you agree to any one proposition, your mouth will be immediately closed; make no concession at all."

Nicole, though so eloquent with his pen, was as unready as Goldsmith or La Fontaine in conversation. He said of Treville, a clever *viva voce* controversialist: "He overcomes me indeed in the drawing-room, but I have regained the victory by the time I get to the bottom of the stairs." Candid, simple, timid, and without any knowledge of the world, he frequently amused the solitaries of Port Royal with his blunders.

One day as a young woman was consulting him upon a case of conscience, Father Fouque, of the Oratory, opened the door. "Ah, Father," said he, "you have come in a good time. This young woman wishes my advice in such and such a matter," explaining it fully. "You can give it much better." The poor damsel blushed to the eyes, and good Pierre Nicole got no few reproofs for his indiscretion. "How am I to blame?" said he. "Is n't Father Fouquet my confessor, and sure I keep no secret from him. The girl has no more to fear from him than from me."

He lived a long time in the Fauborg St. Marcel. Being asked the reason why he selected that unpromising locality, he answered: "The enemy who is now ravaging Flanders, and threatening Paris, will enter by the Porte-Saint-Martin, and be some time before he gets at me." It is said that when he presented himself to be examined for sub-deaconship the examiners found such little (apparent) capacity in him that they could not conscientiously pass him. Respecting his abilities as writer so much, they expressed their concern and sorrow as feelingly as possible, but he bade them not annoy themselves, it was God's will.

This simple sage, on reading some of Desmaret's lucubrations on the Apocalypse, took him up sharply for his presumption, observing as he went on that he began his evil course by writing romances and plays, "a quality," added he, "not very reputable in the account of discreet people, but quite abominable in the eyes of Christianity. A compiler of novels or a playwright is alike a public poisoner, not of the perishing bodies, but of the more precious soul, and chargeable with innumerable murders."

Racine being sore enough since the receipt of the letter from his aunt, took this diatribe as if it was expressly intended for him, and returned an angry and able answer, which the ill-willers of the Port Royal gentlemen put on a par with the *Lettres Provinciales*. Nicole did not reply, but reprisals were made by Barbier, D'Aucour, and Dubois. A second letter was prepared by Racine, but on its being first submitted to Boileau, that sound-judging friend observed: "This letter will do honor to your ability, but not to your heart. In it you bitterly attack men of great merit, to whom you owe in great part what you are." The letter was not printed, and the poet calming down did all in his

power to suppress the one already in print. Both, however, have been preserved.

ANDROMACHE.

Andromache succeeded *Alexandre*, the abilities of the poet still further developing themselves with each successive piece. It is many years since we read Phillips's "Distrest Mother," which is a translation or adaptation of the tragedy, and distinctly remembered how much more we enjoyed the story of the "Three Calenders" or the "Mysteries of Udolpho." *Andromache* was first performed in 1667, when its author was in his thirtieth year. Terror and pity are the moving powers. The style is noble and at the same time simple, no bombast, no commonplaces, and as there is no episode the interest never flags. We have heard the despair and fury of Orestes, the waverings of Pyrrhus, and the jealousy of Hermione objected to; but it is not easy to see how the catastrophe could be brought about if these passions and weaknesses were forbidden to appear.

Mlle. Champmeslé made her first appearance in *Hermione*, and though the author was at first very apprehensive of success on her part, she succeeded in giving him and the public great pleasure by her performance. The actor Montfleury so strenuously depicted the fury of *Orestes* that his death followed after a short illness. Mondory's death was caused by his vigorous performance in the *Marianne* of *Tristan*. A wit of the time said that no successful author would henceforth be pleased if he did not succeed in killing his man.

This tragedy was the first on the French stage which was honored by a parody. In our days the author of a serious drama is more pleased than otherwise by a burlesque on it, but Racine was deeply offended by the liberty taken with *Andromache*.

Allusion has been already made to a lawsuit endured by our poet, which frustrated any intentions he might have entertained of entering into orders. One day as he was in company with Boileau, La Fontaine, Chapelle, and Furetière, — all the choice spirits of the day at the sign of the *sheep*, he gave an outline of the trial. After the merriment caused by the recital had sobered down a little, they all agreed that a comedy should be written on the event. A councillor of the Parlement, Mons. de Brilhac, furnished Racine with some of the terms in chicanery and the play was produced. A few words on the outline of the piece will not be amiss.

LES PLAIDEURS.

Mons. Perrin Dandin, a judge in Lower Normandy, has his soul so absorbed in trying causes that he has beheaded his cock for not waking him up one morning time enough, alleging that some client had greased the poor bird's claw for his own ends. Trying causes has become a mania with him, and his son *Leander* employs the porter, *Petit Jean*, a clever Picard, to confine the old gentleman to the house and allow him no legal indulgence. But the cunning judge makes a provision of law papers sufficient for three months, and leaps through a window in the early dawn. He is secured, however, by his son, his secretary, and little John, and among other complaints, laments his lost wife, who loved the law as much as he himself.

"My poor Babonnette! Alas, when I think
How in her life she never missed a trial!
Never, never, never would she quit me,
And goodness knows all she secured.
Rather than return home empty handed,
She would make conveyance of the coffee-room towels."

They confine the mad judge to the house, and Leander consults with the clerk about delivering a letter to *Isabelle*, daughter of *Chicaneau*, a crazy client worthy of the judge. He must assume the disguise of a tipstaff, and be provided with a summons to escape detection by the father. Just then, *Chicaneau* enters (the action passes in the street between *Dandin's* and *Chicaneau's* houses), and is soon joined by the Countess *Pimbésche*, both anxious for an interview with the judge. After some mutual condolence the lady states that all her great causes have been decided, and that

"There now remain only four or five slight affairs;
One against my husband, the other against my father,
One against my children! Ah, sir, pity me!
I can't tell what part the cruel thought in their heads.
They have got a decree that I shall plead no more,—
Plead no more, but be clothed and fed during life."
'How! tie up the hands of a lady like you!
But the pension! Is it liberal!'
'I can't complain! 't is liberal enough;
But what is life without Law?'"

"How long since you commenced to plead?"
"Thirty years." "And what age are you now?"
"Sixty." "Just the age for legal vigor: you have been vilely treated. Now attend to my grievance."

"About fifteen or twenty years ago an ass's colt got into my meadow; rolled about, and otherwise damaged it; I made my complaint to the village judge, and seized the ass. A valuer was appointed, and the damage assessed at two bottles of hay. A year passed, sentence was pronounced, and ourselves dismissed. I appealed, and during the new trial,—remark this, madam, if you please—my friend *Drolichon*, by some money well laid out, obtained a reverse in my favor. All in vain; the enemy obtained a stay of execution, and while we tugged away on both sides, he let his fowl stray into my meadow. A new suit, and an order made to calculate how much hay a cock or hen would eat in a day. This was tacked on to the other cause, and a new trial appointed for 5th or 6th of April, 'fifty-six.' New expenses!—I furnished statements, counter statements, perquisitions, demands for documents, valuers' reports, attendances, three consultations, new complaints, new evidence, bail bonds, depositions. I obtained letters-patent. I convicted my opponent of perjury. There ensued fourteen consultations, thirty summonses, six processes, twenty-six productions of documents, witnesses, and twenty writs of error. Judgment at last! I lost my cause, and was condemned to pay six thousand francs. Is that justice? is that equity after twenty years? I have still one resource, the civil request, and will use it: No surrender!"

Amid mutual condolences the gentleman tells the lady how to address the judge. "You are to say, madam, 'You may tie me, but'—" "But I won't be tied." "Have patience! 'You may tie me'—" "I tell you I won't be tied. You are a dolt, a fool, a ninny, a, &c."

He recriminates; calls her an old fool, and an action ensues. He is summoned to wait at her house, and in the hearing of certain people of credit to bear testimony to her good sense.

Meanwhile Leander's clerk, dressed as a sheriff's officer, has an opportunity of delivering the billet to *Isabelle*; but while she reads, her father, *Chicaneau*, returns, and asks what it is. She answers it is a summons, and tears it up. The false summons-server contrives to get a beating from the angry father, writes out his *proces-verbal* on his knee, and begs him to add to the chastisement, which will secure him and his four small children a competence

for the rest of their lives. The frightened *Chicaneau* gets his daughter to write an ample apology, which, in her hands (instructed by her lover), becomes a free consent to her marriage with Leander. He signs this without examination, and then the audience is treated to a grand trial before Judge *Dandin*.

The poor man not being allowed by his watchers to go to court, gets on the roof, and holds a consultation with the other personages in the street. Being removed from his bad eminence he harangues them from the grating which lights the cellar. At last, to occupy his attention in a healthy fashion, his son submits a domestic cause for trial. The dog *Citron* has laid violent hands on a capon; *Petit Jean* is appointed prosecutor; the secretary, the defender; Leander will be the audience, and as *Petit Jean* the porter fears for his inexperience in legal matters, a prompter is granted to him. The judge thus opens the court:—

"Allons nous préparer! ça messieurs, point d'intrigue;
Fermions l'œil aux présents, et l'oreille à la brigue.
Vous, Maître *Petit Jean*, serez le demandeur;
Vous, Maître l'Intimé soyez le défendeur."

Petit Jean by the prompter's aid thus commences his exordium, occasionally missing the word and sending it forth disguised:—

"Gentlemen, when I consider with attention
The inconstancy of the globe, its vicissitudes also;
When I behold among the crowd of multitudinous men,
Not one fixed star, but many wandering planets;
When I view the *Cæsars*, when I study their fortune,
When I behold the sun, when I look on the moon,
When I see the *States of the Babilonians*
Transferred from the *serpents* (Persians) to the *Nacedonians*;
When I look on Japan —"

"When will you have seen everything?" said the opposite counsel, and poor *Petit Jean* lost the thread of his discourse.

The secretary begins his defence as far from the poor dog as the porter did his accusation, some war of wits intervening.

"Gentlemen, everything calculated to dismay a culprit,
Everything most dreaded by mortals,
Seems as if by fate arrayed against us.
On this side I'm dismayed by the credit of the defunct,
On the other the flashing eloquence of Master Little John!"

Here, as he ended, every line in a shrill treble, in mockery of some well-known lawyer, he was requested by Judge *Dandin* to change his tone for a more natural one, and he complied, occasionally pitching his voice in the familiar accents of this or that well-known pleader. He continues:—

"Still, the credit and the eloquence notwithstanding,
We rely on the anchor of your goodness; besides,
Before the great *DANDIN* innocence is bold.
Yes, before this *Cato* of Lower Normandy,
This sun of equity is never obscured,
Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa, Catoni."

So far the judge is delighted; but now the pleader wanders off to *Aristotle*, *Pythagoras*, *Pausanias*, and the *Corinthians*. The judge cannot bring him to the point. At last he dashes into cosmogony itself. "Before the creation of the world," he exclaims. "Ah!" cried the poor judge, "pass on to the *Deluge*." However, he cannot be got out of chaos, and thunders two lines on the subject from the first page of *Ovid*. At last he puts the judge to sleep. Roused from a short nap, and requested by his son to pass sentence, he cries, "To the galleys with him!" "A dog to the galleys!" "O, he has filled my head with chaos; conclude."

* The successful cause pleased the gods, but the unsuccessful one *CATO*.

Here the adroit counsellor presents a couple of little pups to the Court, and endeavors to raise the waters.

— "Approach, ye little desolate ones.
Come, poor children, about to be made orphans!
Come, exercise the powers of your infant minds!
Come, let your youth and weakness plead for you!
Yes, gentlemen, you see our miserable state,
We are orphans; — restore our father!
Our tender father, to whom we owe existence,
Our father, who" —

The poor judge betrays his inability to come to a decision. The tender father deserves death, but if justice is done, his children must go to the Foundling Hospital. However, he is spared further annoyance by the entry of the young lady and her father. The display of the consent signed by him, and the non-necessity of furnishing a dowry reconcile him to the match, and the promise of a lot of causes to be constantly tried at home softens the judge, who merely stipulates for the future orations to be abridged.

A living president, who loved his profession so much that he exercised it in his own family, was caricatured in *Dandin*. Several of the advocates of the day were handled in the *Plaideurs*, notably in the different tones used by the counsel for the defence. The secretary's exordium, taken from Cicero, was really made use of by a popular lawyer of the day in defence of his client, a baker. The scene between the Countess *Pimbesche* and *Chicaneau* took place in presence of Boileau's eldest brother, who was Master of the Rolls, the real personages being his nephew, a president, and the Countess of Crissée, a lady who had so tried the patience of the Parisian courts that she was forbidden by an order of the Parliament to commence any new action unless by the written advice of two councillors chosen expressly for the purpose. This interdict threw the law-loving lady into a state of despair, from which she sought to extricate herself by inflicting sundry visitations on judges, counsellors, attorneys, and finally on the Greffier Boileau, in whose office she met his young nephew. There was great sympathy at first between the gentleman and herself, till she took fire at an expression used by him with a thoroughly harmless intent; she then heaped abuse on his head.

While *Petit Jean* was wandering from the point, *Dandin* more than once exhorted him, —

"Et vous, venez au fait, un mot du fait."

The needful request arose from a recent occurrence at the Palais de Justice. An advocate charged to rescue his client from a claim of affiliation was descanting on every subject but the one before the Court, and the judge anxiously exhorting him to come, —

"Au fait: 'Venez au fait.'"

At last the counsellor, annoyed for having his oratory so rudely nipped, exclaimed, "Le fait est un enfant fait; celui qu'on dit, l'avoir fait, nie le fait; voilà le fait!"

Dandin's dear defunct, who, if nothing else was to be brought home from the Palais, would make free with the towels, merely imitated the wife of the lieutenant who presided over the criminal business.

"Elle eût du bavôlier emporté les serviettes,
Plûtôt que de rentrer chez elle, les mains nettes."

This piece, most laughter-moving in representation, excited no enthusiasm at first. About a month after it first appeared, it was performed as

an afterpiece before the king, who laughed so heartily that the audience nearly split their sides. The performance being over, the comedians returned in three carriages from St. Germain to Paris at eleven o'clock. They drove at once to Racine's lodgings, and the noise of the horses' feet, the wheels of the carriages, and the voices of those within them, brought the whole neighborhood to their windows. To all inquiries the answers given were *LES PLAIDEURS*! So they took for granted that the poet was about being conducted to prison, for ridiculing the judges and the lawyers. Molière, though not on friendly terms with the poet, had from the first pronounced the "*Plaideurs*" an excellent piece, and pronounced all and sundry devoid of taste who did not appreciate it as he did himself. The idea of this piece was taken from the *Vespes* of Aristophanes.

BRITANNICUS.

Racine's next tragedy, "*Britannicus*," might be considered a failure, as at first it was only honored with eight representations. Nero is represented in his youth, not indeed the monster he afterwards became, but still with a strong tendency to cruelty and self-indulgence. *Junia*, the *Ingenue* of the piece, and the loved of the young *Britannicus*, escapes from the hated caresses of *Nero* into the society of the Vestals, as a Christian virgin of Paris would effect hers if the proposals of the Grand Monarque did not find favor in her eyes.

Before the appearance of this tragedy the young king took much delight in figuring in the court-ballets, and attracting the ready admiration of the spectators. He renounced that gratification after hearing this report made to *Nero* by the unworthy *Narcissus*, of the estimation in which he was held by the people: —

"He centres all his ambition, thinks it a high virtue,
To drive a chariot with skill in the circus,
To contend for prizes unworthy of his hands,
To exhibit himself a spectacle to the Romans,
To let his voice be heard in the theatre,
Reciting lays which he wishes to be idolized."

Louis probably considered this passage as a censure on his conduct; at all events, he laid the lesson to heart. After the performance of *Britannicus* he was never again seen in a ballet.

Boileau, with the instinct of true friendship, gave the greatest praise to the tragedy when he found the poet suffering mortification from the failure,

An actress personating Agrippina, erewhile wife to Claudius, caused as much merriment among the audience as did the English actor with the famous couplet —

"And oh, how sharper than a serpent's thanks it is
To have a toothless child!"

Merely misplacing two words, she declaimed how her destiny —

Mit Rome dans mon lit et Claude à mes genoux."

To say that Racine was very sensitive to neglect or disapprobation is merely to say that he was a tragic poet. His preface to *Britannicus* is very sore, but very just at the same time in every literary opinion expressed. He maintains throughout that if he had done what his various critics would have had him to do, he would have drawn down on him the censures of Homer, Virgil, Sophocles, and Cicero, provided they had been present at the representation.

BERENICE.

Berenice, the next piece in order of time, was

represented in 1671. It is reported that Henrietta of England, sister to our Charles II., and wife of the unworthy brother of Louis XIV., would have much preferred to have her brother-in-law for husband. She pitied the royal sufferers, Titus and Berenice, for their forced separation, mentally assimilating their fortunes to those of Louis and herself. She accordingly expressed her wish to the veteran Corneille and to Racine, to compose dramas on this subject, and they obeyed.

Racine, as before observed, was easily annoyed by the nettle-stings and pin-pricks suffered at the hands of the critics and parodists. He was exceedingly vexed at the following passage:—

"*Columbine (drawing Harlequin by his skirt) — Answer me.*

"*Harlequin — Ah, your 're tearing my coat.*

"*Columbine — You 're Emperor, lord, and yet you 're crying.*

"*Harlequin — Yes, madame, 't is true, I weep, I sigh,*

I groan, but when I accepted the crown,

When I accepted the crown, I was made Emperor."

He was even more chagrined at an answer of Chapelle's. At a social party all were loud in their praises of Berenice. Chapelle alone kept silence. "Give me your opinion frankly," said the poet. "What do you think of *Berenice*?" "What do I think?" said he.

"*Marion pleure, Marion crie,
Marion veut qu'on la marie.*"

This disparaging couplet of Chapelle's inflicted much chagrin on the poet, to whom, as well as to La Fontaine, Boileau, Feuretiere, and other friends, Chapelle's society afforded so much pleasure. He excelled in the light and airy literature of the day, and his social qualities were in the highest estimation among his friends. He was weak on the side of wine, and this gave Boileau and Racine much uneasiness. The latter, meeting him once in the street, began to speak very seriously to him on the subject of intemperance. "What you say," answered Chapelle, "is most just and edifying; but it is hot and wearisome here in the glare of the sun. Let us take a seat in this cabaret, and talk more at our ease." In order not to take up room without giving anything in return, a moderate drop of liquor was called for. Chapelle continued to pay marked attention to his friend's discourse, keeping his (Racine's) glass well filled, while his Mentor, intent on his reformation, never noticed the underhand proceeding. His zeal increased, his advice became more earnest and more affectionate, and he paid no attention to the quantity of liquor he was imbibing. By the time he had arrived at the complete conversion of his friend, he found himself in a perfect state of inebriety. He never after ventured to speak to Chapelle on the subject of temperance.

This agreeable and witty man lost his ordinary powers under the influence of drink. As soon as the fumes reached his brain, he would begin to hold forth on the system of physics taught by his master Gassendi in opposition to Descartes; and when left alone by his much-enduring companions, he would secure the tavern-keeper, and continue to enlighten him while his patience endured.

Louis XIV. meeting the court physician on coming out from the theatre, after witnessing Berenice, said to him with a very serious air, "I have been just on the point of sending for you to come to the relief of a princess who wanted to die, but did not know how to go about it."

The great Condé knew better how (at all events, he had a better will) to turn a compliment than

Chapelle or Louis. Being asked how he liked the play, he answered by quoting what Titus said of Berenice,—

"For two years I've seen her every day,
And every day thought it was for the first time."

The actress Gaussin threw such pathos into her representation of the dismissed lady, that one of the stage sentinels burst into tears, and let his musket fall on the stage. Racine, however, did not live to enjoy that triumph of his genius.

Really our tragedian did not consult that eternal fitness of things so lauded by *Mr. Square*. Such love as Titus, and the wife or paramour of three or four others, could entertain for each other, was not a sufficient or suitable foundation for a tragic drama (the piece may be called tragic in a way, though no blood is spilled).

Berenice, sister of that King Agrippa before whom St. Paul made his oration, was married at an early age to Marcus, son of Alexander the Alabarch. Her second spouse was her uncle Herod. After his death she is accused of having loved Agrippa with more than a sister's affection. Complaints arising on this head, she espoused Polemon, King of Cilicia. Not finding happiness in his society, she returned to Agrippa, and we are not told whether she formed any other tender engagements till she enthralled the great conqueror of Jerusalem. Historians say he would have made her his Empress, but for the generally expressed dissatisfaction of the Romans at his choice. This time the *vox populi* was raised for the right. Now if the affection was of that pure lofty character sung by poets, and told by romancers, and so often recorded in history, we could pardon Titus and Racine. The historians tell us of the one day lost by the generous Emperor; they have omitted from their calculation all the days lost in doting on a disreputable woman.

As no one suffers death in this drama, some have thought the name of Tragedy a misnomer. But a separation between the chief personages loving one another so intently may be made as tragically interesting as death itself. In the preface, Racine displayed nearly as much soreness as in the preface to *Britannicus*. The simplicity of the plot giving such displeasure to many critics, the poet skilfully convicted them of ignorance of the true canon of criticism. He begged of outsiders "to lay upon him and his brothers the fatigue of clearing up the difficulties of the *Poetics* of Aristotle, and reserve to themselves the pleasure of being affected." He then related the anecdote of Philip King of Macedon blaming a bard for not having composed his lay according to the rules, and the answer made by the poor man: "God forbid, sire, that you should ever be obliged to understand these things better than I do."

Deprecating the ill opinion of those who considered that many characters and many incidents were essential to the merit of a piece of one day's action, he thus judiciously argues:—

"It is only the truthful that touches us in tragedy, and what likelihood is there that in one day a number of things should happen which could scarcely occur in many weeks. Some assert that this simplicity is an evidence of poverty of invention. They do not reflect that all invention consists in making something out of nothing, and that a crowding of incidents has always been a refuge to poets who did not find in their genius sufficient abundance nor sufficient strength to rivet their spectators' attention by a simple action, sustained

by the force of passion, the beauty of sentiment, and the elegance of expression. I am far from thinking that all these perfections are found in the work, but I cannot suppose that the public will blame me for giving them a tragedy which has drawn so many tears, and whose thirtieth representation has been as well attended as the first."

Still, argue as he might, *Berenice* is only a heroic pastoral. There is neither the sublime nor the terrible in it. Titus is not a hero: he is merely an estimable prince of the Court of Versailles. The action is conducted with much skill and vivacity. Delicacy of sentiment rules all through, and an elegant, noble, and harmonious versification distinguishes the lines. The poet keeping before his eyes, not the *Berenice* of history, but the amiable English princess, concentrated the interest on her heartfelt grievance.

BAJAZET.

Bajazet was first acted in 1672. The reader must put out of his mind the Turkish Emperor whom Timour conquered and led about with him in a cage. The *Bajazet* of Racine lived in the same century with him, and his nephew Mahmoud ruled the Sublime Porte, when the play was first performed. *Bajazet* was one of the four brothers of Sultan Amurath, two of whom were put to death by his order. The Sultan, in 1638, sent orders from Babylon, which he had just taken, to put *Bajazet* to death privately. In the tragedy, the Prince loves, and is beloved by *Atalide*, one of the Royal family, but for his and her misfortunes, *Rozana*, the haughty wife of the absent Amurath, has bestowed her affections on him, and offered to secure for him the throne. She discovers that she has not his heart, and his death is decreed. She herself meets with deserved punishment, and *Atalide* perishes by her own hand. Love, as in nearly all Racine's plays, rules supreme, and is painted with energy. The plot is closely compacted; there are striking situations, and many passages breathing tragic vigor. It did not give thorough satisfaction to Corneille, however. Perhaps the most perfect piece in the whole world would not do that with a rival tragedian. During the first representation he whispered in the ear of M. Legrais: "The personages of this piece entertain very French sentiments under their Turkish robes. I would say this only to you, others might think I was actuated by jealousy."

MITHRIDATE.

Mithridate, performed in 1678, met with great success. The historic characters and events were such as in the hands of a good dramatist were sure to interest an intelligent audience. *Mithridate*, the defeater of the Romans, with his determined hatred of that power, his great courage, his cruelty, his *fiensse*, his dissimulation and jealousy, was such a character as a great actor would desire.

The design of *Mithridate* to pass into Italy, as Pyrrhus did before him, gave Racine an opportunity of seizing on the needful unity of time and place. Coupled with his design on his enemies was his suspicion of his betrothed *Monimia*, and his prying into the secrets of his sons, one of whom, Xipharex, is the beloved of his intended bride, and the other a rebel in heart, and an instigator of the soldiers to desert their king. The deeply incensed monarch and father having pronounced an awful curse on his traitor son, Pharnaces, procured death

at the hand of a Gaulish officer, not finding any poison strong enough to effect the object.

Racine departs from history in making his wife *Monimia* only his espoused, and also making her outlive him. In reality he had much difficulty in obtaining her hand, and after this promotion such as it was, she found her life what she might have expected with a cruel and suspicious husband, whose thoughts were ever occupied with encroachments on the possessions of others or the defence of his own.

Mithridate, in one of his reverses, being apprehensive that his wives would fall into the hands of his enemy, sent trusty emissaries to put them to death, or see them perish by their own hands. *Monimia*, weary of existence, cheerfully took the golden circlet from round her head, and essayed to strangle herself with it. It was not strong enough, and she uttered this reproach to it, "O, cursed and unfortunate tissue, can you not render me even this melancholy service?" Spitting then with contempt on the earth, she resigned herself to the hands of the executioner.

In the play she is the betrothed of Xipharex, *Mithridate's* son, and the king descends to an unworthy artifice to ascertain the state of her heart. She is destined to death towards the end of the tragedy, but is saved to become the happy wife of the young prince. This departure from known history was not judicious on the part of the dramatist. He might have selected another lady for the purpose, and not mention *Monimia* at all.

Mithridate's character is well developed and supported. Such as he was in life he is in the drama, breathing vengeance and ambition, courageous, great in adversity, violent, furious, jealous, and cruel; but his affairs of the heart, and the ruses used, belong to comedy rather than tragedy.

The tragedy, on the whole, more resembled one of Corneille's rough, energetic pieces than any of Racine's own.

About the time of the first appearance of *Mithridate*, Corneille had the mortification of witnessing the complete failure of his *Pulcherie*.

Of all theatrical pieces known to Charles XII., *Mithridate* was his favorite. He passed many hours of his forced sojourn among the Turks reading it.

Beauborg, a talented actor, but a rather ugly-faced man, while filling the roll of *Mithridate*, was thus addressed by Mademoiselle Lecouvreur on the part of *Monimia*—

"Ah, seigneur, vous changez de visage."

A wag in the pit improved the occasion by crying out, *Laissez-le faire*, and shouts of merriment filled the theatre. They brought no joy to the heart of the poor actor.

Bannières, an actor from Toulouse, made his début in 1729 in *Mithridate*. He acted with such precipitation and want of judgment that the house was filled with laughter. He was not devoid of sense nor talent, and at the end he came respectfully forward and begged the audience to allow him to try the part again the next night. He got leave, and showed such improvement that he was applauded by pit and boxes.

On a day when the play was announced for the evening, the chief actors and actresses were summoned to the Court at St. Germain, and the poor Parisians were obliged to endure the acting of the inferior player-folk. There was great uproar before the

first scene was over, and the company were thinking it best to return the money, when Legrand, good man of business but no actor, stepped forward to the footlights, and thus spoke, as soon as he could get an opening:—

"Gentlemen, Mademoiselle Duclos, M. Beauborg, MM. Ponteuil and Baron have been obliged to attend at the Court. We are in despair for not having their talent, and can only present *Mithridate*. We avow that it will be wretchedly performed. You have not as yet known the worst, for alas I myself am to be *Mithridate*." There was great cheering and laughing, and the play was murdered to the delight of the audience.

IPHIGÉNIE.

Racine admired Euripides beyond all the Greek dramatists. He borrowed three of his subjects, making changes greater or less in the plots. These are *Andromache*, *Iphigénie*, and *Phædra* (from *Hippolytus*). He could not bear to have the breast of the innocent virgin, Iphigenia, mangled by the knife of the ruthless priest, and did not suppose his Christian audience would much approve the mechanical rescue of the fair victim by Diana, and her passage through the air. So he substituted *Eriphile*, called also *Iphigenia*, daughter of Theseus and Helen, to receive the fatal stroke which she inflicted with her own hand.

Iphigénie, produced in 1674, was acted before an audience consisting of the king and the nobility in a temporary theatre, set up in the park of Versailles, on the return of his Majesty from Franche Comté. However versed in the wicked ways of the world were the noble and beautiful individuals assembled, abundance of tears were shed, chiefly wrung out by the well-skilled actress, Champmeslé, in the part of the virgin victim. Boileau said on this subject:—

"Never did Iphigenia, immolated in Aulis,
Cost so many tears to the assembled Greeks,
As in this fine spectacle under the maiden's name,
Champmeslé has drawn from the eyes of her hearers."

Lully was once accused of being unable to furnish music to any lines more energetic than those feeble ones furnished him by Quinault. To give a practical denial to the charge, he sat down at the harpsichord, and after running his fingers over the keys for a few seconds, he sung this quatrain (uttered by Clytemnestra from the *Iphigénie*), accompanying his voice with befitting chords:—

"A priest surrounded by a merciless crowd,
Shall lay a criminal hand on my daughter,
Tear open her bosom, and, with curious eye,
Consult the gods in her palpitating heart."

One who was present related long afterwards, how the company almost fancied themselves looking on the odious sacrifice, and how the harrowing sounds groaning from the instrument nearly set the hair upright on their heads.

There were pretentious ladies in the days of Racine as well as in our own, in whose classical education there were some flaws. One of these showing the treasures of her gallery in which were many "old masters," stopped before one, and acknowledged her ignorance of the subject. "It is the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*," said a bystander. "Pardon me," said she, "it is not ten years since the tragedy was written by Racine, and that picture has been in this gallery upwards of a century."

PHEDRE.

Once engaged in a literary discussion, Racine,

perhaps, out of a whim, maintained that a good poet had it in his power to render the greatest crimes excusable, and excite compassion for the criminal perpetrators of them. "No more was needed," he said, "than fertility of imagination, delicacy of feeling and judgment." With these, sympathy might be roused even for *Medea* and *Phædra*. All were against his opinion, and this rendered him more determined on trying his powers on one of these little-lauded women. He had another strong inducement. Mlle. Champmeslé had requested him to create a part for her in which she could present a picture of all the passions. *Phædra* was just the character, and he began, and wrote that tragedy (1677), to exhibit the rare and fine faculties and qualities of the actress.

As Racine has depicted *Phædra*, no audience but would find it very difficult to condemn her. She is obliged by the cruel goddess to love Hippolyte, yet she does all in her power to make him hate her, and to have him sent away. But the mother of Cupid is inexorable, and when she thinks with all but absolute certainty that Theseus will never recross the Styx, the too complaisant counsels of Cénéon and the implacable Aphrodite wring her secret from her. So far from criminalizing Hippolytus, she is about to sacrifice herself, when Cénéon accuses the prince of that crime furthest in all the circle of crime from his intention, and the fearful catastrophe ensues. A foreigner merely able to translate, but still retaining a rooted dislike to French tragic poetry, could not help admiring the vigorous, and picturesque, and terrible description of Hippolytus's progress along the strand, the rushing of the mountain wave towards the shore, its disgorging of the monster, its retiring in terror of his fearful appearance, and the ensuing awful event.

A monster as fatal to the continuation of Racine's labors as that which issued from the boiling sea was to the poor prince, appeared in Paris just before the production of *Phædra* in the form of a clique of envious and unfriendly personages of high rank. Madame Deshoulières, who loved neither Boileau nor Racine, as soon as she learned that he was about to produce the *Phædra*, induced her brother, the Duke of Nevers, the Duchess of Bouillon, and others in high places to join her in insuring its complete failure. Pradon, the playwright, was set at work on the same subject and brought out his piece at the same time. This might have an effect the reverse of what they wished, but the clique hired the chief places in two theatres for the first five nights, left those in the Hotel Bourgogne vacant, and filled the boxes and stalls in the other theatre. The result was a certain triumph for Pradon's poor piece, and a coolness towards Racine's chef-d'œuvre, even among the actors.

Spiteful and satiric sonnets were made on both sides, and the Duke of Nevers was so irritated with the hostile one that he threatened to have the two inseparables assassinated, or at least soundly cudgelled. Duke Henri Jules, son of the Great Condé, on hearing this, invited the poet and critic to the Hotel de Condé, saying: "If you are innocent he will defend you, if you are guilty he will protect you, for the sonnet is a good one."

The public soon recovered from its little manifestation of bad taste. As soon as the cabal ceased to hire the boxes, they began to be filled with the accustomed patrons, and the tragedy acquired a high reputation.

RACINE AS HUSBAND AND HISTORIAN.

All this did not overcome the disgust which the sensitive and offended poet conceived against the theatre. He was then only thirty-eight years of age, but never after wrote a line of a play on a profane subject. He began to have serious thoughts of entering into the religious state, but his confessor dissuaded him. He told him he would tire of solitude, that his was a temperament which needed sympathy, &c. The result was a marriage next year with the daughter of one of the treasurers, a lady not gifted with the slightest possible taste for poetry or plays, but of a pleasing countenance, good-humor, and sound sense. She never read even a scene of one of her husband's tragedies. With all these good, every-day qualities, she cared not for riches nor rank.

One day as she was at Boileau's house waiting for her husband, he came in flushed with joy at bringing a thousand louis from Versailles. "Congratulate me, my dear. See what I have brought." The answer he got was, that Billy was very naughty and had not looked in his book for two days. "O, never mind Billy for the moment; let us talk of our good fortune." "I declare he must be brought to a sense of his ill conduct when we get home"; and out of this groove she could not be got. "Well, well," said the astonished husband, "here is stoicism. I did not think it was in human nature to despise a thousand louis."

Our poet lost no time after his renunciation of the theatre till he made his peace with the Messieurs Port-Royal. Good Pierre Nicole, who had not room in his whole organism for an ounce of resentment, was only too eager for the renewal of friendly feeling; but Mr. Arnaud was made of sterner stuff. However, he was inveigled into reading a portion of one of the tragedies, and found it so moral and just that a way was paved towards a reconciliation.

Boileau and Racine, being appointed historiographers to the king, were obliged to follow him in his Flanders' campaign. M. de Cavoy, wishing to divert the king with the ignorance of the two great men on common things, came to Racine the evening before the setting out of the expedition, and asked him were his horses contract-shod. "Contract-shod!" said he, "what do you mean?" "O, I'm surprised at your ignorance. There are so few opportunities of getting our beasts well shod on these expeditions that we are obliged before we set out to get contract-smiths to put such shoes on the beasts as will endure a half-year without being renewed. Has not Boileau told you about it?" "Not a word; that man never looks after what is needful." Boileau comes in, is put in possession of the idea, and while they are in search of the contract-smiths the king and the court enjoy the rich joke.

The same wag woke up Racine one night as they were on the journey, but filling his face with as much trouble as it would hold, he forebore to tell his business till the awakened man became frightened. At last, when his patience was about to snap, he cried out, "Ah! my poor friend, you have incurred the king's deepest displeasure." "How! how! in the name of wonder?" A shake of the head followed by a pause. "Don't keep me in suspense; it is worse than the worst ill news." "Do you think you will be able to endure it?" "I'll try." "Well, then, the king said this evening, in the hearing of every one —" "What?" "That you

sat your horse very ungracefully to-day." "O, if that's all, I'll venture on another nap."

ESTHER AND ATHALIE.

Madame de Maintenon, annoyed at the worldly spirit of the pieces acted by the young damsels of Saint Cyr, persuaded Racine, after his pen had remained idle for twelve years, to compose a piece in which human love should be completely ignored. He unwillingly set about it, but found in the history of *Esther* just the subject needed. Moreover, he had therein an opportunity of paying compliments to the king and Madame de Maintenon. That lady was an embodiment of *Esther*, Mme. de Montespan of Queen *Vasthi*, Louis of *Assuerus*, and Louvois of *Haman*.

As Madame de Maintenon had the education of her young ladies so much at heart, *Esther* was allowed some Jewish orphans not particularized in the Sacred Book to patronize and instruct. The young ladies performed the piece before the king to the entire approbation of himself and the court. Madame de Caylus, who had only a short time before been a pupil, after witnessing a rehearsal, was seized with such a desire of performing that the poet wrote a prologue expressly for her. All the allusions were well understood and relished, and the living personages beheld themselves with much complacency in the Biblical tableau. Among the spectators at the first performance were the ex-king and queen of England, James II. and Mary of Modena. When the piece was printed and presented to the people in the public theatre it was far from exciting the same enthusiasm.

Athalie was intended to be performed by the same young ladies about the end of 1690, but Mme. de Maintenon, probably reflecting on the inconvenience of her young and beautiful pupils exhibiting their talents before an assembly of the highest in the land, few of whom were of pure morals, also that the performance was more likely to encourage vain and worldly aspirations than pious sentiments in the young actresses, cut short the scenic representations. However, as the rehearsals were made, she had the piece presented before the king at Versailles, but without decorations or costumes. His Majesty was highly delighted, and at once conferred the dignity of Gentleman of the Bedchamber on the author.

When the play was printed it made little impression on the public. Some Parisians being at the time on a visit at a chateau, were amusing themselves at forfeits, and the punishment inflicted on one unlucky person was the perusal of the first act of *Athalie* in a separate chamber. He protested against the severity of the infliction, but was obliged to submit. He did not make his appearance at the time expected, nor till he had read with the greatest interest the drama entire. He spoke of it in such terms that the whole party assembled to hear him read it next day. An entire revolution of opinion was the result. Racine always considered *Phédre* his masterpiece, Boileau preferred *Athalie*.

In 1702 the tragedy was represented in the court of Versailles, the Duchess of Burgundy taking the part of *Josabeth*, the Duke of Orleans presenting *Abner*, the Lady President of Chailly *Athalie*, the Count d'Esparre *Joas*, and M. de Chaperon *Zacharias*. The tragedy was honored with three court representations, but the outer Parisian world still remained cold. In 1716, by the Regent's orders, it

was at last fairly put on the stage, and obtained the success it deserved. Some circumstances of the time added interest to the subject matter. Louis XV. was then at the age of *Joas*, and was the last preserved scion of a numerous stock, and the following passages were seized and warmly applauded:—

"Behold then your King, your only hope,
I have watched over him to preserve him for you."

"Of the faithful David he is the dear representative."

"Reflect that in this child all Israel lives."

THE POET'S LAST YEARS.

The history which Racine was ordered to write was little to his taste. He dreaded to be judged guilty of flattery or ingratitude, whichever way he handled his subject. It has not remained to our time, having perished in a fire. Valancourt, the guardian of the MS., cried out that he would give twenty louis to the rescuer, and a poor Savoyard rushed into the flames. Alas! he only brought out a bundle of the "*Gazette de France*."

Racine's organization was too finely put together for his happiness. Mme. de Maintenon, wishing to do something towards the amelioration of the condition of the people, rendered miserable by the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the Court of the Great Louis, and his expensive wars, induced the poet to draw up a memorial to meet the eye of the king. He, discovering the author, was so offended that he never after showed him the slightest countenance. The poet appearing at Versailles during the period of his disgrace, the king passed close to him without notice or speech. His death is supposed to have been hastened by this loss of Louis's friendship. Ah, why did he not reflect on the blessings of a good wife and good children still remaining with him! His death occurred in 1699 at the age of sixty.

The evil side of our poet's character presented little more than a too great sensitiveness to criticism, and a tendency to punish it by biting satire, for he was extremely caustic. Boileau, being once blamed for his bitterness, answered, "Racine is much worse." Racine's allusions to Corneille are by no means just nor kind. Many papers of his were burned by his people after his death on account of their severity to then living persons. In reparation of these defects he was (especially after his last secular tragedy) sincerely pious, a good father, a good husband, and a sincere friend. In person he was of the middle size, and his countenance had an agreeable, frank, and cheerful expression. He understood Greek so well, and was naturally so eloquent, that he once kept a company wrapped in the deepest attention while he read from the original Greek, the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, giving it out in glowing French.

Racine was gifted with a thorough knowledge of the workings and the expression of the passions, a sustained elegance of diction, truth of sentiment, and admirable correctness. There was little declamation (considering him as a French poet), but throughout, the language of true feeling. He possessed a facility of versification, harmony, and poetic grace in the highest degree. In these gifts he excelled Corneille himself, standing in somewhat the same relation to him as Pope did to Dryden. We exhort any of our readers who has mastered *Telemaque*, but is not yet reconciled to the jog-trot march of French verse, to take up any of

Racine's tragedies, and, ignoring the defect just mentioned, get through the first act, he will, if a person of taste, require no persuasion to proceed to the end.

Owing to his disagreeable reminiscences connected with the theatre, he took no care to have a correct edition of his works published during his lifetime. The early issues abound in mistakes, but as his language has not yet, nor is likely to become obsolete, no more than the English of Pope or Addison, the loss to literature is trifling. Editors of good taste have fixed the existing text.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE pearl fishery in Scotland is a failure this year.

THE Austrian government proposes an annual tax on pianos.

M. DE LAMARTINE's coupé was recently sold in Paris for sixty dollars.

ONCE A WEEK has changed hands, given up its illustrations, and dropped its editor, Mr. Dallas.

THE well-known firm of Breitkopf and Härtel have just celebrated at Leipzig the completion of their five thousandth piano.

A LIFE of Miss Austen the novelist, and the Memoirs of Miss Mitford are among the latest books announced as in press.

It is reported that either Dr. Doran or Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson will succeed Mr. Hepworth Dixon in the editorial chair of the *Athenæum*.

THE Indian Daily News states that two enterprising native females have applied to the registrar of the Calcutta University for admission into the entrance examination.

Mlle. ROSA BONHEUR is living near Fontainebleau, where she keeps her studio. Her brother, Auguste Bonheur, who lives in Paris, is also a successful painter of animals.

THE Rev. Charles Kingsley is to preside over the Education department of the Social Science Association at the forthcoming Congress to be held at Bristol in September and October.

THE Parisians will lose their darling, M. Capoul, awhile, if it be true that Mr. Strakosch has engaged him for a tour in the United States. *La France Musicale* says, pathetically, "Espérons qu'il n'en sera rien."

Mlle. DÉJAZET has at length determined to take her farewell of the stage, which she has graced for so long a period as the memory of the oldest playgoer extends. Her last appearance will be in a play by M. Sardou.

GUSTAVE DORÉ and Blanchard Jerrold have been making a systematic exploration of London, from Wapping to Kensington, among high and low, with a view to a work on the great capital. It is said that Doré has made a most interesting collection of studies.

MADRID has lately been favored with a hail-storm of great violence. Many of the hailstones were as large as hens' eggs, and weighed as much as three ounces each. The trees were greatly injured, and vegetation suffered severely. An immense quantity of glass in greenhouses and win-

dows was broken. In many places the telegraph wires were destroyed, and the railways at various points inundated and greatly damaged.

Dr. GEDGE, of Caius College, Cambridge, late assistant to Professor Humphry, is about to follow Sir Samuel Baker into Africa as head of the medical staff, as well as to investigate the natural history of the district and collect specimens for the Viceroy of Egypt.

MME. RISTORI's appearance at Rio de Janeiro as Medea has been followed by her performance of Maria Stuarda and La Pia. The Emperor has been present at each representation. A poem in honor of the actress was on one occasion recited, the Emperor and the entire audience standing uncovered during its delivery.

MONSIEUR LESSEPS, not content with the laurels he will have earned by the successful completion of the Suez canal, is ready with a new project for cutting through the Isthmus of Corinth, which, if carried into effect, will shorten the journey from Marseilles to Constantinople by fourteen hours, and that from Trieste to the same town by twenty hours.

THE Musical World says that at a concert lately given by the Auckland Choral Society to the officers of the fleet, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh took part as "first fiddle." In the opening piece he played with Colonel Balneavis and the other violinists. The Duke subsequently played in Mozart's "Jupiter" and other orchestral pieces. In all he is said to have acquitted himself most admirably.

AT Sierra Leone, on the west coast of Africa, there is printed a paper called the West African Herald, the entire staff—proprietor, editor, and compositors—being real natives. Amongst the names of the agents who receive subscriptions, and supply papers, is the following: At Winnebah, Henry Ahquah, King of Winnebah. His sable majesty is also agent for the same paper for the Gomooah district.

THE Diary, Reminiscences, and Letters of Henry Crabb Robinson, and Mr. Forster's Life of Walter Savage Landor are two of the most important biographies that have been issued from the English press for many years. Both works have been made the subjects of elaborate papers in all the leading reviews, and are regarded as choice additions to what is permanent in English literature. The volumes of Crabb Robinson are a mine of literary anecdote and illustration.

ACCORDING to the *Journal des Connaissances Medicales*, M. V. Esaling, with the help of a microscope, has been making some disagreeable discoveries respecting milk. If the surface of fresh cream be examined under the lens, there is to be found, amid myriads of milky and fatty globules, a number of either round or oblong corpuscles, sometimes accompanied with finely clotted matter, being just what is seen in most substances in a state of decay. In summer these corpuscles make their appearance within fifteen or twenty-four hours after milking; in winter they will be perceptible after the lapse of two or three days. If the observation be continued until the moment of coagulation, these corpuscles are seen to increase in number, bud, form ramified chains, and at length to be transformed into regular mushrooms or filaments composed of cells placed end to end in simple series, and supporting at their extremities a spherical knob filled with granulous

matter. M. V. Esaling thinks they may be classified among the *ascophora*, and that many of the gastric affections to which children are liable are owing to this state of the milk. All this must be very unpleasant for people in the country whose misfortune it is to get pure milk and cream, but to city folks, whose milk is a more artificial composition, it does not so much matter.

A GOVERNMENT agent attended at the Palais de Justice, Paris, some days since, to receive numbers of the *Lanterne* and other condemned publications. Of the former there were about 160,000 copies, filling forty-two sacks. Formerly articles of this description were pounded in a large iron mortar, but at present the proceeding is much more simple. The agent takes the whole to a paper-factory, where, under his inspection, they are thrown into a caldron of boiling water and reduced to pulp, then passed under a wheel cylinder, whence the matter issues in the form of cardboard.

THERE really is nothing new under the sun. The paddle-wheel for boats is seen on the Assyrian slabs, and in more than one old European fresco. The bicycle seems to have been known in China more than two centuries ago, and the velocipede was probably seen even before that in Europe. Among the ancient painted glass in and about the once noble church at Stoke Pogis may be seen the representation of a young fellow who is astride the mute but active horse: he is working his way along with the air of a rider who has introduced a novelty, and is being looked at by admiring spectators. It is one of the most curious illustrations of ancient times in the painted glass windows of this interesting church.

MRS. STOWE's last novel is having great success in England. The London Morning Post says: "We do not remember to have seen the author more in her element than in these volumes. They have all her playful humor, her marked individuality, and her sympathy with whatever is kindly and good." The Literary Churchman considers it "a novel of great power and beauty, and something more than a mere novel." "We rarely get hold of so sensible and well written a work," says the Examiner, "and might fill our columns with gems taken from these pages: but as that would not after all give any correct notion of the work in its entirety, we can only commend it to all who are capable of appreciating a thoughtful work where exciting interest is made subservient to solid reasoning, and where every chapter yields something that may teach as well as amuse."

MR. GREENWOOD's "Seven Curses of London," published simultaneously in this country and in England, is thus spoken of by the last number of the London Athenæum:—

"Proclaiming by his title that he speaks of curses and has little to say of blessings, Mr. Greenwood prefaces his collection of essays with a table of contents which shows that the evils to which he draws attention are the results of criminal propensities, bad legislation, and the thoughtlessness, which is more productive than heartlessness, of sin and the fruits of sin. The doings and experiences of neglected children, professional thieves, habitual mendicants, unchaste women, persistent drunkards, and betting gamblers, are the topics which he takes under consideration. After describing the ills that flow from the action of our immoral classes, and

from our scandalous disregard of the claims of helpless infancy, he concludes his book of homilies with two shrewd and thoughtful chapters on the consequences of misdirected and wasteful charity.

That the volume contains pictures as stirring and forcible as the sketches by which Mr. Greenwood first rendered himself famous, we cannot say; but together with a mass of clearly digested facts, that will afford no less of assistance to the social reformer than of entertainment to the curious investigator of the condition of the London poor, "The Seven Curses of London" comprises not a little writing in which sympathy for distress is not more conspicuous than humorous suggestiveness."

THE Spectator thinks Australian loyalty is clearly genuine, since it stands the money test in its most extreme form. The Melbourne Argus, a most respectable paper, the first in Victoria, announces that the Duke of Edinburgh's club bill for cigars and wine, being left unpaid, was discharged by a colonist, while his bill from the furrier and jeweller for presents to his friends, being also left, was paid out of funds voted by the Colonial Parliament. Moreover, a motion is to be made in the Legislature to repay to Great Britain the sum of £8,400 voted in the estimates of this year for the presents distributed by the Prince, and a return asked for of the more valuable presents made to him. The colonists are not kind in the comments they make on the Prince's forgetfulness, but still they cash up, and clearly that is with royalty, as with commonalty, the main point. "O peuple Français!" said the elder Mirabeau, "corvéable et taillable à miséricorde."

ADVERTISING is carried to a great excess in Paris; and yet such a thing as a newspaper with a couple of pages of advertisements is altogether unknown. The man who conceived the idea of the little kiosques on the boulevards, in which newspapers are now sold, but which were originally erected solely for the purpose of displaying advertisements on their glass panes, received a small fortune from the company who carried out his suggestion, and who, nevertheless, pay their shareholders something like a dividend of 20 per cent. It is the success of this speculation that has, no doubt, induced a company to buy up the drop-scenes of certain Paris theatres, which no longer display handsome tableaux in which some of the best known characters of the French stage are represented, but, in lieu of these, are covered with announcements of the merits of the Lait antiphélique, the Chocolat Perron, the Eau de Melisse des Carmes, Machines à coudre silencieuses, the Toile-Cataplasme, the Vinaigre Balsamique, Vélocipèdes irréversibles, the Insecticide Vicat, the Moutarde Bordin, and the other thousand and one advertisements that have fatigued the eyes of Parisians for years.

CONSUL MARKHAM, in his official report to the English Government, gives an entertaining account of his visit to Kiu-foo, the city of Confucius. Mr. Markham states that Kiu-foo is a city of no importance, but it may be called the historical city of China. Here Confucius was educated, lived, taught, and finally died and was buried. His birthplace, a cave, is in the Ne-shan Hills, some twenty li to the northeast. His representative, a Kungyih, or Duke of the Empire, dwells in the city, the whole of the north and west of which is taken up with the grounds of the ducal palace and tem-

ple to Confucius, spacious and splendidly wooded. The temple is a building on a far more magnificent scale than any Mr. Markham saw in China. Here are numerous relics of the sage, some of the bronze censers, &c. bearing date B. C. 2300. The city has a population of about 25,000, which is composed chiefly of descendants of Confucius, eight out of ten families bearing his surname. The office of Che-shien or magistrate is hereditary in the family, as are also the official appointments. When the rebels occupied the surrounding country they spared the city of mandarins, declaring that they only wished to destroy the unjust and corrupt rulers, but that Confucius's descendants could not be so. Except the fact of so many families bearing the sage's surname, which requires some little explanation, nothing could be more satisfactory, and it would be well for some of the rising generation if, instead of making books on the turf, they were to take a leaf out of the book of Confucius, who, we may be sure, never saw the face of a bailiff in Kiu-foo, and whose bronze censers, &c. were never profaned by the auctioneer's hammer, like some people's family plate and racing cups in these degenerate days. Tsin-hsien, the city of Mencius, is similarly dedicated to the memory of that sage; he has a fine temple, and his descendants are pensioned by the State.

DR. FAVROT, celebrated as a ladies' doctor, has just died in Paris. The *Gaulois* asserts that so great was his reputation that ladies of high rank used to consult him masked. At Etretat, whither he was summoned for a consultation, he was beset by a little old man, the type of a *malade imaginaire*, who offered him a fabulous sum if he would live with him as his private physician. Dr. Favrot peremptorily refused the offer, but the little old man expressed such unfeigned despair at the prospect of being separated from him that the doctor permitted him to follow him about in the capacity of *courrier*. Thus, wherever Dr. Favrot went he appealed to "Jacques" to know if he had telegraphed for rooms at hotels, whether dinner had been duly ordered, &c.; in reply to which the little old man invariably pleaded the state of his health in excuse for the omission of his self-imposed duties. "Ah, you remember, Jacques, our agreement; each time you speak of your health, one guinea! No use talking to me about your will. Dr. Declat lost the fortune the Duke de Grammont Caderousse left to him, bequests from the sick to their physicians being illegal in France." The little old man instantly and invariably took out a guinea, in spite of which the doctor resorted to every possible stratagem to get rid of him. Once, whilst travelling, he met two of his colleagues; to them he related his misfortune, and induced them to assist him in his dilemma. Accordingly, Dr. Favrot summoned them to consultation on his patient. They were unanimous in pronouncing his health perfect, and congratulated him on there being no further necessity for the continuance of his erratic life in company with Dr. Favrot. The little old man handed his new advisers their fees, and bowed them out of his room. The doctor, having on the previous evening taken leave of his patient, stole on foot from the hotel at an unearthly hour, in order to start by the earliest train. On the steps of the railway terminus sat, awaiting his arrival, the little old man. "Ah, you thought to escape me; but here I am, as ill as ever, and I have taken my ticket to accompany you."

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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MR. HARDCASTLE'S FRIENDLY ATTENTIONS, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

I. BEWILDERMENT AT BRIGHTON.

"If the gentleman who found the lady's glove at the ball of the —th Dragoon Guards at Brighton on Wednesday last will be at the Zoölogical Gardens in London on Sunday next, he may hear of something to his advantage."

The Southdown Reporter and Devil's Dyke Free Press, in which the above advertisement was contained, fell from the hands of a gentleman who was reading that enterprising print in the coffee-room of a hotel in the town first referred to, — the Sybarite Hotel, facing the sea. I suppose it was the advertisement that caused the surprise, not to say emotion, which evidently possessed him. It could not be the attack upon the Mayor, nor the denunciation of the Town Council, nor the exposure of the Gas Company, nor the clever article upon the dearth of local amusements, nor the pleasant reference to "Our Autumn Visitors," nor the eulogistic review of "Our talented fellow-townsmen's" volume of poems, nor even the facetious letters about ladies' bonnets and high-heeled boots. Yes, it must have been the advertisement.

There is one thing that a man is sure to do when an announcement in a newspaper exercises upon him such an effect that he drops the newspaper upon the floor. The odds are at least Lombard Street to a China orange that he picks the newspaper up and reads the announcement again. The gentleman in question adopted this inevitable course of action; and while he is engaged in mastering the interesting paragraph, and making his reflections thereupon, I will tell you who he was and all I knew about him up to this period of his career.

You could see for yourself, as he sat in the bow-window in the twilight, with the broad sheet spread before him, that he was a gentleman, in the conventional sense of the term; that he was a well-made, manly looking fellow of unmistakably military cut, with a leisurely expression of countenance suggestive of the fact that he need be in no hurry to assert his good looks, as they were sufficient to assert themselves; and if he kept curling that long tawny mustache round his thumb and finger you might be sure that it was an action caused by nervous anxiety rather than by any thought of improving that appendage. If you guessed his age to be somewhere between twenty and thirty you would not be mistaken; and if you made a bet that he was the

and a captain of light dragoons on leave from India, you would win your bet beyond all chance of dispute.

But you would never suppose, unless you happened to know, what a troubled life Harry Doncaster was leading. Money had never been the strong point of his family, at least during the last two generations. His brother the Viscount had not much, and what he had he wanted, — for viscounts must have money, of course, come what may. His family set Harry up in the cavalry, — he took a great deal of setting up, by the way, though he got his promotion by luck, — and he inherited some private means from his mother. But in reference to the latter he made the not uncommon mistake of confounding capital with income; and the original sum, after several abortive settlements in life, refused at last to be made the sport of an unscrupulous check-book, and disappeared indignantly below the financial horizon. After this pecuniary crisis Harry Doncaster, as far as any additions to his pay were concerned, was supported, like the hospitals, by voluntary contributions. But the voluntary system was no substitute for an establishment in his case; and in a thorough state of disendowment, without edifices, glebes, or any consolation of the kind, he found himself in a state which he described as "dependent on the generosity of my family, who refuse to give me anything." Then he began to borrow, which was crisis the second in his career. He began by merely overdrawn with his agents; and Cox, it must be said for that obliging firm, allowed him a considerable fling. But there is a point when even Cox loses patience; and Harry Doncaster, when he found his pay looking very small in perspective, compared with the massive foreground, of liability, did not relish the effect of the picture, and squared up with Cox by a great convulsive effort. It was then that he took to borrowing in a direct manner, and came to crisis the second, as I have said. Now crisis the second would not much matter; but it is very apt to lead to crisis the third when borrowing becomes so difficult as to approach the confines of impossibility.

And to this gloomy boundary, I regret to say, Harry Doncaster had arrived at the period in question. He did not know, as he declared, how to turn himself round, and performed the process only, like the scorpion girt by financial fire, the circle narrowing with every successive sun. He began serious borrowing in India, — that gorgeous land which has the fatal gift of credit in a bewildering degree, — and where the trail of the ser-

of Bengal to the rose-gardens of Cashmere. He had a few debts in England at the time. He thought they would not matter; but they did. And he soon found that the process which follows non-payment in the one country is much the same as the process which follows non-payment in the other; the principal difference being that in India you are arrested by a *baillif* in a looser pair of trousers. On coming home upon leave he made another discovery, — that Eastern impecuniosity is a tree of hardy growth, and will bear transplanting to the West with considerable success. It was with a profound conviction of this important truth that he began serious borrowing in his native land; and for a time his native land treated him with her well-known liberality in the way of advances, and equally well-known consideration with regard to their return. But there is a time for all things, and that for payment comes with remarkable punctuality, and when it really means business is apt to be a difficult customer. This is just what Harry Doncaster is beginning to discover when we find him at the Brighton hotel conning over the advertisement. He has exhausted worlds of leave, and will have to imagine new if he wants much more of it. But he dares not return to his regiment under present circumstances, and remaining in England seems equally out of the question. He has an idea that the interior of Africa would be a proper part of the world for his future sojourn; but a recent event has made him reluctant to turn his back upon the land of his youth; and the latter feeling, I fancy, has some connection with the advertisement.

Were I to follow the example of many misguided novelists I should represent Harry Doncaster, at this juncture, as soliloquizing aloud, and giving a summary of his past life and present prospects, with a statement of the nature of the question which occupies his attention, for the benefit of anybody who might happen to be listening. But people never do this in real life; and, confining myself to facts, I shall simply mention that a few muttered words escape him to this effect;

"Must be meant for me, — will risk it, — can't come to any grief on a Sunday."

And with the newspaper still in his hand he rises, with the intention of making for the fireplace, by the side of which is the only bell-handle he happens to call to mind, though there are half a dozen about the room. But he pauses in the act, for there is a stranger sitting with his back to the bell-handle, finishing his dinner in a leisurely manner; and it is evident that Harry Doncaster cannot get to the bell without disturbing the stranger. The two have been taking their respective repasts a few paces apart. Each has been well aware of the presence of the other, but each has ignored the other's existence, as in conventional duty bound, — a very proper arrangement, by the way, in a public room, which ought to be a private room to anybody who pleases to make it so.

Having an object in so doing, Harry Doncaster considers himself warranted in addressing the stranger, which he does by asking him to ring the bell.

There are various ways of asking a man to ring a bell, and Harry's, upon this occasion, was a little unceremonious, — unintentionally so. But the stranger obeyed the mandate, and had evidently no intention of ordering the other stranger's carriage, as the rough gentleman who inhabited Brighton

did with Mr. Brummell under similar circumstances; for before the waiter could obey the summons he remarked to Captain Doncaster, —

"It is not the first time that I have obeyed your orders."

"Indeed," said Harry; "I don't remember that you have served with me."

"No, but I have served things for you at Harrow; don't you remember your fag, Jack Shorncliffe?"

"Of course I do, and I am very glad to see you again, but should not have known you, you're so altered." Mr. Shorncliffe, as he now appeared, was a person of small stature, particularly neatly and compactly built, with a face that was particularly neat and compact also, and the same character belonged to his hirsute adornments. He had a very keen eye, and was very decided in speech and manner.

"Well, you don't expect me to look such a fool as I was then," said he. "I knew you at once; saw you the night before last at the Plungers' ball, but could n't speak to you, — always with some girl."

"You mean you were."

"Yes, of course; you seemed to be mooning about doing nothing."

"And what are you doing yourself, in another sense? You were going into the service, but I never heard of you, or noticed your name in Hart?"

"No; the paternity changed his mind about me. He made the discovery that at least nine out of ten of our immediate family who have gone into the army have punctually come to grief and are at the present time head over ears in debt."

Harry could not deny that there are officers in the army in such a predicament.

"So he put me in his bank instead, where I am a partner, — awfully rich, — want a few hundreds, eh?"

Harry started at the question, — jestingly put as it was, — for he was by no means used to such pleasant inquiries. For a moment he felt a fiendish temptation, but he restrained himself. The thing would never do; at any rate, it would be premature at the present time. Mr. Shorncliffe abruptly returned to the subject of the ball.

"I saw who you were looking after there, — the unknown enchantress with the pompous papa. Did you find out who they were? I couldn't. Governor must be an alderman, I suspect: they came from London, that was all I could pick up."

Harry Doncaster looked a little confused, but he answered, carelessly, —

"Ah! I know the people you mean, but I did not find out their names. Of course I admired the lady, like everybody else."

"Superb creature," pursued Mr. Shorncliffe. "It would be invidious to particularize where all is perfection, as puffing critics say in the papers; but I think her great points are her eyes and shoulders, — it would be difficult to say which are the brightest of the two."

Harry Doncaster pretended to laugh at this criticism, but did not half like it. Jack Shorncliffe proceeded, —

"I suspect her eyes are too blue to be very bright by day; but there is no mistake about her shoulders. Alabaster is a ridiculous comparison. There are no complexions like alabaster, and I should be very sorry if there were: her shoulders

are simply like ivory, and the elephant tribe ought to be much obliged to me for the comparison."

Harry was getting angry by this time, but he refrained from any manifestation which might betray his secret (you know as well as I do that he had a secret), or, still worse, make him appear ridiculous. The subject of conversation, too, was pleasant to him upon any terms, so he allowed Shorncliffe to proceed.

"I should like very much to know who found her glove," pursued that gentleman. "I know that she lost one, for a man who saw her leaving the ball said she turned round to look for it while stepping into her carriage, and that the governor said, 'O, it does n't matter, you are close at home.' You have seen the advertisement in the paper, of course. Ah! you have the paper in your hand."

Harry Doncaster, at the commencement of this colloquy, had taken his seat at Shorncliffe's table, and had brought the South Down Reporter and Devil's Dyke Free Press with him, for the simple reason that he did not think of laying it down. However, there was no betrayal involved, and Harry simply said that he had seen the advertisement, adding, what was strictly true, that he was as much mystified by it as his companion.

But I am sorry to say that the matter did not end here. The two gentlemen spent the evening together, as well as that process could be performed in the absence of private engagements; that is to say, they walked out upon the new pier, and returned at ten o'clock or so to the hotel, where they were both staying. During their walk the conversation had not fallen upon the lady of the lost glove, but it did so when they returned, and Jack Shorncliffe, growing confidential, avowed himself an ardent admirer of the lady, whose acquaintance, he said, he was determined to make. The family lived in London, he knew, and if nobody would introduce him he would introduce himself. He was possessed, he added, of "a genial audacity which might be mistaken for cheek," that never failed in such cases. This was not at all pleasant to Harry Doncaster; but he could not help remembering that one stranger has as much right to be in love with a lady as another stranger. When, however, Jack Shorncliffe grew bold over his not unqualified seltzer, and began to express his admiration in a similar strain to that in which he had previously indulged, Harry remonstrated, somewhat to the speaker's astonishment,—

"Why, the lady is nothing to you?" said Shorncliffe, inquiringly.

"I am not sure," replied Harry. And then, I regret to say, he was weak enough to own the state of his own feelings, and, what was worse, to acknowledge himself as the finder of the glove, which article he produced from his breast-pocket in proof of the assertion.

Mr. Shorncliffe was very far from relishing this revelation, and the pair presently found one another's society not quite so pleasant as it had been before. They discovered, in fact, that sitting up was a bore, and determined to go to bed. Harry Doncaster was the first to leave. He did not go to bed, but went out for another walk by the sea.

When he returned to his room he felt in the breast-pocket of his coat, remembering that it would not be well for its contents to come under the notice of his servant in the morning.

The glove was gone!

II. WHAT HAPPENED AT THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.

Sunday at the Zoölogical. The season is drawing to a close, but the day is one of the fullest that there has been since its beginning. Everybody is there; but that is not saying enough. There are all the necessary nobodies to keep the everybodies in countenance, and save them from staring at one another like idiots. There is even a Royal Prince and a Royal Princess, and these illustrious personages actually seem to like being present, for nobody bores them with intrusive attentions.

The day is one of the finest as well as one of the fullest of the season, and the one fact, I suppose, accounts considerably for the other. It has doubtless influenced the toilets, which are lighter and airier than ever, as far as the ladies are concerned; and what wonderful coiffures these same ladies wear! Coiffures seem to reach their culminating point at the Zoölogical; go anywhere afterwards and you always notice a declension.

There is nothing to do, of course, at the Zoölogical after you have been to see some of your favorite animals. There are always a few of these in fashion, and you "do" these rigorously. This object accomplished, you concentrate your attention upon trying to get chairs, a pleasing pursuit which passes away an hour very well. As everybody tries to get chairs, I suppose they are the unsuccessful candidates who walk about; and it is well that somebody should so disport themselves, otherwise sitting would be comparatively dull work.

An elderly gentleman, to whom I wish to call your attention, has been foraging for seats ever since he entered the gardens. He has not regarded the chase, like more philosophical persons, as an incidental piece of amusement, and has been actually out of temper at the delay. But see, he has at last brought down his game, and comes upon the grass with a chair in each hand; and his satisfaction is complete when, on joining two ladies who form his party, he finds that one of them has found a seat for herself. As he also is thus saved from standing you might suppose that he would begin to be amiable. But he does nothing of the kind. He dislikes the place and the people also, and, as he says, does n't care who knows it. A more insane way of passing the afternoon he cannot conceive, and he expresses his dissatisfaction in audible terms. He is a portly person with a pink face, dresses scrupulously in black, with a white cravat of a previous period of society, and a big diamond brooch in the bosom of his shirt which "would buy half Northumberland," if half Northumberland happened to be for sale. Both his pink face and his portliness are appearances in his favor. Neither is too pronounced, and both draw that nice line between prosperity and apoplexy which one always rejoices to see in elderly gentlemen.

Of the two ladies one is evidently his wife and the other apparently his daughter.

His wife is tall, stately, and reserved; grandly rather than gayly dressed, like many courtly persons of her period in life whom one meets in the exclusive circles of Madame Tussaud,—persons whose manners have considerably more than the repose which stamps the caste of *Vere de Vere*; for so little influenced are they by vulgar emotion that a condescending inclination of the head, or a haughty turn of that appendage upon their aristocratic shoulders are all the signs they deign to make

of taking the smallest interest in their fellow-creatures.

The lady in question has evidently modelled herself upon one of these courtly dames. You can see at a glance that her ideas of good-breeding are entirely of a negative character; and without overhearing any family conversations you may be sure that she tells her daughter not to do this and not to do that, because great people never do anything of the kind, neglecting, of course, to add what it is that great people *do* do, and in what respects the nature of their activity differs from that of little people.

Her daughter, ah! her daughter is very different. You have heard some account of her in the artless criticism of Mr. Shorncliffe; for—there need be no mystery in the matter—she is indeed the unknown enchantress of the Plungers' ball! But Mr. Shorncliffe, with all his enthusiasm and powers of description, did nothing like justice to her loveliness, which in its general character was like that of a lolling lily, if you can fancy a lolling lily with an aggressive abundance of chestnut hair and eyes the color of the corn-flower. She has, as Mr. Shorncliffe observed, an ivory delicacy of surface; but that gentleman forgot to mention the pale coral tints that gave it relief. I am bound to admit also, on my own account, that I have never beheld a lily, lolling or otherwise, arrayed to such purpose in pale blue. It was Solomon in all his glory and the lily combined.

But it will save trouble to tell you at once who these people are.

Mr. Surbiton is principally known for having made a great deal of money. It is a very good reputation to have, and will carry its subject a considerable way into society. It is not quite understood how the money had been made, except, I suppose, by Mr. Surbiton's old and more immediate friends; but he is supposed to have begun in a very small way and ended in a very large way, and being now retired he is, of course, in no way at all. But do not suppose that people in general care in what particular line of business the money had been made, and very few would trouble themselves on the subject but for Mrs. Surbiton's horror at any hint of her husband having been in trade, which makes her friends laugh occasionally, and of course tends to keep the fact before their eyes.

Two thirds of her life, I should think, are passed in trying to conceal what she considers this family disgrace, and, as far as any degree of success is concerned, she might as well proclaim it periodically from the house-tops. Her main object at the present time is to effect an aristocratic alliance with her daughter. That young lady, by the way, is happily uninfluenced by the peculiarities of her parents. Being no more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, she is not able to remember the humbler state of the family, and having been educated away from home she is unaffected by any of its traditions.

Scarcely have Mr. and Mrs. Surbiton and their daughter taken possession of their chairs than they are joined by a gentleman, a stranger, who addresses himself to the head of the family in a manner indicative of some special errand.

But I must here leave them to note a scene which is enacting in another part of the gardens.

Harry Doncaster has been two or three times up and down that long walk where the walkers seem to congregate for the amusement of the people in

chairs. He has performed the process with some impatience, having an object in view apart from being stared at. But his glances right and left are evidently not rewarded by the sight of some persons of whom he seems to be in quest, and after mingling for a few minutes with the crowd on the grass he turns away as if for the purpose of being alone. His mood is plainly not a pleasant one, and he seems preoccupied to an extent incompatible with enjoyment of the Zoölogical. So he sits under a tree and has an interview with himself,—a very unsatisfactory interview, I should say, judging from his frowns and occasional ejaculations. It would end in a violent quarrel, I have no doubt, but for a diversion caused by the appearance of a stranger.

Harry Doncaster, being rather slender in figure than otherwise, did not occupy the entire seven or eight feet of the bench upon which he had chosen to rest; so the stranger availed himself of the vacant accommodation. This stranger was one of the most agreeable persons you ever beheld. He was not a fat man, but he was certainly a plump man, with a beaming, radiant presence, confirmed by his face, which was so happy and healthy, smiling and benevolent, as to be irresistibly attractive. A sanguine complexion and sandy hair may have had something to do with the prevailing effect, but the genial nature of the stranger shone especially in his eyes.

Harry Doncaster, preoccupied though he was, could not avoid notice of these characteristics; so when the stranger spoke to him he did not resent the intrusion, but showed himself to be favorably impressed.

"You do not remember me, Captain Doncaster?" said the stranger.

Captain Doncaster could not dispute the proposition. The stranger continued,—

"No doubt you do not; you were a small boy when we used to meet. But I was well acquainted with your father, the late viscount,—was, I may say, his friend, and had the pleasure of obliging him in many ways. Always happy to do it, too, having the greatest respect for him and his family. Besides, it's always better to make friends than enemies, and every man has it in his power to do some good in his generation if he only has his heart in the right place."

Harry Doncaster was charmed to hear such generous sentiments, and professed some hereditary gratitude for the services rendered to his father, not that he knew their nature, but he guessed that they might have been of a pecuniary character.

"You do remember my name, I dare say," pursued his obliging neighbor,— "Matthew Hardcastle."

Harry Doncaster thought he remembered it,—was not sure,—yes, he certainly,—it seemed familiar to him,—he must have heard it at home when he was young.

"Ah! I thought you had not forgotten my name, at any rate," said Mr. Hardcastle, with a pleasant chuckle; "and now let me tell you why I have recalled myself to your recollection. Frankly, I wish to render you a service. There is too little sympathy in this world between man and man; we ought all to do more for one another than we do; the curse of the world is selfishness."

"My dear sir," said Harry Doncaster, "it is charming to hear you express such noble sentiments, but I am not aware in what manner you can do me a service. I am full of troubles, but they are of a

nature very difficult to provide for, and a stranger —”

“Not a stranger,” interrupted Mr. Hardcastle, taking Harry's hand and grasping it with much warmth; “say a friend. It is indeed in my power to render you a service, and fortunately it is not necessary to test my friendliness by any sacrifice on my own part. The service I am able to render you will cost me nothing. On the contrary, I shall be a gainer by conferring an obligation in another quarter, not a pecuniary obligation of course. What I mean is that I shall gain the lasting gratitude of the family of one of my oldest friends, and that is payment to me enough. Nobody ever said that Matt Hardcastle ever did a good action only for money, though that perhaps is no merit of mine. I don't know what I might have done had I been poor, and we must always be charitable to the errors of needy men. Happily I have always been beyond the reach of temptation.”

“You puzzle me,” said Captain Doncaster, who thought that his new friend would indeed be a clever fellow if he could do anything for him. But he remembered that he had read of equally wonderful things in the “Arabian Nights' Entertainments.”

“Now let me be frank with you,” Mr. Hardcastle continued. “I know your position at the present moment to be one of great embarrassment. I know that you have for years past spent a great deal more than your income. You have had expectations, doubtless, and were justified in so doing; but these expectations have not been realized as yet, and you have no time to wait for them. I know that besides a — if I may so call it — somewhat reckless personal expenditure, pardonable in a young man of family belonging to an expensive regiment, you have been unfortunate in horses and have dropped a little at cards. You have met debts of honor by contracting legal obligations. There are some of them considerably over due, and unless — in the immortal words of our friend Micawber — ‘something turns up’ for you, you may be considered in the light of a ruined man.”

Harry was obliged to own that this was but too faithful a picture of his state and prospects in life; but he expressed some surprise that Mr. Hardcastle should have arrived at so accurate a knowledge of his condition.

“Never mind how I came to know it,” said that gentleman, in his most genial manner; “I know a great many things about a great many people that they little suspect. The fact is that I have rather a specialty for doing friendly offices for people in my humble way, and such cases reach my ears sooner than they reach those of most men. Now there is only one way of extricating yourself from your difficulties, and that one way is — marriage.”

Harry Doncaster was deeply disappointed at the nature of the remedy proposed. As if he had never thought of it before! Why, it is the first idea that occurs to every spendthrift who is hard pressed. Harry did not avow this contemptuous opinion, however, but contented himself with saying, —

“I am much obliged, my dear sir, for your suggestion, and I must confess it had occurred to me before. But there has always been this difficulty in the way. I have a prejudice against marrying a woman I don't like, and I have hitherto been unable to combine the necessary conditions. When I have liked, or fancied that I have liked, a girl, she has always turned out to be without a penny, and richer than myself only through having no debts.

On the other hand, women with fortunes sufficiently large to enable them to take me, debts and all, have always been objectionable persons one way or another, besides being mostly cads. Indeed, women in my own rank of life are not to be had under the conditions, and I have never found any with money enough whom I cared even to ask. I am not very particular about grade, but in any grade I have always met with the same difficulty. As for selling myself entirely for the benefit of my creditors, I have not quite arrived at that pitch of heroism. Of the two I prefer the creditors to the kind of wife I could get, — they may ruin me, but they cannot force me to suffer my ruin in their society.”

“But if I could introduce you to a lady whom you would be sure to like?”

“Thank you very much, my dear sir,” rejoined Harry Doncaster, somewhat decidedly, and getting rather red in the face, “I have reasons at the present time, for not being prepared to make the experiment.”

“An attachment already formed, eh? Excuse me, — I am an older man than you, — for asking the question. It is so, I see by your face. No doubt it does you honor, and so do all the sentiments you have expressed. It is something strange to meet with the finer feelings in a man who has passed through your career. But supposing that I could assist you with the object of your choice?”

“My dear sir, I have not told you that I have any choice, and I repeat —”

“Now, my dear friend, don't make a stranger of me, who only wish to oblige you. It is just possible that your choice — or shall I call it your fancy? — is but a few days old.”

“You are certainly determined, Mr. Hardcastle, to know as much as I know myself.”

“It is not improbable that you never yet spoke to the lady?”

“Mr. Hardcastle, I —”

“That you do not even know her name?”

“You are most determined in your interrogatories.”

“That you never saw her but once, — at a ball?”

“Well you evidently know something about it,” said Harry Doncaster, his first instinct of resentment appeased as he found his obliging friend really as well informed as he pretended to be.

“Supposing, then, as I have said, I could introduce you to the lady in question?”

“You would indeed please me, but I know not to what it could lead. To tell you the truth, I came here on purpose to see her; but even had I seen her I should scarcely have ventured to introduce myself, for I have no right to suppose that either she or her family desired to meet me, and the only excuse I had for intruding I have somehow lost.”

“You have lost the glove, then?”

“And you know about the glove!”

“Yes. I agree with you that they were not likely to advertise for such a very unimportant article, and it would certainly be strange if they advertised for you.”

“That is just what occurred to me. And you have seen the advertisement too?”

“Well, I have heard about it. But you won't want the glove if I present you myself.”

Harry Doncaster could not withstand the temptation; and in a few minutes the pair were in the midst of the promenaders, and peering in every di-

rection among the occupants of the much-coveted chairs.

I left the Surbiton party taking their rest, and being joined by a stranger. You may guess who it was, — Mr. Shorncliffe, of course.

Mr. Shorncliffe rushed in where Captain Doncaster feared to tread; but he considered himself the lesser fool of the two on that account, and I suppose he was in the right.

Lifting his hat with a half-recognition of the ladies, this enterprising gentleman addressed himself to Mr. Surbiton, who rose from his seat with a certain air of deference; for Mr. Shorncliffe's manners were imposing — to Mr. Surbiton, at any rate.

"I have taken the liberty of intruding upon you here," said Mr. Shorncliffe, with composed audacity, "in obedience to your hint."

"My hint, sir," replied Mr. Surbiton, surprised out of politeness. "What do you mean?"

"Mean, sir! Is it possible that you have forgotten the Plungers' — the Dragoon Guards' ball at Brighton, and the advertisement in the South Down Reporter? *I am the finder of the glove.*"

The latter communication was conveyed in a low, confidential tone, as if it bore the weight of a state secret. Poor Mr. Surbiton was sorely perplexed. As soon as he could find words to reply, he said, —

"Ball! Yes, I remember the ball, and a very dull affair it was. But what the deuce you mean by the advertisement and the glove I can't say. You must take me for somebody else, or have gone clean out of your senses."

And here the horrible idea seized upon Mr. Surbiton that he had to do with a lunatic of a dangerous kind; so, with a precautionary instinct, as creditable to him as his premeditation of action, he seized the chair upon which he had been sitting, covered himself with it, and covered the ladies with it, while awaiting a further demonstration on the other side.

The attitude was so unusual at the Zoological as to attract the attention of several bystanders; but they were well-bred persons, and did not precipitate a scene. The ladies, if not alarmed, felt very awkwardly placed, and Mrs. Surbiton told her husband in quiet, but commanding tones, to resume his seat, and hear what the gentleman had to say.

"I can assure you, sir," continued Mr. Shorncliffe, rather amused than otherwise, and speaking round the chair for the benefit of the ladies, "that I am not a madman, but am most pleasantly in my senses, and that I have intruded myself upon you simply because I supposed you desired my presence."

The explanation seemed at least reasonable, so Mr. Surbiton was persuaded to drop his defence and take his seat upon it, — a pacific movement which satisfied the bystanders that there was nothing the matter; so they moved off, and an apparently promising scandal was nipped in the bud.

"The gentleman will tell you, I dare say, if you ask him," said Mrs. Surbiton severely to her husband. "what he means by the advertisement."

"Well, what do you mean?" said Mr. Surbiton, sulkily.

"I mean the announcement which appeared on Friday in the Southdown Reporter," said Mr. Shorncliffe, taking from his pocket the paragraph in question, which he had taken the precaution to cut out.

Mr. Surbiton read the advertisement with amazement; then he handed it to Mrs. Surbiton, who read it and looked scandalized; then Mrs. Surbiton

handed to Miss Surbiton, who read it, — and laughed.

The latter lady was the first to express her views on the subject.

"If it relates to us, mamma, it must be intended as a piece of fun, — though not such fun as a friend would practise upon us. I certainly dropped one of my gloves as we were going out; but nobody could suppose that we should advertise for such a thing as that; and I, at any rate, saw nobody pick it up."

"I had that honor," said Mr. Shorncliffe, not quite so assuredly as before, and addressing himself still to Mr. Surbiton, though with reference to the young lady, "and seeing the advertisement, I was naturally under the impression that — that — there was a desire to communicate with me."

"Then your impression was mistaken," said Mr. Surbiton, recovering his self-possession as he began to understand the question at issue. "We know nothing about the advertisement here; somebody has been making a fool of you."

Mr. Shorncliffe began to think that he had at least been making a fool of himself, and sincerely wished that he had left Doncaster to perform his legitimate part in the affair.

"Shall I at least perform the commission which I have so innocently undertaken, and restore —"

Mrs. Surbiton here interposed, and stopped the movement which the speaker was making towards his pocket.

"On no account, — such a proceeding could not be permitted in public, — with the eyes of the world upon us, — and nobody here requires the glove."

"If the gentleman had found the little ring I lost the same evening I should be obliged to him," said Miss Surbiton.

But Mr. Shorncliffe had unfortunately not found a ring.

"At least," said that gentleman, as he made a movement to depart, "I hope that I shall be acquitted of having taken a part in what seems to be a very silly hoax. My name — which I dare say is not unknown to Mr. Surbiton — should be some guaranty of my honorable motives."

And here Mr. Shorncliffe handed his card to the gentleman whom he addressed. The latter glanced at it, and his manner changed immediately.

"Bless me! — Mr. John Shorncliffe! Are you of the house of Grampus, Shorncliffe, and Co., of Lombard Street?"

"I am a partner in that firm."

"My bankers. Then you are at least a respectable person. My dear sir, I am very glad to see you. This business of the advertisement is evidently a mistake, — some foolery of those military coxcombs. I am very sorry that you have been imposed on. Grampus, Shorncliffe, and Co., — first-rate house, — know some of the partners. You don't know me, I dare say."

"Your name, I have no doubt, is known to me," replied Mr. Shorncliffe, with renewed confidence at the turn which the conversation had taken.

"My name is Surbiton, sir. Do you know me now? I have had an account at your bank — and, I flatter myself, never an unsatisfactory balance — for the last twenty years."

"There is no name I know better — none more honored in the firm — than yours. I am proud to make your acquaintance, Mr. Surbiton."

"And I am proud to make yours; though I must confess I thought at first you were a scoundrel."

Never mind, — mistakes will happen. And now I know who you are let me introduce you to my wife and daughter."

The wife and daughter duly acknowledged the introduction, — neither of them, however, with any unnecessary graciousness; for Mrs. Surbiton, now that her husband had retired, "did not approve of people in business," and Miss Surbiton did not find herself taking much interest in the person upon short notice. However, Shorncliffe had gained his point, and, attaching himself sagaciously to the quarter where he had made an impression, he talked "City" to Mr. Surbiton with such success as to fairly win that gentleman's heart.

The afternoon, which was young when they entered the gardens, had been middle-aged for some time past, and now showed signs of growing old. On every side people were seeking social safety in flight. Chairs, — that sure test of the Zoological market, — which had been so lately at a high premium, were now at a miserable discount. There had been no transactions in seats indeed, except in leaving them, for the last half-hour, and those comforting securities exhibited not only a downward tendency, but a rapid state of decline. I am indebted for this playful metaphor to Mr. Shorncliffe, who employed it in his conversation with Mr. Surbiton with such effect as to make that gentleman regard him as the most witty person he had ever met in the whole course of his life. Mrs. Surbiton, whose sympathies were wedded to the West End, scarcely disguised her disgust at this kind of pleasantry; while Miss Surbiton, with whom the West End was an open question, had a very small opinion of the wit, for the young lady-like reason that she did not care about the individual.

"And now, my boy," — it was my boy by this time, — said Mr. Surbiton to his new acquaintance, "you are leaving this place of course. Which way are you going? Westward, of course, — everybody goes westward. Take a seat in our carriage. You have your own? Never mind — may as well drive with us — just room — tell your man to follow — take my wife out like a good fellow."

So Mr. Shorncliffe gave his escort to Mrs. Surbiton, and Mr. Surbiton followed with his daughter.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Matthew Hardcastle and Captain the Hon. Harry Doncaster encountered the party, — just in time to be too late.

Harry was disgusted at the perfidy of his friend. "Never mind," said his genial companion; "they have not seen us, and we shall have plenty of time to give him checkmate to-morrow. If we do not castle his queen, — Hardcastle his queen I may say, ha, ha, ha! — never believe me again."

III. RIDING, DINING, AND LOVE-MAKING.

Mr. Hardcastle, who was a bachelor, — all these genial old boys are bachelors, — occupied one of the best suites of chambers in the Albany, — I will call it A 1, which it was in all respects but its local classification. Thither Captain Doncaster went to breakfast with him on the Monday morning succeeding the Sunday afternoon at the Zoological; and breakfast concluded, the pair arranged their plans for the coming campaign. These were not very elaborate, being limited to paying a visit at Mr. Surbiton's house, and enabling Harry to make what way he could with the ladies.

"There is no occasion," remarked Mr. Hardcastle, "to make the attack look premeditated, and that is why I proposed to introduce you in a public place; but nothing can be more natural than that I — an old ally of the family — should take a friend with me when I happen to call; and I should say nothing, if I were you, about the advertisement in the paper, which is not likely to have come from the Surbitons, and is most probably some joke concocted at Brighton with which they have nothing to do."

There was no end to the friendly attentions of Mr. Hardcastle. He suggested that, as they had nothing else to do after breakfast, they should have a ride in the Row; and when he found that Harry had no horse in town, he said it did not matter, he could mount him, and he did so in a most satisfactory manner, and told Harry always to consider the horse at his disposal as long as he remained in London. Harry was anxious, too, about another point. He told Mr. Hardcastle that he did not feel safe in such a public place as the Park, where he had not been for months; but his new friend told him to be quite easy on that score. "If anything happens," said he, "I will settle the thing for you; it is only for a short time that you need incur the danger. I hope very soon to see you a free man. Now no thanks; I assure you I take a selfish pleasure in obliging anybody to whom I take a liking, — it is my way."

The first person they met in the Row was a gentleman who was also fond of friendly attentions, — a gentleman in humble life who followed a pursuit not unknown in the neighborhood, — that of warning persons in Harry's predicament, with a view to half-crowns, of enemies being in the vicinity. He gave an intimation of the kind to Harry, which made that gentleman wince, especially when he heard that the enemy in question had "walked off with a swell only on Saturday, while he was riding with a lady." But Mr. Hardcastle treated the matter so lightly, and renewed his assurances of support with such evident sincerity, that Harry was soon reassured, and felt almost as free as he did on what Fielding calls "that happy day of the week when profane hands are forbidden to contaminate the shoulders of the unfortunate."

The next person they met was Miss Surbiton herself. She came upon Harry Doncaster like a vision, — only I doubt if any vision ever sat a horse half so well, or managed it with such ease and grace. A vision, I fancy, would ride more in the style of the lady in the picture advertisement, who sits sideways upon an agreeably rearing steed, holding the reins as if they were the handle of a tea-cup, while the skirt of her habit, which is about twelve feet long, meanders gracefully among the animal's legs. This was not Miss Surbiton's style you may be sure, or Harry would not have gone into such absurd raptures about her equestrian performance. He had never, too, he thought, seen anybody who looked half so well in a riding-dress, though it is perhaps the *safest* costume for all styles of beauty, and most styles which are not beauty for that matter.

Mr. Surbiton, who accompanied his daughter, could not ride, but he did. He pulled up upon seeing Mr. Hardcastle, and the two immediately entered into conversation upon some sordid business in which they were both concerned. Meanwhile the younger pair, having no social license to talk, felt rather in the way, until Mr. Hardcastle

presently introduced his companion, and the rest was plain sailing. The party first rode abreast, and then in pairs, and after a canter or two together Harry Doncaster and Blanche Surbiton found themselves intimate friends.

Three days afterwards Captain Doncaster dined with Mr. and Mrs. Surbiton at their house in Hyde Park Gardens. Mr. Surbiton did not much care about asking him, but Mrs. Surbiton did, which was decisive. That lady never neglected an opportunity to cultivate fashionable and well-connected acquaintances; — they were such a relief, she said, from her husband's horrible City friends, — and she treated the latest on the list with great distinction, as being no more than the due of a person who was a possible viscount, — the present one being childless, — and who might — the lady had already great ideas in the way of an alliance for her daughter.

Among the guests bidden to the hospitable board of Mr. Surbiton was Mr. Shorncliffe. Harry Doncaster and he had not met since the memorable night at Brighton, and had their meeting, now taking place, been elsewhere, Harry would have quarrelled with him, for he could not doubt the means by which that gentleman had made the acquaintance of the Surbitons. It was clear that he must have dropped the glove in the coffee-room, and that Mr. Shorncliffe must have appropriated it. However, the house they were in was no place in which to settle a question of the kind; and having once let it pass, Harry thought he would say no more about it, contenting himself with the amiable revenge of making Mr. Shorncliffe particularly uncomfortable by taking no notice of him, and leaving him uncertain what kind of greeting he had to expect until the evening was wellnigh over.

Harry Doncaster indeed was far better employed; for he had Blanche Surbiton in charge at dinner, and enjoyed the lion's share of her society afterwards. Shorncliffe was powerless to interfere with this monopoly during the meal, for although placed opposite to the lady, there was a bar between them in the shape of a senseless contrivance of fruit and flowers, which, as he said afterwards, was all very well in its way, but a bore beyond bearing when it got in the way of one's observation. He could quite sympathize with the Frenchman who said that he detested the beauties of nature; and he hated the scent of roses as much as did Hood's flower-girl who associated them with so much sorrow. The object who filled his thoughts was almost shut out from his vision by these wretched representatives of grace and beauty. It was only, indeed, by a dive of a most undignified character that he could manage to address his *vis-à-vis*, and I need scarcely say that a remark across a dinner-table must be of a special character not always at command to warrant a process of the kind. From his proper position the young banker could obtain nothing more satisfactory than the sight of a bit of blue *corsage* — blue was evidently Miss Surbiton's color — and the glimpse of an occasional arm. This was the more exasperating as he was able to see and hear quite enough to know that Harry Doncaster was making his way in a triumphant manner, and thoroughly engrossing the girl's attention; while those more happily seated could place but one interpretation upon the manner in which, as she listened to or addressed her neighbor, the pink coral continually combated with the ivory of her complexion.

Poor Shorncliffe, too, had the additional mortification of being placed next to Miss Mankillen, a lady of undecided age but decided manners, arrayed for fascination in a style which ought to amount to conspiracy in law; who had no features to speak of, and thought therefore that her force lay in expression; who said the smallest things with the largest emphasis, and whenever she talked — which she always did — twisted her face into maniacal grimaces, and gave to her too agile form the contortions of a mermaid. She was called, indeed, the mermaid among the more ribald and insulting of her acquaintances; and one of these noticing the manner in which she was disporting herself towards Mr. Shorncliffe, remarked that if she carried her looking-glass and comb into connubial life, she would certainly give the most faithful reflection to her husband's least pleasant qualities, and comb his hair in a manner not contemplated by *coiffeurs*.

The neighbor tried to enter into her ideas of a pleasant conversation, but found himself so entirely opposed as to the required conditions that he contented himself at last by answering her at random; so they talked something in this manner: —

"You go everywhere, Mr. Shorncliffe. I have seen you at five hundred places this season."

"No, I think she is best in the 'Grande Duchesse.'"

"You are fond of dancing? I know you are."

"I prefer Patti of the two."

"Those are very beautiful flowers. I adore flowers."

"I hear that his last novel is a failure."

"Are you going to the Zoölogical next Sunday?"

"Yes. I heard her twice at Vienna, before she came here."

And so forth. But the worst of it — for Mr. Shorncliffe — was that the lady did not feel offended, but came to the conclusion that her neighbor was a little deaf, and that it was a well-bred thing to humor him.

It was a desperately long dinner; for Mr. Surbiton inclined to massive hospitalities, and thought there could never be enough of a good thing. But it came to an end, as even desperately long dinners must do; and when the ladies had all sailed out of the room, — like a fleet of flowers, — the gentlemen did what gentlemen always do on such occasions, — took a little more wine, and tried to bring together the scattered elements of conversation. As for Harry Doncaster, he seemed, for the first time, aware of their presence, — so engrossed had he been with his fair neighbor, who was not only by this time mistress of his heart, but of his head also; for his brain had gained new life from her beauty, and his fancies were exhilarated as if fresh from a feast of the gods. Mr. Hardcastle, who was on the other side of the table, nodded to him as he touched his glass with his lips, and his looks said as plainly as looks can say, "I congratulate you."

Shorncliffe was first in the drawing-room, and when Doncaster entered that apartment he found him engaged in conversation with Miss Surbiton, and pretending to take tea. To what extent he would have succeeded in interesting the young lady I cannot say; for he was cruelly treated shortly afterwards by his host, who drew him away to ask his opinion upon some important question connected with the city. Harry took the opportunity to slip into the vacant chair, and was once more master of the situation.

How they got there — by what pretence, and at whose suggestion — I know not; but in a few minutes the pair were miles away (drawing-room measure) in the conservatory.

There was no one near; and you may be sure that both were conscious of the fact. Miss Surbiton, indeed, so far appreciated it as to take the opportunity of asking a question which she would not have liked to ask with a chance of being heard.

"Pray excuse me, Captain Doncaster, for asking you; but where did you get that little turquoise ring you wear on your watch-guard?"

"Originally," answered Harry, "by the prosaic process of buying it, if I remember rightly; but how I came by it lately is more than I can tell. I thought I had given it away years ago. It seems, however, that I have been wearing it, for some little time, at least, next to my heart, for my servant found it in the side pocket of a coat. How it came there is a mystery to me, but I remember it as being my former property."

"You were at the Dragoon Guards' ball at Brighton last week, — I know you were, — I saw you there. It was there that I lost the ring. It must have come off with my glove, which I dropped going out."

A light broke in upon Harry Doncaster.

"I was an idiot," said he, "not to have connected the two circumstances before. It was I who found the glove. You were in the carriage, and had driven off before I could return it."

"You found the glove? I thought it was Mr. Shorncliffe. He brought it back very unnecessarily, and made a great fuss about it at the Zoological Gardens on Sunday. He was a stranger to us then, though it seems that papa banks with him."

"The fact is, I lost the glove by accident, and Mr. Shorncliffe appropriated it; but the ring, which I had not observed, was not then in it, and must have fallen out previously, and remained where I originally placed the glove. I ought to have quarrelled with Mr. Shorncliffe for his share in the proceeding, but have determined to forgive him in consideration of the temptation. His object was to use the glove for the purpose of getting an introduction to its owner."

The pink coral gained a decided advantage over the ivory as Harry said these words.

"I consider his conduct highly impertinent," said the lady; "but it does not alter my opinion of him, for I did not like him from the first."

"I will at any rate restore the ring," said Harry, disengaging it from his chain, and placing it in its owner's hand.

Blanche Surbiton looked curiously at her companion as she received the ornament.

"Have you any recollection," she asked, quietly, "of the person to whom you gave it so long ago?"

"I remember her perfectly as she was then; but it is ten years since, — just before I went into the service and to India, — and she was then a little girl. Can it be that —"

And Harry paused to examine the possibility which suggested itself.

"She was a child of seven or eight years of age, and you gave the ring to her upon the beach at Brighton," said Miss Surbiton, decidedly. "She had ventured out a little too far, looking for seaweed, and had stayed upon a piece of rock until the tide — then coming in — surrounded her. She was in great danger, for she was too frightened

to help herself. You were walking upon the beach at the time, waded through the surf, and carried her on shore. She was nearly fainting; you were very kind to her, — revived and soothed her, — and ultimately gave her back to her servant, who had been talking to a soldier and came up at the last moment. On leaving the child you placed this little ring upon her finger, and she has always worn it since in remembrance of her deliverer."

"I remember every incident you mention," said Harry; "and now that you bring the child to my mind I can recall her face in your own. But time makes great changes in young ladies who are not grown up."

And here Harry Doncaster made an obvious remark or two about the influence of time being sometimes of a favorable character, which brought the pink coral to the surface again. Then he asked a question in his turn —

"Did you recognize me?"

"Immediately. At the ball I thought your face familiar to me, and soon remembered where we had met. You have changed very little, — scarcely at all, indeed."

Harry did not ask — and I dare say did not care — whether the tendency in his case had been favorable or otherwise; and the lady was not sufficiently gushing to volunteer the information. That the discovery of their old acquaintance gave pleasure to them both was easy to be seen; and when Mr. Shorncliffe — by the merest accident, of course — came presently into the conservatory, even that very assured gentleman arrived at the conviction that he was no welcome addition to the party.

IV. WHOM SHALL SHE MARRY?

"But how can I, as a man of honor, misrepresent my position, and conceal the fact of all these awful debts?"

Harry Doncaster asked this question of Mr. Hardcastle at breakfast next morning in the Albany, where, by the special desire of the occupier of A 1, the young officer had taken up his temporary quarters.

"As for your want of property, — which will not be always a want, for you must have *some* one of these days, even if your brother marries, and you do not get the title and estates, — I don't see that you need feel any embarrassment. Nothing can be more fair than a match of the kind. There is birth and position on the one side, there is money on the other. The Surbiton family, I am sure, will be charmed with the alliance. Your debts are awkward, of course; but a great many of them are of a kind which no man ought to pay in full if he can avoid it. If you will authorize me to arrange with the rascals, I will undertake to manage them, to make a compromise as to amount, and give you time besides; and moreover, I will explain the whole matter to Mr. Surbiton, who has the highest regard for me as a friend and a man of business, and will, I am sure, act upon my advice."

Harry was enchanted at the idea of such a satisfactory settlement, and threw his scruples to the winds. Mr. Hardcastle's generous proffers touched him to the heart; it would be foolish and ungrateful to refuse them. The result was that Harry placed himself entirely in the hands of his new friend, and thought how happy the world might be if friends of the kind were more common.

Released from sordid cares, Harry Doncaster could venture to declare his love. Indeed, to tell

the truth, he had gone a great way in that direction on the previous evening while in the conservatory, and he was in no want of an opportunity for meeting Blanche Surbiton again, for he had learned that she intended to ride in the Row that morning, accompanied only, servant excepted, by Miss Mankillen. So Harry, mounted as before by Mr. Hardcastle, went into the Row also, and there the two met, quite by accident of course, and Miss Mankillen, not being the kind of person to ride with a lady if she could get a man instead, did not trouble them long with her company, a fact upon which I suspect Blanche Surbiton had calculated when she asked her to go.

Harry and Blanche, — you will excuse my familiarity with the young lady, — after seeing Miss Mankillen inflict herself upon a nervous gentleman who was riding for his health, and was too weak to make resistance, took a canter together, which had the effect of leaving everybody behind, and then walked their horses and began to talk as people do when they have a great deal to say and know not how soon they may be disturbed.

It was Harry who took the initiative in this decided course of action, and, resuming the conversation from the point at which it had broken off in the conservatory, made such rapid progress that he arrived at the "momentous question" with a celerity that surprised himself, to say nothing of his companion. However, he had not mistaken his ground, that was clear, and before anybody came up to talk to them, Harry had not only extracted as favorable an answer as a lady is likely to give who is agitated and has a horse to manage, but extorted a confession that for ten years past the childish fancy that mingled with her gratitude had been a sunny memory of her life, which had been lit up with the hope of meeting its object once more. So when they rejoined Miss Mankillen, or rather when Miss Mankillen rejoined them, they both looked so happy as to be decided objects of suspicion; indeed the pink coral in Blanche's face was sufficient evidence for conviction in any court of justice.

That afternoon, when Mr. Surbiton returned home, — although retired from business he haunted the City upon various pretences, — Mrs. Surbiton made to him an important communication, — that Captain the Hon. Harry Doncaster had made an offer for their daughter's hand. Mr. Surbiton's answer, I am sorry to say, was coarse. He said "Rubbish." But it was not rubbish for all that, and Mrs. Surbiton assured him that the match was one of which she highly approved, the connection was so good and would give them such an influential place in society, especially if her daughter should become a viscountess, of which there seemed every chance. The lady, in fact, was for accepting at once, and, what was more, celebrating the marriage as soon as possible to prevent accidents.

But Mr. Surbiton, strange to say, did not seem to see the advantage, especially compared with another offer which had been made to him in the City for the hand of the same young lady. This, it appeared, was from no less a person than Mr. Shorncliffe, who had formally asked for his consent in the event of his obtaining that of the lady. The worthy gentleman respectfully but firmly avowed his preference for the moneyed suitor. "What is rank to us?" he said; "I am a self-made man, and everybody knows it. With the money I can give to Blanche, and that which Shorncliffe has, their

position will be second to nobody's. We don't want empty handles to names, and to be hanging on to poor, proud families that will scarcely own us. I like to have the sinews of war that I have always relied on, not the gold lace and the gloss, that nobody cares about if they can get the other thing." Mrs. Surbiton could not conceal her disgust at this commercial view of the question, and intimated to her husband, though in more polite and prosaic phrase, that however he might, on account of his wealth, have inherited some of the flowers of a social Eden, the trail of the City was over them all, and that she was ashamed of his mean way of looking at the position.

The position, indeed, was a very awkward one, for the harmony of the family, between whose heads nothing could more confidently be expected than a right royal row. But Mr. Surbiton had a fortunate preference for peace and quietness, and an idea occurred to him.

"I tell you what it is, my dear," said he; "it is of no use for us to quarrel about this business. People are never good judges of their own affairs. It is always better that they should take counsel's opinion, and I know of no man whose opinion I would rather take than that of Hardcastle. I have known him for these thirty years; he has always been my friend, and I have always found his advice put money in my pocket, and if by following it I have put some into his own, that is only fair. He is a clear-headed man of the world, and I promise you, if you agree, that I will be guided by his decision."

Mrs. Surbiton did not directly make her election; but on the following morning, after a careful consideration of Mr. Hardcastle's character, and the peculiar circumstances of the case, — the lady had considerable shrewdness and penetration, and saw into character rather more deeply than her husband, — she consented to the compact, reserving to herself mentally the right of playing false if the decision went against her. It was a reservation which I cannot defend, but I am only recording facts, and perhaps I have no right to expose the aberrations of so respectable a lady. So Mr. Hardcastle was bidden to a private dinner, and the two gentlemen had a long discussion on the subject after the ladies had gone up stairs.

The result may be soon told. Mr. Surbiton put the case to his friend as one in which it was impossible for them to have a difference of opinion, and he made it a question, he added, only for the sake of peace and quietness, that is to say, to please his wife. Mr. Hardcastle at first seemed to agree with him entirely, and then proceeded to urge, with an adroitness for which he was remarkable, a long series of qualifications, the upshot of which was that he ranged himself unreservedly upon the side of the wife, and advised his old and valued friend so strongly in favor of the Doncaster alliance that the old and valued friend was fairly carried off his feet. Mr. Hardcastle said a great deal about the young lady's preference, of which he was well aware, and the duty of parents — he was solemn and pathetic upon this subject — to forward the happiness of their children irrespective of sordid considerations. Mr. Surbiton, although an affectionate father in his own way, was not greatly impressed by these arguments; but when Mr. Hardcastle dwelt upon the advantage given to capital by connection, and showed how, for the highest aspirations of finance, social position was indispensable, Mr. Surbiton was

visibly moved. And finally, remembering how he had for thirty years followed his old and valued friend's advice with advantage, — which advice he could not consider otherwise than disinterested, though the old and valued friend had always made something by it himself, — he decided to take it in the present instance.

"But the young man has no money" (Shorncliffe had told him that) urged Mr. Surbiton, as a last appeal; "and he has debts."

"That is quite true," replied Mr. Hardcastle, in his most smiling manner, and treating the question as if it were a mere bagatelle. "But you cannot give your daughter less than twenty thousand pounds down, whoever marries her, besides the fortune you leave her in your will; and that will be sufficient for them — and his pay is something remember — until he comes into money of his own, even if he does not get the title and estates, which he will in all probability. As for his debts, they are not very serious, and I shall be able to arrange for them. Leave that matter in my hands. I should add, by the way, that the twenty thousand pounds ought to be unfettered, — and I really think that the alliance is cheap at the price."

So Mr. Surbiton yielded, and the only uncomfortable feeling that he had when he rose from the table was the triumph that his compliance would give to his wife. He felt small, in fact, as a family man.

The marriage of Captain the Hon. Harry Doncaster with Blanche, daughter of John Surbiton, Esq. was duly celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square. It was announced in the papers as a marriage in high life, and already the Surbitons felt themselves a part of the peerage.

V. AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Never did bride and bridegroom return from their wedding tour more happy than did Harry and Blanche. It was then that their troubles were destined to begin.

A country seat of the viscount's had been placed at their disposal until they made arrangements of their own; and on the third morning after their arrival, when they were seated at breakfast envying nobody in the world, a letter arrived from Harry's solicitor. It announced that his creditors had all proceeded against him to the utmost extremity, — to executions, in fact, in every case, for the full amount of the several debts, and that he must immediately pay a sum of something over nineteen thousand pounds.

I need not say how hard the blow was to bear. But it was certainly harder when they learned that Mr. Hardcastle, the disinterested ally of Harry, and the old and valued friend of Mr. Surbiton, held all Harry's bills, and indeed every debt that the young officer had incurred, — obligations which that friend of humanity had been able to buy up, at a time when Harry's fortunes looked desperate, at a remarkably low figure. There was no help for it now. Harry had twenty thousand pounds — just a little dipped into — by right of his wife, and had to pay every farthing.

I need not say what Mr. Surbiton said; indeed, I should be sorry to repeat his language, even in a Latin note. The old and valued friend had been too much for him after all, and had made a profit of, I dare say, nine tenths of the nineteen thousand

what the viscount said, and how he threatened to marry, and, as Harry had already lost so much, cut him off from all compensatory prospects. I need only record actual events. Mr. Surbiton would not give another farthing, though, to do him justice, he did not talk about altering his will; so there was nothing for it — as far as Harry was concerned — but to accommodate himself to his new condition of life. He sold his commission in the first place, — realizing its full value, as there were no claims upon him, — and with the sum thus obtained, he was able to go into the country and live in a quiet way while waiting for happier times.

His only consolation was in the devotion of his wife. Blanche did not care at all for their loss of the great world, and she made their little world perhaps pleasanter than it would have been had it been great. She would rather, she continually declared, — and she was a very veracious young lady, — be the wife of Harry without a sixpence, than have accepted Mr. Shorncliffe's offer with all its substantial advantages. And, as events turned out, it appeared that she would have been justified, even financially, in her choice; for a commercial crisis came, and Mr. Shorncliffe's bank broke, and left that gentleman considerably worse off than Harry himself. It was particularly unlucky, too, that by the breaking of the great house of Grampus, Shorncliffe, and Co., Mr. Surbiton lost another great slice of his splendid fortune. In fact, he came down greatly in the world, and had to remove from Hyde Park Gardens to the comparative obscurity of Notting Hill. This was a great source of satisfaction to Mr. Hardcastle, who moralized a great deal upon his friend's incautious disposition of his money, and claimed to have been his benefactor to the extent of twenty thousand pounds by having saved that sum out of the fire. "It would all have gone," said that disinterested gentleman, "if I had left it in his hands; he never had a knowledge of business, and all the money he made I made for him. But human nature is frail, and even my old friend Surbiton is ungrateful."

Mrs. Surbiton still had things her own way with her husband. His losses, she maintained, were all caused by his trusting to those commercial people; and, after all, the Doncaster alliance gave them dignity even in their reduced circumstances. Her husband did not see it; but he had learned the wisdom of silence when his wife pronounced. Mr. Shorncliffe, it should be recorded, was equal to the occasion. After casting about for a little time, he cast himself into the arms of Miss Mankillen, who was very much obliged to him, and repaired his shattered fortunes with her money, of which she had a considerable amount. It must be said for that lady that she was not mercenary, and had an abstract reverence for a man. I have not heard whether she makes the prophesied use of the mirror and the comb; but it is certain that Mr. Shorncliffe has lost the audacity which formerly distinguished him, and is a sadder, if not a wiser man.

As for Harry and Blanche, they vegetated for a considerable time, until expectations began to be realizations; and, at last, the title and estate — the latter not large but sufficient for their dignity — came to them, and then they began to live again. They were very happy throughout their troubles, and are very happy now. They are not proud, and they delight in nothing more than to talk about their impecunious days.

to politics, and it will be hard if his wife's social influence, and beauty combined, do not get him at least an under-secretaryship of state one of these days. Meanwhile, they are so contented, that, while carefully cutting him off from their acquaintance, they feel a secret sentiment of gratitude towards Mr. Hardcastle; for, after all, they say, it was he who brought them together by putting the advertisement into the South Down Reporter, and luring Harry into the pleasant meshes of matrimony.

ORIGINALITY.

THERE is at any rate this reason for pretty frequently discussing the subject of originality, that we are thus led repeatedly over the field of mental operations, and brought face to face with the weakness of the human intellect no less than with its strength. Whether such a thing as originality exists at all among men is a question which will depend chiefly upon the precise meaning which the word is allowed to convey. If originality is to signify absolute initiation of what is essentially new, — in science, in art, in action, in reflection, in method, in application, — there would seem to be a tolerably strong case against believing such a thing to be, or ever to have been since the first germs of human thought began to move in distant prehistoric ages. The germs quickened apace, and the intellectual debts from man to man accumulated so fast that originality became lost in antiquity. It is easy to carry this line of argument too far, but it involves some interesting reflections by the way.

There is in this sense, for example, — the sense of absolutely independent initiation, — no such thing traceable as national originality. No nation can lay an absolute claim to have initiated anything for mankind with complete independence. If any nation in remote antiquity could pretend to such an achievement, that nation would have been the Phœnicians. They were the first metallurgists. They had a brilliant genius for navigation and trade. They introduced the letters of the alphabet into Europe. But they were not original. The most recent critics pronounce them to have had a powerfully receptive nature; to have imbibed largely from earlier and more Oriental peoples; to have been keen and rapid assimilators. They were thus the great middlemen between east and west. They transferred thought admirably, but they did not originate. Many ages later there rose into prominence another nation which could apparently urge pretensions to originality as strong as any made on behalf of the Phœnicians, if not a great deal stronger. But the Arabians, with all their wonderful rapidity and muscularity of intellect, were the hierophants only, and not the oracle. They were the skilful and industrious exponents of science between ancient Greece and modern Europe, but they were not the prime originators of thought unborn before.

But were the Greeks themselves not original? In reply, it must be borne in mind that ethnology and the science of language illustrate more and more clearly, as they advance, the close bonds of connection that subsisted from time immemorial, — in intellectual as well as in other departments, — between Greece and the Oriental world. Still, to answer this question adequately, or rather to give the kind of answer which should come from the point of view thus far taken about originality, we must disregard entire communities or races, and look at individuals. If it were desired to base

Greek pretensions to absolute originality on as firm a foundation as possible, it would not be an unwise decision to rest them upon Socrates. He is the recognized founder of ethical science; yet what does this import after all?

It means that he turned the lantern of inquiry supplied by the earlier physical philosophers in upon himself, and recognized there "the proper study of mankind." This was an innovation most important in its results, but in its essence it was not a very marvellous step to take. As to the great dialectical Elenchus, the conception of negative argument, — of upsetting a disputant and reducing him *ad absurdum*, without setting about any positive reconstruction in place of the demolished theory, — this was probably borrowed from Parmenides and Zeno. And the fundamental maxim of all the aims of Socrates, the ethical mainspring "Know thyself," was got from the Temple at Delphi.

If Socrates is not allowed to be original, the pretensions of Aristotle must be less imposing still. In a certain sense, it is true, he was the father of a new method. Mr. Lewes cannot praise him enough for having asserted the predominance of fact over all attempts at theological explanations. But to have originated the method of Aristotle in the fourth century B. C. was a less thing than to have originated the method of Socrates in the fifth. As an individual man, Aristotle had seen more and travelled more widely than Socrates. And the world had travelled on also. The development of the Macedonian influence was telling powerfully upon the Greeks, and they had become more completely familiarized with the manners and the thoughts both of the East and the West. The advocates of non-originality would go on to remind us that Homer himself was but a Triton among the Cyclic minnows, or else they would preach the separatist theory of the Homeric Poems, and deny the existence (for their production) of any one supreme poet at all. They would urge home every passage in the dramatists that points to Oriental legends and modes of thought, and would describe the friezes of the Parthenon as brilliant expansions of ideas suggested by earlier Eastern originals.

If pressed on the point of Shakespeare's original power, the disbeliever in originality pure and simple will run over a list of Shakespearian "sources," and remind you of Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, Plutarch, Holinshed, "older plays on the same subject," and what not. And there can be no more favorable opportunity than this for suggesting and supporting a different, and a more rational, view of what originality is. The most incontestable evidence of the sovereignty of Shakespeare's genius is to be found in those parts of his works where he has seemed to borrow most. Compare his dramatic result with the chronicle or the "Italian original," and the magic spell of creative power is felt with rare distinctness. Originality is here seen in its true aspect. It is found to be, what it always has been since men have been able to note it and reflect upon it, not an isolated act of bare initiation, but an act or process of adaptation or moulding so perfect as to resemble a new creation, and in fact to be one. The creative feat is then most impressive when the unworked or partially moulded materials have lain about in greatest abundance, awaiting the *viola vis* that makes them live and move.

To glance backward for a moment with this al-

tered light on the subject of original intellectual force, we shall be inclined to think that Aristotle was, after all, a man of supreme originality. We shall recollect more readily that the difficulty of creating, at that early date, any scientific method deserving the name is very easily criticised and talked about, but is with the utmost difficulty conceived. And we shall find that not by the arts of a usurper nor by a stroke of fortune did Aristotle rise to the intellectual throne occupied by him through so many subsequent ages. As for Socrates, our homage may be even more complete. We shall be prepared to admit that, in all ages, and certainly not least in the fifth century B. C., to have given a new direction to philosophy is, in the truest sense, to have originated thought. And we shall understand something of that gigantic mental vitality that turned the curt injunction of the Delphian temple into a completely new idea of scientific treatment. About poets we shall ask, not whether they have written things absolutely new, but in what degree they have vitalized the materials which are common to us all. And, not to run over the countless fields of mental operation, we shall abstain from injustice even towards the much maligned but most useful race of critics, nor think that the genius even of lesser men than Bentley and Porson and Lachmann has been employed simply and solely in the task of dishing up —

"What Gellius and Stobæus hashed before."

The essence of originality, then, is not that it shall find out new material, or even necessarily new combinations of material, but that it shall impart new life to whatever it discovers or combines, whether of new or old. It is sometimes a forming, it is always an in-forming, spirit. This definition, or description, of originality will be found sufficiently elastic to suggest all necessary limits and guaranties. The much vexed question of dramatic originality is set at rest by it. Thus, however injurious it may be that one nation should be very largely dependent on another for the prime materials of its current drama, especially when neither nation is aiming very high in that division of art, yet it is clear that adapted plays may individually show originality now as truly (though no doubt in a different manner and degree) as the similar process showed it in Shakespeare's time. The same definition would seem also to guaranty originality against an uncritical and unwise attempt to narrow it. Originality, in creative art as well as in science, may be of method not less than of subject-matter.

It is thus a rather ungenerous thing to depreciate the genius of a poet who, like Mr. Tennyson, has devoted himself scrupulously and laboriously to method and style of composition, only because some other poets, whether of the past or the present, have seemed to strike deeper and more directly at the bases of thought. Not to go minutely into the question there is at any rate this to be said, that, even without immediate reference to his subject-matter, which can be left to stand on its own merits, by virtue of style and manner alone Mr. Tennyson has succeeded in originating a very powerful intellectual influence over an entire generation. If he has carefully restricted his aims, and abstained from wandering for that hap-hazard over promiscuous fields of thought and emotion and sensation, he need not, according to this view of originality, be refused the credit of being original at all,

or have that credit docked and lopped by a niggardly and purblind criticism. Even if by no deeper intellectual force he had made thought and fancy live, he has by style and manner alone conveyed to it a fresh vitality which has of itself been a generative power. Even translations, and imitations in the manner of Pope, may show proof of originality. Pope himself exhibits the extremes of merit and demerit. He is sometimes, as in the *Imitations of Horace*, genuine and original; and sometimes, as in the "versified" rendering of Donne's *Satires*, very amusingly the reverse. Two books of more recent years — the *Odyssey* by Worsley, and the *Republic* by Davies and Vaughan — are examples of how much native force may be thrown into the work of translation.

The causes that tend to diminish original power, whether in the nation or the individual, are faulty education, a distracted mode of life, and too rapid production. Education simple and sound in quality, and not forced or hurried, is the most favorable prime condition of independence and vitality of intellect. If that can be followed up by a life tolerably free from the feverish intellectual desire to be encyclopædic, and from the two common excesses of social occupation or anxiety, so much the better. Entanglement in these two kinds of *malaise* has stifled a vast amount of genuine original power.

It may be gathered from what has been said that originality and genius are here regarded as synonymous terms. This would not be a true inference. Genius, when it works at all, will for the most part be original according to the definition. Except under very unfavorable conditions, is must and will impart new vitality to whatever it works upon. But originality may be recognized on lower levels than those to which the name of genius is rightly confined. The terms are therefore cognate, but not coextensive. Genius involves originative power, but originality does not necessarily imply the presence of genius. Ingenuity (a word formed by a curious twist, — it should be "ingeniosity") is in common usage nearly the same thing as originality, but with the implied idea, perhaps, of a tendency to narrowness and mere dexterity in operation.

TOURIST GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

WE met, — 't was in a crowd, — that is to say it was in a boat, and very inconveniently crowded that wherry was. Two of the Messageries steamers had just come into Marseilles: one from Naples (*she* was a passenger in that argosy), the other from Algiers. I had shipped myself on board that ship. There was the usual maritime "block" at the Quai de la Joliette; and, the Indian mail being just on the point of going out, we experienced the usual difficulty in getting in; at least the Marseilles boatmen, who are as thorough-paced rascals as their congeners of Vera Cruz, and not half so picturesque, were unanimously of opinion that it was impossible for us to land at the Custom-house save by the means of a boat and the expenditure of two francs fifty per head, the distance to be traversed being about twenty yards of muddy water. So, after our respective vessels had amicably ground the paint off each other's sides for some twenty minutes, an arrangement was concluded with a maritime varlet in a striped nightcap, and seventeen pilgrims from Naples were hustled into an unsightly craft with

fifteen wayfarers from Africa, the entire "embarkation" being calculated to hold with comfort about a dozen persons. Then, with the usual flood of bad language in Provençal *patois* and corrupted Catalan from the boatmen, they shoved off towards the quay. The scoundrels! I love sailors and their ways; but I do most cordially detest boatmen all the world over, from the "jolly young watermen" of Chelsea Reach to the mahogany-faced Indians in blanket coats, who paddle you in birch-bark canoes across the St. Lawrence, and demand extra cents under pretence of the peril of "snags" near shore. "Silent rows the songless gondolier" in Venice, but he can speak the language of extortion in prose very loudly and very fluently; and, for the most flagitious sample of a daughter of the horseleech command me to a corpulent German vraum, who condescends to ferry you across a stream in Pomerania when floods are rife, and who, resting on her oars in mid-stream, declares that she won't pull another stroke under eight additional silbergroschen.

We met, 't was in a crowd, and I thought she would shun me; for, if the truth must be told, I had breakfasted at five o'clock that morning — it was now eight — on perhaps the nastiest and most evil-smelling Algerine cigar ever turned out of a government tobacco manufactory. But she did n't shun me, and was quite affable and conversational. Pointing to the white muslin veil encircling my dusty wide-awake, and the ends of which floated over my shoulders, she said, inquiringly, "India?"

I hastened to inform her that I had only come from the Desert of Sahara, and apologized for my involuntary resemblance to the Prophet of Khorasan with his veil up; for the days I speak of were long anterior to those of Wimbledon, and long before cads, commissionaires, cabmen, and clerks to attorneys in John Street, Bedford Row, took to sporting puggrees.

"You need n't apologize," she remarked graciously; "I have seen puggrees on the pier at Jersey in October."

I was half reassured and half discouraged by this observation, for there was a touch of satire in it; and I own that I am nervous in the presence of satirical girls. How very seldom you find a schoolmaster marrying a schoolmistress. I think that she suspected my uneasiness, and adroitly changed the conversation, saying that she liked Brittany better than Jersey, qualifying the ancient Armorica by the epithet "jolly." "And then," she added, "there's Carnac. The Eleven Thousand Virgins all in stone, like ninepins. Such fun!" Why, when she mentioned those mysterious Druidical remains, did the thought occur to me that she was just the kind of girl to play leapfrog over the stones of Carnac?

"You see that bundle of rugs," she went on, "in the stern-sheets. That's my lady's-maid. Her name's Bockles: is n't it a droll one? She was sent with me from Naples to take care of me; but the poor thing's been dreadfully ill, and wanted one of the sailors to throw her overboard in the harbor of Porto Ferrijo. I've left Pa and Ma at Naples. They're coming home by the Mont Cenis route, they're so awfully afraid of the sea. I prefer the steamer, because there's the rigging, you know, so nice" (what is there nice about a ship's rigging?), "and my uncle Hugh's to meet me at Marseilles to take me to Paris. And then I'm going to school."

If she had told me that she was on her way home

to command the Second Life Guards, I should have been infinitely less astonished. What on earth did she want to go to school for? She must have been at least nineteen; tall and shapely, and as straight as an arrow, with an abundance of golden hair — *her own*, I will go bail — floating in a mutinous manner over her neck. Any further allusion to her personal charms, which were as numerous as the sands of the sea, I forego; for the reason that I have not yet ceased to be susceptible, and that way madness lies. The bare idea, however, of this fairest of creatures being immured in a dingy *pensionnat* in the Avenue Marigny or at the Porte Maillot, — of her being made to wear a black calico pinafore with a bib, — of her being subjected to the despotism of cross old governesses continually beginning harangues with "*Mademoiselle, voici la troisième fois que je vous défends*" — of her being made to listen to snuffy professors while they prosed about the proscription of Sylla and the banishment of Aristides: all this so unhinged me, mentally, that I relapsed into my normal state, which is one of blatant idiocy, and asked her, feebly, how she had liked Italy.

"I adore the Alps and those dear old monks of St. Bernard," she replied; "but Italy itself I don't care about. There are no mountains except the nasty Apennines and Abruzzi, which are full of brigands, and fleas, and things. Give me Switzerland, or Savoy, or the Tyrol. You can climb them. Oh! I'm so fond of climbing."

It was then that, looking upon her with admiration not unmingled with fear, I beheld that she carried an alpenstock in her lily hand. It was a lily hand; only it struck me that it was likewise one which, when clenched, and with the aid of the extensor muscles of its forearm, could have hit out very straight indeed from the shoulder.

"You may laugh at me now," she said, seeing that I had marked her walking-staff, — and she *had* been laughing at me, then, about the puggree, — "for carrying an alpenstock about the Mediterranean; but I can't bear to part with the dear old thing. I've had it these four years, and it did me good service this spring, crossing the Col di Tenda."

Four years! Had she been climbing since the age of fourteen? If such were the case, it was perhaps time for her to go to school and be finished.

But our delightful colloquy was brought to an end by the arrival of the boat at the quay side. I am delighted to say that I had the opportunity of threatening to kick one of the boatmen for knocking off the corner of her portmanteau against the side of a ladder; and she repaid me with a look that has played ever since the dickens with my spinal marrow. Be still, beating heart! Stay, the heart is not situated in the midst of the dorsal vertebra. My happiness was of short duration. Her uncle Hugh was waiting for her on the Quai de la Joliette. He looked much more like her cousin Hugh than her uncle, being a thin, wiry, sunburnt man with a tawny mustache, and the back of his neck as red as a lobster. "Madras Light Cavalry," I murmured to myself. "Haughty, supercilious, never read Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall'; smokes cheroots, drinks brandy and soda, belongs to a club in St. James's Square, and is the pet of the flower-shows. Malicious upon thee, Uncle Hugh. A day may come; and, oh! if at that moment I could only have been a Pindaree warrior (there were Pindaree warriors, *n'est-ce pas?*), with my good scimitar and

my unerring matchlock, there would have been wailing among the Madras Light Cavalry, and this round earth would have been all too small for thee and me to have dwelt together, Uncle Hugh. Her uncle — paha!"

We met — 't was in a crowd; and we parted in a crowd; she shouldering her alpenstock like the halberdier in Victor Hugo's poem. I caught one last glimpse of her on the staircase of the Grand Hôtel du Louvre et de la Paix in the Cannebière, and I noticed that she ascended the stairs two at a time. Brave girl! Of such stuff were Boadicea and Joan of Arc, and Catherine Gordon, and Madame Saqui made. I have always been a poor man; but willingly would I have mortgaged my earnings for a year to see that fair-haired heroine at Marseilles dancing on the tight-rope, with her alpenstock as a balancing-pole.

I never saw her again; but should the GIRL OF THE PERIOD MISCELLANY ever fall into her hands, she may perchance recall the fragile and slender youth with auburn locks curling like the young tendrils of the vine,* and his brow sicklied o'er with the pale east of thought, who in the year 18—, in a boat at Marseilles, asked her how she liked Italy. Perhaps she has married Hugh — stop, she could n't if he *was* her uncle. Perhaps she is the blooming mamma of many climbing boys. Perhaps her old passion is still strong within her, and she is toiling up Chimborazo or scaling Popocatepetl, or haply — as I heard an American lady once phrase it — shining up the White Mountains."

It is only of late years, and since the development of the pleasant "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers" mania, that one branch of the Girl of the Period family has taken, as a special pursuit, to climbing, just as other branches have taken to private theatricals, to croquet (combined with the ensnaring of curates), to ritualism, to novel-writing, to hunting, or to betting. The Climbing Girl of the Period, as she is at present apparent, is a marked and salient type of femininity easily fixed by the artist's graphic pencil. Her drapery is preferably short, her boots preferably stout. In remote latitudes, and where the climbing work is of the roughest, she does not disdain to supplement her attire by a pair of those garments which derive their name from a sage of Manhattan, yclept Diedrich Knickerbocker, and which in hue recall the salamandrine vestments of the French Zouaves. The Queen of Spain, we all know, should have no legs; but the Climbing Girl of the Period is not in the least disposed to disavow her possession of those limbs, and is often heard to remark that "she has been on her legs since five o'clock in the morning."

The Climbing Girl rather likes freckles than otherwise. To her they are as honorable as scars to a veteran. She finds her cosmetics among the wild-flowers in the mountain gorges; her "Dew of Sahara" is distilled from cataracts and mountain rills; and she never heard of violet-powder. She is creditably broad in the chest and strong in the arms, and, upon occasion, can collar a knavish guide and threaten to hurl him over a precipice if he does not mend his ways. She despises luxury; and a breakfast of brown bread and goat's milk, a dinner of roast chamois and boiled nettletops, are to her more succulent repasts than any to be found at the weary and wiredrawn continental *tables d'hôte*. She does n't object to a *table d'hôte*, however, from

a conversational point of view, since it affords her an opportunity of exchanging experiences with other Climbing Girls of the Period; ay, and sometimes with the climbing young men thereof, whom I should like much better if they were not so frequently insufferably conceited prigs. About the Climbing Girl, however, there is no nonsense, no affectation. She climbs because she likes it, because the exercise does her good; because she feels her life in every limb; and, perchance, because, if she did n't climb, she might be found writing to Bell's Life and offering, as "Pa's novice," to fight the Horsleydown Hammerer for two hundred and fifty pounds a side. One must get rid of one's exuberant animal spirits somehow. Katherine, in the play, gets rid of hers by cuffing her sister and banging her lute about her music-master's head. Aurora Floyd relieved her pent-up energies by horsewhipping her groom. Some ladies "take it out" of their children; others write furious articles in weekly reviews against their own sex. The Spanish ladies are too lazy to climb, but they are passionately fond of the edifying sports of the bull-ring. The Russian ladies cannot climb, — they leave that exercise to the bears; but they will drive a sledge along the course of a frozen river. Juvenal tells us how the Roman ladies were accustomed to indulge their fondness for athletic exercises. The girls of his period were accustomed to turn gladiators. They fenced. They draped themselves in Tyrian rugs, and anointed their limbs with oil. They covered one arm with a buckler. They wore helmets, and, with a wooden sword, they banged away at a post, until it was dented all over. We live in as vigorous but in a more decorous era. It is better to climb than to fight.

Malevolent persons — I hate malevolent persons — may insinuate that the Climbing Girl of the Period is only an adult development of the juvenile tomboy. I see so little of children that I don't know whether there are any tomboys nowadays; but I still hope that all the little girls of the period are not such monsters of vanity and impertinence as Fanfan Benoiton, or that intolerable little Cissy in Mr. Thackeray's "Lovel the Widower," or such perplexing metaphysicians as the small demoiselles in Miss Yonge's novels. When I was young, romps and tomboys abounded, even in the politest circles. They tore their frocks out of the gathers. They inked their pinafores. They destroyed the frills round their "pantalettes." They trod on old gentlemen's gouty toes, and sometimes maliciously disturbed the equilibrium of their wigs. They shod the cat with walnut-shells. They made apple-pie beds. They ran races with their brothers, and not unfrequently fought with them. Their misdeeds occasionally subjected them to that chastisement which befell the nursery heroine Gill for the offence of "laughing at Jack's disaster." They skipped; they swung; they clomb apple-trees, rifled birds' nests, and rode the colt bare-backed round the paddock. They made "cheeses" in the parlor by means of the expansion of their skirts caused by rapid gyrations. But all this was so very long ago, and I have known so many staid matrons, so many starched old maids, who in their youth were renowned as tomboys!

I very much doubt whether a daughter of Columbia often shines as a Climbing Girl. You meet shoals of young Yankee ladies, the prettiest imagin-

turesque supplement to their costume, they may carry an alpenstock; but they won't climb, as a rule, if they can help it. The business of a pretty Yankee Girl of the Period is to look pretty, and nothing else. She succeeds admirably in her vocation, and she sticks to it. She detests bodily exertion; until very recently, even, she has not cared much for horse exercise. She likes Switzerland because it is full, during the season, of good-looking cavaliers, fully appreciative of the merits of pretty girls. If she must needs ascend a mountain, she prefers being carried, — in the arms of an obedient and devoted swain, if convenient, or on the shoulders of a guide, if the supply of swains run short. It is not through any affectation of fine ladyism that she eschews climbing. Her forte is in her head, not in her heels. She talks admirably, — so admirably and so fluently, indeed, that more than once I have seen an active, jovial, athletic English maiden, unapproachable in her own pursuit of climbing, but not quite conversant with the more recondite passages in Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," and Schopenhauer's "Essay on the Categorical Imperative," quite posed and "shut up" by the brilliant discourse of a Tourist Girl of the Period from New York or Massachusetts. The poor English lass listened awhile to the voluble dialectics of her transatlantic sister, and then, perhaps, shrugged her shoulders and marched off to bed, pleading fatigue after a long day's climbing as a reason for retirement. But if you happened to be in the confidence of that brave British damsel, she would probably own to you that she had been driven from the *salon de conversation* of the hotel by "the intolerable tongue of that Yankee girl."

As for a French lady, if you asked her if she climbed, she would probably regard you with a look of blank amazement, or inquire, "*Suis-je une singe, que je dois grimper?*" Climbing she leaves to monkeys and acrobats.

I imagine that the Climbing Girl of the Period must be, if not a new species, a new adaptation of femininity. For basis you must take an active, courageous English girl. Let her have plenty of health. Let her have a hearty hatred of all kind of humbug. Let her have a wholesome love of change, movement, and adventure. She should not possess a very poetical temperament. Reading Tennyson or Browning among the Alps is all very well; but reading and sentimentalizing are a mere loss of time when the Mer de Glace or the Grands Mulets are before you. Again, I don't think that the genuine Girl of the Period should be very fond of sketching. A girl may have a hearty appreciation of the beauties of nature, and yet prefer climbing a mountain to making a drawing of it. As for her keeping a diary of her travels, she may please herself in that respect; but she is usually too fatigued, after a day's alpine gymnastics, to make elaborate entries in her commonplace book, even if it be eked out by copious extracts from Murray's Guide-Book. The alpenstock is the real diary of the Climbing Girl of the Period; and as our ancestors were wont to keep their accounts by means of notched tallies, so does she preserve the record of her climbing achievements by indentations on her trusty walking-pole.

What is the "Final Cause" of the Climbing Girl of the Period? Beshrew the meticulous age which insists on a final cause for anything! "The final cause of bread," said a philosopher to me the

other day, "is to be eaten." "No, sir," I retorted, "it is not. It is to be sued in the County Court by the baker." If the Climbing Girl of the Period must needs have a final cause, it is, I take it, this: "To get her neck broken by tumbling into a crevasse?" the cynic may cry: Not at all; it is to marry the Climbing Young Man of the Period when he has got rid of his conceit and his priggishness, and has settled down as tutor of Trapeze-cum-Leapington, or as a barrister-at-law and standing counsel to the Alpine Club and the German Gymnastic Society.

THE EMPEROR'S FÊTE.

BEFORE entering into a detailed account of the Emperor's fête I must remind you that the 15th of August is not only a political festivity, but a religious one, inasmuch as it is the celebration of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, on which day true Catholics implore, according to an ancient custom, blessings upon herbs, plants, and fruits. As regards the other fête, that of the Emperor, Louis Napoleon was not the originator of it. More than 200 years ago Louis XIII. fixed upon the 15th of August as the day to place himself and his kingdom under the protection of the Virgin. A hundred years later, Louis XV. renewed the vow made by Louis XIII. The First Emperor, when in the full tide of his glory, also fixed upon that date for the celebration of his fête; his nephew, of course, has followed his example.

The celebration of the fête of the present sovereign opens by charity, prayers, and *Te Deums*, after which the public rejoicings commence, which terminate by general illuminations and fireworks.

Let us follow up the fête according to the order I have just stated. I said it was ushered in by charity; and so it is. The Emperor authorizes every poor family in France who during the course of the year have been obliged to pawn articles of household use, such as blankets, sheets, clothing, &c., to redeem these pledges gratis. He furthermore issues orders to every mayor in France to deliver to the poor in every town and village a "*bon*," or ticket by means of which they can obtain from any pork-shop, baker, and wine merchant a certain quantity of pork, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of wine. A pleasant sight it is, I assure you, to witness the happy faces of those who, having thus made their little provision for the day, and carefully stowed it in a hand-basket, immediately repair to the Barrière du Trône or to the Place des Invalides, there to enjoy with their children a little picnic which has not cost them a penny, and await the performances which take place in the open air. Thousands of families are thus afforded the means of taking a hearty share in the festivities of the day.

The Bureaux de Bienfaisance, of which there are twenty in Paris, viz., one in every arrondissement, are also requested to afford relief to the aged, infirm, and indigent, in the form of bread, meat, and wine. More than 100,000 poor in Paris take part in these liberalities and bounties of Government. "To forgive" is also an act of charity much practised by Louis Napoleon on this his fête-day. Thus it is that he has this time commemorated the First Emperor's Centenary by a general amnesty for press offences, political misdemeanors, &c.

Charity having accomplished its work, Religion is invited to perform hers. Precisely at one, Grand Mass was celebrated at the cathedral church of

Notre Dame, and a most imposing sight it was to witness the nave, choir, double aisles, and lateral chapels of this ancient edifice crowded with deputations of all the grand *corps d'état*, with the marshals, generals, and admirals of France, as well as by ministers and great officers of the Crown. Similar services took place at the same hour in all the other churches of the metropolis, as well as throughout the whole of the empire.

Precisely at the same hour the doors of every theatre in Paris were thrown open gratuitously to the public, and the Parisian playgoers, who had for hours been standing patiently in single file, now invaded the opera-houses and theatres of the capital. On no occasion in the year can one so well judge of the innate appreciation of the Parisians for true art. So well aware is the municipality of Paris of the keen appreciation of the working classes as regards theatrical pieces, that nothing but classical or modern *chefs-d'œuvre* are offered on this occasion to the "blousy" population of the faubourgs. This year, Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" at the Grand Opera, at the Français the "Mariage de Figaro" of Beaumarchais, at the Opéra Comique "Vert, vert," at the Lyrique "Don Quichotte," "Les Rêves de Marguerite" at the Vaudeville, "Riche-lieu à Fontainebleau" at the Ambigue, "La Chatte Blanche" at the Gaité, &c. At all of these theatres a cantata in honor of the Centenary was executed by the artists. Specially remarkable was that sung at the Français, the one selected having been composed by Persuis in honor of the First Emperor's victories, and executed for the first time in 1806. Fifty of the pupils of the Conservatoire, the whole Choral Society of the children of Paris; M. Rives, the barytone laureate of the year; M. Senechal and Mlle. Lloyd, of the Théâtre Français; and Philippe, of the Conservatoire, sang this ancient cantata sixty-three years after its composition in honor of him for whom it was originally written. I give you the first chapter, which will convey a fair idea of the style of the cantatas performed at the eleven theatres, opened gratuitously:

"Amante des Français, le rapide victoire
Revient toujours plus belle escorter ses drapeaux;
Et l'enfante à nos yeux des miracles nouveaux,
Et, rival de lui-même, il a vaincu sa gloire!"

"Et! qui suivrait le vol des guerriers qu'il dirige?
Sans cesse réveillant le bruit de ses exploits,
Des échos fatigués il ranime la voix:
Par lui la vérité surpasse le prodige."

"Favori du destin si le ciel l'a fait naître,
C'est pour voir l'univers asservi sous sa loi,
Et le peuple français, guidé par un tel maître,
Sera toujours le peuple-roi!"

Besides these extraordinary performances at the opera and theatres, several impromptu theatres were erected on such open places as the Barrière du Trône and the Champs de Mars, the properties being furnished by Government. Five hundred privates are supplied by the War Office, who volunteer to act in the military pieces represented, the contractors having only to supply the costumes worn by their respective troupes. On an average thirty clowns were engaged for each of these booth-like theatres, and were paid from 12 f. to 18 f. for their performances. Those who failed to secure a seat at the regular theatres had to console themselves by these impromptu performances. Two of the four erected on the Champs de Mars were devoted to military pieces, whilst the two others were *funambules*. The same arrangement was made for

du Trône. Climbing poles were another attraction to these spaces. Each measured from 60 feet to 70 feet in height; from the top of each were suspended such tempting prizes as silver watches, meerschaum pipes, spoons, forks, &c., which became the property of the workmen or boys who reached them,—those who almost attained the desired prize and suddenly slipped down the pole, were invariably greeted by the *lazzis* of the crowd beneath.

As I drove to the Champs de Mars, early in the day, I noticed crowds anxiously gazing at the rowing and sailing matches, as well as other aquatic sports, which took place on the Seine. The morning, which had looked threatening, kept up, and, with the exception of a slight shower at midday, the sports were not interrupted by unwelcome rain, and the evening, though cold and windy, was fine, till the last light died out and darkness and silence settled on the vast metropolis, which for sixteen hours had been one prolonged scene of festivity and mirth.

Paris was never more tastefully decked in light of every hue and of every degree of radiance than last night. The city certainly has not been chary of its expenditure for the amusement of its inhabitants or its numerous visitors. By nine o'clock the illuminations were in their full beauty, and except for the *mauvais quart d'heure* during which we were threatened by sundry gusts of wind, the whole was a complete success. The Palace was not lighted, but much care was bestowed on the decoration of the Tuileries Gardens. Banners of colored lamps, measuring twenty feet in height, were placed at intervals along the broad walk which runs parallel with the Rue de Rivoli, throughout the alleys of venerable trees, which form the central *massif*; girandoles of graceful design shed a deep orange light on the scene, in strong contrast to the soft radiance emanating from chains of pearly globes, festooned from posts placed at intervals along the walks of the reserved garden, each post surmounted by a bouquet of eighteen of these opaque balls of light. These festooned chains were continued along the central walk to the Place de la Concorde, where they formed a perfect labyrinth traced in rows of pearls. Mysterious and sibylline appeared the colossal statues typifying the French cities which keep watch and ward on the eight plateaux into which that vast space is divided, and weird-like was the effect of immense banners placed around the obelisk, which, waving in the night air, were suggestive of spirits hovering over the dense crowd below.

A central festoon caught up by bouquets of pearly globes encircled the Longsor, and continued in double chains as far as the Arc de l'Etoile surrounded by an imperial crown of fabulous dimensions, measuring twenty-five feet in height, itself a blaze of golden light, relieved by ruby, emerald, and amethyst flames, which variegated tints flashed a thousand lovely hues on the marble basso-relievos incrustated in that superb arch. Beneath the crown, "Napoleon," in fiery letters, each six feet high, blazed in splendid radiance. The names of the Emperor's decisive victories in letters of light appeared between tricolor standards of colored lamps, the whole framed, as it were, with garlands of laurel leaves of the brightest emerald green. Beneath this gorgeous band of color fell at intervals on the arch itself, which appeared dark and gray in the gloom of night, gigantic stars of the Legion of Hon-

nine o'clock somewhat dimmed their radiance. Still, the Arc de Triomphe has never been illuminated in such perfect taste as this year. The effect from the *rond-point* of the Champs Elysées was exquisite, and, perhaps, enhanced by the fact that the whole of the lower part of the monument was lost in darkness. Therefore the illuminated spandrils and frieze appeared suspended in the night air. The *feu d'artifice* fired from the Trocadero was magnificent, but not more splendid than last year, when I recorded the various *chefs-d'œuvre* accomplished by Ruggieri. The bouquet went off precisely at the moment when that of the Hotel de Villa shed its showers of pale yellow fire and mauve and green stars on the dense crowd of enthusiastic fire-worshippers massed on the Place, who heartily cheered each fresh blaze of colored fire as though the great majority had not on each succeeding fête witnessed the same spectacle.

As I proceeded along the Champ Elysées, on my way to the Tuileries, I was surprised by an unusual sight. The gardens around the four *jets d'eau* which adorn the *rond-point* were crowded by women and children seated on the shorn grass, on which no foot is allowed to tread on any other less solemn fête than that which celebrates the Centenary; their attraction to the soft greensward not being the perfume or beauty of the flowers, but the illuminated water, encircled by a ring of fire, from the centre of which the *jets d'eau* shot upwards in a snowy cloud of foam. It was a scene of magic beauty, and one of the loveliest of last night's kaleidoscope. The outlines of the Palais d'Industrie were traced in lines of fire, as though its architect had drawn his plan with a pen dipped in liquid flame. The Madeleine, surmounted by a Greek cross of pale yellow fire, and occasionally flashed by roseate flames, burnt beneath its wide open portico, and the dome and upper architecture of the new church of St. Augustin, traced in lines of fire, were special objects of attraction.

The great peculiarity of the day is not only that it was the Emperor's Fête, but the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the founder of the dynasty. Napoleon I. would yesterday have reached one hundred years of age; he who fulfilled his destiny in forty-five years, would now be a centenarian, a privilege enjoyed by some few of the invalides and officers who followed him on the field of battle. The new gilding of the dome of the Invalides, beneath which the great captain lies, was hurried to its completion, and was uncovered in time to add its lustre to the brilliance of the fête enacting 323 feet beneath the glittering surface. This said regilding has cost, £ 80,000, and as it has been calculated that every twenty-five years the gold must be renewed, it may be asserted that the dome of the Invalides costs the country eight millions of francs per century. The groups in alto-relievo which adorn the front of the new opera house were also unveiled in honor of this day. That typifying dance, due to the chisel of Carpeaux, is severely criticised on account of the delirious character of the movements of the figures, which convey to the spectator the impression that they are executing a tarantula rather than a ballet.

Statisticians can have remarkably little to do; however, lovers of detail will be obliged to them for the trouble one of that body must have taken to ascertain that 241 posts in the Tuileries Gardens supported 205 bouquets of 19 opaque globes, and 219 festoons of 45 globes, making a total of 13,750

mauffed glasses. As persons are to be found who take an interest in details, I transcribe for their edification that on the Place de la Concorde there were 450 bouquets, each of 19 globes, and 359 festoons of 45 globes, — sum total, 24,705 globes. Add both sums together, and the reader will be pleased to learn that our visual organs have been dazzled by the light of 38,455 gas jets.

HEAT FROM THE MOON.

A LONG-VEKED question — one which astronomers and physicists have labored and puzzled and even quarrelled over for two centuries at least — has at length been set at rest. Whether the Moon really sends us any appreciable amount of warmth has long been a moot point. The most delicate experiments had been tried to determine the matter. De Saussure thought he had succeeded in obtaining heat from the moon, but it was shown that he had been gathering heat from his own instruments. Melloni tried the experiment, and fell into a similar error. Piazzi Smyth, in his famous Teneriffe expedition, tried the effect of seeking for lunar heat above those lower and more moisture-laden atmospheric strata which are known to cut off the obscure heat-rays so effectually. Yet he also failed. Professor Tyndall, in his now classical "Lectures on Heat," says that all such experiments must inevitably fail, since the heat rays from the moon must be of such a character that the glass converging-lens used by the experimenters would cut off the whole of the lunar heat. He himself tried the experiment with metallic mirrors, but the thick London air prevented his succeeding.

The hint was not lost, however. It was decided that mirrors, and not lenses, were the proper weapons for carrying on the attack. Now, there is one mirror in existence which excels all others in light-gathering, and therefore necessarily in heat-gathering, power. The gigantic mirror of the Rosse telescope has long been engaged in gathering the faint rays from those distant stellar cloudlets which are strewn over the celestial vault. The strange clusters with long out-reaching arms, the spiral nebulae with mystic convolutions around their blazing nuclei, the wild and fantastic figures of the irregular nebulae, all these forms of matter had been forced to reveal their secret under the searching eye of the great Parsonstown reflector.

But vast as are the powers of this giant telescope, and interesting as the revelations it had already made, there was one defect which paralyzed half its powers. It was an inert mass well poised; — indeed, so that the merest infant could sway it, but possessing no power of self-motion. The telescopes in our great observatories follow persistently the motions of the stars upon the celestial vault, but their giant brother possessed no such power. And when we remember the enormous volume of the Rosse Telescope, its tube, — fifty feet in length, — down which a tall man can walk upright, and its vast metallic speculum weighing several tons, the task of applying clock-motion to so cumbersome and seemingly unwieldy a mass might well seem hopeless? Yet without this it was debarred from taking its part in a multitude of processes of research to which its powers were wonderfully adapted. Spectroscopic analysis, as applied to the stars, for example, requires the most perfect uniformity of clock-motion, so that the light from a star, once received on the jaws of the slit which forms the

entrance into the spectroscope, may not move off them even by a hair's breadth. And the determination of the moon's heat required an equally exact adaptation of the telescope's motion to the apparent movement of the celestial sphere. For so delicate is the inquiry, that the mere heat generated in turning the telescope upon the moon by the ordinary arrangement would have served to mask the result.

At enormous cost, and after many difficulties had been encountered, the Rosse reflector has at length had its powers more than doubled, by the addition of the long-wanted power of self-motion. And among the first-fruits of the labor thus bestowed upon it, is the solution of the famous problem of determining the moon's heat.

The delicate heat-measurer, known as the thermopile, was used in this work, as in Mr. Huggins's experiments for estimating the heat we receive from the stars. The moon's heat, concentrated by the great mirror, was suffered to fall upon the face of the thermopile, and the indications of the needle were carefully watched. A small but obvious deflection in the direction signifying heat was at once observed, and when the observation had been repeated several times with the same result no doubt could remain. We actually receive an appreciable proportion of our warmth-supply from "the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon." The view which Sir John Herschel had long since formed on the behavior of the fleecy clouds of a summer night under the moon's influence was shown to be as correct as almost all the guesses have been which the two Herschels have ever made.

And one of the most interesting of the results which have followed from the inquiry confirms in an equally striking manner another guess which Sir John Herschel had made. By comparing the heat received from the moon with that obtained from several terrestrial sources, Lord Rosse has been led to the conclusion that at the time of full moon the surface of our satellite is raised to a temperature exceeding by more than 280° (Fahrenheit) that of boiling water. Sir John Herschel long since asserted that this must be so. During the long lunar day, lasting some three hundred of our hours, the sun's rays are poured without intermission upon the lunar surface. No clouds temper the heat, no atmosphere even serves to interpose any resistance to the continual down-pour of the fierce solar rays. And for about the space of three of our days the sun hangs suspended close to the zenith of the lunar sky, so that if there were inhabitants on our unfortunate satellite, they would be scorched for more than seventy consecutive hours by an almost vertical sun.

There is only one point in Lord Rosse's inquiry which seems doubtful. That we receive heat from the moon he has shown conclusively, and there can be no doubt that a large portion of this heat is radiated from the moon. But there is another mode by which the heat may be sent to us from the moon, and it might be worth while to inquire a little more closely than has yet been done whether the larger share of the heat rendered sensible by the great mirror may not have come in this way. We refer to the moon's power of reflecting heat. It need hardly be said that the reflection and the radiation of heat are very different matters. Let any one hold a burnished metal plate in such a way that the sun's light is reflected towards his face, and he will feel that with the light a considerable amount

of heat is reflected. Let him leave the same metal in the sun until it is well warmed, and he will find that the metal is capable of imparting heat to him when it is removed from the sun's rays. This is radiation, and cannot happen unless the metal has been warmed, whereas heat can be reflected from an ice-cold plate. There has been nothing in the experiments conducted by Lord Rosse to show by which of these two processes the moon's heat is principally sent to us; nor do we know enough of the constitution of the moon's surface to estimate for ourselves the relative proportions of the heat she reflects and radiates towards us.

We do not mention this point from any desire to cavil at the results of one of the most interesting experiments which has recently been carried out. But the recent researches of Zollner upon the light from the planets, has shown how largely the surfaces of the celestial bodies differ as respects their capacity for reflecting and absorbing light, and there is every reason to infer that similar peculiarities characterize the planets' power of absorbing and reflecting heat. The whole question of the heat to which the moon's surface is actually raised by the sun's heat depends upon the nature of that surface, and the proportion between its power of absorbing heat or reflecting it away into space.

LIFE AND DEATH AT ST. BREACA'S.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. — CHAPTER I.

THE Gray House stands fifty feet above the sea, on Penmaur Cliff, and looks as if it had been flung there. It is built of granite, and consists of two wings, three stories high, united by a centre one third of their depth, and one story lower. In it is the principal entrance, and on either side of that are four small-paned sash windows. Facing the bay, the space between the wings is filled by a plain strong stone colonnade, raised two steps above the semi-natural terrace on which the house is situated. From thence, black rocks descend to a noble sea. They stretch a quarter of a mile away to the south, and a mile to the west, where they give way to the small fishing-town of St. Breaca's in Cornwall.

In the year 1795, a picturesque old native, by name Dan Quick, returned from forty years' wandering, no one knew where, and, with money which every one believed to have been amassed irregularly, built the Gray House. It was large enough to accommodate ten persons. He took two to live with him, an ancient sister, his only surviving kin, and Sam Williams, an active orphan lad, who hit his fancy. After his own fashion, he settled himself comfortably: filled a large kitchen with domestic conveniences, and made a parlor quaint with curiosities, savage and civilized; provided his sister Peggy with a tent bedstead with printed linen hangings; and slung hammocks for the boy and himself. He was an object of curiosity, and fear even, to the townspeople; and of suspicion to the coastguard; but for twenty years he baffled the former, and did not infringe the laws which the latter were appointed to enforce. The keeping the house as neat and clean as a man-of-war, shooting sea-fowl, managing a couple of boats, and fishing, filled his time. Peggy died in the eighteenth year of their residence: he buried her in the garden, in a coffin made by himself and Sam; paid her trim grave a visit before breakfast every morning, and smoked his last pipe there the night before he died, two years after her. Sam missed his early football,

and found that he had passed quietly, while sleeping, into the unseen world. The curate of the parish had called on him once, and been, as he conceived, discouraged. The Wesleyans, more zealous, or more persevering, had paid him many visits, and addressed to him many stirring exhortations, which had elicited only sarcasms. The sole clew found by his fellow-men to the state of his conscience was in his will. He provided for being laid decently by Peggy; left one hundred pounds, his boats, furniture, curiosities, and clothes to Sam; and bequeathed his remaining property—the Gray House and three thousand pounds in the funds—to the king, with the remark that he had the best right to it.

The Gray House was shut up, the site of the garden graves lost, the wind and sea-fowl broke most of the windows; and as no railways gave facilities to tourists, and Cornwall was then very much off the world's highway, Dan Quick's residence remained for many years as solitary as his inner life had been.

St. Breaca's had known better days. Architects point to striking beauties in the church, built in the thirteenth century; but as a piece of preferment, the incumbency cannot be called valuable, though its income has been augmented by a grant from Queen Anne's Bounty. This ecclesiastical promotion was obtained, about the year 1826, by the Rev. Marcus Secker. Three years previously, he had been appointed curate of St. Breaca's, St. Mary's in the Mines, and St. Ann's on the Moor. The three parishes lay wide of one another, so wide as to involve a hebdomadal walk of ten miles, in order to give, according to agreement, and for a stipend of seventy-five pounds, one full service in two each Sunday, and prayers in a third. Mr. Secker decided that this had been endured too long; and, being talented always, and occasionally judicious and conciliating, he worked upon the bishop and archdeacon to effect a change. St. Breaca's became a perpetual curacy, with one hundred and twenty pounds per annum: St. Mary's and St. Ann's fell to another laborer.

Mr. Secker was one among several officers in the army who, at the close of the Peninsular War, felt themselves called to spiritual leadership. Not that he was "serious," but that he was versatile. First a spoiled boy, and then a spoiled man, he had bought a commission in the line, after a fond widowed mother had prepared him liberally for the medical profession. Four years' experience of the delights of dépôts and garrison towns satisfied him that he was tired of the army, and fit for something better. He had made himself a favorite of Dr. Sophton, the Bishop of Merton, who believed that his penetration detected a theological bias in the handsome young soldier. He offered to ordain him without university education, on condition of his residing three years under his eye.

Mr. Secker was pleased with the proposition. It was complimentary; it commended itself to his taste and imagination. A bishop, who was a gentleman combined in himself all social perfections: blended refinement, dignity, and learning, with delicate zest for the indispensable duties of hospitality. Mr. Secker saw himself a bishop in no very remote future, accepted the offer, and developed gracefully into the clerical aspirant. He passed through his probation delightfully, and charmed a brilliant circle, assembled on the occasion at the palace, by the success of his

début. His first sermon, adapted safely from an old Catholic divine, was delivered faultlessly; his melodious voice and fine ear made his reading perfect; and his splendid dark eyes were capable of every variety of expression. Nevertheless, equally to his annoyance and astonishment, he was appointed to the obscure curacy of Willowlea in Lincolnshire. There was no consolation but in believing that jealousy of his superior powers had banished him thither, and in perceiving that many regrets would follow him. The Misses Sophton indeed excused themselves, on various pretexts, from wishing him good by publicly; and avoided being seen by each other for some hours after his departure. When they met, they were all silent in his regard, for each pitied her sisters for their infatuation, believing that she was herself the object of his warm attachment, and that diffidence about his prospects alone prevented his declaring his passion.

He did not stay longer at Willowlea than to get his title. There was no society, and he could not exist without it. He must have died, he said he thought, but for the excitement of fighting the Wesleyans, who were numerous and respectable in his parish. He wrote pungent pamphlets at them; reviled them in his pulpit; and behaved otherwise so intemperately, that by the time he left Willowlea, the place had become "too hot to hold him." He thought himself fortunate in being chosen to be curate of Somerton, a parish adorned by the residence of a peer of the realm, and families likely to appreciate what he called his "knowledge of the pulses and passions of high life."

It was curious that Mr. Secker had all this time remained a bachelor. He might, over and over again, have made his fortune in the matrimonial market. Perhaps it was because of the easiness of the step that he was careless about it. At last, he pronounced himself actually in love with one of the half-dozen daughters of an old naval officer. They sat in the pew under the reading-desk, looking like a bunch of wild roses, and the youngest and shyest caught his eye and what heart he had; she drank in with wonder and admiration a sermon (a piracy) which he was delivering admirably. He, one of the most artificial of men, decided on the spot that he would, with as little delay as possible, marry Nannie Gray, a simple, modest country-girl, who thought it a tremendous thing to go out to tea in Somerton; who had no fortune, and was twenty years younger than himself. His income at the time was one hundred and twenty pounds; his respectable patrimony had melted away, he knew not how, for he was utterly ignorant of, and indifferent to the value of money; and he owed about two hundred pounds, which he had not the remotest prospect of paying. It was, however, alas! easy to blind honest Captain Gray, who had never deceived anybody. He and his wife thought Nannie fortunate. They had not a penny to give her; and, by their humble standard one hundred and twenty pounds, and the vicarage, to live in, seemed ample provision. They had no debts; they practised self-denial and were industrious; and it did not occur to them that a clergyman, a gentleman, and one who evidently stood well in society far above their own, could stoop to deceive them. It is but justice to Mr. Secker to say that he did not think he was deceiving them; he meant to cherish their daughter, to improve her immensely, and to fit her to share with him that

preference for which he felt himself as surely destined as—in his own estimation—he was undeniably qualified.

Nannie was not in love, and probably she never would have been; she was one of the women whose deepest affections are all reserved for their children; but she thought Mr. Secker the most gifted and perfect of men, and accepted his offer as great promotion, and the earnest of sure protection for life. She only sighed to think how unworthy she must always be of such a husband, and marvelled honestly what he could see in her. Poor little thing! When she had been married a month, she knew that he was in difficulties, that he despised and was ashamed of her family, that her ignorance of conventional usages irritated him, and that his violent suspicious temper made him sometimes positively cruel. And she was hardly seventeen when this "iron entered into her soul."

It was not long before Mr. Secker became so obnoxious to his vicar, that he was dismissed from Somerton, and the fact involved exposure of the real state of his affairs. A few old friends, and some persons who admired and pitied his pretty, gentle, young wife, paid his debts, and obtained another curacy for him. It was, however, less valuable, for the vicar resided; and the curate, with the same stipend as at Somerton, had to provide himself with a dwelling. He, however, scouted economy. When poor Nannie, trembling, remonstrated, he desired her, savagely, to be silent. "What could she, the daughter of a beggarly half-pay officer, know of the wants,—the absolute necessities required by a gentleman? She would be glad—he saw through it all—to pull him down to the true quarter-deck level; but it would not do. He would have wine, and clean linen every day,—twice a week, indeed!—and he should continue to order the Quarterly and Edinburgh, and to have a weekly paper. It was all very fine for her—she had not a soul above saucepans—to hint at doing without this and that and the other. He desired to have it distinctly understood that he would brook no interference."

But it is hard for an empty bag to stand upright; and as year succeeded year, and preference did not come, and creditors clamored, and Mr. Secker felt privations in spite of himself, he sank socially, and made his wife, while her soul sickened, give evasive answers to tradespeople; and sometimes, worse even, compelled her to write pitiful letters, asking help from people whom they knew but by name. Perhaps the answers were harsh, or reproachful; they implied that a wife who knew her duty, was self-denying, and a good manager, would make Mr. Secker's income sufficient; and that she ought not to make appeals derogatory to her husband's position. And she had half-starved herself, and been often, often cold from insufficient clothing. She said nothing, but prayed a great deal, read comforting passages in the Psalms and Gospels, and hid weeping eyes in her lovely little children's plump shoulders, and wondered what was to become of them all. Mr. Secker was essentially touchy and quarrelsome. No consideration of expediency or gratitude could prevent his expressing, as offensively as possible, his conviction that he had been ill used or insulted. No one had experienced this more frequently than his diocesan, who had been specially kind to him. Mr. Secker's conduct to him became at length so insolent, that self-respect,

on the bishop to punish him. On his throwing up his curacy in a fit of pique, Dr. Verity refused to license him to another, or to countersign his testimonials; but he stated that he would not put any obstacle in the way of his giving temporary assistance to clergymen willing to employ him. His sentiments on the occasion were conveyed in the following note:—

"MY LORD,—In submitting to the sentence your lordship has been pleased to pronounce on me, I have the lofty satisfaction of knowing that it is not in any man's power to deprive me of my claim to be considered a gentleman; and I do not disguise from myself the fact that I should have been more acceptable to your lordship if destitute of pretensions to social standing and good descent. There are men so essentially low that they cannot forgive another for possessing superior advantages. I shall not avail myself of the permission to exercise my sacred calling in the way your lordship indicates. The consequences to my unoffending wife and children, I lay at the door of your lordship's conscience; and I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient servant,

"MARCUS SECKER."

Mr. Secker read this astounding document to his bewildered wife, who dared not express her opinion of it; and, looking like one who had relieved his mind of a heavy burden, or settled a vexed question, went blithely to post it. It was by no means the most intolerable letter he had inflicted on the bishop, a learned, kind-hearted man, and perfectly innocent of any assumption that could palliate an attack on his origin. He read it quietly, and handed it to his secretary, remarking, "Now, that man is not mad enough to be placed in confinement, and yet it would be, in the fullest sense, uncharitable to treat him as of sound mind; in fact, he is certainly not. For the sake of gratifying his malignity,—which really I cannot charge myself with having provoked,—he throws up all his prospects for life and makes his family paupers." The good old gentleman had it intimated to Mrs. Secker that if she could work on her husband to apologize, or to let her apologize for him, he would recommend him into another diocese,—where, possibly, he might do better,—and contribute towards the payment of debts and the expenses of removal. When Mr. Secker had relieved himself of an atrocious letter, as well as when his ebullitions of temper had wrung his wife's heart, and terrified his little children into shrieks, he overflowed with amiable emotions. He accepted Dr. Verity's benevolence, and wrote:—

"MY LORD,—You have 'heaped coals of fire on my head.' I cannot lie as low in your lordship's eyes as I am in my own; but you can exercise a vast benignity, and preferring mercy to justice, forgive, my lord, your lordship's most grateful and devoted humble servant,
MARCUS SECKER."

So, in the year of our Lord 1823, Mr. Secker arrived at St. Breaca's, and took the small shabby house at the corner of High Street and Water Lane, at a rent of twelve pounds, rates and taxes not included, and was in a few weeks settled in it, with his wife, seven children, and a scrub of a local servant-girl at a shilling a week; and he remarked complacently and truly that, the poverty notwithstanding, there was a certain something about the estab-

there were a gentleman's family. It did not occur to him that this was mostly due to the industry and exquisite domestic skill of the patient, loving wife and mother, who sat up late and rose early, and did "him good and not evil all the days of her life."

CHAPTER II.

"I'm the most unfortunate man in the world," said Sir Geoffrey Monsey to his wife. "No one hates trouble more than I do; no one interferes less with others. I hate politics, I hate business, I hate family troubles, and they are all thrust upon me." Sir Geoffrey was a handsome man of sixty, with a fine unencumbered property; and, save annual liability to hay-fever, excellent health; but he uttered this lamentation at breakfast in his grand old country-house, on a lovely June morning.

"Never mind the politics," returned Lady Monsey; "you have decided not to stand again for North-shand."

"Yes; thank Heaven! But I shudder at the bare recollection of the canvassing and noise, and dining and bills. I never would have borne it, but for you; and how I did bear it, and why you made me submit to it, I have never understood."

"What makes you think of so many grievances this morning?"

"My letters"; and he sighed so sadly, that the wife, who had all the energy and purpose that he had not, and who had understood and loved him for five-and-twenty years, felt that he had a real vexation, and looked at him kindly and questioningly.

"Yes; here they are. By the by—it is not to the purpose, but Honoria is to be married next week, and they want me at the wedding. I asked Thompson if I had any clothes fit to go in, and he said, 'No, Sir Geoffrey; you have hardly any clothes fit for a gentleman.'"

"You have spoiled him. — What did you say?"

"Say! I said, 'Then why don't you order me some? You don't expect me to take the trouble to order my own clothes, do you?'"

It was told in such simplicity that Lady Monsey could not help smiling; but he did not perceive it, and went on.

"I have a letter from my unfortunate brother Arthur."

"Where is he?"

"At Baden, but coming to England directly. He says he cannot live abroad any longer, — that he is tired of it, — that his children want education, — that he cannot afford to give it them, — that his income must be increased, — and that he looks to me, as the boy is my heir. Of course, he cares nothing about the children; he is dunned, and he wants to make sure of cigars and brandy, and a cook. He talks of bringing his family to Dover, and leaving them there, while he comes here to see what I mean to do for him."

"That must be prevented."

"Certainly, he might have delirium tremens in the house; and, besides, his conduct to me has been invariably so atrocious that I will hold no personal communication with him."

"How soon can the yacht be ready?"

"I believe she is ready now. Dare wanted to start next week: he thinks the weather is settled; but as I had had no hay-fever, I thought of waiting."

"Do you not think we had better go at once?"

Your brother could not follow you. Tell him that your letters will be forwarded."

"Yes; but I must have some plan."

"True; I have been expecting this; and I think you had better promise to double his income, and send the boy to Eton; provided that he, Arthur, will live where you choose, — in England, if he will."

"I can do that," said Sir Geoffrey; "but I am certain he will try to force himself here. He has lost all self-respect, all gentlemanlike feeling."

"He may not. His wife has, at any rate, behaved well since her marriage; and whatever her faults have been, she no doubt loves her children, and she may try to make him do what is best for them. She must have some sort of influence over him."

Lady Monsey sighed. It seemed to her so hard that the reckless, worthless younger brother had children, and she had none; hard that those children had a bad father, when Sir Geoffrey would have been such a good one; hard that they had a mother whose name had been breathed on, while she was unimpeachable.

The schooner-yacht *Zephyr* was ready. Sir Geoffrey had said that he knew every nook of the Mediterranean, and would cruise off the Cornish and Devonshire coast, which he had never seen, and Captain Dare knew well. Off Land's End, the vessel suffered material injury in a squall, and there was no resource but to put into *St. Breaca's* for repairs. Sir Geoffrey availed himself of the occasion to grumble. He did not dispute the beauty of the little harbor, but he was certain that *St. Breaca's* smelled of fish; that there could be no decent inn; that there was nothing for it but to post home as fast as possible, and rush, perhaps, into his brother Arthur's arms.

Lady Monsey represented that the accommodation could not possibly be worse than they had often put up with on the Continent; that if they could only get rooms, they had on board wherewith to make them habitable; that he would infallibly have hay-fever if he left the coast; that they could amuse themselves very well there for a fortnight; and that it had been often the unexpressed desire of her heart to become acquainted with Cornwall and the Cornish. So, as usual, he groaned, and yielded, and regretted the concession ultimately so little that he stayed a month, and commenced negotiating for the purchase of the old *Gray House*. He thought it capable of being made a very pleasant temporary seaside residence, and that if he were disappointed in it, he could let his brother Arthur have it.

St. Breaca's had never been so stirred. The yacht was a gem, and the clever shipwrights were enthusiastic about her. Mrs. Rowe of *The George* had "real people of quality in the house, and so affable, to be sure." All the women admired Sir Geoffrey; and the men said they felt they could do anything for Lady Monsey. Mr. Secker cannot be classed. His imagination had been fluttered. Next day would be Sunday. He selected two of his best sermons. They would be at church once at least, probably in the morning, and come to the vestry after service, and ask him to dinner: he should go of course. Poor Nannie would fidget about his cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, clumsy shoes, and so on. It was impossible to make any one, born and brought up as she—dear creature!—had been, understand that a perfect gentleman could afford to be shabby. If her poor father had

been going to dine with a baronet, he would have dressed himself so as to look quite new, and have felt that he had no social standing but what he owed to his clothes. The little-great people of the town would see how the Sir Geoffreys regarded Mr. Secker, the poor parson, though he had not their mine-and-fish bought finery. How he should enjoy being once more in good society! How had he dragged on for weary years, away from the polished men, the fascinating, perfectly feminine women, with whom he had been born to be familiar! Sir Geoffrey and Lady Monsey would understand it all and feel for him. Perhaps they had church preferment in their gift. Here nature welled up, and his eyes grew moist and he said aloud, "My blessed, blessed, patient wife, you should not then be such a slave, and my precious darlings should have all the advantages they ought to have; and they would know how the fond, foolish, passionate father loved them." And he went into the parlor, and played with the baby — no one could do that better than he — and talked innocent nonsense to all, building vicarages in the air, till Mrs. Secker said, "I have often and often wondered if I should ever go up that hill again" (St. Breaca's is in a deep valley): "it seems impossible, we are so completely out of the world; but as long as we have the dear children, it does not signify where we live."

Sir Geoffrey and Lady Monsey did ask Mr. Secker to dine on that Sunday, and often afterwards. All his dormant social talents woke under congenial influences. Sir Geoffrey said, "It is really a pity that man is buried here. He is a gentleman; he reads well, preaches well, and, a few crotchets apart, talks well. He should have had St. Cuthbert's, if I had not given it away; I am sorry for it. He must be half-starved here. The loaves and fishes of the Establishment are very unequally distributed."

HALF AN HOUR WITH HORACE WALPOLE.

It has been very justly observed that "contemporaries appreciate the man rather than the merit, but posterity will regard the merit rather than the man." In the time of Horace Walpole — it comes more naturally to us so to speak of him, seeing that he did not succeed to the earldom of Orford till some six years ere the close of his long life — those of his contemporaries whom he admitted to his intimacy probably were unduly biassed in favor of his talents by the charm of his manner. In the present day a reader has to take him for what he is worth, — forming the estimate from a host of Walpole's published letters, from an indifferent romance, from his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," and from his "Anecdotes of Painting in England." Whatever the conclusion arrived at as to the breadth of his literary acquirements, it will not, we think, be denied that he is by no means the least readable of a race of letter-writing fine gentlemen, whose correspondence, written ostensibly in the ease of private confidence, but all the while intended one day for publication, may be compared — in the words of the Rev. Caleb Colton, alluding to some of Pope's prose writings in that vein — to the "dis-habille in which a beauty would wish you to believe you have surprised her, after spending three hours at her toilet."

As a son of that powerful and unscrupulous statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards the first

Earl of Orford, Horace had many social advantages. To the active pursuit of politics our letter-writer personally had a rooted aversion — preferring rather to divide his time between literature and art, and private intercourse with some of the most noteworthy men of his day. As an M. P. he was a failure; and it was when he joyfully retired from public affairs to his villa at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, to his picture buying, *dilettante* authorship, letter-writing, and *bric-a-brac* hunting, that he was in the sphere he loved. A refined, cynical, chatty looker-on, from a cosy little distance at the events of his time, he lived on to old age amidst a pretty general opinion in good society that, had he cared to emerge from his cultured semi-seclusion, he might have left a far more solid reputation.

Letter-writing, in his sense, is nowadays almost entirely a thing of the past. With quick and cheap postal communication, rapid railway facility for visits, and the last increase of printed media for news, — to say nothing of the fiery, every-day haste of modern civilization, — gentlemen do not, as a rule, now labor either at turning periods or chronicling *jeux d'esprit* in their letters to their friends, — letters which in Walpole's time were written with the knowledge that one epistle would pass through many admiring hands. For the price of a penny you may now learn the cream of the world's news over your breakfast-table. "Our own correspondents" and an army of reporters and chit-chat manufacturers almost render anything more than a mere record of purely private matters between friends superfluous; and so, though more letters than ever are now written by England's bustling children, the tone of letter-writing has almost entirely changed.

It is not here proposed to do much more than gossip about the man Walpole, some of his contemporaries, and more particularly some letters of his to one of his many correspondents, — George Montagu, M. P., who, among several other offices, held that of private secretary to Lord North, when that nobleman was Chancellor of the Exchequer. The pen-and-ink intercourse between the two friends was pretty frequent from 1736 to 1770; which, at any rate, says much either for Walpole's love of scribbling, or for the constancy of his friendship. As you read these light records of the brave men and fair women, of the butterflies of fashion, and the notabilities of the period's tittle-tattle, the "dry bones," as in Ezekiel's vision, seem to live again, and the bones of forgotten reputations "come together, every bone to his bone." You see these people as they were in the flesh, jesting, loving, scandal-mongering, flirting, flaunting, lying, intriguing for place and precedence. You see them, too, not in the garb in which grave history chooses to robe some of them, but in their every-day clothes, so to speak, — as they were, or as they appeared to the sharp, never too charitable eye of the keen, if somewhat "finicking," Horace Walpole, who mixed with them in the world of fashion, and then sat down slyly to show up their foibles for George Montagu's laughing eye.

There may be nothing much, some may think, in Walpole's little bits of ill-natured observation. Many of his anecdotes lose their possible former force by reason of the remoteness of his sphere of action and feeling from our own. Still, some of our readers, knowing, by miscellaneous reading, the men and women he rattles on about, may care to have their memories jogged afresh.

For the Duke of Newcastle, the opponent of Sir Robert Walpole, Horace entertained a contemptuous, life-long hatred. In August, 1745, when that nobleman was grasping at power, our letter-writer hits off his Grace's moral and physical peculiarities in a vein of graphic spite. "The disposition of the drama is in the hands of the Duke of Newcastle, — those hands that are always groping, and sprawling, and fluttering, and hurrying on the rest of his precipitate person. If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains, always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one would have a comparative idea of him."

In the August of the next year, Walpole had a good deal to say about the unhappy Scotch rebel lords. Hardly a particle of right feeling does he show, — probably looking upon the sentence to death of those gallant, if mistaken, gentlemen as a capital excuse for gossip. As poor, bluff, brave old Lord Balmerino returned to the Tower, after being sentenced to lose his head for his love for the Jacobite cause, our chatty friend tells us he — Balmerino — "stopped the coach at Charing Cross to buy honey-blobs, as the Scotch call gooseberries." Horace's friend, the witty but morbid George Selwyn, was, we may be sure, agog with bustling expectation that gloomy while. No doubt the pair of acquaintances cracked their joke freely at the St. James's coffee-houses, and wagered how the doomed men would meet death on Tower Hill, — George Selwyn, no doubt, between the deals at cards, inwardly resolving to see that execution, after his ugly fashion of seldom missing such sights. You remember perhaps, by the way, an old story about Selwyn — whose love of the horrible was notorious — once sending to inquire after a noble friend who lay at the point of death? The return message was, "Give my compliments to Mr. Selwyn, and tell him I shall feel greatly obliged if he will wait on me to-morrow. If I am alive then, I shall be glad to see him; and if I am dead by that time, I know he will be glad to see me."

Writing August 5, 1746, Walpole says: "Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gayety. In the cell at Westminster he showed Lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bade him not winch (*sic*) lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders, and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till — and then pointed to his neck. At getting into the coach he said to the jailer: 'Take care, or you will break my shins with this d—d axe,' which was, you know, after condemnation carried with the edge towards the prisoners." Lord Kilmarnock's poverty doubtless had much to do with his rebellion. His mother forces him into it — so at least Walpole says — on pain of disinheriting him; and he was so wretchedly poor, that "in one of his wife's intercepted letters she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight, and can get but three shillings."

On the 16th, we find Mr. Horace Walpole tripping along eastward "under the new heads" (i. e. those of some lately decapitated Jacobites of minor rank) "at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying glasses at a halfpenny a look." Meanwhile, he goes jauntily on to the Tower, and there sees other rebels, not yet turned into "new heads," looking out of their windows. One of poor old Balmerino's windows was stopped up, because he talked to the people outside; and another was

left open, and that looked directly on to the scaffold where his gray head was soon to roll.

Then our dandy man about town — for he at one time of his life played that rôle — rattles away briskly, with a sneer at my Lady Townshend's absurd affectation in "gushing" — as we young men of this period call it — about Lord Kilmarnock, "whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smitten with his falling shoulders." She has been under his windows, sends messages to him, has got his dog and his snuff-box, has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow and Monday night, forswears conversing with the "bloody English, and has taken a French master." And so on, — with more of this heartless half-laughter in which no doubt scores of well-bred gentlemen joined, — at a time when this land was red with blood, and "Charlie is my darling" was something more to brave Jacobite hearts than the stirring tune is now to drawing-room warblers.

We suppose in those days coronets — like the proverbial kissing — went by favor; for we turn over a page or two and come to this pithy little announcement, which speaks volumes for the shameless corruption of George the Second's time: "I suppose we shall have more lords. The countess" (probably one of German George's Hanoverian light o' loves is here intended) "touched twelve thousand for Sir Jacob Bouverie's coronet." This Sir Jacob Bouverie was an ancestor of the present Earl of Radnor.

It was in the year 1753, that irregular marriages without license or banns in the Fleet Prison and other places were finally stopped by a special Act of Parliament. Walpole tells us a characteristic story about a "marriage-broker" of that day, — one Keith. "So," said Keith, "the bishops, — they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and I'll under-bury 'em all." The evil, which the legislature at last abolished, must have attained gigantic proportions, when it is a matter of history, that in the Fleet, between the 19th of October, 1704, and February 12, 1705, there were celebrated 2,954 marriages of the above kind.

ENGAGEMENTS.

A CERTAIN crabbed old pass-tutor at Oxford, who had grown hoary in the unprofitable service of getting Fourth-Form Etonians and Harrovians through their different public examinations, used to say, in illustration of one of Aldrich's dark mysteries, that the word *Engagement* is always, when used by a lady, a word of the second intention. When, he would say, a man talks of making, breaking, forgetting, or keeping an engagement, no one can tell what sort of an engagement is meant, because men use the word in its first or general intention of any obligation by contract. But when a lady speaks of "an engagement" she employs the word in a technical or secondary sense, and you may be quite certain that she means an agreement to marry. When Amanda tells Lucetta that she is "engaged," you have no more doubt of the precise signification of the word than you have when you see it stuck up by a porter on a wooden label over a railway carriage. You are as sure that in one case there has been an offer to marry, as that in the other there has been a proposal to bribe. Whether the old tutor was correct or not in his logic, whether he rightly or wrongly interpreted Aldrich's defini-

tion of a predicable, his illustration was no doubt well adapted to catch and fix the wandering attention of his hearers; and it will serve to explain what we mean when we say that the word placed at the head of this paper is to be taken in the second intention, or ladies' sense.

Endless classifications might be made of the different kinds of engagements. For example, there is the classification by what lawyers call "the consideration." Some engagements are made for love's sake, others for the sake of something less divine. Among this latter class are the engagements arranged or invented for the purpose of staving off creditors, or of getting another five hundred pounds' worth of jewelry from a fashionable firm. Sometimes, but this is high art, these two species of engagements are made to dovetail into one another, — as in the case of the founder of a noble house, who got admission as a partner into a great firm by hinting that he was going to marry a rich heiress, and simultaneously secured the consent of the young lady's father by holding out the prospect of the partnership, — thus using his engagement to further his speculation, and his speculation to secure his engagement.

But the two commonest methods of classifying engagements are, first, by the degree to which they are sanctioned; and secondly, by their duration. Thus engagements, when classified according to their sanction, are divided into two principal sorts, — the authorized or regular, which have received the approval of parents, guardians, and other legitimate authorities; and the unauthorized, or irregular, which have no such sanction. So, again, these irregular engagements naturally subdivide themselves into the forbidden, which, having been announcement to the proper authorities, and discountenanced by them, are nevertheless cherished in the imaginative souls of poetical Edwins and Angelinas as things which have a real and substantive existence, though the world ignores them, — and the clandestine, which are not brought to light at all. An engagement of the clandestine type hardly ever lasts long in that phase. As the life of a young girl is much more domestic than that of a young man, the burden of concealment presses much more heavily upon her than upon her lover. On this account, and also because of the greater tenderness of a girl's conscience, the almost invariable end of a clandestine engagement is, that after lasting a few weeks it is announced by the girl to a sister or mother, and passes either into the regular or the forbidden phase. Most fortunately for the authority of parents, there are few girls who would not rather run the risk of sacrificing a lover than keep such a secret six weeks with absolute integrity. Any one who has noticed the amazing rapidity with which the news of an engagement spreads among the host of female friends, relations, and acquaintances, will feel how keen a pleasure must be taken by them in circulating such a tit-bit of gossip, and, conversely, what a severe deprivation it would be to them not to be permitted to announce it. Parents sometimes, from reasons of mortified pride or mental indecision, desire that the news of an engagement, though sanctioned, should be confined to as few persons as possible. But this is always found to be an untenable position. The eagerness of each last recipient of the secret to communicate it to a specially privileged friend soon puts an end to the parents' fond hope of a limited liability to congratulation, and

cannot be published for private circulation only. It is, in fact, one of those confidential communications which are sometimes called "shouting secrets."

The classification of engagements according to their duration gives us several interesting types. Some engagements are of a short but rapturous kind; others are of a protracted and Platonic character. Some are contracted for a fixed term of years, as the engagement of a minor to marry when he attains his majority, or of a widow to wed after two years' inconsolability. Others are terminable after an indefinite period, as where a Fellow of a College engages to marry as soon as he gets a living, or where a young lady promises to make her lover happy when he can show that he is able "to maintain her in the style to which she has always been accustomed, and to supply her with the comfort and refinements which she has a right from her position in society to expect." Other engagements may be considered as terminable at pleasure, such as those projected between officers of small means and the notorious flirts of a garrison-town, which, it is pretty well understood, are only designed to last until the regiment is moved to fresh quarters, or till Providence provides the fair coquette with a more handsome or more substantial lover. These, with many others, which it is unnecessary to enumerate, are various species of engagements differentiated according to the nature of their duration. But the division of engagements with which society is most familiar, and the one which will occur to all parental minds as the most important, is the simple division of them into Long and Short. The genuine old-fashioned Long Engagement, of that life-long type with which our grandmothers and great-aunts were familiar, has happily almost ceased to exist. Any woman belonging to the professional ranks of the middle-class, who is more than fifty years old, will be able to recall several instances of men, generally Fellows of Colleges, who, when young, contracted engagements which they were unable to fulfil until they had reached that time of life at which it is not very usual, or very seemly, either to marry or to be given in marriage. Such instances of life-long engagements were by no means rare fifty years ago. The College Fellow of twenty-five, having engaged himself to a young girl of twenty, and having no sure expectation of patronage outside of his College, could not then, as now, cut himself adrift from his academical ties, and start forth to make his fortune independently by tuition, journalism, or the public service. Such extra-academical means of making use of an academical education were then comparatively unknown or unpromising. The avenues whereby a gentleman of liberal education could enter the salaried sphere of existence were then comparatively few, and still almost confined to the "three liberal professions." The really well-paid schoolmasterships were then very few; there was no Haileybury, no Radley, no Bradfield; there were no professorships at King's College, London; and no inspectorships of schools. The young Fellow who had taken orders had nothing to look to but a College living; so he waited on, perhaps for ten, perhaps for twenty, or even thirty years, until his youthful ardor had cooled down into a quiet, bookish sort of attachment, and his betrothed had come to look forward to her marriage rather with pride than with passion, as the event which would one day give her the privilege of

at least secure her the monopoly of nursing his declining years.

Such long engagements as this are now extremely rare; one scarcely ever hears of a couple being engaged twenty years, and the friends of a young *fiancée* are generally rather disgusted if she remains unmarried so many months. Any engagement which lasts over two years is now called a long engagement; and one which extends to five years is reckoned a melancholy and very middle-class affair. Long engagements, in fact, even in the modern sense of the term, are confined almost entirely to the middle ranks of the community. They are nearly as much a middle-class institution as early dining or Dissent. A superhuman assiduity, a dragon-like watchfulness and wonderful tact on the part of the mothers of May Fair, co-operating with the pride that a poor young man feels, or with the love of his luxuries that a moderately rich young man cherishes, will generally prevent matters from coming to such a pass that a girl in this rank of life entangles herself with a man who cannot offer her an adequate establishment. But, as a rule, there is no need for such influences. The daughters of May Fair are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, almost as keen as their mothers in the competition for good *partis*. Unless some strange oversight has been made in the choice of their companions and instructors, or unless opportunities of inculcating the Belgravian code have been scandalously neglected, these young ladies, by the time they have been presented, are as determined not to offend against those precepts of the code which relate to love and matrimony as to observe those which relate to dress and conversation. And even in the hundredth case, the mother of May Fair is not checkmated or dragged into suffering a long engagement. If the girl is young, and her chances of making a good match are still favorable, the proposal is peremptorily forbidden, and some of the thousand available measures are taken to prevent the fox and goose from meeting again. But if she is becoming *passée*, and the suitor is tolerably well connected, a virtue is made of necessity. Either an allowance is made to the girl, or else, more ingeniously, the wire-pullers are set to work, and it is hard if some commissionership or other public office cannot be obtained, and thus the deficiencies of the suitor's purse remedied out of the Consolidated Fund. And thus it happens that long engagements are almost unknown in the upper ranks, and are more commonly found in a somewhat lower stratum of society.

HERRICK.

THERE are few poets who are more loved when known, and few of equal power who are less widely known than Robert Herrick. Antiquarians find large gleanings of obsolete customs and old-world folk lore among his pages. The music of his verse has drawn out answering melodies from musical composers. And the poets of England have never failed to express their sense of the charm that hangs about his fanciful and graceful lyrics.

"Herrick," says Hartley Coleridge, "was the laureate of flowers and perfumes." "Herrick,"—and this is praise from Elizabeth Barrett Browning,—"the Ariel of poets, sucking 'where the bee sucks' from the heart of Nature, and reproducing the fragrance idealized." What can describe more happily than these words, the sweet breath of the "Hesperides"? Herrick himself gives its argument:

"I sing of Brooks, of Blossoms, Birds, and Bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July-Flowers:
I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, Walsalls, Wakes,
Of Bride-grooms, Brides, and of their Bridall-Cakes,
I write of Youth, of Love, and have Access
By these, to sing of cleanly-Wantonness.
I sing of Dewes, of Raines, and piece by piece,
Of Balme, of Oyle, of Spice, and Amber-Grace:
I sing of Times-translating; and I write
How Roses first came Red, and Lillies White:
I write of Groves, of Twilights, and I sing
The Court of Mab, and of the Faerie-King.
I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all."

But Ariel has sucked not only of the honey-dew of Paradise, but from any nearest flower, however poisonous, and hence the reason that he has now only a partial fame. Herrick's collected poems are not a book for the drawing-room table; and a suggestion, made by Miss Mitford years ago, for a popular selection has yet to be carried out.

Nevertheless, we think that Mr. Hazlitt, in this new edition,* speaks more prudently than there is any need to speak, and does his author less than justice. "After all deductions which it is possible to make, what a noble salvage remains!" "A noble salvage," indeed! Why, the "salvage" is four fifths or more of the "Hesperides," and the whole of the "Noble Numbers." Again, he says Herrick "wrote almost as much as Carew, Lovelace, and Suckling united; and how much is there in his weed-choked garden which is comparable with their best compositions!" No Englishman is likely to forget Lovelace's "Althea" and "Lucasta," or Carew's "Disdain Returned," or Suckling's "Ballad upon a Wedding"; but, with these exceptions, how much have these poets ever written to compare with some fifty of the best of Herrick's songs? Mr. Hazlitt is a better editor than advocate. But fortunately Herrick can defend himself, and hold his own against them all.

Robert Herrick was born in London in the year 1591. His father, who died a year afterwards, was a goldsmith, but was sprung from a good old Leicestershire stock. Herrick was, as a boy, bound 'prentice to the goldsmith's trade, but was afterwards sent to Cambridge, was ordained, and, thanks to the patronage of Lord Exeter, received the living of Dean Prior in Devonshire. He was about as fit for the life of a country clergyman as Lawrence Sterne was a hundred years later. He hated the life, and he hated Devonshire:—

"More discontents I never had
Since I was born than here;
Where I have been, and still am, sad,
In this dull Devonshire."

And then he had another hatred; he hated the Puritans,—and they, having as little love for him, ejected him from his living in 1648. There is one singular fact, of which Mr. Hazlitt does not seem aware, that at this very time the leading spirit among the Puritans of Lancashire was Richard Herrick (or Heyricke), a cousin of the poet's, and Warden of Manchester. "Crudelitas pro Christo pietas est" was one of his amiable sayings; and his cousin's ejection, if he ever heard of it, would then have seemed to him (he afterwards himself turned Royalist) a measure only too lenient for his sins. Meanwhile, the poet was leading a happier life in London than he ever did in Devonshire. He speaks of his return to London as to a home from "long and irksome banishment." He was poor, indeed, but he could earn bread by publish-

* Hesperides, the Poems and other Remains of Robert Herrick, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt. London, 1869.

ing his poems, and he had society and a sense of freedom, and "those lyric feasts" made with Ben Jonson "at the Sun, the Dog, the triple Tunne." Twelve years afterwards, however, and the times change, and the old vicarage is again at his disposal; so he goes back there, and there he dies in a ripe old age. Beyond these bare facts we know little of Herrick's outer life. It has even been matter of question whether he was ever married, and the date of his death is not precisely known.

Of the man himself, — his tastes and fancies, his hopes and passions, — his poems are the best and fullest expression. There is a gayety about them which scarcely ever fails. Nothing that is pleasurable comes amiss to him. He is fond of the classics, and translates or adapts his favorite passages from Anacreon, Horace, or Catullus. He delights in the rural sports and pastimes of the country folk among whom he lives. All flowers are dear to him, and he draws gallantries from rosebuds, and the tenderest of morals from the fading daffodil. He is more familiar with the world of fairies than any one since Shakespeare. He can string together complimentary conceits like the best courtier of the time; and, though it is too true that an unchastened fancy draws him down at times into miry paths, and leaves stains upon his minstrel's robes, yet often he soars upwards into the purest heights of faith and piety, and ranks among the sacred poets of his country. Pleasure might lead him astray, but he could always find pleasure in what was good.

The spirit of the age and of his party may share some little of the blame. His own best nature was the source of his noblest religious poems. Nor can we forget his own touching "Prayer for Absolution" :—

"For those, my unbaptized rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times;
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with thee, my Lord;
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book, that is not Thine.
But if amongst all, Thou find'st here one
Worthy Thy benediction;
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and Thee."

Herrick's poems are as various in metre as in subject. Sometimes he confines himself to a single heroic couplet, more or less epigrammatic and expressive. Sometimes he uses mixed metres common to many of his contemporaries. Sometimes the music seems to flow from the words and to belong to them alone. How perfect, for instance, is this, — and we shall choose rather from among the graver poems :—

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along."

or, — and we quote from another poem of most tender beauty, — "To Primroses filled with morning dew" :—

"Speak, whispering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?"

No, no; — this sorrow shown
By your tears shed

Would have this lecture read, —
That things of greatest so of meanness worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

How exquisite is the fancy, — that the primroses may be weeping, because they

"Have not seen as yet
The violet!"

But indeed these delicate fancies spring up constantly through Herrick's verses. His "Cherry Ripe" we all know, with its compliments to Julia; and, again, "The Captive Bee," and "The Funeral Rites of the Rose." Here, again, "To the Water Nymphs drinking at the Fountain" :—

"Reach with your whiter hands to me
Some crystal of the spring,
And I about the cup shall see
Fresh lilies flourishing.

"Or else, sweet Nymphs, do you but this;
To the glasses your lips enclose;
And I shall see by that one kiss
The water turned to wine."

Some lines "On Himself" have a singularly happy touch :—

"Weepe for the dead, for they have lost this light;
And weepe for me, lost in an endless night,
Or mourne, or make a marble verse for me
Who writ for many. Benedicite."

In the "Noble Numbers," or "Pious Pieces," as Herrick calls them, we miss, indeed, some of the grace of the "Hesperides," but we are without the faults which too often have disfigured that group of poems. If we have fewer golden apples, we are at least untempted by any forbidden fruit. There are many short sententious verses, but among them are poems of the greatest beauty and most earnest religious feeling. Of all George Herbert's poems, which can compare with Herrick's "Letanie to the Holy Spirit"? It is less fantastic, and, therefore, more pathetic than even Herbert's best :—

"In the houre of my distresse,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confesse,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!"

Again, what a touching simplicity there is in his thanksgiving to God for his house :—

"Where thou my chamber for to ward
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep."

Again, what nobility of thought is thrown in his "To keep a true Lent," — which is not to be a mere outward fast, — but

"No: 't is a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soule.

"It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
And circumcise thy life.

"To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent."

Here, too, are some fine lines in conclusion of his little poem "To finde God" :—

"Tell me the motes, dust, sands and speares
Of corn, when Summer shakes his eares;
Show me that world of Starres, and whence
They noiselesse spill their influence:
This if thou canst; then show me Him
That rides the glorious Cherubim."

The two collections of the "Hesperides" and the "Noble Numbers" are here supplemented by an

Appendix containing some pieces of but little interest, but others which we are glad to reclaim for Herrick. Some of these poems are undeniably Herrick's, but have not been included in any previous edition of his works; some are different versions of poems already printed; and some are poems attributed to him on various grounds. Of these last, the best is "The Fairy Queen," or "The Fairies Fegaries," as it has been variously called. It appears among the Percy Reliques and in other collections, and the author has never as yet been named. Certainly it is in Herrick's manner, and though there is no external evidence to support this theory of its authorship, it may perhaps not unfairly be attributed to him till any one else appears to claim it.

This edition, then, we may safely say is the most complete that has yet appeared of Herrick's poems. But the full collection once made, a careful selection is the next thing to be desired. Who will introduce Robert Herrick into a wider circle and enable him to share the popularity which is freely given to many a feebler poet, and less true a man?

CRABB ROBINSON'S DIARY.

If the late Mr. Crabb Robinson had contemplated these three goodly volumes, his breast would have heaved with gentle emotion, and he would have felt that he had not lived in vain. He always used to say of himself that in his long career he had done nothing. The point of the remark was that it contained an immense deal of truth. His long, leisurely life of ninety years has left little records beyond these jottings of diary and reminiscence. There are many persons now living who could write even a much better diary, only they are hardly likely to do so. Very few men care to preserve diaries for publication. Mr. Robinson had not a productive mind, but he had one of rare receptivity, with a precious vein of genuine Boswellism in it, and he was a master in the art, now nearly lost, of conversation. He was a man of limited means, and he moved within a limited range of society, but within these limits he achieved a high social position.

He was a man of great moderation and good sense. He went to the bar late in life because he had not enough money, and quitted it comparatively early, when he thought he had as much as he wanted. Still, he modestly admits, that though a barrister he was no lawyer. Though he made an opening on the Times and the Quarterly Review he did nothing in literature. Accident and good fortune and his own merit drew him while in active life into contact, and, in some cases, into close intimacy with many distinguished persons. Later in life he joined the Athenæum Club, assigning at the time no importance to the step, and he found that it immensely increased the circle of his acquaintance. A bachelor of simple tastes and of a generous disposition, he was able to do many kind things, and when money came to him at last largely by inheritance he was able to do munificent things. He was always a Liberal of the Liberals both in politics and theology, and with the *bonhomie* of his party he clung close to his friends, and his friends clung closely to him. Every one knew something more or less about Crabb Robinson, and his "Diary" has been received with the greatest avidity. In his ninety years he seems hardly ever to have made an omission of any remarkable inci-

dent, personage, or good saying that came to his knowledge. If such a rule were generally followed biography would be wealthy indeed; we almost shudder to think how wealthy. Dr. Sadler has gone very carefully and judiciously over the vast mass of papers that came into his hands, and forms a perfect repertory and magazine of good things. Mr. Robinson is a most amusing old Herodotus, and has, like that father of history, an infinite collection of stories. We shall not give much attention to his life beyond indicating its leading landmarks, and shall make a *florilegium* from its records.

He came of an humble stock, but claimed some affinity with the poet Crabbe. He entered an attorney's office and became clerk to Cowper's friend, Hill. Coming into a little property of a hundred a year, he determined to improve his mind and to travel. He spent some years in Germany, and made himself thoroughly master of the German language at a time when this was an intellectual distinction. Here he made also, though after a somewhat distant and stately fashion, his acquaintance with Goethe. His first English literary acquaintance of note was Mrs. Barbauld, who wrote those lines which Wordsworth wished were his, and which some people have repeated every night of their lives:—

"Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning."

He got a brief engagement as foreign correspondent to the Times at Altona, and afterwards in Portugal, and for a short time he was their foreign editor. He became acquainted with Charles Lamb, who brought him into connection with Coleridge, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, and all that set. In fact, he comes in contact with an immense number of eminent people, and has always something noteworthy to say about them; but in a very large number of cases,—of course there are many exceptions,—he merely comes in contact with them and there is no lasting intimacy. With the Lake poets there was a sincere and prolonged friendship, though neither in poetry nor in religion had he much real community of feeling with them. Most years, also, he went abroad, but his descriptions of travel, which did not extend beyond the beaten track, are not so good as his personal sketches of the foreigners whom he met. We have a description of O'Connell in his Irish home highly favorable to the Liberator, of whom Robinson was an undisguised admirer. In Italy he became acquainted with "Walter Savage Landor,—half an eagle, half a gander," and his portraiture may be compared with Mr. Forster's elaborate work, being not quite so favorable. After his retirement from the bar he devoted himself with increased earnestness to society. He was fond of companionship, and he was himself most companionable, but he had little serious aim in life, and on the most important subjects his mind was always halting in a fog. His own views, concerning which he manifested some ambiguity, appear to have been distinctly Unitarian; latterly, he regularly attended one of their chapels. He was, however, fond of Anglican clergy of "Liberal" views, what he calls "clerical free-thinkers"; and their "liberalism" in conversation appears to have considerably transcended what they manifested in print.

He knew Robertson, of Brighton, very well, and his great friend, Lady Byron, the widow of the poet. Fully allowing the many noble and excellent qualities that Lady Byron possessed, from all we hear respecting this lady we shall think she possessed an eccentricity, self-will, and unwomanliness (not using the word in any extreme or unfavorable sense) which rendered her as bad a wife for the poet as the poet was a bad husband to her. We have here one very remarkable letter which Lady Byron writes respecting her husband, in which she seems to break that remarkable silence which she otherwise uniformly preserved. The following extract contains more original matter than all the Countess Guiccioli's two elaborate volumes. "Not merely from casual expressions but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator I have always ascribed the misery of his life. It was impossible for me to doubt that, could he have been at once assured of pardon, his living faith in a moral duty and love of virtue ('I love the virtues which I cannot claim') would have conquered every temptation. Judge, then, how I must hate the creed which made him see God as an avenger, and not as a father. My own impressions were just the reverse, but could have little weight; and it was in vain to seek to turn his thoughts for long from that *idée fixe* with which he connected his physical peculiarity as a stamp. Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be 'turned into a curse' to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expressions of the sentiment that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjoy. You will now better understand why 'The Deformed Transformed' is too painful to me for discussion."

Mr. Robinson has also a very interesting anecdote of Wordsworth coming to him one day at Charles Lamb's, a number of the Edinburgh Review in his hand, and being exceedingly angry at the unfair attack on a young lord's poem, and prophesying that the young poet would do something. "Ah! if Byron had known that," said Lady Byron, "he would never have attacked Wordsworth."

There is something melancholy in reading of the last days of this life, prolonged to the ninety-second year. The "Diary" goes down to the year 1867, discussing an immense variety of matters, which are only as of yesterday in point of date, but which are here presented to us in an historical point of view and from a dead man's record, as if a whole chasm of time were interposed, — talk about our judges, such as Sir F. Pollock, Byles, Channell; talk of Miss Countess's breakfast parties and the men whom he met at the Athenæum, such as Dean Stanley, the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Grote, and others; about poor Robson at the Olympic; very much talk about London University, to which he left a good deal of money. On every side his friends were dropping away from him through death; and though he made new ones, they were hardly equal in intellectual calibre to those of his youth. He could not go about in the streets without an attendant for fear of an accident or of garroters. Some of his last entries indicate mortification and dispirited-

ness; he was haunted by the ill-founded suspicion that he was "no longer a desirable companion." His concluding entry of these many manuscript volumes is, "But I feel incapable to go on"; and before another week he passed away.

Here are about a score of passages, which we quote from a larger selection, as well worth transplanting.

First Interview with Goethe. — "Goethe lived in a large and handsome house, that is, for Weimar. Before the door of his study was marked in mosaic SALVE. On our entrance he rose, and with rather a cool and distant air beckoned us to take seats. As he fixed his burning eye on the friend who took the lead, I had his profile before me, and this was the case during the whole of our twenty minutes' stay. He was then about fifty-two years of age and was beginning to be corpulent. He was, I think, one of the most oppressively handsome men I ever saw. My feeling of awe was heightened. . . . Goethe sat in precisely the same attitude, and I had precisely the same view of his side face. The conversation was quite insignificant. My companions talked about themselves, — one about his youth of adversity and strange adventures. Goethe smiled with, as I thought, the benignity of condescension. When we were dismissed, and I was in the open air, I felt as if a weight were removed from my breast. Goethe has often been reproached for his *hauteur*. I believe, however, that this demeanor was necessary for self-defence. It was his only protection against the intrusion which otherwise would have robbed him and the world of a large portion of his life."

Horne Tooke. — "Anthony Robinson related an anecdote of Horne Tooke, showing the good-humor and composure of which he was capable. Holcroft was with him at a third person's table. They had a violent quarrel. At length Holcroft said, as he rose to leave the room, 'Mr. Tooke, I tell you you are a — scoundrel, and I always thought you so.' Tooke detained him and said, 'Mr. Holcroft, some time ago you asked me to come and dine with you; do tell me what day it shall be.' Holcroft stayed."

Anecdote of a Dancing-Master. — "Fraser related a humorous story of his meeting in a stage-coach with a little fellow who was not only very smart and buckish in his dress but also a pretender to science and philosophy. He spoke of having been at Paris, and of having read Helvetius, Voltaire, &c., and was very fluent in his declamation on the origin of ideas, self-love, and the other favorite doctrines of the new school. He said, 'I have no objection to confess myself a materialist.' On this an old man, who had listened for a long time to the discourse, and had more than once betrayed symptoms of dissatisfaction, could not contain himself any more, 'D——n, that's too bad! You have the impudence to say you are a materialist when I know you are a dancing-master.'"

Anecdote of the late Lord Cranworth. — "My immediate senior on the circuit was Henry Cooper. He was very far my superior in talent for business, indeed, in some respects he was an extraordinary man. His memory, his cleverness were striking; but so was his want of judgment, and it often happened that his clever and amusing hits told as much against as for his client. One day he was entertaining the whole court when Rolfe (afterwards Lord Chancellor) whispered to me, "How clever that is! How I thank God I am not so clever!"

Hume on Shakespeare. — "On my noticing

Hume's obvious preference of the French tragedians, Coleridge exclaimed, 'Hume comprehended as much of Shakespeare as an apothecary's phial would, placed under the Falls of Niagara.'

Waterloo. — "A more uninteresting country or one more fit for 'a glorious history,' being flat and almost without trees, than that round Waterloo cannot be imagined. I saw it some years afterwards, when ugly monuments were erected there; and I can bear witness to the fact of the great resemblance which the aspect of the neighborhood of Waterloo bears to a village a mile from Cambridge on the Bury road."

The Saying of a Busy Man. — "He who calls on me does me an honor; he who does not call on me does me a favor."

Wordsworth in his own Neighborhood. — "I may here mention a singular illustration of the maxim, 'A prophet is not without honor save in his own country.' Mr. Hutton, a very gentlemanly and seemingly intelligent man, asked me, 'Is it true as I have heard reported, that Mr. Wordsworth ever wrote verses?'"

"Your Obedient Servant." — "Hamond went to France, having declined an offer by Sergeant Rough, who would have taken him as his private secretary to Demerara. He assigned as a reason that he should be forced to live in the daily practice of insincerity by subscribing himself the humble servant of those towards whom he felt no humility."

Duke of Wellington. — "The Duke of Wellington was there, and I saw him looking at a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough. A lady was by his side. She pointed to the picture, and he smiled. The Duke of Wellington's face is not flexible or subtle, but is martial, that is, sturdy and firm."

Rome. — "'Sir,' said a king's messenger to me one day, 'don't believe what travellers tell about Rome: it is all a humbug. Rome is more like Wapping than any place I know.' 'That man is no fool,' said Flaxman, who laughed on my repeating this. 'Of course he could not understand, perhaps he did not see, the antiquities; but some of the finest are in places that resemble Wapping in general appearance.'"

Sir Thomas Lawrence. — "Jacob being restless, Mrs. Patterson said, 'I fear, Mr. Lawrence, Jacob is the worst sitter you ever had.' 'O no, ma'am, I have had a worse.' 'Ay, you mean the king,' said the lady. (Lawrence had been speaking of George III. as a bad sitter.) 'O no!' said Lawrence; 'it was a Newfoundland dog!' The lady was not a little affronted."

Lord Jeffrey. — "At seven I dined with Rolfe. An interesting party, — in all twelve. Among them was Jeffrey, once editor of the Edinburgh Review. Jeffrey is a sharp and clever-looking man; and, in spite of my dislike to his name, he did not on the whole displease me. His treatment of Wordsworth would not allow me to like him, had he been greater by far than he was. And therefore when he said, 'I was always an admirer of Wordsworth,' I could not repress the unseemly remark, 'You had a singular way of showing your admiration.'"

Clarkson. — "I asked Clarkson whether he thought of the fate of his soul hereafter. He said he had no time; he thought only of the slaves in Barbadoes."

Anecdote. — "I have heard of a lady, by birth, being reduced to cry 'Muffs to sell' for a subsist-

ence. She used to go out a-nights with her face hid up in her cloak; and then she would in the faintest voice utter her cry. Somebody passing heard her cry, 'Muffs to sell! — muffs to sell! Oh! I hope nobody hears me.'"

Southey. — "I walked out with Wordsworth. We met with Dr. Arnold. We talked of Southey. Wordsworth spoke of him with great feeling and affection. He said, 'It is painful to see how completely dead Southey is become to all but books. He is amiable and obliging; but when he gets away from his books he seems restless, and as if out of his element. I therefore hardly see him for years together.' Now all this I had myself observed. Rogers also had noticed it. With Wordsworth it was a subject of sorrow, not of reproach. Dr. Arnold said afterwards, 'What was said of Mr. Southey alarmed me. I could not help saying to myself, 'Am I in danger of becoming like him? Shall I ever lose my interest in things and retain an interest in books only?'" 'H,' said Wordsworth, 'I must lose my interest in one of them, I would rather give up books than men.'"

Wordsworth. — "Mr. Wordsworth ought to have been at Buckingham Palace at the Queen's Ball, to which he received a formal invitation. 'The Lord Chamberlain presents his compliments. He is commanded by Her Majesty to invite Mr. William Wordsworth to a ball at Buckingham Palace, on Monday, the 24th July, — ten o'clock. Full dress.' To which he pleaded as an apology for non-attendance the non-arrival of the invitation (query command?) in time. He dated his answer from this place: 'The Island, Windermere'; and that would explain the impossibility. But a man in his seventy-fourth year would, I suppose, be excused by royalty for not travelling three hundred miles to attend a dance, even if a longer notice had been given. [He subsequently went to such a party, and enjoyed it much.]"

A Mot of one Sylvester. — "When people tire of business in town they go to retire in the country."

Mr. A. H. Layard as a Boy. — "Tuesday I had at breakfast Nineveh Layard, whom the others came to meet. You will remember your son's having spoken of this high-spirited lad whom he once dined with, and used to meet in my chambers. His uncle accused me of misleading him. I believe I did set his mind in motion, and excited in him tastes and a curiosity which now will not be matter of reproach, seeing that the issue has already been so remarkable. His adventures in Asia terminated in the discovery of the Nineveh antiquities, which have given him a place in the future history of art. But, more than that, he has had the means of developing such personal qualities that he has been put into a place which may lead to his one day occupying a prime position in our political institutions. He has been appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs: he will now show what is in him. This is a start that of course delights his hopeful and alarms his timid friends."

Harriet Martineau. — "She can write a fair leader and plan something useful for her neighbors, while her voice is lost from debility."

Kenyon and the Brownings. — "John Kenyon has the face of a Benedictine monk and the joyous talk of a good fellow. From him Mr. and Mrs. Browning received legacies amounting to more than ten thousand pounds, and R. D. Porter between six and seven thousand."

Samuel Rogers.—"The acquaintance I have seen most of is Samuel Rogers. It is marvellous how well he bears his affliction. He knows that he will never be able to stand on his legs again; yet his cheerfulness and even vivacity have undergone no diminution. His wealth enables him to partake of many enjoyments which could not otherwise be possessed. Yesterday I took a drive with him through Lord Chichester's park. He has had a carriage made for him which deserves to be taken as a model for all in his condition. The back falls down and forms an inclined plane. The sofa-chair in which he sits is pushed in; the back is then closed, and a side door is opened to the seat in which his servant sits when no friend is with him."

These are select items from volumes which are exceedingly rich in literary *ana*, and which will be very helpful to the future historian in constructing a literary history of the century.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. T. W. ROBERTSON has a new comedy on the *tapis*.

ENGLISH critics are very severe on Mr. Boucicault's last play,—"Formosa."

THE question of erecting a theatre in Paris, where Shakespeare's works can be given in English is being discussed.

MR. DUNHAM's bust of Leigh Hunt is to be placed over the poet's grave with appropriate ceremonies next month.

A NEW volume of poems by Gerald Massey, who has long been silent, will be very welcome on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE excitement in England over the international boat-race has died away before the greater excitement produced by Mrs. Stowe's "True Story of Lady Byron" in the September number of Macmillan's Magazine.

THE last number of "The Lady's Own Paper," a London journal of considerable literary pretension, contains the following delicious announcement, "The Hon. John Bigelow, author of the 'Biglow Papers,' has been appointed editor in chief of the *New York Times*. Mr. Bigelow was American Minister in Paris during Mr. Lincoln's presidency, and previous to that he had been editor of the *New York Evening Post*."

THE Belgian papers speak of a curious wager made the other day by a young man of Antwerp. He engaged to swim on his back in the Scheldt for a quarter of an hour with his spectacles on. Scarcely, however, had he swum a few yards when the sun, came out, and acting on the spectacles as on a magnifying-glass, gave him such pain that he was obliged to swim to shore before completing his task. It is said (though that might have been expected) that the unfortunate swimmer has not only lost his bet, but his eyesight as well.

A NEW specimen of the numerous eccentricities of Richard Wagner, the inventor of "the music of the future," is given in a book lately published by Herr Mendes, under the title of "Wagner at Home." There is a room in Wagner's house, says the author, with a gorgeously decorated ceiling and tapestry of leather embroidered with gold. On the walls are portraits of Goethe, Schiller, and Beethoven. The two

hovers there is nothing but a looking-glass. On turning to Wagner for an explanation, the musician placed himself in front of the glass, in which his face was reflected, thus supplying the deficiency. It is added that this is the only kind of portrait of himself that Wagner allows to be kept in his house.

THE Russian papers announce the death in Siberia of John Gorbaczewski, the last of the "decabrists," or members of the conspiracy formed against the Emperor Nicholas in December, 1825. Gorbaczewski was one of the most active leaders of this conspiracy, and he was sentenced to death in 1826, but Nicholas commuted the sentence to hard labor in Siberia for life. In 1840 he was relieved from the more severe part of his punishment, and settled in Petrovsk, where he soon became universally popular among the exiles, whose sufferings he was frequently enabled to alleviate through the influence he had gained with the governor and other officials. In 1856 the "decabrists" were permitted to return to their homes, but Gorbaczewski had made so many friends in Siberia that he preferred to remain. The principal papers of St. Petersburg and Moscow all speak with great admiration of his abilities and character.

THE *Gaulois* publishes, *à propos* of the recent marriage of Prince Pierre Buonaparte, with the daughter of a brass-founder, a curious letter from Prince Lucien Buonaparte, his father, on being directed by Napoleon I. to divorce his wife. The letter is addressed to M^{de}me. Letitia Buonaparte, and is dated 29th of May, 1810. Lucien says that he married "because he had a right to do so, and before he to whose elevation he chiefly contributed became emperor." "It is ridiculous and improper," he proceeds, "for a statesman, a minister, and an ambassador to be treated like a street-boy; both my second and my first wife have deserved by their virtues not to have their misfortunes cast in their teeth. Jerome might have been required to divorce his wife, for he was a minor when he married. The Emperor might also, so long as he was childless, make a sacrifice for his people by dissolving his marriage; but I have seven children and an excellent wife, and therefore have no reason to do anything of the kind."

A FEW weeks since a party of excursionists from Chatham had been spending the day in the vicinity of Mr. Dickens's residence, Gad's Hill, near Rochester, when on their return in the evening, they fell in with a couple of dancing bears, which were going through their performances in the road in front of Mr. Dickens's house. The enjoyments of the day having had their customary effects on the excursionists, one of the men, more elated than his companions, insisted on joining the bears in their performances, and dancing with them, the keepers in vain attempting to prevent him. At length with the intention of causing him to desist, the keeper removed the muzzle of one of the bears, but this failed to stop the dance. By this time a great crowd had assembled, when Mr. Dickens, seeing the serious turn matters were assuming, appeared on the scene, and himself assisted in remuzzling the bear, at the same time good-humoredly addressing the crowd and restoring peace between the enraged keepers of the bears and the author of the too serious frolic.

AN invention has been produced in Paris for set-

which seems to deserve attention. According to the account, the "compteur mécanique," or calculating machine, not only reckons the distance traversed, but indicates as well the exact sum of money due to the driver. "Two dials are fixed on the back of the driving-seat; one contains a clock, while on the other the distance travelled is indicated by a hand acted on by the wheels; it is entirely beyond the control either of cabby or his 'fare.' The apparatus is put in and out of gear by the lowering and raising of a lever bearing the word 'libre,' which is only visible when the cab is empty and the 'compteur' consequently unemployed. There is no danger of the driver omitting to lower this lever as soon as he is hired, it being evidently his interest to have the greatest possible distance paid for; while, on the other hand, it would be useless for him to try to make a fictitious fare by driving about with his 'compteur' in motion, for a card in the interior of the machine registers the distance traversed during the day, and the money to be accounted for to the cab owner. The great difficulty has hitherto been to find a means of marking the time spent in visits, shopping, blocks in the streets, &c., when the wheels and the telltale are necessarily at a standstill. M. Bruet, the inventor of the new register, has now overcome this difficulty by an ingenious contrivance, by means of which, as soon as the wheels cease to act on the indicator, the clock which forms part of the machine keeps the telltale hand moving at a rate which credits the driver with eight kilometres (about five miles) an hour, or 2 francs, according to the Paris tariff."

AN ingenious observation was made a short time since to the effect that until the invention of railroads mankind had made no real advance in locomotion since the days of the Pharaohs. The same thing, remarks the Pall Mall Gazette, may be said of the process of writing, which is carried on still in the same clumsy way that it was in the days of the scribe who heard all the words at the mouth of his master and "wrote them with ink in a book." Think seriously about it, and what can be more cumbrous or vexatious than our mode of writing? It involves the making of ink, the making of pens, the procuring of paper, and of blotting paper or pounce, the possession of a separate receptacle for the ink, the carrying of the pen over to dip it into the ink, the constant interruption of the flow of thought to replenish the flow of ink, the longer interruption at the end of each page to blot the writing or cover it with pounce. Then observe the varieties of torment that may be introduced into this already complex operation. The pen may be bad; the paper may be bad; the ink may be bad, — bad in color, or too thin or too thick, or may (like copying ink) have a vile smell, or (like copying ink again) may remain sticky and smeary for hours after it is written with. Each of these possibilities creates some fresh nuisance for the writer and interferes with his comfort, and therefore with the ease and effect of his composition. His pen leaves a pathway of blots on the table between the inkpot and the paper, or has to be shaken out by his side after each dip to the disadvantage of the carpet. If not, the writing suffers. Every *i* is surmounted by a round pond, and the tails of all *l's*, *g's*, and other caudate letters form little lakes of ink, to be dissipated into broad lagoons on the pressure of the blotting-paper. Then think of hairs in your pen of black smears on the side of

your finger, of pens digging into the paper, or gliding innocuously over greasy spots. In a word, the pen and ink are thoroughly antiquated, and fit for a place in the Kensington Museum, near the antiquated Italian coaches. Who will rise up and give us a pencil which shall do all the good that the pen and ink do, with none of their drawbacks?

MARSHAL NIEL, whose death France is now mourning, was born in 1802. He entered the Polytechnic in 1821, which he quitted with the grade of sub-lieutenant in 1823, to enter the Engineer and Artillery School of Application at Metz. Young Niel took part in the African campaign of 1836, and was present at the siege of Constantina. At the early age of forty-one he attained the rank of Colonel of Engineers, and in 1849 was intrusted with the command of that branch of the service during the expedition to Rome and the siege of that capital. Niel had the gratification of effecting a breach in the ancient walls of the city without injuring a single relic of its past glory. In acknowledgment of that eminent service, General Niel was commissioned to take the keys of Rome to the Pope, then at Gaëta. In 1854 a *corps d'armée* under Baraguay d'Hilliers was despatched to the Baltic, for the purpose of destroying the Russian fortresses on the island of Aland. Niel commanded the Engineers, and it was to his skill and scientific tactics that the fall of Bomarsund after a few days' siege is to be attributed. In the following year the Emperor commissioned his recently appointed aide-de-camp to start for Sebastopol. Niel, after an accurate survey, recognized that no siege had ever been undertaken under such unfavorable circumstances. Not only had the fortress, ammunition, stores, and defences accumulated during seventy years, but the guns belonging to the fleet were served by fifteen thousand sailors admirably trained to the service of the artillery. Niel decided on the investment of the place, pointed out the bastion Kornikoff as the key of the fortress, which bastion, since known as the Malakoff, has acquired historic renown. In 1857 General Niel was raised to the rank of senator, and was further honored by being designated to represent his sovereign at the marriage of Prince Napoleon with the young daughter of the future King of Italy. At Magenta, Niel took a prominent part in the honors of the day, and at Solferino it was due to his initiative that at a moment when the overwhelming numbers of the enemy appeared to menace the right wing of the French, by adopting a favorite movement of the first Emperor, he consolidated his forces on the centre of the Austrian army, and by this brilliant charge turned the wavering fortunes of the day, and carried off a decisive victory. On the field, Napoleon III. addressing Niel as *Maréchal de France*, promptly rewarded a service which he fully acknowledged in his despatch to the Empress published in the *Moniteur* of the following morning. From Toulouise, where Marshal Niel commanded the 6th Corps d'Armée, the emperor summoned him, in January, 1867, to his Cabinet as Minister of War, in order to carry out the vast scheme he had planned, of reorganizing the army and creating the *Garde Mobile*. It is due to his prodigious activity that the French army, supplied with a newly invented weapon, and doubled in number, has in the space of eighteen months been completely transformed, and now placed in a condition to meet the increased forces of its formidable neighbors and rival

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MRS. MERRIDEW'S FORTUNE.

I.

THERE are two houses in my neighborhood which illustrate so curiously two phases of life, that everybody on the Green, as well as myself, has been led into the habit of classing them together. The first reason of this of course is, that they stand together; the second, that they are as unlike in every way as it is possible to conceive. They are about the same size, with the same aspect, the same green circle of garden surrounding them; and yet as dissimilar as if they had been brought out of two different worlds. They are not on the Green, though they are undeniably a part of Dinglefield, but stand on the Mercot Road, a broad country road with a verdant border of turf and fine trees shadowing over the hedgerows. The Merridews live in the one, and in the other are Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella. The house of the two ladies is as perfect in all its arrangements as if it were a palace: a silent, soft, fragrant, dainty place, surrounded by lawns like velvet; full of flowers in perfect bloom, the finest kinds, succeeding each other as the seasons change. Even in autumn, when the winds are blowing, you never see a fallen leaf about, or the least symptom of untidiness. They have enough servants for everything that is wanted, and the servants are as perfect as the flowers, — noiseless maids and soft-voiced men. Everything goes like machinery, with an infallible regularity; but like machinery oiled and deadened, which emits no creak nor groan. This is one of the things upon which Mrs. Spencer specially prides herself. The two ladies of the house are not related; they are united only by that closest bond of friendship which often, in despite of all popular fallacies, binds two women. Mrs. Spencer is very well off; Lady Isabella not so rich. They never make any great demonstration of their attachment for each other, but are as sisters in their house. Yet, perhaps, not precisely as sisters; rather — if the reader will not laugh — like husband and wife.

And just across two green luxuriant hedges, over a lawn which is not like velvet, you come to the Merridews'. It is possible, if you passed it on a summer day, that, notwithstanding the amazing superiority of the other, you would pause longer, and be more amused with a glance into the enclosure of the latter house. The lawn is not the least like velvet; probably it has not been mown for three weeks at least, and the daisies are irrepressible. But there, tumbled down in the midst of it, are a bunch of little children in pinafores, — "all

the little ones," as Janet Merridew, the eldest daughter, expresses herself, with a certain soft exasperation. I would rather not undertake to number them or record their names, but there they are, a knot of rosy, round-limbed, bright-eyed, living things, some dark and some fair, with an amazing impartiality; but all chattering as best they can in nursery language, with rings of baby laughter, and baby quarrels, and musings of infinite solemnity. Once tumbled out here, where no harm can come to them, nobody takes any notice of the little ones. Nurse, sitting by serenely under a tree, works all the morning through, and there is so much going on indoors to occupy the rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Merridew, I need not add, had a large family, — so large that their house overflowed, and when the big boys were at home from school, was scarcely habitable. Janet, indeed, did not hesitate to express her sentiments very plainly on the subject. She was just sixteen, and a good child, but full of the restless longing for something, she did not know what, and visionary discontent with her surroundings, which is not uncommon at her age. She had a way of paying me visits, especially during the holidays, and speaking more frankly on domestic subjects than was at all expedient. She would come in, in summer, with a tap on the glass which always startled me, through the open window, and sink down on a sofa and utter a long sigh of relief. "O Mrs. Musgrave!" she would say, "what a good thing you never had any children": taking off, as she spoke, the large hat which it was one of her grievances to be compelled to wear.

"Is that because you have too many at home?" I said.

"O yes, far too many; fancy, ten! Why should poor papa be burdened with ten of us, and so little money to keep us all on? And then a house gets so untidy with so many about. Mamma does all she can, and I do all I can; but how is it possible to keep it in order? When I look across the hedges to Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella's, and see everything so nice and so neat, I could die of envy. And you are always so shady, and so cool, and so pleasant here."

"It is easy to be neat and nice when there is nobody to put things out of order," said I; "but when you are as old as I am, Janet, you will get to think that one may buy one's neatness too dear."

"O, I delight in it!" cried the girl. "I should like to have everything nice, like you; all the books and papers just where one wants them, and

paper-knives on every table, and ink in the ink-bottles, and so dust anywhere. You are not so dreadfully particular as Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella. I think I should like to see some litter on the carpet or on the lawn now and then for a change. But O, if you could only see our house! And then our things are so shabby: the drawing-room carpet is all faded with the sun, and mamma will never have the blinds properly pulled down. And Selina, the housemaid, has so much to do. When I scold her, mamma always stops me, and bids me recollect we can't be as nice as you other people, were we to try ever so much. There is so much to do in our house. And then those dreadful big boys!"

"My dear," said I, "ring the bell, and we will have some tea; and you can tell Jane to bring you some of that strawberry jam you are so fond of—and forget the boys—"

"As if one could," said Janet, "when they are all over the place,—into one's very room, if one did not mind; their boots always either dusty or muddy, and O, the noise they make! Mamma won't make them dress in the evenings, as I am sure she should. How are they ever to learn to behave like Christians, Mrs. Musgrave, if they are not obliged to dress and come into the drawing-room at night?"

"I dare say they would run out again and spoil their evening clothes, my dear," I said.

"That is just what mamma says," cried Janet; "but is n't it dreadful to have always to consider everything like that? Poor mamma, too,—often I am quite angry, and then I think—perhaps she would like a house like Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella's as well as I should, if we had money enough. I suppose in a nice big house with heaps of maids and heaps of money, and everything kept tidy for you, one would not mind even the big boys."

"I think under those circumstances most people would be glad to have them," said I.

"I don't understand how anybody can like boys," said Janet, with reflective yet contemptuous emphasis. "A baby-boy is different. When they are just the age of little Harry, I adore them; but these great long-legged creatures, in their big boots! And yet, when they're nicely dressed in their evening things," she went on, suddenly changing her tone, "and with a flower in their coats,—Jack has actually got an evening-coat, Mrs. Musgrave, he is so tall for his age,—they look quite nice; they look such gentlemen," Janet concluded, with a little sisterly enthusiasm. "O, how dreadful it is to be so poor!"

"I am sure you are very fond of them all the same," said I, "and would break your heart if anything should happen to them."

"O, well, of course, now they are there one would not wish anything to happen," said Janet. "What did you say I was to tell Jane, Mrs. Musgrave, about the tea? There now! Selina has never the time to be as nice as that,—and Richards, you know, our man—Don't you think, really, it would be better to have a nice clean parlor-maid than a man that looks like a cobbler? Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella are always going on about servants,—that you should send them away directly when they do anything wrong. But, you know, it makes a great difference having a separate servant for everything. Mamma always says, 'They are good to the children, Janet,' or, 'They are so useful, and don't mind what they do.' We

put up with Selina because, though she's not a good housemaid, she is quite willing to help in the nursery; and we put up with nurse because she gets through so much sewing; and even the cook—O dear, dear! it is so disagreeable. I wish I was—anybody but myself."

Just at this moment my maid ushered in Mrs. Merridew, hastily attired in a hat she wore in the garden, and a light shawl wrapped round her. There was an anxious look in her face, which indeed was not very unusual there. She was a little flushed, either by walking in the sunshine or by something on her mind.

"You here, Janet," she said, when she had shaken hands with me, "when you promised me to practise an hour after luncheon? Go, my dear, and do it now."

"It is so hot. I never can play in the middle of the day; and O mamma, please, it is so pleasant here," pleaded Janet, nestling herself close into the corner of the sofa.

"Let her stay till we have had some tea," I said. "I know she likes my strawberry jam."

Mrs. Merridew consented, but with a sigh; and then it was that I saw clearly she must have something on her mind. She did not smile, as usual, with the indulgent mother's smile, half disapproving yet unwilling to thwart the child. On the contrary, there was a little constraint in her air as she sat down, and Janet's enjoyment of the jam vexed her, and brought a little wrinkle to her brow. "One would think you had not eaten anything all day," she said, with a vexed tone, and evidently was impatient of her daughter's presence, and wished her away.

"Nothing so nice as this," said Janet, with the frank satisfaction of her age; and she went on eating her bread and jam quite composedly, until Mrs. Merridew's patience was exhausted.

"I cannot have you stay any longer," she said, at length. "Go and practise now, while there is no one in the house—"

"O mamma!" said Janet, beginning to expostulate; but was stopped short by a look in her mother's eye. Then she gathered herself up reluctantly, and left the paradise of my little tea-table with the jam. She went out pouting, trailing her great hat after her; and had to be stopped as she stepped into the blazing sunshine, and commanded to put it on. "It is only a step," said the provoking girl, pouting more and more. And poor Mrs. Merridew looked so worried, and heated and uncomfortable, as she went out and said a few energetic words to her naughty child. Poor soul! Ten different wills to manage and keep in subjection to her own, besides all the other cares she had upon her shoulders. And that big girl who should have been a help to her, standing pouting and disobedient between the piano she did not care for, and the jam she loved.—Sometimes such a little altercation gives one a glimpse into an entire life.

"She is such a child," Mrs. Merridew said, coming in with an apologetic, anxious smile on her face. She had been fretted and vexed, and yet she would not show it to lessen my opinion of her girl. Then she sank down wearily into that corner of the sofa from which Janet had been so unwillingly expelled. "The truth is, I wanted to speak to you," she said, "and could not when she was here. Poor Janet! I am afraid I was cross, but I could not help it. Something has occurred to-day which has put me out."

"I hope it is something I can help you in," I said.

"That is why I have come: you are always so kind; but it is a strange thing I am going to ask you this time," she said, with a wistful glance at me. "I want to go to town for a day on business of my own; and I want it to be supposed that it is business of yours."

The fact was, it did startle me for the moment, — and then I reflected like lightning, so quick was the process (I say this that nobody may think my first feeling hard), what kind of woman she was, and how impossible that she should want to do anything that one need be ashamed of. "That is very simple," I said.

Then she rose hastily and came up to me and gave me a sudden kiss, though she was not a demonstrative woman. "You are always so understanding," she said, with the tears in her eyes; and thus I was committed to stand by her, whatever her difficulty might be.

"But you shan't do it in the dark," she went on; "I am going to tell you all about it. I don't want Mr. Merridew to know, and in our house it is quite impossible to keep anything secret. He is on circuit now; but he would hear of 'the day mamma went to town' before he had been five minutes in the house. And so I want you to go with me, you dear soul, and to let me say I went with you."

"That is quite simple," I said again; but I did feel that I should like to know what the object of the expedition was.

"It is a long story," she said, "and I must go back and tell you ever so much about myself before you will understand. I have had the most dreadful temptation put before me to-day. O, such a temptation! Resisting it is like tearing one's heart in two; and yet I know I ought to resist. Think of our large family, and poor Charles's many disappointments, and then, dear Mrs. Musgrave, read that."

It was a letter written on a large square sheet of thin paper which she thrust into my hand: one of those letters one knows a mile off, and recognizes as lawyers' letters, painful or pleasant, as the case may be; but more painful than pleasant generally. I read it, and you may judge of my astonishment to find that it ran thus: —

"DEAR MADAM, — We have the pleasure to inform you that our late client, Mr. John Babington, deceased on the 10th of May last, has appointed you by his will his residuary legatee. After all his special bequests are paid, including an annuity of a hundred a year to his mother, with remainder to Miss Babington, his only surviving sister, there will remain a sum of about £10,000, at present excellently invested on landed security, and bearing interest at four and a half per cent. By Mr. Babington's desire, precautions have been taken to bind it strictly to your separate use, so that you may dispose of it by will or otherwise, according to your pleasure, for which purpose we have accepted the office of your trustees, and will be happy to enter fully into the subject, and put you in possession of the legacy, as soon as you can favor us with a private interview.

"We are, Madam, your obedient servants,
"FOGEY, FEATHERHEAD, & DOWN."

"A temptation!" I cried; "but, my dear, it is a fortune; and it is delightful: it will make you quite

comfortable. Why, it will be nearly five hundred a year."

I feel always safe in the way of calculating interest when it is anything approaching five per cent; five per cent is so easily counted, and of course four and a half cannot be much different: it took away my breath.

But Mrs. Merridew shook her head. "It looks so at the first glance," she said; "but when you hear my story you will think differently." And then she made a little uncomfortable pause. "I don't know whether you ever guessed it," she added, looking down and doubling a new hem upon her handkerchief, "but I was not Charles's equal when we married: perhaps you may have heard —?"

Of course I had heard: but the expression of her countenance was such that I put on a look of great amazement, and pretended to be much astonished, which I could see was a comfort to her mind.

"I am glad of that," she said, "for you know, — I could not speak so plainly to you if I did not feel that, though you are so quiet now, you must have seen a great deal of the world, — you know what a man is. He may be capable of marrying you, if he loves you, whatever your condition is, — but afterwards he does not like people to know. I don't mean I was his inferior in education, or anything of that sort," she added, looking up at me with a sudden uneasy blush.

"You need not tell me that," I said; and then another uneasiness took possession of her, lest I should think less highly than was right of her husband.

"Poor Charles!" she said; "it is scarcely fair to judge him as he is now. We have had so many cares and disappointments, and he has had to deny himself so many things, — and you may say, Here is his wife, whom he has been so good to, plotting to take away from him what might give him a little ease. But, O dear Mrs. Musgrave, you must hear before you judge!"

"I do not judge," I said; "I am sure you must have some very good reason; tell me what it is."

Then she paused, and gave a long sigh. She must have been about forty, I think, a comely, simple woman, not in any way a heroine of romance; and yet she was as interesting to me as if she had been only half the age, and deep in some pretty crisis of romantic distress. I don't object to the love-stories either: but middle age has its romances too.

"When I was a girl," said Mrs. Merridew, "I went to the Babingtons as Ellen's governess. She was about fifteen and I was not more than twenty, and I believe people thought me pretty. You will laugh at me, but I declare I have always been so busy all my life, that I have never had any time to think whether it was true; but one thing I know, that I was a very good governess. I often wish," she added, pausing, with a half-comic look amid her trouble, "that I could find as good a governess as I was, for the girls. There was one brother, John, and one other sister, Matilda; and Mr. Merridew was one of the visitors at the house, and was supposed to be paying her attention. I never could see it, for my part, and Charles declares he never had any such idea; but they thought so, I know. It is quite a long story. John had just come home from the University, and was pretending to read for the bar, and was always about the house; and the end was that he fell in love with me —"

"Of course," said I.

"I don't know that it was of course. I was so

very shy, and dreaded the sound of my own voice; but he used to come after us everywhere by way of talking to Ellen, and so got to know me. Poor John! he was the nicest, faithful fellow, — the sort of man one would trust anything to, and believe in, and respect, and be fond of, — but not love. Of course Charles was there too. It went on for about a year, such a curious, confused, pleasant, painful — I cannot describe it to you, — but you know what I mean. The Babingtons had always been kind to me; of course they were angry when they found out about John, but then when they knew I would not marry him, they were kinder than ever, and said I had behaved so very well about it. I was a very lonely poor girl; my mother was dead, and I had nowhere to go; and instead of sending me away, Mrs. Babington sent *him* away, — her own son, which was very good of her, you know. To be sure I was a good governess, and they never suspected Charles of coming for me, nor did I. Suddenly, all at once, without the least warning, he found me by myself one day, and told me. I was a little shocked, thinking of Matilda Babington; but then he declared he had meant nothing. And so — When the Babingtons heard of it, they were all furious; even Ellen, my pupil, turned against me. They sent me away as if I had done something wicked. It was very, very hard upon me; but yet I scarcely wonder, now, I think of it. That was why we married so early and so imprudently. Mrs. Musgrave, I dare say you have often wondered why it was?"

I had to put on such looks of wonder and satisfied curiosity as I could; for the truth was, I had known the outlines of the story for years, just as every one knows the outlines of every one else's story; especially such parts of it as people might like to be concealed. I cannot understand how anybody, at least in society, or on the verge of society, can for a moment hope to have any secrets. Charles Merridew was a cousin of Mr. Justice Merridew, and very well connected, and of course it was known that he married a governess; which was one reason why people were so shy of them at first when they came to the Green.

"I begin to perceive now why this letter should be a temptation to you," I said; "you think Mr. Merridew would not like —"

"O, it is not that," she said. "Poor Charles! I don't think he would mind. The world is so hard, and one makes so little head against it. No, it is because of Mrs. Babington. I heard she lost all her money some years ago, and was dependent on her son. And what can she do on a hundred a year? A hundred a year! Only think of it, for an old lady always accustomed to have her own way. It is horribly unjust, you know, to take it from her, his mother, who was always so good to him; and to give it to me, whom he has not seen for nearly twenty years, and who gave him a sore heart when he did know me. I could not take advantage of it. It is a great temptation, but it would be a great sin. And that is why," she added, with a sudden flush on her face, looking at me, "I should rather — manage it myself — under cover of you, — and — not let Charles know."

She looked at me, and held me with her eye, demanding of me that I should understand her, and yet defying me to think any the worse of Charles. She was afraid of her husband, — afraid that he would clutch at the money without any considera-

decision. She would have me understand her without words, and yet she would not have me blame Mr. Merridew. She insisted on the one and defied me to the other: an inconsistent, unreasonable woman! But I did my best to look as if I saw, and yet did not see.

"Then you want to see the lawyers?" I said.

"I want to see Mrs. Babington," was her answer. "I must go to them and explain. They are proud people, and probably would resist, — or they may be otherwise provided for. If that was the case I should not hesitate to take it. O Mrs. Musgrave, when I look at all the children, and Janet there murmuring and grumbling, don't you think it wrings my heart to put away this chance of comfort? And poor Charles working himself out. But it could not bring a blessing. It would bring a curse; I cannot take the bread out of the mouth of the old woman who was good to me, even to put it into that of my own child."

And here two tears fell out of Mrs. Merridew's eyes. At her age people do not weep abundantly. She gave a little start as they fell, and brushed them off her dress, with, I don't doubt, a sensation of shame. She to cry like a baby, who had so much to do! She left me shortly after, with an engagement to meet at the station for the twelve-o'clock train next day. I was going to town on business, and had asked her to go with me, — this was what was to be said to all the world. I explained myself elaborately that very evening to Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella, when I met them taking their walk after dinner.

"Mrs. Merridew is so kind as to go with me," I said; "she knows so much more about business than I do." And I made up my mind that I would go to the Bank and leave my book to be made up, that it might not be quite untrue.

"Fancy Mrs. Musgrave having any business!" said Lady Isabella. "Why don't you write to some man, and make him do it, instead of all the trouble of going to town?"

"But Mrs. Merridew is going with me, my dear," I said; and nobody doubted that the barrister's wife, with so much experience as she had, and so many things to do, would be an efficient help to me in my little affairs.

II.

The house we went to was a house in St. John's Wood. Everybody knows the kind of place. A garden wall, with lilacs and laburnums, all out of blossom by this time, and beginning to look brown and dusty, waving over it; inside, a little bright suburban garden, full of scarlet geraniums, divided by a white line of pavement, dazzlingly clean, from the door in the wall to the door of the house; and a stand full of more scarlet geraniums in the little square hall. Mrs. Merridew became very much agitated as we approached. It was all that I could do to keep her up when we had rung the bell at the door. I think she would have turned and gone back even then had it been possible, but, fortunately, we were admitted without delay.

We were shown into a pretty shady drawing-room, full of old furniture, which looked like the remnants of something greater, and at which she gazed with eyes of almost wild recognition, unconsciously pressing my arm, which she still held. Everything surrounding her woke afresh the tumult of recollections. She was not able to speak when the

them simply, and had already named my own, when she pressed my arm closer to her, and interposed all at once,—

"Say two ladies from the country anxious to speak with her about business. She might not—know—our names."

"Is it business about the house, ma'am?" said the maid, with some eagerness.

"Yes, yes; it is about the house," said Mrs. Merridew, hastily. And then the door closed, and we sat waiting, listening to the soft subdued sounds in the quiet house, and the rustle of the leaves in the garden. "She must be going to let it," my companion said, hoarsely; and then rose from the chair on which she had placed herself, and began to move about the room with agitation, looking at everything, touching the things with her hands, with now and then a stifled exclamation. "There is where we used to sit, Ellen and I," she said, standing by a sofa, before which a small table was placed, "when there was company in the evenings. And there Matilda,—O, what ghosts there are about! Matilda is married, thank Heaven! but if Ellen comes, I shall never be able to face her. O Mrs. Musgrave, if you would but speak for me!"

At this moment the door was opened. Mrs. Merridew shrank back instinctively, and sat down, resting her hand on the table she had just pointed out to me. The new-comer was a tall, full figure, in deep mourning, a handsome woman of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, with bright hair, which looked all the brighter from comparison with the black depths of her dress, and a colorless, clear complexion. All the color about her was in her hair. Though she had no appearance of unhealthiness, her very lips were pale, and she came in with a noiseless, quiet dignity, and the air of one who felt she had pain to encounter, yet felt able to bear it.

"Pardon me for keeping you waiting," she said; and then, with a somewhat startled glance, "I understood you wanted to see—the house."

My companion was trembling violently; and I cleared my throat and tried to clear up my ideas (which was less easy) to say something in reply. But before I had stammered out half a dozen words Mrs. Merridew rose, and made one or two unsteady steps towards the stranger.

"Ellen," she cried, "don't you know me?" and stopped there, standing in the centre of the room, holding out appealing hands.

Miss Babington's face changed in the strangest way. I could see that she recognized her in a moment, and then that she pretended to herself not to recognize her. There was the first startled, vivid, indignant glance, and then a voluntary mist came over her eyes. She gazed at the agitated woman with an obstinately blank gaze, and then turned to me with a little bow.

"Your friend has the advantage of me," she said; "but you were saying something. I should be glad, if that was what you wanted, to show you over the house."

It would be hard to imagine a more difficult position than that in which I found myself; seated between two people who were thus strangely connected with each other by bonds of mutual injury, and appealed to for something meaningless and tranquillizing, to make the intercourse possible. I did the best I could on the spur of the moment.

"It is not so much the house," I said, "though if you wish to let it, I have a friend who is looking

for a house; but I think there was some other business Mrs. Merridew had; something to say—"

"Mrs. Merridew!" said Miss Babington, suffering the light once more to come into her eyes; and then she gave her an indignant look. "I think this might have been spared us at least."

"Ellen," said Mrs. Merridew, speaking very low and humbly,—"Ellen, I have never done anything to you to make you so hard against me. If I injured your sister, it was unwittingly. She is better off than I am now. You were once fond of me, as I was of you. Why should you have turned so completely against me? I have come in desperation to ask a hearing from you, and from your mother, Ellen. God knows I mean nothing but good. And O, what have I ever done?—What harm?"

Miss Babington had seated herself, still preserving her air of dignity, but without an invitation by look or gesture to her visitor to be seated; and in the silent room, all so dainty and so sweet with flowers, with the old furniture in it, which reminded her of the past, the culprit of twenty years ago stood pleading between one of those whom she was supposed to have wronged and myself, a most ignorant and uneasy spectator. Twenty years ago! In the mean time youth had passed, and the hard burdens of middle age had come doubled and manifold upon her shoulders. Had she had done nothing in the mean time that would tell more heavily against her than that girlish inadvertence of the past? Yet here she stood—not knowing, I believe, for the moment, whether she was the young governess in her first trouble, or the mother of all those children, acquainted with troubles so much more bitter—among the ghosts of the past.

"I would much rather not discuss the question," said Miss Babington, still seated, and struggling hard to preserve her calm. "All the grief and vexation we have owed to you in this house cannot be summed up in a moment. The only policy, I think, is to be silent. Your very presence here is an offence to us. What else could it be?"

"I should never have come," said Mrs. Merridew, moved by a natural prick of resentment, "but for what I have just heard—I should never have returned to ask for pardon where I had done no wrong,—had it not been for this,—this, that I feel to be unjust. Your poor brother John—"

"Stop!" cried the other, her reserve failing. "Stop, O, stop, you cruel woman! He was nothing to you but a toy to be played with,—but he was my brother, my only brother; and you have made him an undutiful son in his very grave."

The tears were in her eyes, her colorless face had flushed, her soft voice was raised; and Mrs. Merridew, still standing, listened to her with looks as agitated—when all at once the door was again opened softly. The aspect of affairs changed in a moment. To my utter amazement, Mrs. Merridew, who was standing with her face to the door, made a quick, imperative, familiar gesture to her antagonist, and looked towards an easy-chair which stood near the open window. Miss Babington rose quickly to her feet, and composed herself into a sudden appearance of calm.

"Mamma," she said, going forward to meet the old lady, who came slowly in, "here are some ladies come upon business. This is—Mrs. Merridew." She said the name very low, as Mrs. Babington made her way to her chair, and Mrs. Merridew sank trembling into her seat, unable, I think, to bear up longer. The old lady seated herself be-

fore she spoke. She was a little old woman, with a pretty softly colored old face, and had the air of having been petted and cared for all her life. The sudden change of her daughter's manner; the accumulation of every kind of convenience and prettiness, as I now remarked, round that chair; the careful way in which it had been placed out of the sun and the draught, yet in the air and in the sight of the garden, told a whole history of themselves. And now Mrs. Merridew's passionate sense that the alienation of the son's fortune from the mother was a thing impossible was made clear to me at once.

"Whom did you say, Ellen?" said the old lady, when she was comfortably settled in her chair. "Mrs. —? I never catch names. I hope you have explained to the ladies that I am rather infirm, and can't stand. What did you say was your friend's name, my dear?"

Her friend's name! Ellen Babington's face lightened all over as with a pale light of indignation.

"I said — Mrs. Merridew," she repeated, with a little emphasis on the name. Then there was a pause; and the culprit who was at the bar trembled visibly, and hid her face in her hands.

"Mrs. Merridew! Do you mean — Turn me round, Ellen, and let me look at her," said the old lady, with a curious catching of her breath.

It was a change which could not be done in a moment. While the daughter turned the mother's chair, poor Mrs. Merridew must have gone through the torture of an age; her hands trembled in which she had hidden herself. But as the chair creaked and turned slowly round, and all was silent again, she raised her white face, and uncovered herself, as it were, to meet the inquisitor's eye. It might have been a different woman, so changed was she; her eyes withdrawn into caves, the lines of her mouth drawn down, two hollows clearly marked in her cheeks, and every particle of her usual color gone. She looked up appalled and overcome, confronting, but not meeting, the keen critical look which old Mrs. Babington fixed upon her; and then there was again a pause; and the leaves fluttered outside, and the white curtains within, and a gay child's voice, passing in the road without, suddenly fell among us like a bird.

"Ah!" said the old lady, "that creature! Do you mean to tell me, Ellen, that she has had the assurance to come here? Now look at her and tell me what a man's sense is worth. That woman's face turned my poor boy's head, and drove Charles Merridew out of his wits. Only look at her; is there anything there to turn anybody's head now? She has lost her figure too; but to be sure that is not so wonderful, for she is forty if she is a day. But there are you, my dear, as straight as a rush, and your sister Matilda as well. So that is Janet Singleton, our governess; I wonder what Charles thinks of his bargain now? I never saw a woman so gone off. O Ellen, Ellen, why didn't she come and show herself, such a figure as she is, before my poor dear boy was taken from us? My poor boy! And to think he should have gone to his grave in a delusion about such a creature! Ellen, I would rather now that you sent her away."

"O mamma, don't speak like this," cried Ellen, red with shame and distress; "what is about her figure? if that were all! — but she is going away."

"Yes, yea, send her away," said the old lady. "You liked her once, but I don't suppose even you can think there could be any intercourse now. My

son left all his money to her," she added, turning to me, — "past his mother and his sister. You will admit that was a strange thing to do. I don't know who the other lady is, Ellen, but I conclude she is a friend of yours. He left everything past us, everything but some poor pittance. Perhaps you may know some one who wants a house in this neighborhood? It is a very nice little house, and much better furnished than most. I should be very glad to let it, now that I can't afford to occupy it myself, by the year."

"Mamma, the other lady is with Mrs. Merridew," said Ellen; "I do not know her —" and she cast a glance at me, almost appealing to my pity. I rose up, not knowing what to do.

"Perhaps, my dear," I said, I confess with timidity, "we had better go away."

"Unless you will stay to luncheon," said the old lady. "But I forgot, — I don't want to look at that woman any more, Ellen. She has done us enough of harm to satisfy any one. Turn me round again to my usual place, and send her away."

Mrs. Merridew had risen to her feet, too. She had regained her senses after the first frightful shock. She was still ghastly pale, but she was herself. She went up firmly and swiftly to the old lady, put Ellen aside by a movement which she was unconscious of in her agitation, and replaced the chair in its former place with the air of one to whom such an office was habitual. "You used to say I always did it best," she said. "O, is it possible you can have forgotten everything! Did not I give him up when you asked me, and do you think I will take his money now? O, never, never! It ought to be yours, and it shall be. O, take it back, and forgive me, and say, 'God bless you' once again."

"Eh, what was that you said? Ellen, what does she say?" said the old woman. "I have always heard the Merridews were very poor. Poor John's fortune will be a godsend to them. Go away! I suppose you mean to mock me after all the rest you have done. I don't understand what you say."

Yet she looked up with a certain eagerness on her pretty old face, — a certain sharp look of greed and longing came into the blue eyes, which retained their color as pure as that of youth. Her daughter towered above her, pale with emotion, but still indignant, yielding not a jot.

"Mamma, pay no attention," she said; "Mrs. Merridew may pity us, but what is that? surely we can take back nothing from her hands."

"Pity! I don't see how Janet Merridew can pity me. But I should like," Mrs. Babington went on, with a little tremble of eagerness, "to know at least what she means."

"This is what I mean," said Mrs. Merridew, sinking on her knees by the old lady's chair: "that I will not take your money. It is your money. We are poor, as you say; but we can struggle on as we have done for twenty years; and poor John's money is yours, and not mine. It is not mine. I will not take it. It must have been some mistake. If he had known what he was doing he never would have left it to any one but you."

"So I think myself," said the old lady, musing, and then was silent, taking no notice of any one, — looking into the air.

"Mamma," said Ellen, behind her chair, "I can work for you, and Matilda will help us. It cannot be. It may be kind of — her — but it cannot, cannot be. Are we to take charity; to live on charity? Mamma, she has no right to disturb you —"

"She is not disturbing me, my dear," said the old lady; "on the contrary. Whatever I might think of her, she used to be a girl of sense. And Matilda always carried things with a very high hand, and I never was fond of her husband. But I am very fond of my house," she added, after a pause; "it is such a nice house, Ellen. I think I should die if we were to leave it. I shall die very soon, most likely, and be a burden on nobody; but still, Ellen, if she meant it, you know —"

"Mamma, what does it matter what she means? You never can think of accepting charity. It will break my heart."

"That is all very well to say," said Mrs. Babington. "But I have lived a great deal longer than you have done, my dear, and I know that hearts are not broken so easily. It would break my heart to leave my nice house. Janet, come here, and look me in the face. I don't think you were true to us in the old times. Matilda did carry things with a very high hand. I told her so at the time, and I have often told her so since; but I don't think you were true to us, all the same."

"I did not know—I did not mean—" faltered Mrs. Merridew, leaning her head on the arm of the old lady's chair.

It was clear to me that the story had two sides, and that my friend was perhaps not so innocent as she had made herself out to be. But there was something very pitiful in the comparison between the passion of anxiety in her half-hidden face, and the calm of the old woman who was thus deciding on her fate.

"My dear, I am afraid you knew," said Mrs. Babington. "You accepted my poor boy, and then, when I spoke to you, you gave him up, and took Charles Merridew instead. If I had not interfered, perhaps it would have been better; though, to be sure, I don't know what we should have done with a heap of children. And as for poor John's money, you know you have no more real right to it, no more than that other lady, who never saw him in her life."

"She has the best possible right to it, mamma,—he left it to her," said Ellen, anxiously, over her shoulder. "O, why did you come here to vex us, when we were not interfering with you? I beg of you not to trouble my mother any more, but go away."

Then there was a moment of hesitation. Mrs. Merridew rose slowly from her knees. She turned round to me, not looking me in the face. She said, in a hoarse voice, "Let us go," and made a step towards the door. She was shaking as if she had had a fever; but she was glad. Was that possible? She had delivered her conscience,—and now might not she go and keep the money which would make her children happy? But she could not look me in the face. She moved as slowly as a funeral. And yet she would have flown, if she could, to get safely away.

"Janet, my dear," said the old lady, "come back, and let us end our talk."

Mrs. Merridew stopped short, with a start, as if a shot had arrested her. This time she looked me full in the face. Her momentary hope was over, and now she felt for the first time the poignancy of the sacrifice which it had been her own will to make.

"Come back, Janet," said Mrs. Babington. "As you say, it is not your money. Nothing could make it your money. You were always right-feel-

ing when you were not aggravated. I am much obliged to you, my dear. Come and sit down here, and tell me all about yourself. Now poor John is dead," she went on, falling suddenly into soft weeping, like a child, "we ought to be friends. To think he should die before me, and I should be heir to my own boy,—is n't it sad? And such a fine young fellow as he was! You remember when he came back from the University? What a nice color he had! And always so straight and slim, like a rush. All my children have a good carriage. You have lost your figure, Janet; and you used to have a nice little figure. When a girl is so round and plump, she is apt to get stout as she gets older. Look at Ellen, how nice she is. But then, to be sure, children make a difference. Sit down by me here, and tell me how many you have. And, Ellen, send word to the house-agent, and tell him we don't want now to let the house; and tell Parker to get luncheon ready a little earlier. You must want something if you have come from the country. Where are you living now? and how is Charles Merridew? Dear, dear, to think I should not have seen either of you for nearly twenty years!"

"But, mamma, surely, surely," cried Ellen Babington, "you don't think things can be settled like this?"

"Don't speak nonsense, Ellen; everything is settled," said the old lady. "You know I always had the greatest confidence in Janet's good sense. Now, my dear, hold your tongue. A girl like you has no right to meddle. I always manage my own business. Go and look after luncheon,—that is your affair."

I do not remember ever to have seen a more curious group in my life. There was the old lady in the centre, quite calm, and sweet, and pleasant. A tear was still lingering on her eyelash; but it represented nothing more than a child's transitory grief, and underneath there was nothing but smiles, and satisfaction, and content. She looked so pretty, so pleased, so glad to find that her comforts were not to be impaired, and yet took it all so lightly, as a matter of course, as completely unconscious of the struggle going on in the mind of her benefactress as if she had been a creature from a different world. As for Mrs. Merridew, she stood speechless, choked by feelings that were too bitter and conflicting for words. I am sure that all the advantages this money could have procured for her children were surging up before her as she stood and listened. She held her hands helplessly half stretched out, as if something had been taken out of them. Her eyes were blank with thinking, seeing nothing that we saw, but a whole world of the invisible. Her breast heaved with a breath half drawn, which seemed suspended half-way, as if dismay and disappointment hindered its completion. It was all over then,—her sacrifice made and accepted, and no more about it; and herself sent back to the monotonous struggle of life. On the other side of the pretty old lady stood Ellen Babington, pale and miserable, struggling with shame and pride, casting sudden glances at Mrs. Merridew, and then appealing looks at me, who had nothing to do with it.

"Tell her, O, tell her it can't be!" she cried at last, coming to me. "Tell her the lawyers will not permit it. It cannot be."

And Merridew, too, gave me one pitiful look,—not repenting, but yet— Then she went forward and laid her hand upon the old lady's hand, which

was like ivory, with all the veins delicately carved upon it.

"Say, God bless us, at least. Say, 'God bless you and your children,' once before I go."

"To be sure," said the old lady, cheerfully. "God bless you, my dear, and all the children. Matilda has no children, you know. I should like to see them, if you think it would not be too much for me. But you are not going, Janet, when it is the first time we have met for nearly twenty years?"

"I must go," said Mrs. Merridew.

She could not trust herself to speak, I could see. She put down her face and kissed the ivory hand, and then she turned and went past me to the door, without another word. I think she had forgotten my very existence. When she had reached the door she turned round suddenly, and fixed her eyes upon Ellen. She was going away, having given them back their living, without so much acknowledgment as if she had brought a nosegay. There was in her look a mute remonstrance and appeal and protest. Ellen Babington trembled all over; her lips quivered as if with words which pride or pain would not permit her to say; but she held with both hands immovable, to the back of her mother's chair, who, for her part, was kissing her hand to the departing visitor. "Good by; come and see us soon," the old lady was saying cheerfully. And Ellen gazed, and trembled, and said nothing. Thus this strangest of visits came to an end.

She had forgotten me, as I thought; but when I came to her side and put my arm within her reach, she clutched at it and tottered so that it was all I could do to support her. I was very thankful to get her into the cab, for I thought she would have fainted on the way. But yet she roused herself when I told the man to drive back to the station.

"We must go to the lawyers first," she said; and then we turned and drove through the busy London streets, towards the City. The clerks looked nearly baked in the office when we reached it, and the crowd crowded on, indiscriminate and monotonous. One feels one has no right to go to such a place and take any of the air away, of which they have so little. And to think of the sweet air blowing over our lawns and lanes, and all the unoccupied, silent, shady places we had left behind us! Such vain thoughts were not in Mrs. Merridew's head. She was turning over and over instead a very different kind of vision. She was counting up all she had sacrificed, and how little she had got by it, and yet was going to complete the sacrifice, unmoved even by her thoughts.

I confess I was surprised at the tone she took with the lawyer. She said "Mr. Merridew and myself" with a composure which made me, who knew Mr. Merridew had no hand in it, absolutely speechless. The lawyer remonstrated as he was in duty bound, and spoke about his client's will; but Mrs. Merridew made very little account of the will. She quoted her husband with a confidence so assured that even I, though I knew better, began to be persuaded that she had communicated with him. And thus the business was finally settled. She had recovered herself by the time we got into the cab again. It is true that her face was worn and livid with the exertions of the day, but still, pale and weary as she was, she was herself.

"But, my dear," I said, "you quoted Mr. Merri-

dew, as if he knew all about it; and what if he should not approve?"

"You must not think I have no confidence in my husband," she said, quickly: "far from that. Perhaps he would not see as I do now. He would think of our own wants first. But if it comes to his ears afterwards, Charles is not the man to disown his wife's actions. O no, no; we have gone through a great deal together, and he would no more bring shame upon me, as if I acted when I had no right to act — than — I would bring shame upon him; and I think that is as much as could be said."

And then we made our way back to the station; but she said nothing more till we got into the railway-carriage, which was not quite so noisy as our cab.

"It would have been such a thing for us," she said then, half to herself. "Poor Charles! O, if I could but have said to him, 'Don't be so anxious; here is so much a year for the children.' And Jack should have gone to the university. And there would have been Will's premium at once" (i. e. to Mr. Willoughby, the engineer). "The only thing that I am glad of is that they don't know. And then Janet; she breaks my heart when she talks. It is so bad for her, knowing the Fortises and all those girls who have everything that heart can desire. I never had that to worry me when I was young. I was only the governess. Janet's talk will be the worst of all. I could have made the house so nice too, and everything. Well! — but then I never should have had a moment's peace."

"You don't regret?" I said.

"No," said Mrs. Merridew, with a long sigh. And then, "Do you think I have been a traitor to the children?" she cried suddenly, "taking away their money from them in the dark? Would Charles think me a traitor, as *they* do? Is it always to be my part? — always to be my part?"

"No, no," I said, soothing her as best I could; but I was very glad to find my pony-carriage at the station, and to drive her home to my house and give her some tea, and strengthen her for her duties. Thus poor John Babington's fortune was disposed of, and no one was the wiser, except, indeed, the old lady and her daughter, who were not likely to talk much on the subject. And Mrs. Merridew walked calmly across to her house in the dusk as if this strange episode of agitation and passion had been nothing more solid than a dream.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.*

BY MISS YONGE.

(Third Paper.)

CLASS LITERATURE OF THE LAST THIRTY YEARS.

JUST as the "Tracts for the Times" were moving the thinking world, there appeared a little book called "The Fairy Bower," ostensibly a mere child's story, but written with a peculiar suggestiveness of portraiture that rendered it a somewhat puzzling study to heads of families. The plot is briefly this: Grace Leslie, the only child of a widowed mother, is, at ten years old, taken to spend a month among a gay family named Ward, who have a large number of exceedingly strict and precise cousins called Duff. Grace chafes, in conversation about an intended Christmas party with Mary Anne Duff,

* See EVERY SATURDAY, Nos. 187, 191.

to suggest decorating a little ante-room with paper flowers, and calling it a Fairy Bower; and this idea is taken up by Mary Anne, and announced as her own. The plan turns out a success: the grown people admire it extremely, and the inventor is called for and crowned Queen of the Fairy Bower; Grace, in consternation, and half incredulity of her companion's baseness, holding back while Mary Anne, in a sort of dull complacency, accepts the triumph. Suspicion that all is not right arises, but lights upon the innocent Grace, and finally the whole is cleared up by her godfather, a sort of original, who comes out with downright truths in the Johnsonian style. He forces a confession from Mary Anne, and rectifies the injustice. This is the plot, weak chiefly in the unnatural importance which this childish affair obtains in the neighborhood, but quite enough for the unfolding of much remarkable thought and character, with the more curious cleverness, because, with the exception of a few conversations among the elders, the whole is treated from among the children. The book does not, like most of those for the young, work out a proposition; it rather states a problem, and then leaves it. And that seems to be, "What are our systems of education making of our children?" So we have them all vividly set before us. The Evangelical governess who never punishes, but only touches the feelings, presents us with four pupils, — the callous, self-satisfied Mary Anne, dull of conscience, and impervious to treatment invented for finer natures; the model Constance, sincerely pious, pragmatical, and interfering; the romantic, sentimental Fanny, with her poetical instincts undirected; and quiet, good, undemonstrative, and therefore neglected, Charlotte. Besides these, there is the pretentious young lady from a fashionable boarding-school, and three boys, — the merry clever, unthinking George; Campbell Duff, for whom the real religion of his home has been redeemed from narrowness in the wholesome public-school atmosphere; and one sadly significant likeness of the good-for-nothing son of a pious mother whom he deceives. Then there is Emily, a bright, sweet picture of a well-natured school-girl, far from faultless, but with true instincts; and there is her thoughtful little sister Ellen, soundly brought up by a quiet, old, orthodox grandmamma in the country: with sparkling, sensitive little Grace, wondering among them all, as each acts and speaks according to his or her nature, and leaves us questioning — Who has found the right way? What will this come to?

Nor does the second part, the "Lost Brooch," fully answer the question. It is quite as clever, and as full of a certain restrained irony, as its predecessor, but in some measure less sparkling, and it concerns the same parties in the early years of youth instead of childhood. All are here met at Hastings for a month of holiday, and in a like manner develop their several characters.

Mary Anne is, perhaps, the cleverest picture of all, with her outward condemnation of everything fashionable as worldly, and her real worship of money; her caught-up phrases and genuine selfishness, her conceit and power of availing herself of other people's service, and altogether the thin varnish caught from her clever, strong, puritanical, consistent sister Constance, laid over a naturally slow selfish nature; Constance perfect up to her own standard as ever, rigid and tyrannical, and utterly blind to all that does not agree with her preconceived ideas; and Fanny, more and more

alienated from her family by their utter want of sympathy for her imaginative nature, which runs further and further into sentiment and folly for want of guidance. While, on the other hand, the cousins Emily and Ellen Ward have grown up, — the one into a bright, clever, lively woman, the other into a wise, grave, pensive looker-on; and Grace Leslie, sunny and deep, and ready to love, sympathize with, and admire all, moves about them, as Emily says, as though her motto were, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

The humor of the plot lies in the two great errors into which the Duffs fall. They meet with an adventurer, who succeeds in severally persuading Mary Anne and Fanny that he is deeply attached to each, and Constance that he has been converted and made a Christian through her instrumentality, while at the same time Constance's lost brooch becomes the occasion of a vehement persecution of an innocent servant-girl, who is beset with exhortations and threats, all with the beneficent intention of securing an inmate for a new reformatory. Even when the fascinating Osmond Guppy proves to be a thorough scapegrace, about to retrieve his fortunes by marrying a cheese-monger's widow, and the brooch comes to light in Constance's own dressing-box, that consistent lady and Mary Anne remain of the same opinion still, and contend that, the one being a converted character and the other unconverted, they have not been guilty of the slightest injustice in either instance. The whole sounds exaggerated, but in reality is brought about in such a manner that we believe in almost every step as we go, and are provoked just as we should be by real people.

The conversations, whether deep or gay, are wonderfully interesting, and contain many valuable little bits of thought, and remarks or queries not easily forgotten. There are humorous bits of description, too, such as when Mr. Duff's chief interest in Battle Abbey lies in turning up the cover of the table in the living rooms, and estimating the cost of the mahogany; such, too, as the Duffs' extremely heavy dinner-party; and the domineering power of Constance over her family and neighborhood. Altogether these two are memorable books, and though nowhere inculcating any distinctively High Church doctrines, yet there can be no doubt that they did their part towards the Church movement by manifesting the unloveliness and unsatisfactoriness of this particular phase of suburban Evangelicalism. Another work done by them was the creation of the class of literature now termed "books for the young," standing between the child's story and the full-grown novel. We do not mean that there were no such books before, but as a school they seemed to rise up either in imitation of, or almost in rivalry to, the "Fairy Bower," and "Lost Brooch." Most people who had any power of writing felt that though anything so curiously clever and covertly satirical as these was impossible, yet that something more distinctly improving could be produced upon the same field.

The worst of it is, that the multitude of "tales" certainly do prevent the reading of books requiring more attention. Young people grow up from the story-book to the tale period, and while there is undeniably harmless food within their reach, they are interdicted from the study of that which would stretch their minds lest they should meet with anything objectionable; and thus the mind absolutely becomes cramped, and there is no power of turning

for recreation to reading that stretches the faculties.

No one has protested more strongly against this custom than Miss Sewell in her "Principles of Education." The system that keeps girls in the school-room reading simple, easy stories, without touching Scott, Shakespeare, or Spenser, and then hands them over to the unexplored recesses of Mudie's boxes, has been shown by her to be the most *frivolizing* that can be devised; and she has set forward the result of her experience that a good novel, especially a romantic one, read at twelve or fourteen, is a really beneficial thing.

We have said that children have no sympathy with the sentiment of love, but they have plenty with the romance, and these are very different things. The tender feelings of the hero and heroine are utterly uninteresting, but the adventures and disasters they undergo, their bravery and constancy, are delightful, and raise the whole tone of the mind. And there is infinitely less danger of putting foolish fancies into a girl's head by letting her enjoy the escapades of Catherine Seyton, or weep for Lucy Ashton, than by letting her turn over the good little book where a child like herself flirts with her brotherly first cousin, and marries him at last. Nay, even "the objectionable" characters that mothers shrink from leaving before girls' eyes are unlikely to do harm in creatures so unlike themselves. Brian de Bois Guilbert or Julian Avenel are as unlikely to taint their minds as Jupiter or Mars, Henry II. or Louis XIV.; and if a girl at eighteen can plunge into a book box, or meet on a drawing-room table with "Beatrice" or "Cometh up as a Flower," surely it is well that at sixteen she should have seen crime treated with loathing and abhorrence.

There is a prodigious amount of what may be called class literature.

Every one writes books for some one; books for children, books for servants, books for poor men, poor women, poor boys, and poor girls. It is not enough to say, "Thou shalt not steal," but the merchant must be edified by the tale of a fraudulent banker, the school-boy by hearing how seven cherries were stolen, the servant must be told how the wicked cook hid her mistress's ring in the innocent scullery-maid's box; the poor man has a pig stolen for his benefit, the poor boy a sovereign, the poor girl a silk handkerchief. Why is not one broad, well-taught principle better than so much application in detail?

We must not be misunderstood. It is well to picture any one class or way of life thoroughly; a vivid scene well-painted is sure to be worth having, and real likenesses are, generally speaking, useful studies; but it is the endeavor to hold up a mirror to each variety of reader of his or her way of life, as if there were no interest beyond it, and nothing else could be understood or cared for, that we think narrowing and weakening. If it be true that imagination is really needful to give the power of doing as we would be done by, surely it is better to have models set before us not immediately within our own range. A good book is a good book to whosoever can understand it, and there is often a power of grasping a part of the meaning when there is no power of explanation. Moreover, there is a habit now abroad in the world of supposing that *any* writing is good enough for children and for the poor. Never has this fallacy been better exposed than by the author of "My

Life, and What shall I do with it?" She points out, that while the clever mechanic can borrow highly spiced newspapers and pamphlets adverse to all religion, he finds his wife and children supplied with meek, mawkish, ill-argued tracts and story-books, whose dulness and want of point he sets down to their subject instead of to their authors, and he becomes contemptuous when he might have been touched. Nothing ought to be more diligently selected than books sent forth among the town-poor, and nothing more diligently weeded from among them than the feeble little tales of seraphic children who regularly meet with an accident, or break a blood-vessel,—the whole genus of tales written because the author wanted the money for so good a purpose that no one had the heart to nip her aspirations in the bud.

As a rule, what poor people and servants really like is a story with what more educated persons think rather an over-amount of pathos, going to the verge—if not over it—of sentimentality. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the type of the style they love. *Attendrissement*—to borrow a French word—must be a strong sensation with them. Miss Sewell's "Earl's Daughter," though far from the best of her works, is delightful to the maid-servant and the dressmaker class, who are the chief readers among the grown-up poor, excepting, of course, invalids, and the clever mechanics, of whom, having no knowledge, we say nothing. As to servants, it really is needless to try to select books for them, considering the cheapness of novels, and their easy access to all we have in the house. We believe the best treatment is to keep out of the way whatever we think absolutely deleterious, and to lend freely anything good or interesting, such, for instance, as Mrs. Craik's "Noble Life," which is exceedingly relished.

One or two of Mrs. Gaskell's lesser tales deserve mention, as standing out—as well they may—far above the average of the literature usually supposed appropriate to the Lending Library. They are to be found in a volume of her lesser works, so ingeniously put together by Messrs. Chapman and Hall as to make it impossible to give it to the intended readers of full a third of the stories. "Lizzie Leigh, and other Stories," is the title. The first is a piteous tale of the sin we most carefully keep from children's knowledge, and it is presently followed by a terrible ghost story from Household Words. Then comes "Mr. Harrison's Confessions," one of the author's most delicious bits of humor, but such as only *true* lovers of her delicate aroma can appreciate; and after this her unrivalled "Libbie Marsh's Three Eras," a most beautiful and touching Manchester story, fit for any rank, and almost any age; and the "Sexton's Hero," a grand sketch of the tide on the Morecombe Sands. N. B.—Whenever any of our readers chance to be pressed into the service of that distressing institution, a "Penny Reading," we recommend him the "Sexton's Hero," if he desires to be pathetic; or its companion, "Christian Storms and Sunshine," if he goes in for the comic. The two last stories, "Hand and Heart," and "Betsy's Troubles at Home," are capital for children; but they are no doubt early productions; they are not the real Mary Gaskell, but a clever pupil of the Edgeworth and Martineau style.

If, however, we were to dwell on the books about or for the poor, or their children, that we have a kindness for or have found successful, we should

simply become a catalogue, and we will therefore only repeat our strong conviction that skim milk, innocent fluid as it may seem, is apt to turn sour, and that nobody ought to attempt to write for the poor (any more than for the rich) who cannot do so with sense and spirit, as well as with a good moral. As a pattern of what such a book ought to be, let us mention "Helpful Sam," a tale that first came out in *Mozley's Magazine for the Young* (which, by the by, wonderfully contrives to avoid *flabby* stories). The hero is a lad who makes his first appearance at a Sunday-school in such a gorgeous waistcoat as to distract the attention of his companions, and who turns out to be a workhouse-boy apprenticed to a brutal chimney-sweeper with a good, meek wife. The quaint contrasts and droll sayings of the actors in the story are so thoroughly life-like, that we believe no one could take up the little book without becoming interested; and the writer has been content, not to transgress all possibilities, by bringing in those dreadful long-winded, highly moral fathers and mothers, who are still extant in the cottages of the venerable S. P. C. K.

We remember our own youthful horror of such excellent mouthpieces of wisdom, though we used to consider them a necessary qualification in a story. "I believe the *horrid old prosiness* is the mother," said a young friend to us, while relating her hasty glimpse of a new story. And yet while we are sure that it is a mistake to put preachments such as no mortal can be supposed to make into the mouths of the *dramatis personæ*, we think that the notion that a book is really better as mere literature and more amusing for not having a moral is an error. Very brief sportive sketches without a purpose may be endurable, but if prolonged they need *puh*. The old fairy-tales were, as we know, remnants of mighty myths; the "Arabian Nights" are the growth of ancient fancies dealing with dreamily apprehended truths; and the very few modern inventions that can, even while in the forefront of the scene, class with such, have some earnestness and solidity in their mould, and are shadows of something greater. Such are "Undine" and "Sintram"; such are the best of Hans Christian Andersen's, a man who has immensely over-written himself, but whose "Ugly Duckling," "True Princess," "Emperor of China's Clothes," and "Lark," have already acquired a sort of force, like a proverb, by their wonderful terseness of irony and truth. Who recollects more than a queer phrase or two in such of his stories as have not a definite purpose, or are not, like "The Little Mermaid" and the "Seven Swans," graceful versions of old popular legends? Perhaps there have been three really original fairy-tales (we call them so for want of a better name) produced within the last twenty years, — we mean the "Water-Babies," "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and the "Light Princess," though we hesitate in naming the latter, because it dwells in the hackneyed world of kings and princesses and fairy godmothers; while the other two have the mark of originality, — they deal with creatures of our own day, and just dip them into the realms of Dreamland. Of these two, we confess that the latent though not consistent meanings that run through the "Water-Babies" seem to us to render it more attractive than even the exquisite bits of fun in "Alice." The one seems a book to chain the interest, the other one to take up by chance.

To be overdone with moral is a fatal thing. To force events, even imaginary, to illustrate some

maxim is ruinous; yet it seems to us that a book so written has really a better chance of getting a permanent hold on the mind than the whipped syllabub of fiction. "Garry, a Holiday Story," is a little modern tale that *boasts* of no moral, and certainly it has none, for the child (a detestable, forward, saucy child) really acts the part of a dog-stealer, carries the creature to the sea-side in defiance of a much-bullied aunt, and finally gets it given to her. There is a good deal of a sort of facetiousness in the book, but we cannot believe it would gain the affections of any child.

And to take its very opposite, — "Uncle Peter's Fairy Tale." The idea is not novel; it is the oft-told story of the fulfilment of wishes; but in this case they are the wishes of a party of amiable, beneficent ladies and gentlemen, such as may be met with in any country house; and the literal accomplishment of them produces the most ludicrous and delicious situations, told with such humor that no one can help being amused, whether young or old. For instance, the amiable head of the family wishes all lawyers in Nova Zembla, and the respectable solicitor is instantly transported thither in shaving costume. The romantic young lady wishes to be borne aloft on a cloud, and finds herself in a dismal bank of fog. She also wishes her friend to be regaled with continual music, whereupon the speech of the whole household becomes song. But there is a strong purpose through the whole; and though the graver conversations, and sometimes the ironical ones, which are interspersed, are too long, and sometimes too heavy, they save the book from being mere froth and buffoonery, and the underlying earnestness is the real cause of its exceeding drollery.

We do not believe that there can be sparkle where there is not depth. A liking for buffoonery is one of the tastes to be especially discouraged. Fun is a very different matter. Fun and playfulness may crop out everywhere, and join with pathos, nobility, and earnestness, just as Shakespeare and Cervantes mingled them; but an exclusive preference for extravagance is most unwholesome, and even perverting. It becomes destructive of reverence, and soon degenerates into coarseness; it permits nothing poetical or imaginative, nothing sweet nor pathetic to exist; and there is a certain self-satisfaction and superiority in making game of what others regard with enthusiasm or sentiment, which absolutely bars the way against a higher or softer tone. Perhaps those who remember the published letters of young officers during the Indian and Jamaica mutinies, may perceive why it is well to keep boys from thinking it "the thing" to talk slang-comedy over a terrific real life tragedy. Most works with that prefix "*Comic*" — "*Comic History of England*," "*Comic Latin Grammar*," &c. — are mere catch-pennies for boys, and can only teach them the love of burlesque out of place. We do not mean to stigmatize all parody and drollery. Some of the poems we love best will perfectly stand a clever parody, but there must be a certain quality of *gaieté de cœur* and light delicacy to make such things charming. Premeditated conventional fun is the unhappy commodity. Who can measure out wit by the yard?

Exaggeration is the great error of the books that are written avowedly for boy-taste, such as the whole Mayne Reid school, which stimulate the appetite for the marvellous by a series of adventures not absolutely impossible individually, but mon-

strously improbable, in rapid succession. The love of sensation is thus fed, so that boys lose their interest in all that is real. In truth, we have little liking for "books for boys."

If boys have healthy, intelligent minds, they would be doing much better if they were reading books for men. Many boys really care not at all for stories, but have a vehement affection for some branch of natural history, for mechanics, or physical science, and will take infinite trouble of their own accord to follow the study, which they have quite the power to do, out of any popular manual. Others are delighted with real travels (i. e. if they are not spoilt with false ones), and such books as Franklin, Kane, Livingstone, Erskine, and the Alpine Club give us are full of charms for them; and those who do love a story will not, after eleven or twelve years old, be put off with "Robert and Frederick; a Book for Boys," and the like; but, unless they are wholesomely fed on the real sound romance, will fall upon some trash that their friends have never thought of warning them against. School-boy literature is thus more read by mothers, sisters, and little boys longing to be at school, than by the boys themselves. A very clever one, "Herbert's Holidays," a capital portrait of a very fresh Etonian was evidently regarded as an insult by his congeners, who, like him, had instantly written home for leave to buy a new hat, engaging to "wear out the old one at church in the holidays," or who had made strong endeavors to bring the paternal mansion to the standard of gentility supposed to be worthy of the bosom friend. "A Hero: Philip's Book," by Mrs. Craik, has never seemed to us to be known nearly as well as it deserves. It purports to be the narrative of an English boy who had been sent to spend a half-year in the family of an uncle, a professor at Glasgow, having been told beforehand that one of his cousins was "somewhat of a hero." How he selected as this hero the big, handsome, good-natured bully Hector, worshipped him abjectly, and became gradually undeceived, is told in his own words, and with some delicious descriptions of mountain-climblings, and of boating on the Clyde. Whether boys like it or not we do not know; we are sure that men and women must do so. "The Crofton Boys," again, by Harriet Martineau, is full of life and cleverness. It was suggested, she tells us, by the story of the good tutor who had the honor of sitting for Dominie Sampson. The generous manner in which he concealed the author of the accident that maimed him is imitated in little Hugh, a truly boyish little hero, drawn with all Miss Martineau's charm of humorous simplicity. Perhaps Mr. Hope's "Stories of School-life" is more a book for masters than for boys. It is clever and amusing, but does not so much attain the creature's own point of view as make a study of him, and of the effects of certain treatment upon him. It just falls short of what the unapproachable "Tom Brown" really does, and is, in fact, too palpably trying to tread in his steps, though at a far less distance than does that morbid dismal tale, "Eric's School-days," which we hope no mother or boy ever reads, since it really can answer no purpose but to make them unhappy and suspicious, besides that it enforces by numerous telling examples that the sure reward of virtue is a fatal accident.

Another and much wider field is the tale for girls; a much more convenient one, inasmuch as those for whom they are written really do read them, and like them. There are so many hours of a girl's life

when she must sit still, that a book is her natural resource, and reading becomes to her like breathing. The real difficulty is how to prevent the childish reading of story-books from becoming a preparation for unmitigated novel-reading in after life; and we confess that this is a serious difficulty when education is so straining the powers that real relaxation of the mind is absolutely needed in play-hours. Our own private theory is that we ought to teach girls less, while we should encourage them to learn more.

However, this is a branch on which we do not feel competent to enter, and we had better return to our more immediate object of noting the styles we think most or least successful. Some few people have a wonderful art of writing about children from a child's point of view. It is a rare power.

We know some clever little books that are really charming studies for the lovers of childhood, but that somehow do not suit the real children. We mean "Read me a Story," "Little People," and above all "Little Maggie and her Brother." In all three instances the portraits are genuine, and the last two are of extremely clever children. Now the unailing characteristic of children of any ability is that they are continually growing on unexpected sides of their mind, and saying things extraordinarily queer, either in their acuteness, observation, or simplicity, and utterly unlike the conventional child. At the same time the entire being is childish, and is generally incapable of tolerating the follies or understanding the precociousness of its contemporaries. So when the dreamy fancies of its fellow-child in their undeveloped state are set before it without censure, it is bewildered by the book not treating them as either naughty or silly, and feels out of its element. A study such as Dr. John Brown made of Marjorie Fleming is exquisite for parents, but the child cannot understand the point of view. Nor can it (happily) understand the manner in which reflective grown-up people view the faults of childhood. For them things must be always positively good or naughty. Thus "Mrs. Boss's Niece" — which is to us as good as a comedy, so wonderful is the humor of the description of the troubles of two good old aunts of the retired shop-keeper class, with a little harum-scarum Irish niece suddenly left on their hands — fails when given to children. They are entirely unconscious of the admirable drawing of the nervous, anxious, broken-spirited widow, who, through wearing the gayest colors, fidgeting intolerably, and going out to tea on the hottest day of June in a huge fur tippet, had yet the wonderful true judgment of simplicity and humility; and though they are amused for a moment at the Irish girl's wonderful romancings about riding a pig, and shooting an arrow that broke the leg of the major's macaw, they are shocked and dissatisfied that no condign punishment falls on such monstrous untruths, and they miss the delicate touch that shows how in reality all trust is forfeited.

Another remarkable study of character is to be found in a tiny brochure, one of Groombridge's Magnet Stories, by name "Dear Charlotte's Boys." A pair of schoolboys have the audacity to borrow from another couple of brothers a superfluous invitation from some friends of their parents to whom they were personally unknown. The predicaments are very amusing, but the point of the story is the remarkable manner in which a fault, even unconfessed, sometimes becomes the turning-point of the

character. It is a matter of experience and consolation, curious as being unlike the conventional moral, and yet in many cases true. It is not an example to children, but it may serve to encourage the "love, hope, and patience" that Coleridge introduces as the sister graces of education.

Some of the tales that strike us as best winning a child's affection by viewing the world really with its own eyes, yet without puerility, are a little square book now some five-and-twenty years old, called "Little Alice and her Sister"; a pair on the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge named "Little Lucy" and "Sally Rainbow's Stories"; and lastly "The Vendale Lost Property Office," where the child grown up relates her experiences on being sent from India to live in an uncle's family with a charming *naïve* humor and tenderness. It is remarkable how the author has contrived to indicate every character most distinctly while making the narrator herself appear to have only a child's indistinct consciousness of the natures of those around her. The "Copeley Annals," by the same author, have something of the same charm, but they suit elders better than children. Some of the children's stories written by the author of "Janet's Home," such as "Mia and Charlie" and "Blind-man's Holiday," have a great charm of childlikeness. So has her "The Cousins and their Friends," one of the best, things that have been in Aunt Judy's Magazine. J. H. G.'s own stories in Melchior's Home, i. e. the "Viscount's Friend" and "Friedrich's Ballad," are exquisitely felt and told, but not children's. Mrs. Gatty's "Parables of Nature" are exquisite works of thought. Her "Worlds not Realized" we rank still higher; but we regard most of hers as fit for grown people, or for such dreamy, thoughtful children as read full-grown books. They are above the ordinary childish mind, though all the better for that. And we must not pass without mention Gwynfrun's fresh and delightful "Friends in Fur and Feathers," real animal stories, told with a free, light-handed touch of frolic and pathos, that is like the soft spring wind breathing lightly over the moorland.

Stories intended to teach history or dramatize travels are generally a failure; the information sits like the Old Man of the Sea upon the poor characters, and strangles them. Yet a few of the late Dr. J. M. Neale's tales were wonderfully vivid and touching. We will just specify among his "Triumphs of the Cross" the story called "Eric's Grave," of the man who leapt down among the wolves to call them off from his master's escape in his carriage, and a shilling book named "The Exiles of the Cevenna," a journal of the adventures of a party of early Christians fleeing from persecution and taking refuge in the hollow of a gigantic tree, whither their persecutors follow them, but are beset by the wolves. One soldier is saved by being dropped in among the Christians, and then ensues a grisly blockade by the wolves ended at last by a chase coming out from the next village. Miss Martineau's "Feats on the Fiord"—a very different style—is delightful, though only by, we are afraid, a sort of Arcadian treatment of the bonders of Norway whom she has made very unlike real life.

In general, history and travels stand best on their own merits, without being made into pap, though it is necessary to write some history for children, because education now requires a knowledge of names and facts to be acquired before the longer history

can be grasped. Mythology likewise must be treated expressly for childhood. This has been done playfully by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his "Tanglewood Tales," earnestly by Kingsley in his "Heroes," and scientifically in Cox's various volumes, all of which are delightful to a child and with which should always be joined (when reprinted, as we trust it will be) "The Heroes of Asgard," by the author of "Janet's Home." This lady's "Letters on Early Egyptian History," with Miss Sewell's Histories of Greece and of Rome, supply nearly all that is wanted in Ancient History. Modern History is worse off, but in real truth, after a girl has read a series of abridged histories sufficient to give the chain of events, good biographies, and good selections from standard books, such as parents or teachers ought to understand providing, would be infinitely more beneficial than tons of babyish "Stories from Froissart," "Stories of Cavaliers and Roundheads," &c. &c., all for the most part sheer book-making, all the raciness taken away, and foolish explanations weakening the point.

After all, our conclusion as to children's literature is a somewhat Irish one, for it is—use it as little as possible; and then only what is really substantially clever and good. Bring children as soon as possible to stretch up to books above them, provided those books are noble and good. Do not give up such books on account of passages on which it would be inconvenient to be questioned on. If the child is in the habit of meeting things beyond comprehension it will pass such matters unheeded with the rest. We believe no child was ever contaminated by "The Fairy Queen," "Don Quixote," "The Vicar of Wakefield," or "The Arabian Nights." The only things to put out of its way are those that *nobody* ought to read, certainly not its mother. And if father or mother will take the pains to lead and sympathize with the child's tastes, encouraging but not overruling, they will find their palate curiously adapting itself to judge for and with the child, and will enjoy a fresh feast of all the old favorites of their lives. It seems like a sacrifice, but it is one worth making, and it proves all pleasure.

LIFE AND DEATH AT ST. BREACA'S.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

THE family of Mr. Arthur Monsey were by no means interesting, but it is necessary to say somewhat about them. He was no uncommon specimen of his class; positively cold-hearted and self-indulgent; negatively unprincipled. Short, fat, and plain, his handsome hands and courteous bearing alone hinted at his good birth. He liked drink and play. He had been dismissed civilly by a clergyman who took private pupils, expelled from a public school, advised by his colonel to sell his commission. After these experiences, and when he was about twenty-five, he suggested to his parents that it might be a good plan to send him to travel. They acquiesced readily, and for five or six years they heard from him only when he wanted money. He was amusing himself in his own way in the pleasantest capitals of Europe. Then, at Vienna, without exactly intending it, he proposed to a young lady, half English, half Austrian, who had been sufficiently conspicuous for levity to be very unacceptable to an old-fashioned, well-regulated, well-descended British family; and he applied for an income that would enable him to marry. "The

bare fact of her being willing to marry him is quite enough to stamp her," said his father. And his mother could only suggest that he could not expect anything better; that no prudent father would give a daughter to him; that he might do even worse; that there was just a chance of his settling if he had children. So they agreed to give him one thousand pounds a year; and Miss Lydia Courtenay became Mrs. Arthur Monsey.

When Sir Geoffrey received the letter which has been mentioned, he had been, in consequence of his father's death, several years the head of the family; and Arthur had three children, — a boy of ten and two girls younger. The boy, as future baronet, interested him: he was proud, and perhaps even fond of him. For the girls he cared little, and was simply not unkind to them. Their mother had fallen into ill-health, lost her good looks and zest for stirring. She loved her children better, and thought and did more for them than might have been expected of a woman who had grown up without any moral or religious training. For her personal comforts she depended on a certain Suzanne, who had been her nurse, and was her maid; and, provided she would not leave her, she had no objection to live in England. She only stipulated that the climate should be as mild as possible; and as far as she could, she influenced her husband to accept Sir Geoffrey's terms. And so he did, protesting the while that he was treated infamously, but sacrificed himself to his children. The boy was to go to Eton; the girls were to be dealt with as their mother chose; and they were to live rent free in the old Gray House at St. Breaca's. When Sir Geoffrey had made a good road thither, and altered it into a comfortable dwelling, he decided that it would be a pity to have it occupied only a few weeks in the year.

The Arthur Monseys being settled in it, two summers after that visit of Sir Geoffrey's which made him acquainted with Dan Quick's house, it acquired again a questionable character in public opinion. The dark foreign servants, who spoke, two of them, no English; the gentleman with occasional doubtful visitors, and actual intemperate habits, who was said to be up half the night, and in bed three parts of the day, who lounged about smoking, followed by three or four useless dogs: and the fact that none of the household went "to church or meeting," made the St. Breacans very uncomfortable.

"Only that Sir Geoffrey told me hisself as the gent as was coming was his brother, I never would ha' believed it, — never," said Mrs. Rowe of The George. "Chalk and cheese b'ant more unlike one another; and I ha'n't no patience with parson for going out there as he do. He don't booze I knows, — the Lord forbid I should say so! — but them as does a'n't fit company for a minister."

Such talk as this reached Mrs. Secker, though she was no gossip; and seizing what seemed to her a favorable time, she repeated it to her husband. At first, he said that St. Breaca's detested and calumniated Mr. Monsey simply because he was a gentleman. Mrs. Secker thought not, for Sir Geoffrey was exceedingly popular; so was Mr. Treheren, the nearest resident squire.

"Then," replied he, "they hate him because they see that he and Mrs. Monsey are superior to their tea and twaddle; because they are parts of an elevated social system into which they never were, and never can be, admitted. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. and Mrs. Treize, would tell a different story if they were asked out there to eat mackerel-

pie, and drink gin and water. — Ha, ha!" he ejaculated with tone, look, and gesture which might have made the reputation of a tragedian denouncing a conspiracy, "I see it all" (he was great in attributing small motives): "the low, mean, dirty spite! They cannot brook that I should be welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Monsey! They have always felt that there was something in me which they could not drag down to their own level; and it was, 'O, Mr. Secker is so very eccentric.' But gentlemen come among them, men of birth and social standing, and these men choose the eccentric Mr. Secker for their frequent guest, — show pointedly that he is one of themselves; and then the venom of envy overflows, and Mr. and Mrs. Monsey are — immoral, forsooth!" He walked rapidly about the room, his face working. A clever woman, if even inexperienced in Mr. Secker, would have let the subject drop; but Mrs. Secker was not clever, and she never learned how to manage her husband. She was very resolute when she thought principle concerned, and, though trembling a little, she remarked, "A clergyman is different from every one else."

"Certainly; in St. Breaca's he is a finished gentleman and man of the world."

"I mean" — she felt frightened, but would go on — "we are told to 'avoid all appearance of evil'; and if people think that you encourage what is sinful —"

He stopped, and confronted her, glaring. She thought he was going to strike her; so did the children, and they shrieked. He seized the only armchair, lifted it high, dashed it furiously on the uncarpeted floor, so that it was shattered; hissed at her with frightful distinctness, "Confound you low, vulgar, cursed cant!" snatched his hat, and left the house.

"O mamma," said a little intelligent, nervous-looking girl, twelve years old, "why did you speak to him? It is never any use. I am always so sorry when you do."

"Hold your tongue, Sophia," returned the poor, pale, tearful mother, petulantly; "I am a better judge of what I ought to do than you are."

"But it will be dreadful when he comes in again; and perhaps he will make me go for a walk; and he will say horrid things of every one, — even of you; and he will make me cry, and then scold me for crying, and tell me not to make an exhibition of myself, — as if I could help it, — and terrify me. I have often thought he would kill me; and suppose he should — and be hanged! I wonder we have not, all of us, fits. And perhaps, in the night, I shall hear him roaring at you, and you answering, crying; and I shall think he is murdering poor baby or you; and I shall be in the dark, and it will be horrible — horrible. I wish we could all run away; and I cannot help it — I am so ashamed too. I know the people next door must hear him, and opposite too; they look very oddly at him, often. And what must Patty say? When he has made me cry dreadfully out of doors, if we have met any one, he has led me up to them — he did it to a man the other day — and said, 'There, pray, gratify your curiosity. This is my daughter. Would you like to ask any questions?' The man looked foolish, and walked off, but I'm sure he thought papa was mad. I wonder if he is — is he?"

She asked it vehemently, and as if she believed that her mother could and ought to answer her.

"Hush, hush! my darling," she replied; "it is not right to talk of a parent in that way. Your poor

papa is a very clever man, and very superior to every one here, and he was never meant to be poor. He is not fit for anything but to lie on a sofa, in a silk dressing-gown, and read, and have letters brought him on a silver waiter. I suppose he cannot help his temper, — at all events, we ought to think so; and you know, after all, that he is fond of us, and sorry when he has been angry. I am sure I don't know how I am to get that chair mended, and it is the only one he likes to sit on. Bryant would not mend it for less than half a crown, and I cannot spare the money. You had better put the pieces away somewhere, or he will say something about them. And mind, dear, there's One above who knows all, and does not let anything happen but for our good. — Now, play with baby while I sew on these buttons."

This scene was a fair sample of the moral training given to Mr. Secker's children. His wife did not again attempt remonstrance; and he dined occasionally — often on Sundays — with the Monseys, and spent frequent hours, early in the day, with Mrs. Monsey, attracted chiefly by her good piano. He was an ardent lover of music, and played exquisitely by ear. It is due to him to say that he had never seen Mr. Monsey intoxicated; that gentleman preferred to stand well in his opinion, and, for the sake of his really pleasant companionship, deferred his deeper potations, willingly, till Mr. Secker had started on his early walk home.

During their first two years at the Gray House, the little girls, Lotty and Teresa Monsey, had no manner of instruction, and were confided implicitly to Suzanne. They spoke French, German, and English equally fluently and ill; played a little by ear, danced by instinct, and were utterly unlike what young English ladies of their age are prescribed to be. Partly from indolence, and partly because she did not like to check them, Mrs. Monsey did not trouble herself to seek a governess. At last, when Lotty was eleven years old, Suzanne suggested that the young ladies were old enough for a school-room, and that it would be easy to find an accomplished young Frenchwoman. She had heard, she said, from her sister, who was confidential servant to a certain Madame Montansier, of a Mademoiselle Jeanne Royer, an orphan, just about to leave the Ursuline Convent at Rheims, and highly qualified to impart education. It has been implied that Mrs. Monsey's training had been very defective; this may explain, in some measure, the irregularity of her allowing her maid to find and introduce an instructress for her children.

Mademoiselle Royer arrived, — a little childish-looking creature of eighteen, with large, dark, coquettish eyes, abundance of brown hair, a neat figure, small hands and feet. Not pretty; no, certainly not. Her mouth was too large, and her lips were not full enough; her white teeth were uneven, and her nose was insignificant; but she was sufficiently attractive to arrest attention, and had force of character to detain it at will, to have secrets, and to keep them.

"Madame conceives that she is young and inexperienced," said Suzanne.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Monsey; and her husband shrugged his shoulders.

The children flew to her, and pulled her long hair down, and kissed her over and over, and told her they were very glad she was not old, that they did not mean to learn lessons, and she should walk

with them and play with them from morning till night.

Mademoiselle's manner was irreproachable, — deferential, slightly plaintive, to her superiors; and to her pupils-elect, caressing. That her private views of her position were unsatisfactory, must be inferred from her conduct when she was left in her bedroom on the night of her arrival. She threw herself on the bed, cried angrily till she was too weary to unpack, and at length fell asleep with her clothes on. She woke early, alarmed to find that she had burned out the candle, and from fear of being discovered dressed. She opened her boxes hurriedly, filled her drawers, arranged the dressing-table, undressed, and got into bed in time to tell Suzanne — who had undertaken to call her — that her head had ached from the fatigue of the long journey, and that, darkness being dismal in a strange house, she had presumed to keep her light in.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Secker had an annual vacation. It was disturbed more or less by her husband's temper, and the chronic struggle with poverty; but the joys of that vacation deepened the pretty bloom, of which years and wrongs had not robbed her cheeks, made her step brisker, and her voice cheerier. Once in twelve months, her handsome, good, loving, first-born, Augustine came to spend six weeks at home. He had learned Greek, Latin, and arithmetic from a clever, hard-working schoolmaster at St. Breaca's, till he was thirteen. Then the shrewd, hearty surgeon and apothecary at Loganstone, who came sometimes, seven miles thence, to hear Mr. Secker preach, and chat with him afterwards, offered to take him and teach him his profession. "Mind, I don't want any money," he said. "I've feathered my nest, and my daughters are married comfortably, and the old woman and I are not extravagant. So, if you like to let the boy come, he's welcome; and I'll see that he keeps out of harm's way, and learns his business."

Mr. Secker winced at the familiar, homely form of the generous proposal, and said stiffly, "Indeed, my dear sir, you do me infinite honor, and I am proud that you think well of my son; but there is the walking the hospitals afterwards, and you know what my income is."

"Surely, but one need not look too far ahead. There's no knowing what may happen, — some one may leave you a fat legacy. 'Give us this day our daily bread,' you know, Mr. Secker."

"Ah! you have me there, doctor; but when I glance at the expense, I cannot feel justified. My dear mother paid Mr. Bagot, — he had a first-rate practice at Streatham — one hundred pounds a year for my board only, when she intended me for your profession, which, pardon me, I never could endure. I am not a little proud, though, that I was dresser to the great Cline."

"Well, I'm only a Cornish general practitioner, but that's not a bad thing, let me tell you. I shall call and talk to Mrs. Secker."

"Do, my dear friend, do," said Mr. Secker, contending with irritation, which he had not nerve to express. Unless in a fury, he did not speak offensively, and his wife had said once confidentially to her sister that he was a thorough coward. He intended, however, to write such a note as should overwhelm Mr. Hoskins with a sense of his

inferiority, — intellectual, genealogical, social. The folly happily exhausted itself in saying to Mrs. Secker, "I shall give the purse-proud, vulgar gallipot to understand that we are not dependent on his beneficence, and that I consider I do him honor when I confide my son, and such a son, to his care!"

Augustine went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, and became really dear to them, — and they pretended not to understand, or not to have received, occasional queer, quarrelsome notes from his father, — by which proceeding they secured the youth's love and gratitude more than by a salary of forty pounds, to which, when he became seventeen years old, Mr. Hoskins said that his really valuable services entitled him. "I hope you will put by some of it, Secker, every year, to begin a fund for hospital fees; if you do, and all else goes well with us, I will help you," were the concluding words that accompanied the first payment.

Mrs. Secker was watching for her son on a certain fine May evening in 1835. The weekly carrier had brought his box, and a hamper of comfortable good things from the Hoskinses. He would walk. On the box sat the little children, longing to have it opened. There were certainly presents in it for every one, — there always had been, — bought with Augustine's very own money. The day following would be his birthday, and Mr. Hoskins had considerably arranged that his holiday should begin in time for him to spend it at home. Mr. Secker had walked to the Gray House, and been kept, evidently, to dine. His wife and children were glad of it, — his uncertainty of temper and artificialness were a restraint on them, and spoiled greetings. The room seemed to grow suddenly darker when they heard his voice, and not his only; he had brought Mademoiselle and the children. It was a favorite freak of his, and a special annoyance to Mrs. Secker. She had always disliked the French girl, because she thought her forward and deep. She would have been ashamed to say so, — for she might have been suspected of jealousy, — but she was sure she tried to attract Mr. Secker; and, in her opinion, he paid her by far too much attention. At that moment flashed the thought: if she should take into her vain head to "set her cap at" Augustine! he was so innocent — yes, innocent, though in years as well as character a man. And in she came, chattering pretty imperfect English volubly, and speaking various languages with her eyes, only a few minutes before him. It was a great disappointment to him also. How could his mother throw her arms round him, and smother him with kisses? and how could the children seize him, and climb on him, and clamor to him, and about him, and enjoy him thoroughly before those strangers, to whom his father was doing elaborate politeness? Their pleasure was as completely spoiled as the tea and toast and crisp hot fish which had been calculated to a nicety for him. In about a quarter of an hour Mademoiselle said the children must go home, and there was some consolation in Mr. Secker's saying that they must not walk alone, and that, as his son was dusty, he would have the pleasure of walking with them.

When their joint vexation had had some relief in words, Augustine said, "So my father still goes there?"

"Yes, though he has taken offence several times, and written more than once to Mr. Monsey; but he

has never noticed the letters — perhaps he has not read them, or could not understand them. He must be often glad of some one to talk to, and your father is very pleasant when he chooses."

"Yes, and how well he looks! And Mademoiselle is the better for Cornish air, — does she come here often?"

"Often more than I like, — she interrupts me continually and most inconveniently. I suppose she does not know always what to do with herself, and your father will press her to come. He has taken an immense fancy to her, and she does not choose to see that I never ask her to come again, or say that I am glad to see her."

"She does not understand, perhaps."

"O yes; she does: she understands whatever she chooses."

"I suppose I shall have to go and dine there two or three times. It is, of course, good-natured to ask me, but I do dislike it very much. I do not want to be patronized, and they are not in my line, and I am as well aware of it as they are; but if I say anything of the kind to my father, he will be irritable, and irritate me."

"Yes; he will say you are consciously unfit for 'good society,' as he will persist in calling those people. It is very strange that he cannot see that they are really out of society. No one visits them. He is fond of calling himself a man of the world, but he is perfectly blind. I have never said anything to him about his visits there since he broke that chair, and I dare not say a word, except to you, about yourself, — but it is not a house for a good young man to go to, particularly a clergyman's son. There is no doubt in the world that Mr. Monsey drinks, and is unsteady; and I am sure Mrs. Monsey has not been always what she ought to be. Before they came, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Monsey, who were so nice and unaffected that I quite liked to talk to them, told us that it was useless to conceal that painful family reason sent Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Monsey here, — that he had always given great trouble, and there was no hope of his reforming, — but they hoped to save the boy, — you see they never let him come here without a tutor, and then they stay at The George. Then that Mademoiselle Royer. What young girl, with prudent friends, would be allowed to stay there? And why should she choose to stay, if she had not some discreditable reason? She is clever enough to earn her bread anywhere. Perhaps they pay her very high. But how can she like to live in that wild, lonely place, with no companions but two spoiled, wild, troublesome children? Of course, you ought not to go there, but I suppose you must, and pray God to keep you from the evil."

"There's one comfort at any rate," said Augustine: "the evil is, in this instance, no temptation to me."

By this time Jeanne had been two years at the Gray House. Her pupils liked her: she was naturally obliging and good-natured. Mr. Monsey she saw seldom: Mrs. Monsey took her for a drive sometimes, and had her frequently with her in the evening, and was civil to her. But she was often visibly depressed and weary. When released from the children, she took long wild walks, even late at night, — sat on the rocks reading books, which she kept locked up, and wrote letters which she posted herself. This Mrs. Monsey had remarked, for she kept the key of the post-bag, and had sometimes

wanted Mademoiselle when she was writing. "Perhaps she has a lover, Suzanne?"

"I am not in her confidence, Madame."

"I wonder if she would like to go and see her friends, — she may if she likes, and stay a month or two. She has been here a long time, and behaved very well."

"Would Madame make the suggestion herself? It would be more gratifying to Mademoiselle, no doubt."

The young lady was much obliged, — deeply grateful; but she had no nearer relative than aunts, and no special tenderness for them. She had become much attached to England, devoted to her dear charge, and Madame and Monsieur were all consideration.

MY BROTHER LEONARD.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

It has always seemed to me, since I passed those giddy but happy years of youth when we feel too much to care to think, — it has, I say, always seemed to me, that some of us are born to act and to suffer, and others to sit passively and look on. From childhood upwards to this present hour, — when I sit writing alone, a white-haired woman, in an old château of Provence, — to be the silent witness of my brother Leonard's life has been my lot. No lover came to me; no dream of love ever crossed my path. But I do not regret it; no, I do not regret it, though I am now a childless old maid, pale and withered. If love, with its blessings and its torments, had sought me, if a husband had taken me to another home than this, what should I have known of that shy and noble heart which grief never conquered, but a great joy broke and stilled forever!

According to the world's estimate my brother Leonard's life was not an eventful one. For in this, too, the parts allotted to the actors in the great drama of life are unequally divided. Some get the glorious destinies. Their star sets or rises in a sort of tempestuous splendor, and leaves a long track of light behind it through the dull pages of history. So far as I can see, they are not more noble, more heroic, more beautiful than others of whom there is no record, who live and die unremembered save by a few faithful hearts. But, after all, what matter? What is it to my brother Leonard, in his grave, if the world never knew that it lost in him a pure heart, chivalrous and true as that which once beat in the bosom of Bayard, — of the knight who knew neither reproach nor fear, and who died in all honor after living without a stain? My brother Leonard never wielded lance or sword, but there are other battles fought in life than those in which blood is shed; and of all who ever struggled nobly against adverse fate, who knew how to bear defeat, or, harder still, how not to triumph over a conquered enemy, none were ever more worthy of honor than this unremembered man.

He was the eldest and the youngest of a large family of children, all born in this old Provençal nest built on a rock above the Mediterranean Sea. It is a fair old manor enough, at least I think it so; I like its yellow sunburnt front and the square tower which rises above its low roof, and its many tall windows, with small glass panes, which flash again in the fiery light of the setting sun. I like its broad view of an azure sea with a whitening horizon, and even the arid plains which surround our old home, I like to. For in that desert our green

garden is like a beautiful oasis, cool and shady. It is an old-fashioned garden, — they have none such now, — with straight alleys and clipped trees; here and there a few heathen statues, moss-stained and mildewed, appear in the bowers; and on the lawn, in front of the house, a slender fountain ever throws up its waters, howsoever hot the noonday sun may be. But why do I speak of all this? I am the last of the De Lansacs, and in my languid veins their once hot Provençal blood is dying away feebly.

We were great and rich once, say the records of Provence; but the religious wars proved our undoing. We were Catholics, and had many a fight with our old foes and neighbors the De Sainte Foys, who held the new faith. We beat them of course, but though we were fierce and revengeful, we scorned to enrich ourselves with the spoils of our enemies, and as they soon bent to the storm the warfare which wellnigh ruined us left them rich. Better times came for them, and worse times for us; they married rich heiresses and thrived, whilst we wedded poor girls, had large families, and got poorer and poorer. We had but a slender pittance left under the First Napoleon's reign, but we hated the De Sainte Foys, whose grand old château on the opposite hill went on adding wings and building "pavilions," whilst our poor old manor crumbled away. The sight of it fed our hate. As a child I looked at it with wrath, and even now, when it holds all that is dearest to me, I never care to gaze at its broad façade.

My brother Leonard and I were the only survivors of a large family, and many years divided us. Both our parents were dead, and we lived here alone with a maiden aunt, a pale faded woman, such as I am now, who glided noiselessly about the old rooms and seldom spoke.

All the De Sainte Foys were handsome, and all the De Lansacs were tall. My brother was six feet high, a gaunt, thin young man, with harsh features, keen eyes, and heavy eyebrows. He was a great sportsman, yet most inconsistently tender-hearted. I never saw him strike his dogs, I never saw him hurt a fly; once his gun was out of his hands he was the gentlest of creatures. For all that he was a great hater. Especially did he hate the Corsican, as he called Bonaparte, and perhaps he hated him all the more that the De Sainte Foys were devoted to the new dynasty, and spent all their time in Paris. I remember the scornful looks my brother often cast on the closed windows of their château. "Just like them," he muttered. "Timeservers; anything for money, anything for rank; just like them!"

I was sent to a convent when I was ten years old, and I remained there till I was seventeen. The nuns were very kind to me, but spite their kindness I pined for my old home and the sea dashing up the beach, and the green garden with its mutilated statues and its little fountain.

So when I stepped out of the convent-gates into the little carriage which had been sent for me with our old servant Saint Jean, I was, spite a few tears shed at parting from my kind companions, as gay as a lark. The sun was setting when we reached home. The sunburnt land looked flooded with fire and gold, and our old manor seemed almost fresh and young again in the glorious light. I skipped lightly out of the little jolting car; I ran up the stone steps, still as worn and uneven as of yore; I entered the bare old hall with all the grim De Lan-

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no one knew when he would come back, and I felt the walls, — w times sobered me at once. I felt anxious, as if I were troubled. Napoleon had left Elba and Foy, I knew, was a proscribed man, for we had met a party of soldiers in search of him. Yet, surely, my brother the Corsican-hater was safe! "O yes, quite safe," answered my aunt. "Then, looking at me wistfully, she added, "Rose," — oh! "we have a guest! Our old cousin the Viscount died, you know, leaving a widow and child almost destitute; they are both here and are likely to remain. You will do well to be friendly with them. Madame de Lansac is a great beauty, and has been rather spoiled, and her little girl is very wilful; but still," said my aunt, looking at me in that wistful way, "you will do well to be friendly with them." Youth is inclined to friendliness, and as my aunt's real meaning never once occurred to me, I cheerfully promised to be all that the beautiful Madame de Lansac could wish. I had no immediate opportunity of showing her how amiable I was; she did not appear, and when my aunt left me to attend to some domestic matters I remained alone. But does solitude really exist for youth with the delightful companionship of its thousand dreams and hopes notes in the noonday sun? Besides it like gay mites in the home of my childhood? I could I feel lonely in the home of my childhood? I went up to my old room and found it unchanged after all those years; then I ran down to the garden, so fresh and dewy in the pleasant evening; I explored every green nook, I looked fondly at the poor old statues and fancied that they looked back kindly at me. I was half-crazy with the joy of being home again. Of all the rooms in the manor, there was one which, even as a child, I had dearly liked, — the upper room in the square turret, whence there was a view of land and sea unrivalled in the province it was said. Why should I not climb up to it now, like the Lady of Malbrouk in the ballad, and gaze at a blue sea and a pale sky, where white stars began to twinkle, though the horizon was still rosy with departed fires! Perhaps I might even see a boat gliding along the waters, — one of those low boats with broad lateen sails which I had, so often thought of in my inland staircase in our manor, with steps of massive stone and balustrades of iron, which takes us to the highest floor of the house, and ends in a long corridor, full of doors, all leading to untenanted chambers save one, which gives access to the dark and narrow spiral stairs that climb up the body of the square tower, and take one to a little room with four windows and a terrace around it, of late; my sight, too, is weak and dim and sees no more as it once beheld them the glories of God's world; but I was light as a bird then, ay, and as keen-eyed too, and in a few minutes I had reached the room in the tower. It was much altered from my childish remembrance of it. I had ever known it bleak and bare-looking, and now it bore manifest signs of being tenanted. There was a flask of wine on a table, and when I curiously lifted up an old piece of tapestry which divided the room in two, I

He perjured; he was almost covered, and sobbed pitifully; but he came to me in your peril, and trusting

foolish and wicked enough to marry a De Sainte Foy, the child — glory be to all the saints! — did not belong to that brood."

Here was news for us! The relations of that poor little orphan, our sixth or seventh cousin, had with rare coolness transferred her to us, and taken advantage of our absence to deceive poor Geneviève. Without uttering a word my brother opened the door of our sitting-room. It is a large room, with brown oaken walls and a polished floor. A stream of red sunshine from the west was pouring in through the farthest window, that at which I always sit, because it has a deep recess and a broad ledge on which I put my work. To this ledge the little stranger had climbed, and there she now sat in a forlorn attitude, with her feet gathered beneath her, and her little hands clasped around her knees. She might be six or seven years old. She looked fair as a lily in her deep mourning, and when she turned towards us, and shook back her yellow curls to look at us with wistful wonder in her deep blue eyes, I knew at once the lovely face of her beautiful grandmother. I looked at my brother Leonard. His heavy brows were bent, and his keen eyes fastened on the child with a steady gaze. He smiled, too, rather a grim ironical smile, which seemed to say, "So the traitress has come back to De Lansac after all." But the little thing returned his look very fearlessly, and, to my surprise, smiled up in his face, and never minded me.

We had not the heart to send her away. We kept her, and I soon loved her dearly. She was a good, lovely, and joyous creature. It was like having a bird, or a sunbeam, or anything bright and gay, to have her in the house. Leonard never took the least notice of her; I sometimes fancied he did not see her, so unconscious did he seem of her presence. Yet of us two it was this cold and careless cousin whom the perverse child preferred. She would leave me any day to sneak after him. Lucie had been a year with us when Geneviève, who doted upon her, came in one afternoon with startled looks. The child was missing; she had been searched for over all the manor, and she was not to be found. My brother looked up from his book, and rose. I followed him up the central stairs, then up again in the tower to the chamber, which he unlocked, and there we found Lucie fast asleep in his chair, curled round like a faithful little spaniel waiting for its master.

My brother never said a word, but took her up, and carried her down stairs still fast asleep, and when Lucie woke below she was on his knee, in his arms, and from that day forth in his heart. They were seldom apart. If you heard my brother's stately step about the house, you also heard a pair of little feet pattering after him. His loud cheerful laugh was ever echoed by a childish voice clear as a silver bell, and if he locked himself up in the library for an hour's lonely reading, his case was vain unless he also closed the window; for Lucie would climb up to the sill, jump down, and stealing behind his chair lay her rosy cheek to his, and mingle her golden locks with his iron-gray curls. How could he help loving a creature so endearing, — one who thought, felt, loved, and hated as he did, and who detested the De Sainte Foy's as cordially as if she had been a genuine De Lansac? I tried to check the feeling: in the first place because it was unchristian, and in the second because the De Sainte Foy's were in the shade just then. The son of my brother's betrayer lived in Paris, and squan-

the old feud of How did I re- And how have you at errand I went to needed; you are par- house; you need its back openly to your have a child, sir, a boy my compassion; but forget to take this lady

"I tell you," sulkily said Mon-

answered Leonard, whilst I was in Paris. this lady with you. And, flashing angrily from be- "let me advise you to the widow of my cousin, and I say no more; you ugh you have forgotten it, sir,

ed away and left them. My tears, and my heart was full brother Leonard. I stood awhile the swelling bosom of the sea; or at least when I looked calm, I The guilty pair had vanished: for that night, and this was the her's youth.

forth Leonard was an altered to books, and became a great read- as added to the rusty old armor in remained there unused; his days the library. His two hounds, Cap- me, used to go and seek him there, always got a caress and a kind word, not lure him forth. "Why should I go poor harmless creatures that never betrayed me?" he once said, and that my brother's allusion I ever heard him make to the that had darkened his existence. The a long life was not granted to the be- Both died within a year of their marriage. De Sainte Foy was brought in Paris. For a widow came to Provence, another's as adopted by a distant of her and taken to Tours; she died and young; we never saw her again time and I became a second after an ant's death kept her hale and vigorous. I was indeed, but whose were as keen as ever the joyous hearting to remember in a rarely, and the la forth, our return was foreseen event. We felt heartily glad w

are tower rising abe Ah!" as he helped m trusty old female s with a beaming face. Thank Heaven!" s seemed a hundred ay, but all was right a re- quite safely, praf Foy, rub! For though b

sacs looking down at me from the walls, — we were not a handsome family, — and I felt the happiest creature alive, till my aunt, coming down stairs to meet me, told me that Leonard was away in Paris, and that no one knew when he would come back. This sobered me at once. I felt anxious. The times were troubled. Napoleon had left Elba and been conquered at Waterloo. Monsieur de Sainte Foy, I knew, was a proscribed man, for we had met a party of soldiers in search of him. Yet, surely, — surely my brother the Corsican-hater was safe! "O yes, quite safe," answered my aunt. Then, looking at me wistfully, she added, "Rose," — oh! what a mockery that name of mine seems now, — "we have a guest! Our old cousin the Viscount died, you know, leaving a widow and child almost destitute; they are both here and are likely to remain. You will do well to be friendly with them. Madame de Lansac is a great beauty, and has been rather spoiled, and her little girl is very wilful; but still," said my aunt, looking at me in that wistful way, "you will do well to be friendly with them." Youth is inclined to friendliness, and as my aunt's real meaning never once occurred to me, I cheerfully promised to be all that the beautiful Madame de Lansac could wish. I had no immediate opportunity of showing her how amiable I was; she did not appear, and when my aunt left me to attend to some domestic matters I remained alone.

But does solitude really exist for youth with the delightful companionship of its thousand dreams and hopes and wishes, which are ever flitting about it like gay motes in the noonday sun? Besides could I feel lonely in the home of my childhood? I went up to my old room and found it unchanged after all those years; then I ran down to the garden, so fresh and dewy in the pleasant evening; I explored every green nook, I looked fondly at the poor old statues and fancied that they looked back kindly at me. I was half crazy with the joy of being home again.

Of all the rooms in the manor, there was one which, even as a child, I had dearly liked, — the upper room in the square turret, whence there was a view of land and sea unrivalled in the province it was said. Why should I not climb up to it now, like the Lady of Malbrouk in the ballad, and gaze at a blue sea and a pale sky, where white stars began to twinkle, though the horizon was still rosy with departed fires! Perhaps I might even see a boat gliding along the waters, — one of those low boats with broad lateen sails which I had so often thought of in my inland convent home.

There is a broad central staircase in our manor, with steps of massive stone and balustrades of iron, which takes us to the highest floor of the house, and ends in a long corridor, full of doors, all leading to untenanted chambers save one, which gives access to the dark and narrow spiral stairs that climb up the body of the square tower, and take one to a little room with four windows and a terrace around it. I seldom go there now, for my breath has failed me of late; my sight, too, is weak and dim and sees no more as it once beheld them the glories of God's world; but I was light as a bird then, ay, and as keen-eyed too, and in a few minutes I had reached the room in the tower. It was much altered from my childish remembrance of it. I had ever known it bleak and bare-looking, and now it bore manifest signs of being tenanted. There was a flask of wine on a table, and when I curiously lifted up an old piece of tapestry which divided the room in two, I

saw with surprise a low camp-bed behind it. "I suppose some servant sleeps here." I thought, and stepping out through one of the windows on the terrace, I looked around me with a delight which made me forget all else. The evening was very bright and clear, the sea lay calm and lovely beneath me, and far as eye could reach there spread a noble land stretching to the base of purple-looking hills. It was very fine, but I had no time to linger over the beauty around me. I was roused by a sound of voices coming from the room within. Hiding behind the shutters of the open window, I listened and peeped in.

"I tell you, I cannot," said a man's voice, "and I never said that I could. You must marry him."

The low weeping of a woman answered him. I saw the man first. He was no servant, as I had thought, but a gentleman, and, though long past youth, one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He stood facing me with his arms folded across his breast, and a careless, defiant look in his dark eyes that gazed steadily on the clear evening sky. The lady was leaning against the wall with one of her hands resting on a chair. I could not see her at first, but when she turned her face to me I was bewildered at her beauty. He was handsome, but enchanting loveliness are the only words that can describe her. If such she looked to me when overpowered by sorrow, what must she have been when gladness beamed from those deep blue eyes, and happy smiles played on that sweet young face with its cloud of golden hair! I had never seen two such handsome creatures out of the fairy tales, and I was all amazement to see them here.

"O heavens!" she cried, clasping her white hands in an agony of grief, "have I betrayed him for that?"

"Why need he know it?" asked her companion, drawing towards her. I was very young, very innocent, and would not understand their meaning; but some revelation of it came to me when the door of the turret-chamber, which had remained ajar, opened, and my brother Leonard came in with such a look on his white face as I had never seen there before. She uttered a low cry, and starting back he turned pale as death; but Leonard raised his hand, and uttered an imperious "Hush!" which silenced them. For a moment the room was so still that I could hear the low dash of the water on the shore below.

"So that is the end," said Leonard, looking at them in sorrow and in scorn; "that is the end of trust and faith in man and woman. Do not answer — hear me both. Madam, I shall deal first with you. As the widow of my cousin, you asked me for a home, and I gave you one. When you came to this house with your child, your beauty, I confess it, touched my heart; but if you had not one day given me to understand that you had seen my love and that it might be welcome, I never should have wooed a lady so young and so beautiful as you are. On such a hint, however, I spoke and was accepted. I promised to become your protector and the father of your child, and you, I suppose, agreed to be true to me. How have you kept your pledge? Speak, but no, do not answer; be silent, let not at least your lips be perjured, even though your heart is false." He ceased: he was dreadfully agitated, and the lady sobbed pitifully; but he soon recovered, and turning to her companion, he said, almost calmly, "You, Monsieur de Sainte Foy, came to me in your peril, and trusting to my gen-

erosity and honor bade me revenge the old feud of our ancestors by saving your life. How did I receive you? Like a brother. And how have you repaid me? You know on what errand I went to Paris. Well, sir, I have succeeded; you are pardoned. You can leave this house; you need its shelter no more. You can go back openly to your own home, where you, too, have a child, sir, a boy for whose sake you implored my compassion; but mark my words, do not forget to take this lady with you."

"I cannot—I am married," sulkily said Monsieur de Sainte Foy, for the first time attempting to answer my brother.

"You are a widower, sir," answered Leonard, gravely; "your wife died whilst I was in Paris. I repeat it, you can take this lady with you. And, sir," he added, his eyes flashing angrily from beneath his heavy eyebrows, "let me advise you to do her justice. She is the widow of my cousin, and I will not see her wronged. I say no more; you are my guest, and though you have forgotten it, sir, I remember it still."

So saying, he turned away and left them. My eyes were blind with tears, and my heart was full of sorrow for my brother Leonard. I stood awhile looking down at the swelling bosom of the sea; then, when I was, or at least when I looked calm, I entered the room. The guilty pair had vanished: they left the manor that night, and this was the story of my brother's youth.

From that day forth Leonard was an altered man. He took to books, and became a great reader. His gun was added to the rusty old armor in the hall, and remained there unused; his days were spent in the library. His two hounds, Capitaine and Diane, used to go and seek him there, looking at him with wistful, questioning eyes; but though they always got a caress and a kind word, they could not lure him forth. "Why should I go and murder poor harmless creatures that never wronged or betrayed me?" he once said, and that was the only allusion I ever heard him make to the treachery that had darkened his existence. The blessing of a long life was not granted to the betrayers. Both died within a year of their marriage. Young De Sainte Foy was brought up in Paris, and seldom came to Provence; his stepmother's child was adopted by a distant relation of her mother, and taken to Tours; she, too, married and died young; we never saw her. And thus time passed, and I became a sedate old maid, and after my aunt's death kept house for my brother Leonard, a hale and vigorous old man, whose locks were gray indeed, but whose step was as firm and whose eyes were as keen as ever. He was cheerful, too, and the joyous heartiness of his laugh was something to remember in a man of his years. We left home rarely, and the last time that business took us forth, our return was made memorable by a very unforeseen event. We had been a week away, and I felt heartily glad when I saw once more the square tower rising above the yellow front of our old manor. Leonard, too, uttered a relieved "Ah!" as he helped me to alight, and Geneviève, our trusty old female servant, came forth to meet us with a beaming face.

"Thank Heaven!" she said, crossing herself, "it had seemed a hundred years since we had gone away, but all was right now, and the little girl had come quite safely, praised be Heaven! A real cherub! For though her grandmother had been

foolish and wicked enough to marry a De Sainte Foy, the child—glory be to all the saints!—did not belong to that brood."

Here was news for us! The relations of that poor little orphan, our sixth or seventh cousin, had with rare coolness transferred her to us, and taken advantage of our absence to deceive poor Geneviève. Without uttering a word my brother opened the door of our sitting-room. It is a large room, with brown oaken walls and a polished floor. A stream of red sunshine from the west was pouring in through the farthest window, that at which I always sit, because it has a deep recess and a broad ledge on which I put my work. To this ledge the little stranger had climbed, and there she now sat in a forlorn attitude, with her feet gathered beneath her, and her little hands clasped around her knees. She might be six or seven years old. She looked fair as a lily in her deep mourning, and when she turned towards us, and shook back her yellow curls to look at us with wistful wonder in her deep blue eyes, I knew at once the lovely face of her beautiful grandmother. I looked at my brother Leonard. His heavy brows were bent, and his keen eyes fastened on the child with a steady gaze. He smiled, too, rather a grim ironical smile, which seemed to say, "So the traitress has come back to De Lansac after all." But the little thing returned his look very fearlessly, and, to my surprise, smiled up in his face, and never minded me.

We had not the heart to send her away. We kept her, and I soon loved her dearly. She was a good, lovely, and joyous creature. It was like having a bird, or a sunbeam, or anything bright and gay, to have her in the house. Leonard never took the least notice of her; I sometimes fancied he did not see her, so unconscious did he seem of her presence. Yet of us two it was this cold and careless cousin whom the perverse child preferred. She would leave me any day to sneak after him. Lucie had been a year with us when Geneviève, who dotted upon her, came in one afternoon with startled looks. The child was missing; she had been searched for over all the manor, and she was not to be found. My brother looked up from his book, and rose. I followed him up the central stairs, then up again in the tower to the chamber, which he unlocked, and there we found Lucie fast asleep in his chair, curled round like a faithful little spaniel waiting for its master.

My brother never said a word, but took her up, and carried her down stairs still fast asleep, and when Lucie woke below she was on his knee, in his arms, and from that day forth in his heart. They were seldom apart. If you heard my brother's stately step about the house, you also heard a pair of little feet pattering after him. His loud cheerful laugh was ever echoed by a childish voice clear as a silver bell, and if he locked himself up in the library for an hour's lonely reading, his case was vain unless he also closed the window; for Lucie would climb up to the sill, jump down, and stealing behind his chair lay her rosy cheek to his, and mingle her golden locks with his iron-gray curls. How could he help loving a creature so endearing,—one who thought, felt, loved, and hated as he did, and who detested the De Sainte Foy's as cordially as if she had been a genuine De Lansac? I tried to check the feeling: in the first place because it was unchristian, and in the second because the De Sainte Foy's were in the shade just then. The son of my brother's betrayer lived in Paris, and squan-

dered or gambled all his large property away. The old château itself would have gone if he had not died rather suddenly, leaving but one son, a young man of whom report spoke well, and who, after his father's death, came to Provence with the intention, it was said, of remaining. It seemed strange to see the windows of the château open again after they had been closed so many years; but we got used to it.

Monsieur de Sainte Foy had not been back more than a month, and Lucie was about seventeen, when he unexpectedly called upon us one morning. I was working, Lucie sat by me unwinding silk, and my brother was reading, when our solitary manservant Jacques came in, and with scared looks announced our unexpected visitor. We all rose to receive the hereditary enemy of our house. He was a very handsome young man, — all the De Sainte Foyes were handsome, — with a manly young face, in which I did my best to read hereditary perfidy, but could not. There was truth in his dark eyes, truth in his smile, and truth in the very sound of his voice.

"Monsieur de Lansac," he said, coming forward, "our ancestors have not been friends, I am told; but I am young, I feel guiltless of the past, whatever it may be, and have no wish to cherish its resentments or its hatreds. I therefore come to you hoping that you will be so good as to grant your neighborly advice and friendliness to one who, though a stranger to this place, means to live and die in the home of those who have gone before him."

My brother smiled very kindly, and held out his hand, and thus a league of amity was struck between the last of the De Lansacs and the last of the De Sainte Foyes.

I had always deplored the old feud, but I had my fears about this reconciliation; and when young De Sainte Foy, who did much need my brother's advice, became a frequent visitor at our house, I plainly told those fears to Leonard. Lucie was very lovely and very young. What if this young gentleman should be smitten with her, and win her heart!

"Well, and if they should love, where would be the harm?" he replied, very kindly.

Ah! what changes time can bring in its train! My brother actually wished for this thing; and when months passed, and no sign of it appeared, I read disappointment in his looks. Well, I, too, was disappointed. They were both young, both handsome, both gifted and good, and both exactly suited to each other, as it seemed to me. I could not imagine how they met without pleasure and parted without pain, as unconcerned as if the magic of the word "Love" did not exist for them. Besides, I longed for a love-story. There had been none in my own life; my brother's had ended in bitterness. Why would not these perverse young things give me one? It would have been so pleasant to see them adoring each other, quarrelling and making it up again, and going through their pretty idyl in the green garden of our old manor. I was sorry that they did not care for each other, and I could not help saying so to my brother one evening as we walked alone in the garden. Lucie was up in the tower; she had taken a great fancy to it of late, and went up to it every evening.

"And I, too, am sorry," replied Leonard, shaking his gray locks regretfully; "for, Rose, I like that young man very dearly; strange that a De Lansac should say so, is it not? But he does not

care for the child, and love will be free. Where is she? In the tower, as usual. Let us go up to her. It feels close down here."

I do not know why I opposed Leonard's wish. I seemed to have a presentiment of coming evil, and yet all I thought of was that the stairs were steep and high, and that the exertion would be too much for my brother. But he only laughed, and said he would go and see what stars the child was reading up there. He was soon tired, as I had foreseen, and obliged to rest on the dark stairs of the tower. A sound of voices from above came down to us. Lucie, if she was there, was not alone. I heard my brother breathing heavily.

"Leonard," I whispered, "let me go," for it was a man's voice that mingled with hers.

He did not answer, but he put me by; in a moment, as it seemed, he had reached the door and pushed it open. I followed him in. Lucie was alone in the room. Without looking at her, my brother went straight to the window, and said, calmly, "You may come in, sir."

And thus summoned, young Monsieur de Sainte Foy left the balcony and entered the room. I looked at them both. There they were — the two ingrates — as I had seen them so many years before; beautiful and deceiving, again betraying the kind friend and the generous enemy; but they were younger than in those bygone days, and I could read shame and grief on their two faces. My brother looked at them with the very look which I remembered, — a cold and angry look; and he said, in a cold hard voice, —

"I have read somewhere that what has been is; that the same men and women live again and again to do the same deeds over and over, and I find the truth of it this day. You, Monsieur de Sainte Foy, came to me, your hereditary enemy, asking our old animosity to be forgotten; and when I opened my house to you, as if you had been one of its sons, you abused my hospitality. Even so did your grandfather act, sir, when I saved his life many years ago. Hush! you will speak presently. You," he added, turning to Lucie, "have betrayed me, your adopted father, as she whose image you are betrayed me, her future husband; and, true to your destiny, you chose to do so with the descendant of the man to whom I was sacrificed. I, too, fulfilled my part in this repetition of an old story, for I was blind, trusting, and easily deceived. Well, as I acted before I shall act again. Let the lot you have chosen be your lot. You want this young girl, Monsieur de Sainte Foy? Take her! For the sake of the few drops of De Lansac blood which flow in her veins she may remain in this house till she becomes your wife; but I shall thank you both to have the wedding over quickly, and then let me see either of you no more."

Lucie buried her face in her hands, and sobbed pitifully; but the young man became crimson, and said passionately, —

"You wrong us, sir; we have been imprudent, but treachery was not in our thoughts. I repeat it, you wrong us."

"Do you think I am angry?" replied my brother Leonard. "Why, you could not help yourselves. It was in your blood to betray me, and it was my lot to be deceived by you."

"Ah! do not say so," cried Lucie, attempting to detain him as he turned to the door; but he who had so loved her looked at her so coldly that she shrank back afraid. So we left them; and, turning

back, I saw her sinking on a chair, pale as death, whilst her lover stood looking after my brother, gnawing his nether lip, as if he still smarted under the sting of those bitter words: "It was in your blood to betray me."

Sad and bitter were the days that followed this ill-fated evening. I attempted to say a few words for poor Lucie, but my brother's only answer was, "Keep her out of my sight till they are married."

He was a wilful man, — one, too, whom the memory of a great wrong had embittered. It was useless to dispute his commands, and I told Lucie so.

"I have deserved it," was her only answer; and she submitted, and kept out of his way.

The wedding was to be a speedy one, according to my brother's wish; but, oh! how joyless were the few preparations, and with how heavy a heart I made them! Three days before that appointed for the marriage I again tried to move Leonard. It was a clear and calm evening, and we sat together on the wooden bench in the bower where the dilapidated Pan is ever playing on a broken reed. I pleaded for the two culprits. I spoke of their youth, of the wish he had felt for their union, of forgiveness and indulgence. He heard me out, then said, —

"I trusted them, and they deceived me without need, without cause. By what magic can I ever trust them again?"

I felt silenced. What is there, indeed, that can restore a lost faith? Still, I was seeking for some argument wherewith to move him, when we were both startled by a sound of steps on the gravelled path. Lucie and young De Sainte Foy stood before us. My brother's pale thin face took a slight hectic tinge, and he looked angrily at them both, but said not one word.

"Monsieur de Lansac," said the young man, — and I had never seen a nobler and a more loyal look on man's face than I then saw on his, — "we would not thus intrude upon you if we could help doing so, but we cannot; be so good, therefore, as to bear with us for a few moments."

"Speak," impatiently said my brother.

"All we have to say is this: our love was born and ripened in ignorance; our interviews were the result of accident; we never designed to deceive you, or to betray your trust, and you have laid upon us the burden of a sin and a shame which, however much appearances may condemn us, we will not bear. We love each other very dearly, but having no other means to convince you, we have resolved to part forever rather than give you the right to think that we, the descendants of two who unhappily wronged you, have combined to betray you in your old age as you were betrayed by them in your youth. In your presence, therefore, and with her full consent, I give up all claim to this young lady's love. Here I bid her adieu forever, and let the bitterness of such a parting atone for the imprudence which has cost us both so dear."

I looked at Leonard; I could scarcely see him, my eyes were so dim with tears; but he replied in a low, bitter voice, —

"Yes, the old man has but a few years to live. It will do to wait till he is in his grave, will it not?"

"Ah! we have not deserved this!" cried Lucie.

"No, we have not deserved it," answered her lover. "Sir, you wrong us very much indeed. A thought so cruel as that of waiting for your death never came to us. Our parting is to be irrevocable. My house and land are to be sold, and the first ves-

sel which leaves Marseilles will take me to India. We may never meet again, and if we do, years will have passed over us, — years and their changes. If you do not trust us, if you think we are acting a part and speculating on your grave, the sin be yours, not ours."

"Marvellous!" replied my brother Leonard, with a low, ironical laugh. "A young man gives up his mistress, a girl gives up her lover, and all for the sake of a gray-headed old man! Do not ask me to believe it."

"Sir, it is not merely for your sake that we part," said young De Sainte Foy, with an angry light in his dark eye; "it is also for the sake of our honor. Our error has sullied it, but our sacrifice shall redeem it; and you yourself, sir, you our accuser, shall confess it."

My brother was staggered, but he would not relent.

"Yes, — yes, I know," he said, impatiently; "you think I am one of those soft-hearted stage fathers, who forgive the sinners and bestow their blessing in the last act. You are mistaken. If Lucie gives you up, she must give you up entirely. Do you hear, both of you, — entirely? I ask for no sacrifice; I expect none. But if you do give up this thing for the sake of your honor, you must not look back."

"We mean it so," answered the young man, in a low tone. "Lucie." He turned to her. She twined her arms around his neck; for a few moments they stood before us in the pale moonlight, clasped in so passionate an embrace that it seemed as if they could never again be sundered. Neither spoke, neither wept; but when I looked at them — so young, so fond, so noble, and so handsome — and thought that they were to part, I could not restrain my tears. My brother looked on unmoved, and uttered not a word of relenting. Young Monsieur de Sainte Foy at length put her by, and walked away without bidding us adieu. She stood looking after him, pale and tearless.

"Lucie," quietly said my brother, "you may call him back, if you repent your choice."

She looked at him swiftly, with a vague hope, poor child; but there was no relenting in my brother's eye, so her face fell a little, and she only shook her head, as much as to say, "I do not repent."

I have often wondered how my dear brother, so generous, so kind, could be so hard to these two. But he had trusted them entirely, and it pierced his very heart that they should have deceived him. Indeed, there was no reason why they should have done so. It must have been the waywardness of youth which allured them into this needless secrecy, giving sweetness to a hidden love. I could have made all these allowances for them, it seemed to me; but Leonard could not. He was hard because he was himself the soul of truth and honor, and he was unrelenting because the memory of his old wrong had never left him. It may also be, that in his secret heart he thought to try the two culprits for a time, and forgive them in the end; but it was not to be.

Lucie bore this great trial with quiet fortitude. She looked pale, and her old joyousness was gone; but if she grieved or wept, she kept both tears and sorrows to herself. To my brother she was as gentle and affectionate as ever. His manner to her was unaltered, save for a slight shade — a very slight shade — of more tenderness. I think my heart must have been young still in those days, for I kept on hoping to the last. I used to watch my brother

Leonard's face, trying to read signs of pity or forgiveness in his harsh features, but I saw them not. Then, I confess it, I acted a little part. I would sigh deeply within his hearing, or look persistently at the *château* of the Sainte Foy's, when we were all in the garden, or murmur a "Poor child!" whenever Lucie left the room; but my brother would not see, he would not hear, — he never questioned me, nor gave me the opportunity I wanted. At length I got desperate, and spoke to him one evening.

"Leonard," I said, "will you not relent? Do you know that young De Sainte Foy's house and land are for sale, and will go to the highest bidder? Do you know that he sails for India to-morrow on board the Memphis?"

"You have seen him," said Leonard, knitting his heavy eyebrows, "and he has asked you to say all this to me?"

"I have seen him, but not spoken to him," I replied, a little angrily. "He is the shadow of his former self, — so pale, so worn, so sad, has he grown at all this. Do not let him go, Leonard."

"He will come back when I am in my grave," answered Leonard, moodily. It was useless to argue. Mistrust had taken an iron grasp of him, and would not let him go again.

On the evening of the following day we missed Lucie. Genevieve told us that Mademoiselle had gone up to the tower; I guessed what had taken her there, but Leonard did not seem to think that she might wish for solitude, for he said to me, "Let us go to her."

Never shall I forget the sight that met us as we entered that ill-fated room. It was full of a broad ruddy glow which came from the sea, lighting up the coast for miles around; a vessel was on fire! My heart seemed to stand still in the horror of that moment, and yet how I remember the pale evening sky, with the round white moon, and Lucie's ghastly face and wild eyes, as she stood gazing on the cruel sight in mute despair!

My brother stared at the burning vessel. "God forgive me, miserable sinner!" he cried, — "God forgive me!" And he sank back with a groan, and would have fallen but for me.

He never recovered that blow; for it was the Memphis whose destruction we thus witnessed, and young De Sainte Foy, who had sailed in her, was not amongst the few who escaped to tell her lamentable history. He was the last of his name, and with him ended the line of our hereditary enemies.

And Leonard, as I said, never recovered that blow. His vigorous old age gave place to decrepitude; his gray hairs grew white, his form was bent, his steps became feeble and unsteady. The knowledge that his mistrust and hardness had doomed that brave and true young man to a cruel death, and condemned Lucie, his darling, to go through the agony of such a grief, was more than he could bear. He brooded over the thought incessantly.

The weather was fine, and that part of the garden where he could sit and look at the *château* of the De Sainte De Foy's, now closed forever on its ancient tenants, was that which he liked best. He would sit there, gazing at the shut-up mansion, for hours at a time. When I tried to rouse him from this bitter contemplation, he only shook his head and said, "It was an old quarrel, a long quarrel; it lasted ages, but the De Sainte Foy's had the best of it in the long run, Rose. Far better perish on board the burning Memphis, — better lose love and

life for honor, than live to be a hard and revengeful old man." This was the thought that was killing him. "Make him forget," said the doctor whom I called in, "and then you may hope to save him."

Make him forget! I would have laid down my life for it, — O, how gladly! — but it passed my power; Lucie herself did her best and failed. What she really felt and suffered she never showed. She was a generous little creature, and from the first she buried her grief deep in her heart, and kept it there fast locked from our view. Her one thought seemed to be to cling to Leonard. He no longer read now, though when he could not go to the garden to look at the *château* of the De Sainte Foy's he would sit in the library with a book lying unread before him, his moody eyes ever seeming to gaze on the tragic ending of the ill-fated Memphis. But no more than than formerly could he escape Lucie. She would steal in upon him as she had so often stolen in her childhood, and lay her cheek to his fondly and silently. I do believe she had never loved him more tenderly than she did then, perhaps because of the same deep grief through which they both suffered, and which, as I saw with an aching heart, was wasting them both away. This had lasted three weeks, — weeks as long as years, — when the end came. We were all sitting in the garden, I remember, in that very arbor where the poor god Pan is ever piping away, when Genevieve came up to us with startled looks.

"Monsieur! — Mademoiselle!" she gasped. "He is alive! — here he is!"

My brother rose as with an electric shock. He strode towards her; he pushed her away, and then young De Sainte Foy stood living before us. "Sir," he said, "I did not mean to intrude upon you; but my life has been saved by a miracle, and as I am told that the report of my death has been a heavy trouble to you, I come —"

He did not go on.

"Thank God!" gasped my brother. "Thank God! But it is too much; ah! it is too much."

And it was too much indeed! The joy was too exquisite and too great for his true heart, for as he uttered the words he sank back on his seat and died. What sorrow, what faith betrayed, and love lost, had not done, the joy of seeing his hereditary foe safe and well before him, did.

My little tale is told. I am very happy, for my dearest Leonard has only gone before, and the two whom we both loved so dearly are blest. Yes, I am happy; but you know now what I meant when I said that the lot of some is to suffer, and that of others to look on. This was certainly my lot, and maybe that is why, though so happy, I sometimes feel rather useless. My part is ended, and all I can do now is to remember what I can see no more. Be it so; memory, too, is sweet.

BRITISH PEARLS.

SENECA, the Roman moralist, found fault with a patrician lady of his acquaintance for wearing a whole fortune in her ears; not meaning to insinuate that the said ears, like pinky Venus-shells, were a fortune in themselves, — for, as a philosopher, he was above such *fadaises*, — but because he was aghast at the millions of sesterces represented by each of her pearl eardrops. The taste for pearls is of very great antiquity, but it is remarkable that they are mentioned but once in the Old Testament, — viz. in Job xxviii. 18, in conjunction with coral.

Solomon's merchant navy traded to Ormuzd and Ind, possibly even to Ceylon; yet, though his ships are recorded to have brought back consignments of ivory, apes, and peacocks, and doubtless precious stones also, we hear nothing of pearls in the enumeration of their master's riches. However, in the New Testament we find the "pearl of great price" employed, as an image familiar to oriental minds, to typify something of exceeding beauty and value; and in after years, throughout the flowery language of Eastern poets and improvisadores, "fair and spotless as a pearl" became proverbial, more especially in reference to the unsullied purity of virtue. We can hardly suppose that the pearl-oysters of Ceylon or the Persian Gulf were unknown to Solomon or to his Phœnician ally, Hiram king of Tyre, whose ships traded far and wide, and possibly rounded the Cape of Storms centuries before Vasco di Gama renamed it the "Cape of Good Hope" on his way to India.

Pearls appear to have been known at Rome after the Jugurthine War (they are still found off the Algerine coast at the present day), but it was not until after the taking of Alexandria that they became universally fashionable in the imperial city. Previously to this, however, the fame of the pearls of Britain had reached the ears of Julius Cæsar in Gaul; nay, Suetonius declares that the cupidity of the future emperor, who had a pretty taste for gems and *objets de luxe* of every description, was the main inducement for his first invasion of Britain, where he hoped to possess himself of some of these pearly treasures. After the occupation of Britain by the Romans, we find Cæsar presenting a buckler, incrustated with Britannie pearls, to Venus Genetrix, suspending it as a votive offering in the temple of that goddess at Rome. Pliny takes care to mention that the inscription recorded their British origin (this alone implies that oriental pearls must have been already well known), and he rather seems to disparage the gift on that account; but the Roman ladies were apparently of a different opinion, for Britannie pearls speedily became the rage, and enormous sums were given for choice specimens by the fair leaders of *ton* at Rome, Pompeii, and "shining" Baïæ, the Biarritz of imperial Rome. Antony, or as some allege, Agrippa, brought a pearl from Egypt so large that, cut in half, it formed a pair of earrings for the statue of Venus in the Pantheon; but this was of course an oriental or an African gem. The Roman ladies wore pearls in their hair and on various parts of their dress, even on the straps of their sandals, as well as on their arms, neck, and ears. In the latter they were frequently worn, as we learn from Pliny, loosely strung together in separate drops, when they were termed *crotalia*, or castanet-pendants, and the fair wearers took a childish delight in the rattling of these drops as they clicked against each other with every movement of the head. Pliny denounces the new "sensation" very warmly, complaining that the malady had reached even the common people, who had a proverbial saying that "a pearl worn by a woman in public is as good as a lictor before her." He further makes mention of a wedding-feast, at which Lollia Paulina, the wife of Caligula, was present, covered with emeralds and pearls disposed in alternate layers and rows on her head and hair, woven into wreaths, hanging from her ears, encircling her neck, arms, and fingers, and decorating every part of her dress. He gravely censures this prodigal display, and appraises

it at no less than £300,000 of our money. The Britannie pearls were held in peculiar estimation by these dainty dames for their pinky hue (at the present day those that come from the Persian Gulf are golden yellow, and the Ceylon specimens mostly white), and the oriental ones seem for a time to have gone more or less out of fashion. In reference to Britain, Tacitus, in his *Agricola*, mentions that pearls of a "tawny livid color" were frequently thrown up by the waves on its shores, and then collected by the islanders; but these, from the description of the tint, were in all probability bits of amber, rounded and polished by the action of the waves, such as may be picked up at the present day after any great storm on the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts. We should note, however, that Venerable Bede, writing some centuries later, but quoting apparently from Solinus, says that "excellent pearls are found in the British seas, various in color, though principally white."

Meantime, in the prodigal age of imperial Rome, while the husbands spent half their incomes on banquets of nightingales' tongues and Kentish oysters from the "Rutupian bottom," the latter being imported at fabulous prices,—their wives, as Seneca hints, hung the other half from their ears in the shape of British pearls. Fashion, no less than history, proverbially repeats itself; and since gold and silver dust for the hair, African cosmetics, and other adventitious aids to beauty, after being a crying evil in Juvenal's days, have lately returned to us in full force, so likewise are British, and more particularly Scotch, pearls daily more sought after by the fair sex. Even Cleopatra's extravagant feat of dissolving a costly pearl in vinegar and drinking it off at a banquet, had its exact parallel in England during Elizabeth's reign. That grave and otherwise frugal citizen, Sir Thomas Gresham, is said to have reduced to powder a pearl valued at £15,000, and to have drunk it in a glass of wine to the health of her Majesty, thereby winning his wager from the Spanish ambassador as to which of them would give the most costly dinner. But the material for this ruinous toast was in all probability like its Egyptian prototype, an oriental specimen.

In the Middle Ages Scotch pearls were celebrated on the continent of Europe for their size and beauty, and their peculiar pink hue was highly esteemed by foreign magnates. The famous hussar-jacket of Prince Esterhazy, entirely covered with pearl embroidery, was largely indebted for its sheeny splendor to Scottish pearls. But pearls are fragile things to hold, and at court festivities the prince's track in a waltz was marked by a shower of pearls scattered profusely around him; while the wear and tear incidental to donning and doffing the precious garment was a small fortune to his valet, who carefully gathered up the cast-off wealth of his master from the dressing-room floor.

Nor in these early days was Ireland behindhand in contributing gems "rich and rare" from her loughs and streams. Many beautiful pearls were found in the rivers of Donegal and Mayo, and other districts beyond the Pale; and on October 13, 1688, we find Sir Robert Reading corresponding with the Royal Society on the structure, color, and so forth of the Irish pearls. In England, the pearls from the river Irt, in Cumberland, became so noted that, "fair as Irtou pearls" became a proverbial byword in the North country. The river Conway, in Wales, was also famous; and at the present day the fresh-water mussels are called by the Welsh

countryfolk "deluge-shells," from their supposed origin in Noah's flood. Sir R. Wynne presented a magnificent pearl from the Conway to Catharine of Braganza, queen of Charles II., and it still figures as one of the principal adornments of the royal crown. Though the mania for native pearls seems to have partially died out in the next half-century, yet between 1761 and 1764, pearls to the value of £10,000 were sent to London from the rivers Tay and Isla, then, as now, the principal centre of the Scottish pearl-fisheries. But, as Mr. Bertram justly remarks, the trade carried on in the corresponding three years of the present century represents far more than double that amount, and it increases every year. We owe the revival of this ancient industry to the discernment and enterprising spirit of a foreign dealer in gems at Edinburgh, who, having occasionally met with fine pearls said to come from the Scotch rivers, was so attracted by their size and beauty, that he resolved to collect them in a systematic way, by travelling through the country and buying up all the good specimens he could find. This stimulated the search for more: and the visits of the foreign gentleman, who gave such good prices, soon sent man, woman, and child into the lochs and streams, groping for mussels, and prizing them open in search of their occasional precious contents. On the classic banks of "bonnie Doon," which at one time had a good reputation for its pearls, the mussel-hunt grew so keen among the Ayrshire folk after the jeweller's visit, that it became locally known as the "pearl-fever." Nor is it surprising that the epidemic should be catching, when we learn that in 1863 the wages paid by him to those employed in pearl-fishing on his account exceeded £150 a month, while there were besides many other fishers who traded independently, making a very comfortable living by an occupation which involved no capital and comparatively slight exertion. The mussels are usually found in the clearer parts of the stream; and if lying too deep to be reached by the hand, are easily captured by inserting a stick between the gaping shells, which instantly close upon it, and both are drawn up together. It would seem that, on an average, one mussel in every 100 or 130 contains a pearl, though this is of course a variable calculation. Mr. Unger was rewarded for his spirited exertions by gradually collecting a large number of remarkably fine specimens, which commanded prices varying from £5 to £60; and titled, nay even royal ladies, caught the infection, and eagerly sought after these Scottish gems. Their fame soon spread to the Continent, especially to France, where the Empress Eugénie, herself on one side of Scottish extraction, possesses a splendid necklace formed entirely of Scottish pearls. More recently foreign agents have appeared in the north in quest of these gems, and the trade waxes brisker than ever. Nay, even the Australians, bent upon acclimatization projects, are anxious to import the pearl-mussel to their rivers. Nor is the fishery confined to the Tay, the Doon, or the Isla. Other streams, such as the Clyde, Earn, Teith, Ythan, Forth, &c. yield a fair quota of pearly treasure, according to the nature of their beds. There are four species of fresh-water mussels in the British islands, of which the usual fluviatile sort (*Alasmodon margaritifera*) does not object to a habitat among rocks and stones; whereas its cousin (*Anodon cyaneus*), of a larger size and more homely exterior, prefers the muddy ooze of lake-bottoms, or the sandy reaches of our

wider and more placid streams. Loch Tay is also very prolific in mussels; and the late Marquis of Breadalbane had a fine collection of pearls gathered from its waters. The partial laying dry of Loch Vennacher, in constructing a sluice for the Glasgow water-works, revealed a great quantity of mussels, wherein many fine pearls were found by the laborers. This incident suggested to Mr. Unger the idea of systematically dredging this and other lochs, and of examining their beds by means of diving apparatus: but the muddy nature of their bottoms proved a great bar to success: and on the whole, the experiment did not reward his explorations. We regret, moreover, to hear that, as was the case with the marine pearl-fisheries of Ceylon for many years, several of the Scottish streams are nearly exhausted of their mussels by over-fishing; and unless the reformed Parliament furnishes us with a "Pearl-mussel Act," there is some danger of these mollusks becoming extinct in a few years.

The origin of pearls was a subject of much speculation in ancient times, and still provokes considerable discussion and difference of opinion among zoologists. The ancients fabled that they were originally drops of rain or dew, which, falling into the half-opened shells, were converted by the animal into pearls by some occult process of nature, "plastic force," or what not. This theory is gravely advanced by Pliny, who, in his chapter on pearl-oysters, avers further that pink pearls are produced only upon sunny days, while the dull-hued specimens are due to a cloudy sky, &c. Dioscorides, who ought to have known better, seems to incline to the same opinion, *faute de mieux*. Moore poetically alludes to the theory in the well-known lines:—

"And precious the tear as the rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea."

In connection with Pliny's statement, that the deep-sea pearl-oysters are accompanied by sea-dogs, who act as their faithful guards, Procopius (*De Bello Pers.* b. i. c. 14) tells a whimsical story. He avers that the sea-dogs [q. dog-fish?] are great admirers of the pearl-fish, and follow them out to sea; that when the sea-dogs are pressed by hunger, they go in quest of prey, and then return to the vicinity of the oysters and gaze upon them. Now a certain fisherman had noticed these platonic loves of pearl-oyster and sea-dog, and, watching his opportunity when the mollusk was deprived of its faithful sentry, who was absent for a while in search of food, pounced upon the defenceless oyster, and made for the shore with his prize. But the sea-dog, having taken a hasty meal, hurried back on the fins of love to the vicinity of his beloved, arriving just in time to catch a glimpse of the retreating robber. Before the latter could reach the shore he was overtaken by the sea-dog, and a fierce struggle ensued for the pearl-fish. Finding himself getting the worst of it, the fisherman made a last effort, and threw the pearl-fish high and dry on the strand, whereupon he was at once "torn in pieces" (see Procopius) by its infuriated protector. Unluckily we are not informed whence Procopius derived this extraordinary legend, which, as a traveller's tale, combining the poetic with the popular-scientific element, throws the fictions of Herodotus and Strabo completely into the shade.

But to return to the formation of pearls. Modern naturalists, after much patient investigation, generally ascribe their origin to an irritation pro-

duced by the intrusion of some foreign body, such as a grain of sand or grit into the shell or body of the mollusk; this particle becoming, in due time, by a pathological process, covered over with a calcareous secretion deposited thereon in successive layers or lamellations.

The late Professor Quekett subjected a sea-pearl to microscopic examination, and found the nucleus to be a minute portion of steel, probably from its position part of the blade of an oyster-knife, which, having chipped off in a vain attempt to open the oyster, had been coated over with pearly matter by the mollusk. The exact chemical composition of this secretion, termed *nacre* by zoologists, has never been satisfactorily ascertained, but its calcareous origin would account for Cleopatra's pearl being so easily soluble in vinegar. The material is deposited in irregular layers, overlapping each other in such a manner that the edges of the successive nacreous coats present when highly magnified sharply serrated outlines; and it is not improbable that to this irregularity of deposition pearls are indebted for their peculiar sheeny lustre. They are usually found between the mantle or shell-secreting membrane and the shell itself; but they also not unfrequently occur loose in the viscera or muscles of the animal. Those of a perfectly spherical form are seldom met with, except loose in the interior of the mollusk; and those which adhere to the shell, being irregular in shape and less uniform in color, are probably prominences or protuberances of the shell covered over with nacreous matter, rather than true pearls. Other zoologists have, indeed, held (with Tertullian of old, who calls them "maladies of shell-fish, or warts") that they originate in a diseased condition of the fish, which may not in all cases be aware of the presence of the foreign body within its frame. The latter theory is somewhat at variance with the speculations of a recent writer, who stands up stoutly for the intelligence and æsthetic development of the oyster, which, as he declares, is possessed of a heart, and is, perchance, not insensible to the tender passion!

As to the color of pearls, there has always existed great diversity of opinion. Sir Robert Reading, in his letter to the Royal Society, apparently attributes their hue to the central node or nucleus, affirming that pearls, if once of a dark tint, will never clear. But his theory has been completely upset by recent investigations, specimens having been found both in Scotland and Ireland, white without, but perfectly dark within; and pearls discolored by age have been sometimes restored by skillfully removing the outer layer of nacre altogether. Linnæus satisfactorily proved, by a series of experiments on the fresh-water mussel of Sweden, that irritation, resulting, as we have said before, in a pathological process of nature, is the primary origin of the pearl being formed. He suggested a plan to the Swedish government of boring holes through the shell, and introducing a wire having minute grains of sand fixed thereon between the shell and the fish. His plan succeeded so far as to reward him with pearls to the value of £450, but, proving unremunerative as a commercial venture on any large scale, it was finally abandoned. The industrious Chinese have long been in the habit of breeding pearl-mussels in tanks, and, following the same theory as that propounded by Linnæus, of introducing wires within the shell to which small shot or spherical pieces of shell are affixed. They

do not, however, bore the shell of the mussel, but, gently forcing open the valves, introduce the wire through the opening into the interior. At the end of a year, the particles so introduced are found covered over with a perfect coat of nacreous matter, and if left untouched for a year or two more, the objects so coated over can hardly be distinguished from genuine pearls. Sometimes small clay figures are inserted, which in process of time become similarly overlaid with nacre. We might suggest to zoologists the possibility of repeating these experiments with some of the Scottish pearl-mussels, which are identical with the Lapland species of Linnæus, and which could easily be kept in enclosed places traversed by running water.

But after the nearly universal belief that the nucleus of pearls is generally a particle of sand or grit accidentally lodged within the shell, the patient and straightforward researches of an able practical naturalist, Mr. Robert Garner, of Stoke-upon-Trent, have now almost conclusively set at rest the question of their origin and formation. Finding that the shore mussels near the estuary of the Conway were collected by the inhabitants of the district not only for food and bait, but also for the sake of an opaque pearl which they occasionally contained, he submitted some pearl-bearing specimens of these mussels, as well as of the true fresh-water species (*Alasmodon* or *Unio margaritifera*) from Llanwrwt and Bettws-y-coed, higher up the river, to a careful dissection and microscopic examination. We give the result in his own words, extracted from his very agreeable "Holiday of a Naturalist."

"They (i. e. the pearls) are due to the irritation caused by the presence, in the mantle or shell-secreting envelope of the animal, of a minute parasite, a *Distomus*. Sometimes a little dark shelly matter, like the interior of the shell, is first deposited, but with the *distomus* within. Sometimes the parasite may be obtained with pearly plates adhering to it, or seen within a thin covering of pearly matter, or extracted entire from the pearly case. Occasionally, however, a pearl may be less than the parasite, and sometimes pearly prominences are to be seen within the valves, especially towards the posterior extremities; these may be due to other less common causes of irritation, but especially to a parasitical mite (*Atax*)."

We do not remember to have seen this apparently satisfactory solution of the formation of pearls mentioned with the prominence it deserves; and it should suggest to naturalists the expediency of subjecting pearls from other localities in Britain as well as these found in the oriental pearl-oyster (*Avicula margaritifera*) to more careful dissection and microscopic examination. This solution would explain the frequent occurrence of pearls in the viscera or muscles of the animal, where minute parasites or entozoa would be more likely than chance bits of sand or grit to effect a permanent lodgment. Mr. Garner does not mention whether the specimens he examined were generally spherical, or whether they partook of the irregular shape which so frequently characterizes the pearls attached to the shell itself.

It will be a curious instance of the revolving cycle of fashion, should our British pearls again rise so far in estimation as to cause the marine treasures of Bahrein, Manasar, and Condatchy to be slighted in comparison, and should Occident instead of Orient pearls be quoted as typical of unsullied

beauty and purity. Be this as it may, to all the pearl-fishers of Doon, Tay, and sister streams, we cordially address the kelpie's words which so perturbed the sacristan of Melrose as he rode the water:—

"Good luck to your fishing!"

PACKING UP.

WE once knew a somewhat eccentric fellow, eccentric however on this point alone, who piqued himself on starting for his summer tour simply "as he stood." With a hat and an umbrella he would have cheerfully started for the Caucasus or Nova Zembla, if his whim took him there; he certainly did start with this somewhat meagre outfit for Moscow and the Calabrias. To use his own phrase, he "packed as he went along." A hand-bag was snatched at Dieppe, Paris yielded a razor and a tooth-brush, the necessities of civilized repose got hitched on at Strasburg, a comfortable wide-awake marked his stay at Dresden, his railway rug bore the stamp of Viennese extraction. He would fling down his burden when he reached home again, and declare he needed no Murray. Every article of his accumulated belongings had its separate history, its memories and associations. As he unpacked his carpet-bag he unpacked his diary. The carpet-bag itself was one of the most notable events of his tour. Its desirableness had loomed on him as he parted from the Italian lakes. Its necessity forced itself on him at Rome. "The idea struck me as I stood on the Capitol," he would say, "that I must have a carpet-bag. At Naples, with the great blue circle of the bay before me, I saw it, I had it." The very incongruity of the collection, as it strewn the floor, framed itself into a sort of mosaic of his travels. There was a German heaviness about his overcoat, a Swiss force about his stick, an Italian grace in the loose splendors of his necktie, a Parisian precision in his gloves. "I am," he would comment reflectively, "all I have seen and heard."

A certain cosmopolitan richness and variety was about the man when spring brought him home again. Like some olden conqueror, he brought back the spoils of every nation he had visited. "I have touched nothing," he would muse reflectively, "which has not served to adorn me." There was a new life, he would add, in coming thus naked into the world of travel. As a rule a man knows nothing of the real nature of the social forces which clothe and drape and dress him. He grows up in a circle of sartorial traditions, amidst a domestic ritual that prescribes the nature of his boots, amid mystic numbers that dictate the extent of his collarly and shirtly resources. The whistle of his train used to free this man from this oppressive despotism of routine. He started on a voyage, above all, of self-discovery. Every step brought him nearer to the decision of the great question over which judges shake their heads confounded, — what is an essential part of a man's outfit? He came back defiant of a host of "unnecessaries," but with a grave and profound reverence for whatever time and trial had declared to be indispensable. And even above this scientific object there was in its highest intensity the pleasure of purchase. The world was turned for him into a Burlington Arcade, where his very conscience encouraged him to buy at each shop. It was in vain that one urged that all travellers bought, and spread before him the gems, the photographs, the knickknackeries that had so swollen the bill of

one's tour. There was little pleasure, he would reply, in purchases such as these, made avowedly as mementos, mere side-lights of travel; the true joy of purchase lay in the sense of necessity, and when in bowing to the yoke of necessity, one drank all the joy of gaining an association. Moreover, no little fragmentary dips in knickknackery shops could rival the completeness, the continuity of his acquisitions, — the delight of bargaining rolling in, wave after wave, on this man's life.

It is not given to every man, of course, to ascend into such a seventh heaven of liberty as the heaven of our eccentric friend, and there were undoubtedly some of his hearers, — especially those over forty, to whom many of his reflections seemed somewhat forced and unreal. But there were none who did not own that he had at any rate disposed satisfactorily of the purgatory through which common mortals pass into the paradise of a holiday ramble. He had no packing-up to do. It is only by a little quiet thought that we can realize what such a freedom means. No man in his sober senses ever deliberately contemplated packing-up, and then, having contemplated, set about it. We drift into it, we are lured into it, we are forced and driven into it. It is not till we have made our engagements, till we have written to distant hotels, till we have bought our Murray, till we have promised our wife, that the necessity of it dawns on us. We say the necessity of packing, because its æsthetic and contemplative side has long been familiar to us. We have elaborately discussed the question of costume with Jones at the Club. We have dawdled with him over the shelves of the well-known "Alpine Emporium." Jones has warned us sternly against the peril of taking too much. Then he has warned us as sternly against the folly of taking too little. We strive to remember the precise number of superfluous ounces that will inflict on us the cost of another mule. We plunge deeper and deeper into an abyss of doubt. "Take arnica with you, whatever you do," our friend counsels; and then he adds in a solemn whisper, "and don't forget a needle and thread." We know it is not twice in our lives we cut our fingers, we know we could not sew a button on if we had a wilderness of needles and thread. Experienced travellers are indignant at our indecision, but there is a certain pleasure in it after all. So long as you are doubtful what to buy, you are master of the shop; the moment you have settled, all interest in your proceedings ceases. There is an infinitesimal amount of self-importance even in being an object of attention on the part of a shopboy.

As yet, indeed, packing has not really dawned on us. We are still dabbling our feet at the brink. The plunge comes when the question faces us "what do you really want?" All dreams of that portable bath that does for a mattress at night and a port-manteau in the morning die away. We dawdle no more over camp-stools that can be converted into Alpenstocks at the shortest notice. We summarily cut down the list of "necessaries" that our obsequious provider presents. We ask him, with impatient irony, whether he thinks a camp-train is to follow us. But it is long before we fairly face the voice that asks us what we shall "really want." We stop our ears, we fly, we dally with the call as long as possible. But possibility has its limits, and the time comes when we must "settle." We stand amidst the ruins of our wardrobe. A chaos of coats and boots is at our feet. The man who hesitates under such circumstances is lost. But the man of decis-

ion is hardly better off. The valise, the portmanteau, smiles serenely on the accumulated mountain of absolute indispensables. It mocks the pile with an epic, "All hope abandon, ye, of entering here." It is in vain that wild dreams of "closer packing," of better arrangement, lead us to turn everything out of it and to begin again. The heap of reliquies is only a little bigger than it was before, while the portmanteau, with a Mephistophelean enjoyment of our agonies, refuses to shut. We sit on it, we jump on it, we stand in the full grandeur of thirteen-stone-six on it, but in vain. The best course seems to be to let it sulk a little, and to leave it until the morning. The morning comes, and it still yawns on our agonies. It is master of the situation, and it knows it. The train starts in half an hour. There is nothing but to fling out a boot or two, and to smile in triumph on the partner of our joys and sorrows as she looks in to see "if we are ready." But our smile is slightly premature. The partner, too, has her reliquies, — half a dozen "quite little" packages of mysterious nature, not one of which can she possibly do without. Her box is bursting in the hall. Gentlemen's portmanteaus, she knows, will take any number of things. With a shout of despair, as the cab drives to the door, we dive again, into the ruins of our wardrobe and fling out enough to make room for the packages. Another wrestle with the straps, and we are off.

But the miseries of packing are far from ending with our first railway station. Every halt in our career, every hotel along our route, renews them. It is impossible to remember the exquisite arrangement which enabled us at first starting to get so much into the narrow compass of our bag. To drag out, to shove in, becomes the simple secret of our packing and unpacking. Physical force battling with chaos is the sight which supersedes all the ingenuity and order of home. After a time we learn to revel in the smash, to exult in crumpled collars and a hunt after the wandering slipper. What really haunts us at first is a sense of the tendency of all things to turn odd. Was it that last endeavor to accommodate our spouse that left us none but right-handed gloves? It is bothering to have to face the Alps with but one thick-soled boot whose fellow is still strewing idly the floor of our dressing-room. To these little difficulties, however, we gradually accommodate ourselves. The real difficulty lies elsewhere. No one can be more profoundly impressed with a sense of domestic blessings than we are, but it must be owned that a wife singularly complicates the problem of packing. On our first Alpine tower we listened to the warnings of the wise, and sternly insisted that a single portmanteau should do for both of us. We were young, and there was a certain romance about the idea that won a laughing assent.

The laugh lasted as far as Luzerne, and then in some inexplicable way the portmanteau had become two. Little purchases of things absolutely needful had quietly crowded one out. We have long ceased to hope for such unattainable glory of packing as this. Our aim at present is simply to keep the partner of our joys to a single box. With infinite persuasion we induce her to start fair. Each year the box grows bigger, bulkier, but it is still one. Why does it return two? Why have we a dismal provision that this summer it will return three? It is impossible to detect the moment or the cause of the multiplication. It is generally at some station that the fact is broken to us, when we

are too late to remonstrate. Over the girls, indeed, we exert a stronger and a sterner discipline. We pack them together in portmanteaus, we kick bonnet-boxes down stairs, we weight out the amount of their necessary luggage, and threaten to charge extras on their pocket-money. We prohibit all additions along our route. We remind them that cameos and "delicious statuettes" can be bought at home. They are well-bred English daughters, and they yield. But they turn obedience into a running fight. They decline to pass through Paris without dresses. They refuse to visit the waterfall, and sulk at home in the hotel, lest "any one whom we know" should see them in such a dishabille. They make sarcastic comments on the ridiculous shabbiness of English travellers, and then check themselves abruptly with a confession that we are no better than our neighbors. The eldest unmarried one believes to this hour that a certain young Ensign would have made her his bride if in an unlucky moment he had not caught sight of her on a glacier. "Dressed as papa forces us to dress, he might as well have seen one in curl papers." The sigh dies gently away down the line. If the rest remain unmarried, no doubt each in her turn will attribute it to the despotism of papa. On the whole, the question is fatally complicated by the moral and social considerations that family life involves. There is but one course that we can fairly recommend; it is to pack off wife and child to a quiet watering-place, and to start like our friend at the opening with a hat and an umbrella.

CHARLES DICKENS'S USE OF THE BIBLE.

THE present writer had the distinguished honor and pleasure of being introduced to the works of Shakespeare by those of Sir Walter Scott. The introduction was obtained in this way. When the Waverley novels first fell into his hands he was too young fully to appreciate them; but he read with great and absorbing interest the quotations from Shakespeare, the "old plays," and other sources, prefixed as mottoes to the various chapters, or printed on the title-pages. "Scrappy" as such reading necessarily was, yet it impressed the present writer aforesaid so deeply, that when he afterwards came to study Shakespeare himself, he was both surprised and delighted to find how much he really owed to Sir Walter's introduction. To come, in the course of that study, upon some line or passage which he had formerly met with in the Waverley novels, was not only to meet with a dear old friend indeed, but it was also to feel how doubly classic was the ground on which he trod, since the great novelist had been there too, in search of texts for his stories and mottoes for his chapters.

Unlike the author of "Waverley," Charles Dickens employs no quotations, either from Shakespeare or anybody else, as texts or mottoes. The most cursory reader of Mr. Dickens's works may have observed that he is not much given to quoting from or alluding to the writings of others; but the attentive reader must have observed that when he does quote or allude, it is, in the great majority of cases, from or to the sacred Scriptures. Occasionally we come upon a reference to Shakespeare; now and then, though on much rarer occasions, we meet with one from Swift, or Scott, or Byron; but these occur so seldom that it may be said, once for all, that the source from which Mr. Dickens is usually in the habit of making quotations is the Bible only.

It is worth while to dip into these eighteen handsome volumes, clothed in crimson and lettered in gold,* for the purpose of marking off and noting as many such references as will make not only good what we have just affirmed, but also point out a new field where sacred treasure may be found, not buried mystically out of sight, but lying glittering on the ground: worth while, because these references to sacred subjects are all so fresh, so healthy, and — since the publication of a certain “Fly-leaf in a Life” — more than usually interesting. We shall begin with some references to the Bible itself. It is very interesting to find that so many of Mr. Dickens’s characters are represented as being in the habit either of regularly reading and studying the Bible, or of having it read to them by some one else. “I ain’t much of a hand at reading writing-hand,” said Betty Higden, “though I can read my Bible and most print.” Little Nell was in the constant habit of taking the Bible with her to read while in her quiet and lonely retreat in the old church after all her long and weary wanderings were past. In the happy time which *Oliver Twist* spent with Mrs. Maylie and Rose, he used to read in the evenings, a chapter or two from the Bible, which he had been studying all the week, and in the performance of which duty he felt more proud and pleased than if he had been the clergyman himself. There was Sarah, in the “Sketches by Boz,” who regularly read the Bible to her old mistress; and in the touching sketch of *Our Next-door Neighbor* in the same book, we find the mother of the sick boy engaged in reading the Bible to him when the visitor called and interrupted her. This incident reminds us of the poor Chancery prisoner in the Fleet, who, when on his death-bed calmly waiting the release which would set him free forever, had the Bible read to him by an old man in a cobbler’s apron. One of David Copperfield’s earliest recollections was of one Sunday evening when his mother read aloud to him and Peggotty the story of *Our Saviour raising Lazarus* from the dead. So deep an impression did the story make upon the boy, taken in connection with all that had been lately told him about his father’s funeral, that he requested to be carried up to his bedroom, from the windows of which he could see the quiet churchyard with the dead all lying in their graves at rest below the solemn moon. Pip, too, in “*Great Expectations*,” was not only in the habit of reading the Bible to the convict under sentence of death, but of praying with him as well; and Esther Summerson tells us how she used to come down stairs every evening at nine o’clock to read the Bible to her godmother.

Not a few of the dwellings into which Mr. Dickens conducts us in the course of some of his best-known stories have their walls decorated with prints illustrative of many a familiar scene from sacred history. Thus when Martin Chuzzlewit went away from Pecksniff’s, and was ten good miles on his road to London, he stopped to breakfast in the parlor of a little roadside inn, on the walls of which were two or three highly colored pictures representing the Wise Men at the Manger, and the Prodigal Son returning to his Father. On the walls of Peggotty’s charming boat-cottage, too, there were prints showing the Sacrifice of Isaac, and the Casting of Daniel into the Den of Lions. When Arthur Clennam came home after his long absence in the East, he found the Plagues of Egypt

still hanging, framed and glazed, on the same old place in his mother’s parlor. And who has forgotten the fireplace in old Scrooge’s house, which “was paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles designed to illustrate the Scriptures?”

Here are a few comparisons. When Mr. Lorry, in bestowing a bachelor’s blessing on Miss Pross before “somebody” came to claim her for his own, “held the fair face from him to look at the well-remembered expression on the forehead, and then laid the bright golden hair against his little brown wig with a genuine tenderness and delicacy which, if such things be old-fashioned, were as old as Adam.” As old as Adam here means so long ago as Adam’s time; while Methuselah suggests great age. Thus Miss Jellyby relieved her mind to Miss Summerson on the subject of Mr. Quale in the following energetic language: “If he were to come with his great shining lumpy forehead night after night till he was as old as Methuselah, I would n’t have anything to say to him.” And Mr. Filer, in his eminently practical remarks on the lamentable ignorance of political economy on the part of working people in connection with marriage, observed to Alderman Cute that a man may live to be as old as Methuselah, and may labor all his life for the benefit of such people; but there could be no more hope of persuading them that they had no right or business to be married than he could hope to persuade them that they had no earthly right or business to be born. Miss Betsy Trotwood declared to Mr. Dick that the natural consequence of David Copperfield’s mother having married a murderer — or a man with a name very like it — was to set the boy a-prowling and wandering about the country “like Cain before he was grown up.” Joe Gargery’s journeyman, on going away from his work at night, used to slouch out of the shop like Cain, or the Wandering Jew, as if he had no idea where he was going, and had no intention of ever coming back. Describing the state of “the thriving city of Eden,” when Martin and Mark arrived there, the author of “*Martin Chuzzlewit*” says “The waters of the Deluge might have left it but a week before, so choked with slime and matted growth was the hideous swamp which bore that name.” The Deluge suggests Noah’s Ark. The following reference to it is from “*Little Dorrit*,” descriptive of the gradual approach of darkness up among the highest ridges of the Alps: “The ascending night came up the mountains like a rising water. When at last it rose to the walls of the convent of the Great St. Bernard, it was as if that weather-beaten structure were another ark, and floated on the shadowy waves.” Here is something from the Tower of Babel: Looming heavy in the black wet night, the tall chimneys of the Coketown factories rose high into the air, and looked as if they were so many “competing towers of Babel.” When Mortimer Lightwood inquired of Charley Hexam, with reference to the body of the man found in the river, whether or not any means had been employed to restore life, he received this reply: “You would n’t ask, sir, if you knew his state. Pharaoh’s multitude that were drowned in the Red Sea ain’t more beyond restoring to life.” The boy added, further, “that if Lazarus were only half as far gone, that was the greatest of all the miracles.” When the Scotch surgeon was called in professionally to see Mr. Krook’s unfortunate lodger, the Scotch tongue pronounced him to be “just as dead as Phairy.” Job’s poverty is not likely to be for-

* The Works of Charles Dickens. “Charles Dickens’s Edition.”

gotten among the comparisons. No. Mr. Mell's mother was as poor as Job. Nor Samson's strength: Dot's mother had so many infallible recipes for the preservation of the baby's health that, had they all been administered, the said baby must have been done for, though strong as an infant Samson. Nor Goliath's importance: John Chivery's chivalrous feeling towards all that belonged to Little Dorrit made him so very respectable, in spite of his small stature, his weak legs, and his genuine poetic temperament, that a Goliath might have sat in his place demanding less consideration at Arthur Clennam's hands. Nor Solomon's wisdom: Trotty Veck was so delighted when the child kissed him that he could n't help saying, "She's as sensible as Solomon." Miss Wade, having said farewell to her fellow-travellers in the public room of the hotel at Marseilles, sought her own apartment. As she passed along the gallery, she heard an angry sound of muttering and sobbing. A door stood open, and, looking into the room, she saw therein Pet's attendant, the maid with the curious name of Tattycoram. Miss Wade asked what was the matter, and received in reply a few short and angry words in a deeply injured, ill-used tone. Then again commenced the sobs and tears and pinching, tearing fingers, making altogether such a scene as if she were being "rent by the demons of old." Let us close these comparisons by quoting another from the same book, "Little Dorrit," descriptive of the evening stillness after a day of terrific glare and heat at Marseilles: "The sun went down in a red, green, golden glory; the stars came out in the heavens, and the fireflies mimicked them in the lower air, as men may feebly imitate the goodness of a better order of beings; the long, dusty roads and the interminable plains were in repose, and so deep a hush was on the sea, that it scarcely whispered of the time when it shall give up its dead."

Looking over the dear familiar pages of "Nicholas Nickleby," our eye lights upon a passage, almost at opening, which refers to God's goodness and mercy. As Nickleby's father lay on his death-bed, he embraced his wife and children, and then "solemnly commended them to One who never deserted the widow or her fatherless children." Towards the close of Esther Summerson's narrative in "Bleak House" we read these touching, tender words regarding Ada's baby: "The little child who was to have done so much was born before the turf was planted on its father's grave. It was a boy; and I, my husband, and my guardian gave him his father's name. The help that my dear counted on did come to her; though it came in the Eternal Wisdom for another purpose. Though to bless and restore his mother, not his father, was the errand of this baby, its power was mighty to do it. When I saw the strength of the weak little hand, and how its touch could heal my darling's heart, and raise up hopes within her, I felt a new sense of the goodness and tenderness of God." After these illustrations of the great lessons of the goodness of God, and that there is mercy in even our hardest trials, we come next upon one which teaches the duty of patience and resignation to God's will. Mrs. Maylie observed to Oliver Twist, with reference to the dangerous illness of Rose, that she had seen and experienced enough to "know that it is not always the youngest and best who are spared to those that love them; but this should give us comfort in our sorrow, for Heaven is just, and such things teach us impressively that there is

a brighter world than this, and that the passage to it is speedy. God's will be done!"

After these words the subject of prayer naturally suggests itself. At another, and a very different stage of Oliver Twist's career, we find him on his knees, earnestly beseeching God to spare him from committing such deeds and crimes as he had just been reading of in the book which Fagin had put into his hands. That was an earnest prayer, too, of the poor woman in the sketch by "Boz" of "The Black Veil"; and no reader of "Bleak House" can forget the prayer of poor Jo, the crossing-sweeper. On his death-bed he was visited by Allan Woodcourt, who asked him:—

"Jo! Did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never know'd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. . . ."

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin—a-gropin; let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"Our Father."

"Our Father! Yes, that's wery good, sir."

"Which art in heaven?"

"Art in heaven; is the light a-comin, sir?"

"It is close at hand. *Hallowed be Thy name.*"

"Hallowed be Thy—"

"The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead! . . . and dying thus around us every day." When Pip went to see Abel Magwitch lying under sentence of death, he felt it to be his duty to say and read to him what he knew the convict ought to hear: "Mindful, then, of what we had read together, I thought of the two men who went up into the Temple to pray, and I knew there were no better words that I could say beside his bed than 'O Lord, be merciful to him a sinner!'"

Our Saviour's life and teaching supply so many interesting illustrations to Charles Dickens that our great difficulty, in such a limited space as that to which we are now confined, is to make a good selection. To make a beginning; here is a sketch entitled "A Christmas Tree," from one of his reprinted pieces, which contains this simple and beautiful summary of our Lord's life on earth: "The waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas Tree? Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a Baby in a manger; a Child in a spacious temple talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where He sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon His knee, and other children round; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice

heard, Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In such a history, truly, as Mr. Dickens elsewhere says ("Uncommercial Traveller"), "the most beautiful and affecting conceivable by man," there must be many incidents and illustrations of surpassing interest to the novelist. Let us proceed with our selection. One who has written so many Christmas stories, and associated his name so intimately with that welcome season, as Charles Dickens has done, can scarcely fail to allude to many of the scenes in the life of Him who was "its mighty Founder." Opening the "Christmas Carol," we find ourselves in the company of Scrooge and the ghost of Jacob Marley. Listen! "At this time of the rolling year," the spectre said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the wise men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me?" To the Star in the East there is another very touching reference in "Hard Times," — perhaps one of the most affecting references to the sacred narrative that can be found anywhere within the boards of all Mr. Dickens's books. Stephen Blackpool has just been recovered from the "Old Hell Shaft," and is lying on the ground with his face turned to the sky of night. A throng of people surround the poor, crushed, dying man. Rachael his friend, is stooping and bending over him.

"Look up yonder, Rachael! Look abooove!" Following his eyes, she saw that he was gazing at a star.

"It ha' shined upon me," he said, reverently, "in my pain and trouble down below. It ha' shined into my mind. I ha' look'n at 't and thowt o' thee, Rachael, till the muddle in my mind have cleared awa, abooove a bit, I hope. . . ."

The bearers were preparing to carry him away. While they were arranging how to go, Stephen again spoke to his friend: "Often as I coom to myseln," he said, again referring to the star, "and found it shining on me down there in my trouble, I thowt it were the star as guided to our Saviour's home. I awmst think it be the very star!"

They lifted him up, and he was overjoyed to find that they were about to take him in the direction whither the star seemed to him to lead.

"Rachael, beloved lass! Don't let go my hand; we may walk together t' night, my dear."

"I will hold thy hand, and keep beside thee, Stephen, all the way."

"Bless thee! Will soombody be pleased to coover my face?"

"They carried him very gently along the fields, and down the lanes, and over the wide landscape; Rachael always holding the hand in hers. Very few whispers broke the mournful silence. It was soon a funeral procession. The star had shown him where to find the God of the poor; and through humility and sorrow and forgiveness he had gone to his Redeemer's rest."

What our Saviour said of little children is often affectionately alluded to by Mr. Dickens. Thus while David Copperfield relates how he was treated by the Murdstones, he quietly observes that, though their gloomy theology made out all children to be nothing better than a swarm of little vipers, yet he was greatly comforted by knowing that Jesus had other and very different thoughts about children, when He could take, as He once did, a little child and set him in the midst of the disciples, saying,

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The same incident is mentioned in Tiny Tim's history. Scrooge had asked the spirit to let him "see some tenderness connected with a death," whereupon they entered Bob Cratchit's house, and found the mother and her children all seated round the fire. "The noisy little Cratchits were still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet."

"And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them."

"Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them only, as he and the spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?"

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

"The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!"

Since we have got amongst the little children, let us have a few more instances of their associations with the sacred story in the writings of Charles Dickens. In "A Tale of Two Cities" we read of Lucie sitting in the still and lonely house "listening to the echoing footsteps of years," — listening to something which whispered of a time when she would perhaps be called away to fill an early grave, and leave her husband and her child behind. "That time passed, and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then, among the advancing echoes, there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle-side could always hear those coming. They came, and the shady house was sunny with a child's laugh, and the Divine Friend of children, to whom in her trouble she had confided hers, seemed to take her child in her arms, as He took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her. Thus soothed and comforted, Lucie heard in the echoes of years none but friendly sounds."

"Even when there were sounds of sorrow among the rest, they were not harsh nor cruel. Even when golden hair, like her own, lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, and he said, with a radiant smile, 'Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both, and to leave my pretty sister; but I am called, and I must go—those were not tears all of agony that wetted his young mother's cheek, as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been intrusted to it. Suffer them, and forbid them not. They see my Father's face. O Father—blessed words!"

Esther Summerson and Ada Clare are on a visit to the brickmaker's family. Opportunity has just been given them of saying a few kind words to the brickmaker's wife, who was sitting by the fire with the baby on her knee. Ada's gentle heart is moved by baby's sufferings. As she bends down to touch its little face, it died. "O Esther!" cried Ada, sinking on her knees beside it, "look here! O Esther, my love, the little thing! — the suffering, quiet, pretty little thing! I am so sorry for it. I am so sorry for the mother. I never saw a sight so pitiful as this before. O baby, baby!"

They tried to comfort the mother, and whispered to her what our Saviour said of little children. She answered nothing, and could only reply to their tender, loving sympathy by "weeping—weeping very much."

We have no space for more of these touching incidents, nor for any other, indeed, out of a list of passages which we had marked off with reference to the parables and miracles of our Lord; the divine lessons of loving and forgiving one another; the necessity of being ourselves at peace with God; the change that must come upon us all; the certainty of another and a better life than this; and the great day of judgment to come. But what we have given will be amply sufficient, we trust, to show how much our greatest living novelist is in the habit of going to the sacred narrative for illustrations to many of his most touching incidents, and how reverent and respectful always is the spirit in which every such illustration is employed. To think of Charles Dickens's writings as containing no religious teaching is to do them a great injustice. It is true that many of his readers may possibly have been startled by what he has written with regard to the Christian ministry and missionary work as associated with Stiggins, Chadband, Mrs. Jellyby, and some of the observations of Sam Weller's father. But with reference to these, and such as these, a paragraph in the Preface to one of the earliest of his works — "The Pickwick Papers" — is quite sufficient to reassure his startled readers, and dispel from their minds all idea of religion or religious work being referred to only to be ridiculed. In the Preface referred to Mr. Dickens says: —

"Lest there should be any well-intentioned persons who do not perceive the difference (as some could not when 'Old Mortality' was newly published) between religion and the cant of religion, piety and the pretence of piety, a humble reverence for the great truths of sacred Scripture and an audacious and offensive obtrusion of its letter and not its spirit, in the commonest dissensions and meanest affairs of life, to the extraordinary confusion of ignorant minds, let them understand that it is always the latter, and never the former, which is satirized here. . . . It is never out of season to protest against that coarse familiarity with sacred things which is busy on the lip, and idle in the heart; or against the confounding of Christianity with any class of persons who, in the words of Swift, have just enough religion to make them hate, and not enough to make them love, one another."

These "words of observation on so plain a head," though written as far back as the first publication of "Pickwick," are strictly applicable to all that Mr. Dickens has since written. So that, to think of his writings as containing neither moral nor religious lessons, — in their best and widest sense, free from all sectarian teaching and as high and dry above the distractions of theological dogmatisms as practice is from profession, — simply because they are works of fiction, and not classed under the head of "Religious Publications," would be not only as uncharitable, but as unjust, as it was of St. John, who on one occasion came to our Saviour and reported, in his zeal, that he had seen one casting out devils who did not belong to his company or apostleship. "Forbid him not," said Jesus, "for there is no man which shall do a miracle in My name that can lightly speak evil of Me; for he that is not against us is on our part." Who can tell how many are the legions of evil spirits that have been cast out? — how much real and lasting good effected by those pure and healthy writings which have made the name of Charles Dickens familiar as a Household Word wherever the English language is spoken or translated?

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE programme of the next Paris Italian opera season has just been issued. Three new operas are promised.

THE Musical Standard states that the French normal diapason has been adopted at the important opera-house of Prague.

OFFENBACH celebrates his silver wedding at his estate at Etretat by a fancy dress ball, the characters chiefly selected from his own operas.

"THE Academy" is the very bad title selected by Mr. Murray for his new critical journal. Dr. William Smith of dictionary renown is mentioned as its editor.

At a recent marriage at a Ritualistic Church in the fashionable part of London the service lasted exactly two hours! This included a sermon and the celebration of the Holy Communion.

NOT long since Sir Edward Codrington breakfasted with the Emperor and the Empress at St. Cloud. In the folds of his napkin Sir Edward found the insignia of Grand Officer of the Legion d'Honneur.

THE Athenæum says that Lord Palmerston's Diary recently discovered is not a mere record of facts, but a gallery of pictures and sketches, in all of which are clearly to be seen the style of an accomplished master. It is besides, something more. A scene between the writer and the Duke of Wellington, when Mr. Huskisson's dismissal or his being retained was in dispute, is of the very highest and finest style of serious comedy: graphic, dramatic, and so lifelike that the actors seem bodily before us.

THE readers of the *Figaro*, one of the most popular and best written of the Paris journals, had last week to contemplate a singular phenomenon. The editor in chief, M. H. de Villemessant, was bold enough to give the place of honor to an article of his own entitled "Une Maison de Fous à vendre." It was a magnificent account of a house with fine grounds of his own which he wanted to sell for \$10,000, and the folly to which the title of the article referred was that of successive proprietors who had wasted whole fortunes in making this mansion, its park, its gardens, and its fields a perfect paradise, with every comfort and luxury which ingenuity could devise and money obtain. M. de Villemessant announces that he is on the point of purchasing a residence in the Bois de Boulogne, and that is the sole reason of his wishing to part with a perfect paradise in the country. The Parisians are amused. They take an interest in the private affairs of M. de Villemessant, and they do not see how journalism is degraded by such a system of advertising.

THE English journals are in a very happy frame of mind over the result of the international boat race, and frankly admit that the match was a close one. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "To have beaten such as these, men whose pluck could carry them 3,000 miles to measure oars with an English university, whose patience has in detail surmounted innumerable difficulties and disappointments in boat-building, and whose endurance was almost unparalleled, is for Oxford one of those happy triumphs in which there is peculiar honor to the victor, without the smallest particle of humiliation for the vanquished." The *London Times* ends its account of the contest with the following sentiment: "The American crew

has met, as we were always sure it would meet, with perfectly fair play; and if our crew goes to America, we have no doubt it will receive similar treatment. May all our future international struggles be conducted in the same spirit, and whichever side wins, may the vanquished always have as little reason to feel regret at their defeat!"

A CONTRIBUTOR to the Daily News gives an interesting account of an unsuccessful attempt made by a correspondent of Victor Hugo, while the translation of "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*" was being proceeded with, to convince the great man that "*Première des quatre*" was not a correct rendering of "*Firth of Forth*," and that the "*Firth of Forth*" was not the "*First of Four Cliffs*." The curious blunder was noticed in many quarters when "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*" appeared; but it is now known for the first time, that it had been pointed out to M. Hugo before the work appeared, and that the sublime romancist persisted in maintaining that the "*Firth of Forth*" was what he had declared it to be, and that the first of the four cliffs which mark the frontier between England and Scotland had been blown down by the fury of an equinoctial gale. "The meteorological facts mentioned by me," he replied, "being the same as reported by the Bulletin of the Paris Observatory, if there is an error, or if the denomination is inexact, it is to the Bulletin that that error or inexactitude must be referred. For the rest I do not believe that there is any error (*Du reste, je ne crois pas qu'il y ait erreur*)."

Mrs. STOWE's paper on the Byrons appears in the September number of Macmillan's Magazine, prefaced by the following editorial note:—

"Many readers of the Diary of the late Mr. Crabb Robinson must have been much struck by a letter from Lady Byron, there printed for the first time (Vol. III. p. 351). The tone of deep affection, and almost divine charity, in which she speaks of her husband, must have come with startling effect on those who knew her only through the representations of '*Don Juan*,' and Mr. Moore's '*Life of Lord Byron*.'"

"The following paper, from the pen of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, on Lady Byron's life and relations to Lord Byron, is the first complete and authentic statement of the whole circumstances of that disastrous affair which has been given to the world. Painful and appalling as are the details, the time is come when they can no longer be concealed. This paper is, in fact, Lady Byron's own statement of the reasons which forced her to the separation which she so long resisted, and on which, out of regard for her husband and child, she maintained so religious a silence up to the day of her death. Evidence at once so new and so direct cannot but materially alter the whole complexion of this most painful question; and all former judgments, being based on insufficient data, must of necessity be henceforward invalidated or superseded. A perusal of the facts here given for the first time will leave little doubt in the reader's mind both that Lady Byron's separation was the only course open to her, and that the motives for her persistent silence were of the same kind which governed her long life of active and noble beneficence. The intense faithfulness and love to her husband which survived private wrongs of the deepest kind, the continued attacks of Lord Byron himself, and a long course of public vituperation, were only a consistent part of her whole nature and life.

"Towards so pure and lofty a character, *compassion* would be out of place; but *justice* may be rendered, even after this lapse of time; and it is peculiarly gratifying to the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine that it should be rendered through these columns."

LUCAS, who succeeded Batty as Lion-Tamer at the Hippodrome, has been slain by his beasts. Armed only with a whip he entered a cage wherein were four lions. Lucas had not been two seconds in the cage before he perceived his danger. He had omitted to take with him his usual weapons. For an instant he lost sight of the lioness, who, no longer perceiving his eyes fixed on hers, seized him by the lower jaw and by the back of his head crunching the occipital bone, and then seizing him by the arm in order to drag him between her paws and devour him at her leisure. Her sire, however, desirous of sharing the spoil, attempted to force him from beneath her paws, and caught him by the thigh, inflicting a fearful wound, and literally gnawing through the main artery. It was at this awful moment that José Mendez, an attached servant of Lucas, dashed into the cage with a revolver with the butt end of which he dealt a heavy blow at the lioness's head, which compelled her to give up her prey. Mendez, with marvellous strength, made a spring at the lion and threw him into the back of the cage; then, levelling the weapon at the animals with his right arm, pushed the bleeding man out of their reach by his feet. It was only then that the other attendants came to the rescue, and with an iron bar wrenched open the bars of the cage, enabling Mendez to effect his escape backwards, dragging Lucas with him, but never lowering his right arm, with which he grasped the revolver. The heroic conduct of Mendez deserves record, and may well rank with deeds of daring which have won stars and crosses on fields of battle. But his devotion was unavailing. His master had received his death-wound.

A VIENNA paper gives an amusing account of the refreshments which the singers at the opera there are in the habit of taking between the acts to keep their voices in good order. Each singer, it appears, has his or her own peculiar specific. The Swedish tenor Labatt takes "two salted cucumbers" for a dose, and declares that this vegetable is the best thing in the world for strengthening the voice and giving it "the true metallic ring." The other singers, however, do not seem to be of this opinion. Sontheim takes a pinch of snuff and drinks cold lemonade; Wachtel eats the yolk of an egg beaten up with sugar; Steger, "the most corpulent of tenors," drinks "the brown juice of the gambrinus"; Walter, cold black coffee; Niemann, champagne; and Tichatchek, mulled claret. Ferenczy, the tenor, smokes one or two cigars, which his colleagues regard as so much poison. Mdlle. Braun-Brini takes after the first act a glass of beer, after the third and fourth a cup of café au lait, and before the great duet in the fourth act of the "*Huguenots*" always a bottle of Moët Crémant Rosé. Nachbar munches bonbons during the performance: Rübsam, the barytone, drinks mead; Mitterwurzer and Kindermann suck dried plums; Robinson, another barytone, drinks soda-water; Formes takes porter, and Arabanek Gumpoldskirchner wine! The celebrated barytone Beck, on the other hand, takes nothing at all, and refuses to speak. Draxler smokes Turkish tobacco and drinks a glass of beer. Another singer, Dr. Schmid, regulates his diet according to the state of his voice at the time. Sometimes he drinks coffee, sometimes tea, and a quarter of an hour afterwards lemonade, mead, or champagne, taking snuff between whiles, and eating apples, plums, and dry bread, a very liberal arrangement.

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HEINRICH HEINE.

THIRTEEN years have now elapsed since the death of Heinrich Heine, and it is scarcely yet decided what position he is entitled to occupy in the history of European literature. Those who assign him the rank of a great humorist are unwilling to number him amongst the first poets of Germany, in close proximity to the cycle of Lessing, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe; while those who claim for him the throne vacated by Goethe are apt to overlook the humoristic and political side of his character. Outside Germany he is best known as a critic, a satirist, and a humorous writer. The French admired him as an Apollo, who flayed Marsyas with a grace and dexterity that rendered the operation, if not painless to the sufferer, at least pleasant to the spectator. The Germans, who were best able to appreciate the music and beauty of his singing, are only too willing to forget the bitter things he said of them beyond the Rhine. This is easily intelligible. As a poet he was German; as a humorist he was European. The many visitors who crowded to the sick-chamber at Paris, where he lay shrunk to a skeleton, with a beard that grew long as a woman's hair over the coverlet, carried away stories of satire that conquered pain, and wit whose brightness approaching death could not tarnish. But the songs of the poet spread from the woods and valleys of Germany, where they were first sung, and became intelligible only through translation to those who stood around his bed. An unfortunate misunderstanding between Heine's family and his publisher has hitherto prevented the excellent editor of his works from obtaining access to all the materials for a full biography. In the mean while his brother has published a few reminiscences of Heinrich's youth.* Such a work could not fail to have a certain interest; in most respects it is a jejune and meagre chronicle of events scarcely worth recording. Until the fuller and promised work appears, the best magazine for the biographer will be the works and letters of Heine published by Messrs. Hoffmann and Campe, and edited by Dr. Strodtmann.†

Heine was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, December 13th, 1799. He himself dated his birth from the 1st of January, 1800, in order that, as he laughingly said, he might be spoken of as one of the

first men of the century. His father, Sigismund Heine, belonged, as did his ancestors, to the mercantile class. He was a Jew, but, unlike his brother, Solomon Heine, the Hamburg banker, never attained to considerable wealth. He married Elizabeth von Geldern, the daughter of a medical man of some local celebrity. We do not know much of the mother of Heinrich Heine, but we do know that she always retained the affection of her son, for in some of his latest letters to his publisher he is careful that she should be provided with early copies of his works, and that parts, which he believed could not be pleasing to her, should be removed from the copies which she received.

Heinrich had two brothers and a sister, who was still alive. It is to this sister that the well-known poem, "*Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder*," is addressed. Heinrich was entered as pupil in the Düsseldorf Gymnasium. He has given an account of the advantages he derived from that institution:—

"Everything was to be learnt by rote: Greek, History, Geography, Chronology. And yet many benefits have come to me from such study. For if I had not known the Roman kings in order it would have been afterwards perfectly indifferent to me whether Niebuhr had proved or had not proved that they never existed at all. And if I had not known those dates how could I afterwards have found my way about big Berlin, where one house is as like another as two rain-drops, and where you cannot find your friends unless you keep the number of their houses in your head? I used to allot my friends some historical event, whose date coincided with the numbers of their houses, so that I could easily know the number by thinking of the date; and thus it happened that I never saw a friend without his suggesting some historical event. For instance, if I met my tailor, I immediately thought of the battle of Marathon; when I saw the well-dressed banker, Gumpel, the destruction of Jerusalem occurred to me. When I met a certain insolvent Portuguese friend, I thought of the flight of Mahomet; when I saw the University chancellor, a man whose severe integrity is well known, I remembered the death of Haman.

"But as regards Latin, you have no idea how involved it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been first obliged to learn Latin. This happy people knew in their cradles what nouns have an accusative in *im*. I, on the contrary, must learn them by rote in the sweat of my brow. Still, it is a grand thing that I know them. For instance, if on the 20th July, 1825, when I had to dispute publicly in the hall at Göttingen, I had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, the undergraduates present might have detected it, and that would have been for me an eternal disgrace. *Vis, buris, silis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cinnabis, sinapis*, these words, which have made such a noise in the world, have done so by pretending to belong to a

* "Erinnerungen an Heinrich Heine und Seine Familie, von seinem Bruder Maximilian Heine." Berlin: Ferd. Dümmler's Verlagsbuchhandlung. 1868.

† "Heine's Sammtliche Werke." Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. 1865.

certain class, and yet remaining exceptions. For this reason I esteem them highly; and that I always have them at command, should any unforeseen need come upon me to use them, gives me in many a gloomy hour of life much inward comfort and delight."

From this Gymnasium, Heine proceeded to study law at Bonn, which he seems soon to have left, and at Göttingen. Here he began his tragedies, "Almansor" and "Ratcliffe"; but having violated the university duelling-regulations, he was compelled to leave by a *consilium abeundi*.

He had already won something of the reputation of a poet. He had published, in 1821, a small volume of poems, and these were so successful that Rassmann included him among the celebrities whom he noticed in his year-book for 1822. The work, small as it was, attracted the attention of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, who wrote a poem and an affectionate letter to Heine.

In 1822 he continued his studies at Berlin. He attended the lectures of Hegel, whose influence upon him was never obliterated; and he further had the good fortune to be admitted to the best literary circles. The friendships formed at this time were the warmest that he made, and doubtless gave the direction to his after career. These naturally began with the mercantile class, to whom his uncle Solomon could give him an introduction, and especially with a friend of the family, Moses Moser. He was one of those men, not uncommon in Germany, who, though engaged in active business, are enthusiastic students. He was a warm admirer of Hegel, and his friendship with Heine lasted until his own death in 1838.

"I do not like you," said Heine, in a letter to him at this time, "because you are a magazine of virtue, and know Spanish, and Syriac and Hegelian, English, Arabic, and Hindostani, and have lent me your overcoat and money, and have worried yourself about me and so forth. I like you, perhaps, only for a silly trick of manner I have noticed in you, and a few absurd expressions that escape you, and stick in my memory, and haunt me pleasantly when I am in a good temper, or have money, and am sentimental.

"I had a Pole for a friend, for whom I would have drunk myself to death; or rather for whom I would have stood, and would still stand to be shot, and the fellow was not worth a single penny, and was dirty, and had the most abominable principles,—but he had a guttural sound with which he could say the word, 'What!' in so astounding a manner that at this very moment I can't think of it without weeping and laughing."

It was perhaps to Moser that Heine owed his introduction to Varnhagen von Ense and his wife,— "the mother of young Germany" as she was called. In her drawing-room Heine, whom she had named "the untutored darling of the graces," met the best intellectual society of the capital. All sciences and arts were represented at her reunions. Hegel, the two Humboldts, Rauch, Schleiermacher, Hitzig, and Chamisso met each other there, and contact with such men must have left a certain mark upon the quick and sensitive nature of Heine.

But while admission to this society developed the Hellenistic side of his character, the Hebraism in him was deepened by his close and constant familiarity with another circle which included his intimate friends. Most of the members of this society were Jews, and if their names are not so well known as those that clustered around Hegel and Von Ense, they had certainly no less influence upon the young poet. They met every Thursday evening in

the house of Philip Veit, and it was to this society that some of Heine's early pieces, such as the "North Sea Poems," were first submitted. Among them were, Moser; Professor Gans, the Jurist, author of a work on the "Development of Hereditary Right"; Lessmann Lehrman, better known under the name of *Anselmi*, a critic and lifelong friend of Heine; Dr. Zung, the Orientalist; and Mendelssohn, the father of Felix the musician, who was then a boy "with large, dreamy, poetical eyes."

The two years Heine spent at Berlin seem to have been his happiest. Reckless, joyous, keen in the pursuit of pleasure, he yet found time to write letters which reflect the careless happiness of his nature to the Rhenish journals reviews of Rossmann's, Rousseau's, Smets's, Beer's, and Henzel's works, and to bring out his own tragedies. But as yet he was untouched by the terrible nervous disease, to the inheritance of which he so soon succeeded.

After leaving Berlin he resided for some time with his family at Lüneburg and Hamburg. Owing to the illness of his father they seem to have been in a measure dependent upon the generosity of the rich Solomon Heine; and the proud nature of Heinrich who hated the bounty that his position compelled him to take, embittered the relationship between himself and his uncle's family. His letters to Moser show how eagerly he looked forward to a position of independence, which, alas! he never entirely reached. It was, perhaps, the feeling of unwilling dependence that gave rise to much of the cynicism which marked and marred his best work. On leaving the society of Moser, too, a strong reaction in his mind set in against the Jews, and he was already beginning to reap the consequences of his free and out-spoken criticisms. "How I despise this pack of men," he writes, "the uncircumcised with the circumcised!" Perhaps, at this time he despised the circumcised most. While at Berlin he had joined the Jewish Union for Culture and Science, and had promised to write for a magazine which had been planned. But the early numbers offended his delicate literary taste. "I have read it," he wrote to the editor, Dr. Zung, "but I must candidly confess that the greatest part, yes, three parts, of the third number is unpleasant on account of the negligent style. I don't want Goethe's style, but an intelligible one. I have studied all forms of German,—Saxon German, Swabian German, and Franconian German,—but our Magazine German gives me more difficulty than any. Impress, I implore you, upon your colleagues in the magazine the importance of culture in style, without which the other culture cannot be advanced."

This advice may not have been without effect. The fourth number never appeared.

An arrangement with his uncle was shortly made, by which he was enabled to proceed again to Göttingen to read finally for his degree. It was also deemed advisable for his subsequent employment under the Prussian Government that he should be baptized. In this matter he was opposed to the wishes of his family. Not that his objections were upon religious grounds. "You can easily infer," he says, "that baptism has no meaning for me, and that even as a symbol I esteem it of little importance, and that under the circumstances and in the manner in which it would be performed in my case, it would have for others but little significance. Me, indeed, it might influence to devote myself still more to battle for the rights of my unhappy race, but I think it

beneath my dignity, and a blot upon my honor, that I should be baptized in order to gain a civil appointment in Prussia."

He yielded, however, to the solicitations of his family, and was baptized before setting out for Göttingen. His uncle allowed him a year for study and during this period he worked hard, — so hard that the nervous headaches to which he was now subject seriously affected his health. Meanwhile his uncle appears to have pursued an illiberal policy towards him. Perhaps we can hardly judge the circumstances fairly. Ordinarily Solomon Heine was a man of strict justice, occasionally of great generosity, and several charitable institutions at Hamburg still testify at once to his commercial success and his munificence. But Heine always complained bitterly that his cousins poisoned the mind of his uncle towards him. This is quite possible; but the pride and impetuosity of the poet may have tended more to breed misunderstandings between them than Heine himself would have admitted. For long periods of time he did not write to his uncle lest he should be supposed by the family at Hamburg to be attacking him with *captationes benevolentiae*. But his health failed him so much that he was compelled to ask for another half-year to complete his studies, which he had been obliged to suspend for some time during the first year. In this interval of rest he undertook a walking tour over the Harz district. It is this journey which he describes in the now celebrated "Harzreise." Upon his return he wrote to Moser about it thus:—

"It did me a great deal of good, and I feel myself much stronger through the journey. I went on foot, and mostly alone, wandered over the whole Harz, passed by fair hills and valleys, and breathed fresh air once more. I saw much that was beautiful and lovely, and if jurisprudence had not followed me spectre-like, I should have found the world very beautiful. I could tell you much about this Harz journey, but I have already begun to write it down, and shall have it quite ready this winter. There will also appear verses in it, which will please you — fair and noble feelings, and such-like sentimental rubbish. What can one do! Of a truth the opposition to effete conventionalism is a thankless business."

But the "Harzreise," originally intended for a magazine, and written for pecuniary reasons, did not appear until after Heine had taken his degree, in July, 1825. Later some of his literary opponents averred that he had purchased his diploma, and he used to say that he could bear any attack except that upon his academical honors. It is curious to read the name of that "most high and puissant monarch George IV., King of Great Britain and Hanover," upon Heine's diploma.

Of Hugo, Protector of the University, Heine spoke warmly, and the recognition of his talent, which he obtained from him, was of a nature to fill the poet with gratitude. For some time after this he lived at Hamburg. As might have been expected from the nature of the man, he was now bitter against the Christians. "I assure you," he says to Moser, "had the laws allowed me to steal silver spoons, I would never have been baptized."

In 1826 appeared the "Buch le Grand," and the second volume of the "Reisebilder," and in the following year Heine visited England. Much has been said of his dislike to this country, — a dislike which culminated with his personal experience of us. He disliked the people, he disliked their mode

of life, he disliked most of all the climate, "nothing but fog, coal-smoke, porter, and Canning."

It is perhaps well we should learn what a man like Heine thought of our country forty-two years ago, especially as we may hope that our faults are not the same now as they were then. It is, at least, not true of us now that our most frequented amusements are boxing, cock-fighting, and public executions, though, alas! we still bring our "simple vegetables to table, boiled in water, exactly as God made them." But it was especially the hard mechanical nature of the English mind that Heine could not tolerate; our lack of mental flexibility seemed to him a melancholy born of unwholesome air and unjustifiable pride. Not only the iron, but the cold, unvarying regularity of our machinery, had entered into our souls and chilled and imprisoned all intellectual life. We sometimes ask with no little self-satisfaction, What would be the feelings of a Greek, could he be transported from ancient Athens to one of our commercial centres? Perhaps we may have a sufficiently correct answer in the words of Heine:—

"The perfection of the machinery which is everywhere employed, and which has superseded so much of human effort, seemed to me something wrong; this artificial motion of wheels, bars, cylinders, the myriad little hooks, pegs, and teeth which circle in almost passionate revolution, filled me with horror. The accuracy, correctness, rigor, and punctuality in the life of the English troubled me in an equal degree. For as in England the machines seem human, so too the men appear machines. Wood, and iron, and brass seem there to have arrogated to themselves the intellect, and to have gone mad through excess of it whilst the demented man, like a hollow spectre, performs mechanically his customary business, and at the fixed minute devours beefsteaks, speaks in Parliament, brushes his nails, mounts the stage-coach, or hangs himself."

Again:—

"It is when we meet them in foreign countries," he says of the English, "that their defects are so unpleasantly prominent. They are the divinities of dulness, who hurry at full speed through all lands in brightly lacquered chariots, and leave behind them everywhere a gray dust-cloud of gloom. To this may be added their curiosity without interest, their elaborate awkwardness, their insolent stiffness, their narrow selfishness, and their dreary delight in all melancholy circumstances."

Heine's journey to England was under unfavorable circumstances. At that time, at least, he could not speak English, and, though here, he viewed things from the outside. His opinion of English society was in some measure derived from his unfavorable notions of the young Hanoverian nobles whom he met at Göttingen and Nordeney. These outdid the English aristocracy in their exclusiveness and pride of pedigree, and we may reasonably hope that it was some mistaken memory that prompted him to tell the verger of Westminster Abbey, as he handed him his fee, that he would willingly have given him more if the collection had been complete.

At the close of this year appeared the first edition of the "Buch der Lieder." All the poems had appeared before; some, to which reference has already been made, when he was very young. He did not anticipate a long life for the book. "It will sail away," he said, "like a harmless merchant-ship under the protection of the second volume of the 'Reisebilder' quietly into the sea of oblivion." But the war-spirit was on him, and he was now

ready to do battle with the whole world. "The third volume shall be a man-of-war, far more fearfully equipped; the cannons shall be of greater calibre, and I have discovered quite a new powder for them. Neither shall it carry so much ballast as the second volume."

To fit out this vessel with its cannon and ammunition, Heine travelled through Italy, where he spent a great part of the following year. The volume proved to be all that he had promised, and exhibited the characteristics of its author in a remarkable degree. He had now taken up the line of opposition to all restraint. The new wine was beginning to crack the old bottles. Heine declared his mission to be the liberation of humanity. He meant to fight for uncompromising freedom in religion and politics. He resigned the poet's laurels for the warrior's sword, which he prayed might be laid upon his coffin. That sword he wielded fearlessly, indeed, recklessly, in this volume. And yet the movement of later and present thought has demonstrated how much farther than his contemporaries he saw. The following passage shows, too, how tenderly, and yet how boldly, he could speak upon religious subjects:—

"Only so long as religions have to compete with one another, and are far more persecuted than persecuting, are they noble and honorable; for then alone are inspiration, sacrifice, martyrs, and palms possible. How beautiful, how serenely fair, how unutterably sweet was the Christianity of the early centuries, whilst it still resembled its divine Founder in the heroism of suffering! There lingered yet the beautiful story of an undeclared divinity, who wandered in the fair form of youth under the palms of Palestine, who preached love, and revealed the doctrines of freedom and equality, which the reason of the greatest thinkers has since recognized as true. Compare with that religion of Christ the several Christianities that have been established in the several countries as state-religions,—the Roman Catholic Church, or that Catholicism without poetry which we see prevailing in England as High Church,—that decaying skeleton of belief, from which all bloom and life have passed away."

The great blot which disfigures this work is the attack made upon Count von Platen. Nowhere is Heine's style so masterly in invective, so glittering and incisive, as in this unjust and unwarrantable criticism. The Count von Platen is an admirable writer. He was a profound scholar in Greek, Oriental and modern literature, and a true poet. By his studies and tastes he belonged to the Classical School, and his poems take their color, and often their form, from the antique models. Heine at this time chose to consider himself as belonging to the Romantic School, and had, it may be, a right, on this ground, to deem Von Platen his opponent. That he had any other cause is now difficult to discover; but he attacks the poetry, the poverty, the person of his rival, with a virulence which no dissimilarity of tastes, no opposition of artistic creed could palliate. He gave his enemies—and they were many—just reason of complaint; he alienated some of his warmest and oldest friends; he displeased all. This defection of friends, and general rising of foes, rather than any imminent political danger, determined Heine to take up his residence in Paris, amongst the joyous, light-hearted people who contrasted so favorably with the "Philistine faces" of his own land.

From 1831, then, Heine seldom left Paris, except to make short visits to the French watering-places. He began at once a series of political letters to the

Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung, some of which he collected and published with his name in the following year. To these he prefixed a bold preface which could not fail to displease the Prussian Government. The German edition was much mutilated by the censor, and henceforth Heine fought for the liberty of the press in Germany with zeal, and not without success. His letters to his publisher for many years are a history of the long war between himself as the head of the "Young Germany" party on the one hand, and the literary censorship of the authorities on the other. "If I wish to insert," he says, "in the Hamburg journal a notice under the births: my wife 'has been safely delivered of a daughter, beautiful as liberty,' there comes the censor with his red-pencil, and *beautiful as liberty* is crossed out. How long is this to be possible? I know not."

Of his political letters little need now be said. The significance of a newspaper correspondence written in the heat of events is necessarily transient. In 1833, however, appeared the most important of the prose works he had yet published; it was a critical history of modern German literature, and appeared pretty nearly at the same time in France and Germany. In both countries it attracted immense attention. Nor was it unnoticed in England. The Quarterly Review criticised it, and spoke of the new luminary that had risen upon its horizon as "a star malign in its influence, wavering in its orbit, and unsteady in its light." The first volume contains a history of religion and philosophy from Luther, through Kant, to Hegel. The design of the work is to show how the idea of Christianity and the idea of Protestantism had to free themselves from the encumbrances that grew around them, and must eventually result in Pantheism. The idea itself suffers no loss, cannot be injured:—

"Voltaire could injure only the body of Christianity. All his jests drawn from ecclesiastical history: all his pleasantries directed against dogma and cult; against the Bible, the most sacred book of humanity; against the Virgin Mary, the fairest flower of poesy; the entire lexicon of philosophical arrows which he discharged against the priestcraft of the clergy, touched only the perishable body of Christianity, not its inner reality, nor its deeper spirit,—not its unassailable soul. For Christianity is an idea, and, as such, inviolable and immortal."

It was Luther who first broke open the prison-house of thought, and set Protestantism free. But Protestantism had already begun to act upon Europe. Even Leo X. was a Protestant, in virtue of his sunny artistic nature against the cold, melancholy spiritual doctrines of Catholicism.

"As they protested at Wittenburg in Latin prose, so they protested at Rome in color, in stone, and *admirabile*. Or do not the powerful marble figures of Michael Angelo, the laughing faces of Giulio Romano's nymphs, and the intoxicated delight in life of Lodo-vico's verses, make a Protestant antithesis to the languishing melancholy of Catholicism? The painters of Italy engaged in far more effective polemics than did the Saxon theologians. The blooming flesh-tints upon the paintings of Titian are all Protestantism. The graces of his Venus are more real theses than those which the German monk fixed on the church door of Wittenburg."

Yet Heine is far from underrating the genius and influence of Luther.

"Renown," he says, "eternal renown to the dear

man to whom we owe the preservation of our noblest goods, and by whose merits we live to-day. It becomes us little to complain of the narrowness of his views. The dwarf who stands upon the shoulders of a giant can indeed see farther than the giant himself, especially if he puts on spectacles; but to the higher position are lacking the lofty feeling and the giant heart, which we cannot make our own. It becomes us still less to pass a harsh judgment upon his failings. These failings have benefited us more than the virtues of a thousand others. The subtlety of Erasmus, the gentleness of Melancthon, would never have carried us so far as did often the divine brutality of Brother Martin."

He traces the rough revolutionary character of the Protestant outburst still farther:—

"A battle-song was that defiant hymn with which he and his companions entered Worms. The old cathedral shook with these new echoes, and the ravens were terrified in their dark nests in the towers. That song, the *Marseillaise* of the Reformation, has kept its power of inspiration to the present day, and it may be we shall use yet again for similar contests the old martial strain:—

'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen.'

Heine maintained that the only faith that allowed the complete emancipation of man was Pantheism, and the remainder of the first volume is occupied in marking the growth of this under the philosophers who have been named. Deity was in everything,—in the unconscious life of plants, and in the dream-like semi-conscious existence of animals. In man alone the Deity rose to self-consciousness. And this Pantheism beautified matter, whilst it elevated spirit. In a complete manhood for instance, as in Luther's, both spirit and matter, spiritualism and sensualism, held their proper positions. Deism, as exemplified in Judaism on the one hand, and on the other in certain forms of Christianity, as Catholicism, wronged matter; whilst materialism, as it became (for example) a crowned incarnation in Frederick the Great, annulled spirit.

"You know this royal materialist," he said in the French edition; "you know that he wrote French verses, played the flute well, that he won the battle of Rossbach, took vast quantities of snuff, and believed only in artillery. Some of you have surely visited Sansouci, and the old pensioner who is in charge of the castle has shown you in the library the French novels which Frederick, when Prince Royal, read in church, and which he got bound in black morocco, that his father might believe he was perusing the Lutheran hymn-book. You know this royal man of the world, whom you call the Solomon of the North. France was the Ophir of this Northern Solomon, and it was hence that he imported his poets and philosophers. For these he cherished a great partiality, like the Solomon of the South, who (as you may read in the Book of Kings, chap. x.) shipped from Ophir, with the assistance of his friend Hiram, whole cargoes of gold, and silver, and ivory, poets and philosophers."

The Pantheism in which Heine finds religion is the Pantheism of Spinoza.

"The mathematical form," he says, "gives Spinoza a harsh expression. But this is like the bitter shell of the almond, the kernel is the sweeter. In reading Spinoza there seizes us a feeling as when we behold nature in vital repose. A forest of towering thoughts, whose green summits are in wavelike motion whilst the immovable trunks are rooted in the everlasting earth. There comes a certain breeze from his writings which is inexplicable. We feel, as it were, the light breath of the future. The spirit of the Hebrew prophets rested perhaps upon the last of their descendants."

But Kant, and Fichte, and Schelling were not true, Heine thinks, to the principles they initiated and advanced, and shrank away from the cause of Pantheism. How complete Heine's own apostasy was we shall see later. Goethe, too, the great Pantheistic poet, never took a decided part with regard to that philosophy. Wrapped in the serene indifference of art, he let the stormy enthusiasm of philosophy blow past him, and looked but coldly upon the ardor of Christianity. By thus remaining apart in the tranquillity of conscious power, he became the greatest artist of his time, and the least valuable partisan.

Yet Heine never doubted that the time would come for a great revolution, and that the stage would be Germany.

"The old stone gods will arise from their forgotten tombs and rub the secular dust from their eyes, and Thor with gigantic hammer shall smite to pieces the cathedral domes of the Goths. The thought precedes the deed, as the lightning the thunder. Our thunder is German, too, is not very lithe, and comes but slowly rolling on; but come it will, and when you hear it peal as it has never pealed in the world's history before, then know that the German thunder has at length rolled home."

The second volume dealt more especially with the Romantic School of poets. Lessing, Herder, and Goethe are the objects of criticism. But the chiefs of this school at this time were the two Schlegels, and Jena was their head-quarters. As Jena was close to Weimar, and Goethe was prime-minister of the duchy, there came about a half-alliance between him and the Romantic School. Schelling was their philosopher, and though he never actually belonged to the party, his personal influence was great. But Schelling became a convert to Catholicism, and therefore lost favor with Heine, and Goethe was too great to be a party-man.

The most remarkable part of the volume is Heine's attack upon the two Schlegels. In abuse, as we have had occasion to see before, he was not moderate. He spared no personality, and his language almost recalls the venomous eloquence which Æschines and Demosthenes poured upon each other. Both Schlegels, with whom he was apparently once on good terms, are abused and inveighed against in all the relations of life. Frederick, the Austrian diplomatist, author of the "Philosophy of History," seemed to him to be more important than his brother. "But he died," says Heine, with no apparent ground for his assertion, "in consequence of gastro-nomic excesses, after having carried off the wife of his host, and living upon the alms of the insulted husband." For A. W. Schlegel he reserves his choicest abuse. This was the great critic, rival, and literary opponent of Niebuhr. Besides his historical criticisms, A. W. Schlegel had translated Shakespeare, and with his brother was the initiator of Sanscrit research. In metric power Heine allows him to be second to Von Platen alone, after which covert sneer, he denies all his further pretensions as critic or linguist.

"It is difficult to determine," he says, "what may be his rank as a poet. The violinist, Solomons, who gave lessons to the King of England, George III., said once to his illustrious pupil: 'Violinists are divided into three classes. The first class comprises those who play very badly; the second, those who cannot play at all; to the third belong those who play well. Your most gracious Majesty has already advanced to the second

class.' Now does Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel belong to the first or second class? Some say he is no poet, others say he is a very bad one, I am quite certain he is no Paganini."

In 1834 appeared the third and last volume on Germany. In the previous volumes Heine had endeavored to show that Pantheism was the true religion of Germany. It was a return, he urged, to the old mythology, which peopled the woods and "piny mountains" with gods, and made the elements their dwelling-places. The stories of fairies, pixies, demons, and devils which Luther believed in, though he denied the spiritual power of the Pope, were traces of the former religion: they were the crumbling fragments of the northern Pantheon. The love of the Romantics for the Middle Ages, and their preference of mediæval subjects, were in reality the result of a secret, half-conscious love of primeval Pantheism, whose relics were much more abundant in mediæval times. They were preserved in the stories of magic and witchcraft, and in many of the otherwise inexplicable customs and sayings of the people. The spell of the buried gods, dead, despised, but not altogether forgotten by the true children of the soil, and some day to come back and reign again, was strong upon the poetic imagination of Heine:—

"There is surely something more than a mere fable in the belief that Kaiser Friederich, the old Barbarossa, is not dead, but that he fled, when the hosts of priests pressed him, to a mountain called Kyffhäuser. They say he lies concealed there with his whole court, until the day shall come when he will once more appear in the world to make the German people happy. This mountain is in Thuringia, not far from Nordhausen. I have often passed it, and one fair winter night I remained there for more than an hour, and cried again and again, 'Come, Barbarossa, come,' and my heart burned like fire in my breast, and tears rolled down my cheeks. But he came not, the beloved Kaiser Friederich, and I could only embrace the rock in which he dwells."

This third volume is occupied with the history of popular belief connected with these superstitions. Kobolds, dwarfs, elves, trolls, pixies, and fairies meet with a loving historian. And it is extraordinary that these airy creatures still retain such vitality in Germany. With us the migration of the fairies took place long ago, and it was not the main body that Shakespeare saw on midsummer-nights by Warwick, but loiterers who hung behind. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that since we are Romance as well as Teutonic, these sensitive folk did not find our composite nature genial. But in some respects the German mythology agrees with ours, and Barbarossa may correspond to our King Arthur, who is to come again from the island of Avillion. We have happily nothing to represent the story of Tannhäuser and the Venusberg, but that belongs to a different cycle of legends, and may be traced rather to classical than old German Paganism. At the close of the volume there is an original poetical version of the story.

Although Heine renounced Pantheism in the last years of his life, the work on Germany must ever remain a remarkable book. Open it where we will, we feel that we are breathing the air of freedom and listening to the words of genius. The air hurtles with the arrows of unsparing satire, but it is for the most part against prejudice and bigotry that they are directed, and everywhere there are the two great blessings of literature,—light and air.

In 1841 appeared the book upon Ludwig Börne.

It was an unfortunate production. Börne was an able critic, an older man than Heine, and had at one time shown him much kindness. The two men had at first the same political views, and Börne, like Heine, was compelled to quit Germany. The revolution attracted him to Paris, where he welcomed his friend upon his arrival. But they drifted farther and farther apart, and their intimacy was broken off. The fault lay with Heine. He had assumed the position of a democrat and a partisan, a most difficult one for an artist to keep. Already he saw, or thought he saw, that in the democracy of the future beauty must yield to expediency, poetry to commonplace commerce. Consistent communism, the equality and fraternity for which he was fighting, would certainly dispense with the nightingale song of the lyrist and the flower-like beauty of art. And so a reaction in his own mind set in against his party, and their resentment was as natural as it was bitter. After Börne's death Heine published this account of their relationship, in which, of course, Börne is made to figure ridiculously. The book aroused many slumbering hatreds in Germany against the author, and involved him in a duel. Some passages he afterwards voluntarily suppressed. The really valuable part of the volume is a kind of intermezzo written at the time of the revolution in the island of Heligoland, and contains a description of the effect the French news produced even at that distance from the centre of the great struggle.

Before the duel Heine celebrated his marriage with a Parisian lady, Mathilde Crescentia Mirat. She had already lived some years with him as his wife, and remained his greatest consolation in the terrible misfortune of his later years. Their union was childless. Late in the same year was printed the poem of "Atta Troll," and in 1844, "Germany.—a Winter Story."

But the fatal disease which during Heine's whole life had been impending was now imminent; and in 1848, in the very crisis of the last revolution, he was laid upon the sick couch, never again to rise whole. His disease was a softening of the spinal marrow. The pain caused him perpetual sleeplessness, and his nerves were so paralyzed that he had to raise his eyelid with his hand. For eight years he lay almost without power of motion, and had to be fed like a bird. But the finger of paralysis which rendered his body powerless failed to touch his mind or daunt his spirit. When no longer able to write, he dictated letters and poems which had lost nothing of the old daring. In the course of these eight years he published his "Romancero," "Hebrew Melodies," and "Last Poems," and overlooked the issuing of a complete edition of his works. However ill he was, and however much he had suffered during the night, each morning at a fixed time he dictated to his secretary. Afterwards came some one to read to him, and then he was ready to receive visitors; and these were many. It was in these last helpless years that he enjoyed the reputation he had made. The distinguished men of France and of Germany grudged him his glory no longer, and people from many nations paid their homage in his sick-chamber to a dying poet. After the 17th of February, 1856, they came no more.

Just thirty years before, in Germany, he had drawn a picture of what his old age should be, and how he would sing his dying song:—

"At last the day will come when the fervor in my

veins is extinguished, when Winter reigns in my heart, and his white flakes fall but sparingly upon my heart, and his mist is as a veil before my eyes. My friends have long lain in their weather-beaten tombs; I alone am left behind like a lonely halp which the reaper forgets. A new race has sprung up, with new wishes and new thoughts; with wonder I hear new names and new songs. The old names have died away, and I myself am heard no more; honored still perhaps by few, by many despised, and loved by none. And boys with rosy cheeks come to me, and put the old harp in my trembling hand, and laughingly say, 'Thou hast long been silent, thou lazy graybeard, sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth.'

"Then I take the harp, and the old joys and sorrows awake, the mists dissolve, tears bloom again from my dead eyes, there is spring again in my heart, tears of sweet regret tremble in the strings of my harp; I see once more the blue river, and the marble palaces, and the fair faces of women and maidens, and I sing a song of the flowers of Brenta.

"It will be my last lay. The stars will gaze upon me as in the nights of my youth, the enamored moonlight kisses once more my cheeks, the spirit choirs of dead nightingales are heard in the distance, my eyes close themselves in the intoxication of sleep, my soul dies away like the music of my harp, — there is a perfume of the flowers of Brenta.

"A tree shall hang over my tombstone. I should prefer a palm; but this thrives not in the North. It shall be a linden, and lovers shall sit there of a summer evening and caress. The greenfinch who listens and rocks himself in the branches is silent, and my linden sighs sadly above the heads of the happy ones, who are so happy that they find not time to read what is written upon the white headstone. But, afterwards, when the lover has lost his beloved, he will come again to the well-remembered linden and sigh, and weep, and look long and often at the headstone, where he will read the inscription: 'He loved the flowers of Brenta.'

But it was not to be. The eight years of agony which he suffered, though they did not quench the fire of his spirit, brought many things before his mind in a different light from that in which he had seen them in happier days. The change which came over his political views some years before has already been referred to. But besides this, there came another, a change in his religious opinions. In the preface to his last volume of poems he makes his recantation. The whole passage is touching; it is Heine's *apologia pro vitâ suâ* : —

"When we lie on our death-bed we become very gentle and tender-hearted, and would willingly make peace with God and man. I confess I have scratched many, and bitten many, and been no lamb. But since I have stood in need of God's mercy I have made a truce with all my foes; many beautiful poems, which were directed against very high and very low persons, are for that reason excluded from the present collection. Poems which contained in any degree personalities against Almighty God I have committed to the flames with the zeal of fear. It is better that the verses should burn than the versifier. Yes, I have made peace with the Creator as well as with the creature, to the great displeasure of my enlightened friends, who reproach me for my relapse into the old superstition, as they are pleased to call my return to God. Others express themselves with still bitterer intolerance. Atheism's convocation has pronounced its anathema over me, and there are certain fanatical priests of unbelief who would willingly place me on the rack to make me renounce my heterodoxy. Happily they have no instruments of torture at command except their writings. But I will confess everything without torture. I have really returned to God, like the prodigal son, after feeding swine with the Hegelians for many years. The divine home-

sickness came upon me, and drove me forth, through woods and vales, over the dizziest mountain pathways of dialectic. On my way I found the god of the Pantheists, but I could make nothing of him. This poor visionary creature is interwoven with and grown into the world. Indeed, he is almost imprisoned in it, and yawns at you, without voice, without power. To have will one must have personality, and to manifest one's self one must have elbow room.

"In religion I admit my backsliding, but I must expressly contradict the report that it has brought me to the bosom or the threshold of any church whatever. No, my religious convictions and belief have remained free from all ecclesiastical prejudice. No music of church bells has seduced me, no splendor of altar candles has dazzled me. I have toyed with no symbolism, nor have I altogether renounced my reason. I have abjured nothing, not even my Pagan gods, from whom it is true I have parted, but only in friendship and love."

Whatever fame Heine has won, or is still to win, as a prose writer, it is by his poetry that he has gained the heart and the love of Germany. Few German poets, except perhaps Uhland, have won so wide and popular a renown. The boatmen as they pass down the Rhine sing his Loreley song, and every boy in Germany is acquainted with some or other song of his. These poems it is difficult to characterize, not more on account of their wide range of subject than because of the sparkle and evanescence of the sentiment. Being in the true sense lyrical, they have little or no connection with each other. "L'auteur a retiré le fil du collier, mais aucune perle ne lui manque." But they have two characteristics which are sometimes thought incompatible, — pathos and humor; and these so blended together that it is almost impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends. Ordinary minds separate the two, and fail to appreciate them in combination. Rain is frequent, sunshine is not rare, but a rainbow is always unusual. Heine's poetry is never without something of this double nature. It is the tear and the smile together, and the reader scarcely knows whether laughter or tears will prevail. In his gayest and most careless verses there is an undertone of sorrow and regret, whilst with the saddest songs is mingled something of humor and subtle delight. "Ce n'est pas un vain cliquetis d'antithèses de dire littérairement d'Henri Heine qu'il est cruel et tendre, naïf et perfide, sceptique et crédule, lyrique et prosaïque, sentimental et railleur, passionné et glacial, spirituel et pittoresque, antique et moderne, moyen-âge et révolutionnaire." * And it is so with his songs.

Yet, properly speaking, he never wrote a volume of lyrical poetry. His mind caught some sudden flash of light, and a poem sprang into existence. Thus they came, and were mostly printed, one by one. It was only later that he collected these fugitive leaves into a book. The first was the "Buch der Lieder." Its success was immediate. All classes accepted it, with its Hebrew mystery, its Greek beauty, its German tenderness and simplicity. The contradiction and inexplicable inconsistency of its music found nothing like itself except human passion and human nature. It is almost impossible to convey into another language the grace and beauty of the original rhythm, — it has not been done yet, — but the poems have a further beauty which may perhaps be retained.

Heine preserves the characteristics to which we have referred in all his poems, even in the satiric stanzas of "Atta Troll" and the "Winter Story."

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July, 1848.

As in reading Aristophanes we come upon passages where we are surprised by a beauty alien to comedy, so in these satires we find a wealth of poetry lavished upon an epigram and adorning a jest.

But the poems which show the most sustained power are those which were written during his last illness, — those which are found in the "Romancero." The story of the discovery of the body of King Harold by Edith of the Swan-neck is an illustration of this. The "Hebrew Melodies" are equally powerful.

The "Lazarus" poems are the last of the series. Even yet the smile has not vanished from the face of the poet, but the tears are the tears of pain and of unrest, to which death alone can bring relief. We will give no specimen of these. The rest has been found now. Heine lies in the cemetery of Montmartre.

To much of the apparent inconsistency in Heine's opinions the key is to be sought in his peculiar position. At the time he was born his father had already renounced Judaism, without having adopted Christianity; and although he himself was educated at a Roman Catholic seminary, and was formally baptized, yet the mythology of Greece and Rome exercised a stronger influence upon him than any Christian teaching. His mind was the perpetual battle-field of opposing forms of thought. He was swayed alternately by Judaism and Hellenism; he wavered between the Romantic and the Classical schools; he could not decide for the democracy of science or the aristocracy of art. That from these conflicting principles he failed to evolve a clear and consistent system, should be no matter of wonder, far less of reprobation. His efforts have made ours easier.

MRS. MERRIDEW'S FORTUNE.

III.

We did not meet again for some days after this, and next time I saw her, which was on Sunday at church with her children, it seemed impossible to me to believe in the reality of the strange scene we had so recently passed through together. The calm curtain of ordinary decorums and ordinary friendliness had risen for a moment from Mrs. Merridew's unexcited existence, revealing a woman distracted by a primitive sense of justice rending her own soul, as it were, in sunder, and doing, in spite of herself and all her best instincts what she felt was right. That she should have any existence separate from her children had never occurred to anybody before. Yet, for one day, I had seen her resist and ignore the claims of her children, and act like an individual being. When I saw her again she was once more the mother and nothing more, casting her eyes over her little flock, cognizant, one could see, of the perfection or imperfection of every fold and line in their dresses, keeping her attention upon each, from little Matty, who was restless and could not be kept quiet, up to Janet, who sat demure, and already caught the eye of visitors as one of the prettiest girls of Dinglefield. Mrs. Merridew remarked all with a vigilant mother's eye, and as I gazed across at her in her pew, it was all but impossible for me to believe that this was the same woman who had clung so convulsively to my arm, whose face had been so worn and hollowed out with suffering. How could it be the same woman? She who had suffered poor John Babington to love her, — and then had cast him off, and married her friend's lover in-

stead; who had established so firm an empire over a man's heart, that, after twenty years, he had remembered her still with such intensity of feeling. How Janet would have opened her big eyes had it been suggested to her that her mother could have any power over men's hearts; or, indeed, could be occupied with anything more touching or important than her children's frocks or her butcher's bills! I fear I did not pay much attention to the service that morning. I could not but gaze at them, and wonder whether, for instance, Mr. Merridew himself, who had come back from circuit, and was seated respectfully with his family in church, yawning discreetly over Mr. Damerel's sermon, remembered anything at all, for his part, of Matilda Babington or her brother. Probably he preferred to ignore the subject altogether, — or, perhaps, would laugh with a sense of gratified vanity that there had been "a row," when the transference of his affections was discovered. And there she sat by his side who had, — had she betrayed his confidence? was she untrue to him in being this time true to her friends? The question bewildered me so that my mind went groping about it and about it. Once, I fear, she had been false to those whose bread she eat, and chosen love instead of friendship. Now was she false to the nearest of ties, the closest of all relationships, sitting calmly there beside him with a secret in her mind of which he knew nothing? "Falsely true!" — was that what the woman was who looked to the outside world a mere pattern of all domestic virtues, without any special interest about her, a wife devoted to her husband's interest, a mother wrapped up, as people say, in her children? I could not make up my mind what to think.

"I hope you got through your business comfortably," Mrs. Spencer said to me as we walked home from church.

"With Mrs. Merridew's assistance," said Lady Isabella, who was rather satirical. And the Merridews heard their own name, and stopped to join in the conversation.

"What is that about my wife?" he said. "Did Mrs. Musgrave have Mrs. Merridew's assistance about something? I hope it was only shopping. When you have business you should consult me. She is a goose, and knows nothing about it."

"I don't think she is a goose," said I.

"No, perhaps not in her own way," said the serene husband, laughing; "but every woman is a goose about business, — I beg your pardon, ladies, but I assure you I mean it as a compliment. I hate a woman of business. Shopping is quite a different matter," he added, and laughed. Good heavens! if he had only known what a fool he looked, beside the silent woman who gave me a little warning glance and colored a little, and turned away her head to speak to little Matty, who was clinging to her skirts. A perfect mother! thinking more (you would have said) of Matty's little frills and Janet's bonnet-strings than of anything else in life.

And that was all about it. The summer went on and turned to autumn and to winter and to spring again, with that serene progression of nature which nothing obstructs: and the children grew, and the Merridews were as poor as ever managing *à peu près* to make both ends meet, but always just a little short somewhere, with their servants chosen on the same principle of supplementing each other's imperfect service as that Janet had announced to me. For one thing, they kept their servants a long

time, which I have noticed is characteristic of households not very rich nor very "particular." When you allow such pleas to tell in favor of an imperfect housemaid as that she is good to the children, or does not mind helping the cook, there is no reason why Mary, if she does not marry in the mean time, should not stay with you a hundred years. And the Merridews' servants accordingly stayed, and looked very friendly at you when you went to call, and did their work not very well, with much supervision and exasperation (respectively) on the part of the mother and daughter. But the family was no poorer, though it was no richer. The only evidence of our expedition to town which I could note was, that it had produced a new pucker on Mrs. Merridew's brow. She had looked sufficiently anxious by times before, but the new pucker had something more than anxiety in it. There was a sense of something better that might have been; a sense of something lost, — a suspicion of bitterness. How all this could be expressed by one line on a smooth white forehead I cannot explain; but to me it was so.

Now and then, too, a chance allusion would be made which recalled what had happened still more plainly. For instance, I chanced to be calling one afternoon, when Mr. Merridew came home earlier than usual from town. We were sitting over our five-o'clock tea, with a few of the children scrambling about the floor and Janet working in the corner. He took up the ordinary position of a man who has just come home, with his back to the fire, and regarded us with that benevolent contempt which men generally think it right to exhibit for women over their tea; and everything was so ordinary and pleasant, that I for one was taken entirely by surprise, and nearly let fall the cup in my hand when he spoke.

"I don't know whether you saw John Babington's death in *The Times* three or four months ago, Janet," he said, "did you? Why did you never mention it? It is odd that I should not have heard. I met Ellen to-day coming out of the Amyotts', where I lunched, in such prodigious mourning that I was quite startled. All the world might have been dead to look at her. And do you know she gave me a look as if she would have spoken. All that is so long past that it's ridiculous keeping up malice. I wish you would call next time you are in town to ask for the old lady. Poor John's death must have been a sad loss to them. I hear there was some fear that he had left his property away from his mother and sister. But it turned out a false report."

I did not dare to look at Mrs. Merridew to see how she bore it; but her voice replied quite calmly without any break, as if the conversation was on the most ordinary subject, —

"Where did you manage to get so much news?"

"O, from the Amyotts," he said, "who knew all about it. Matilda, you know, poor girl" (with that half-laugh of odious masculine vanity which I knew in my heart he would be guilty of), "married a cousin of Amyott's, and is getting on very well, they say. But think over my suggestion, Janet. I think at this distance of time it would be graceful on your part to go and call."

"I cannot think they would like to see me, now," she said, in a low voice. Then I ventured to look at her. She was seated in an angular, rigid way, with her shoulders and elbows squared to her work, and the corners of her mouth pursed up, which

would have given to any cursory observer the same impression it did to her husband.

"How hard you women are!" he said. "Trust you for never forgiving or forgetting. Poor old lady, I should have thought anybody would have pitied her. But, however, it is none of my business. As for Ellen, she is a very handsome woman, though she is not so young as she once was. I should not wonder if she were to make a good marriage even now. Is it possible, Janet, after being so fond of her, — or pretending to be, how can I tell? — that you would not like to say a kind word to Ellen now?"

"She would not think it kind from me," said Mrs. Merridew, still rigid, never raising her eyes from her work.

"I think she would, but at all events you might try," he said. All her answer was to shake her head, and he went away to his dressing-room shrugging his shoulders and nodding his head in bewildered comments to himself on what he considered the hard-heartedness of woman. As for me, I kept looking at her with sympathetic eyes, thinking that at least she would give herself the comfort of a confidential glance. But she did not. It seemed that she was determined to ignore the whole matter, even to me.

"I wish papa would take as much interest in us poor girls at home as he does in people that don't belong to him," said Janet. "Mamma, I never can piece this to make it long enough. It may do for Marian" (who was her next sister), "but it will never do for me."

"You are so easily discouraged," said Mrs. Merridew. "Let me look at it. You girls are always making difficulties. Under the flounce, your piecing, as you call it, will never be seen. Those flounces" she added, with a little laugh which I knew was hysterical, "are blessings to poor folks."

"I am sure I don't think there is anything to laugh at," said poor Janet, almost crying, "when you think of Nelly Fortis and all the other girls, with their nice dresses all new and fresh from the dressmaker's, and no trouble; while I have only mamma's old gown, that she wore when she was twenty, to turn, and patch, and piece, — and not long enough after all!"

"Then you should not grow so," said her mother, "and you ought to be thankful that the old fashion has come in again, and my old gown can be of use." But as she spoke she turned round and gave me a look. The tears were in her eyes, and that pucker, O, so deeply marked, in her forehead. I felt she would have sobbed had she dared. And then before my eyes, as, I am sure, before hers, there glided a vision of Ellen Babington in her profound mourning, rustling past Mr. Merridew on the stairs, with heaps of costly crape, no doubt, and that rich black silk with which people console themselves in their first mourning. How could they take it all without a word? The after-pang that comes almost inevitably at the back of a sacrifice was tearing Mrs. Merridew's heart. I felt it go through my own and so I knew. She had done it nobly, but she could not forget that she had done it. Does one ever forget?

And then as I went home I fell into a maze again. Had she a right to do it? To sit at table with that unsuspecting man, and put her arm in his, and be at his side continually, and all the time be false to him. Falsely true! I could not get the words out of my mind.

IV.

I do not now remember how long it was till I saw in *The Times* the intimation of old Mrs. Babington's death. I think it must have been about two years, for Janet was eighteen, and less discontented with things in general, besides being a great deal more contented than either her friends or his desired with the civilities of young Bischam from the Priory, who was always coming over to see his aunt, and always throwing himself in the girl's way. He had nothing except his commission and a hundred and fifty a year which his father allowed him, and she had nothing at all; and, naturally they took to each other. It is this that makes me recollect what year it was. We had never referred to the matter in our frequent talks, Mrs. Merridew and I. But after the intimation in *The Times*, she herself broke the silence. She came to me the very next day. "Did you see it in the papers?" she asked, plunging without preface into the heart of the subject, and I could not pretend not to understand.

"Yes," I said, "I saw it"; and then stopped short, not knowing what to say.

She had been wearing herself in these two years as all the previous years in which I had known her had not worn her. The pucker was more developed on her forehead; she was less patient and more easily fretted. She had grown thin, and something of a sharp tone had come into her soft motherly voice. By times she would be almost querulous; and nobody but myself knew in the least whence the drop of gall came that had so suddenly shown itself in her nature. She had fretted under her secret, and over her sacrifice,—the sacrifice which had never been taken notice of, but had been calmly accepted as a right. Now she came to me half wild, with the look of a creature driven to bay.

"It was for her I did it," she said; "she had always been so petted and cared for all her life. She did not know how to deny herself; I did it for her, not for Ellen. O Mrs. Musgrave, I cannot tell you how fond I was of that girl! And you saw how she looked at me. Never one word, never even a glance of response: and I suppose now—"

"My dear," I said, "you cannot tell yet; let us wait and see: now that her mother is gone her heart may be softened. Do not take any steps just yet."

"Steps!" she cried. "What steps can I take now? I have thrown altogether away from me what might have been of such use to the children. I have been false to my own children. Poor John meant it to be of use to us."

And then she turned away wrought to such a point that nothing but tears could relieve her. When she had cried she was better, and went home to all her little monotonous cares again, to think and think, and mingle that drop of gall more and more in the family cup. Mr. Merridew was again absent on circuit at this time, which was at once a relief and a trouble to his wife. And everybody remarked the change upon her.

"She is going to have a bad illness," Mrs. Spencer said. "Poor thing, I don't wonder, with all those children, and inferior servants, and so much to do. I have seen it coming on for a long time. A serious illness is a dangerous thing at her age. All her strength has been drained out of her: and whether she will be able to resist—"

"Don't be so funereal," said Lady Isabella; "she has something on her mind."

"I think it is her health," said Mrs. Spencer; and we all shook our heads over her altered looks.

I had a further fright, too, some days after, when Janet came to me, looking very pale. She crept in with an air of secrecy which was very strange to the girl. She looked scared, and her hair was pushed up wildly from her forehead, and her light summer dress all dusty and dragging, which was unlike Janet, for she had begun by this time to be tidy, and feel herself a woman. She came in by the window as usual, but closed it after her, though it was very hot. "May I come and speak to you?" she said in a whisper, creeping quite close to my side.

"Of course, my dear; but why do you shut the window?" said I; "we shall be suffocated if you shut out the air."

"It is because it is a secret," she said. "Mrs. Musgrave, tell me, is there anything wrong with mamma?"

"Wrong!" I said, turning upon her in dismay.

"I can't help it," cried Janet, bursting into tears. "I don't believe mamma ever did anything wrong. I can't believe it: but there has been a woman questioning me so, I don't know what to think."

"A woman questioning you?"

"Listen," said Janet, hastily. "This is how it was: I was walking down to the Dingle across the fields,—O Mrs. Musgrave dear, don't say anything; it was only poor Willie Bischam, who wanted to say good by to me,—and all at once I saw a tall lady in mourning looking at us as we passed. She came up to us just at the stile at Goodman's farm, and I thought she wanted to ask the way; but instead of that, she stopped me and looked at me. 'I heard you called Janet,' she said; 'I had once a friend who was called Janet, and it is not a common name. Do you live here? is your mother living? and well? and how many children are there? I should like to know if you belong to my old friend.'"

"And what did you say?"

"What could I say, Mrs. Musgrave? She did not look cross or disagreeable, and she was a lady. I said who I was, and that mamma was not quite well, and that there were ten of us; and then she began to question me about mamma. Did she go out a great deal; and was she tall or short; and had she pretty eyes 'like mine,' she said; and was her name Janet like mine; and then, when I had answered her as well as I could, she said, 'I was not to say a word to mamma; perhaps it is not the Janet I once knew,' she said; 'don't say anything to her'; and then she went away. I was so frightened, I ran home directly all the way. I knew I might tell you, Mrs. Musgrave; it is like something in a book, is it not, when people are trying to find out—O, you don't think I can have done any harm to mamma?"

Janet was so much agitated that it was all I could do to quiet her down. "And I never said good by to poor Willie, after all," she said, with more tears when she had rallied a little. I thought it better she should not tell her mother, though one is very reluctant to say so to a girl; for Willie Bischam was a secret too. But he was going away poor fellow, and probably nothing would ever come of it. I made a little compromise with my own sense of right.

"Forget it, Janet, and say nothing about it; per-

haps it was some one else after all; and if you will promise not to meet Mr. Bischam again—"

"He goes to-night," said Janet, with a rueful look; and thus it was evident that on that point there was nothing more to be said.

This was in the middle of the week, and on Saturday Mr. Merridew was expected home. His wife was ill, though she never had been ill before in her life; she had headaches, which were things unknown to her; she was out of temper, and irritable, and wretched. I think she had made certain that Ellen would write, and make some proposal to her; and as the days went on one by one, and no letter came— Besides it was just the moment when they had decided against sending Jack to Oxford. To pay Willie's premium and do that at the same time was impossible. Mrs. Merridew had struggled long, but at last she was obliged to give in; and Jack was going to his father's office with a heavy heart, poor boy; and his mother was half wild. All might have been so different; and she had sacrificed her boys' interests, and her girls' interests, and her own happiness, all for the selfish comfort of Ellen Babington, who took no notice of her. I began to think she would have a brain-fever if this went on.

She was not at church on Sunday morning, and I went with the children, as soon as service was over, to ask for her. She was lying on the sofa when I went in, and Mr. Merridew, who had arrived late on Saturday, was in his dressing-gown walking about the room. He was tired and irritable with his journey, and his work, and perennial cares. And she, with her sacrifice, and her secret, and perennial cares, was like tinder, ready in a moment to catch fire. I know nothing more disagreeable than to go in upon married people when they are in this state of mind, which can neither be ignored nor concealed.

"I don't understand you, Janet," he was saying, as I entered; "women are vindictive, I know; but at least you may be sorry, as I am, that the poor old lady has died without a word of kindness passing between us: after all, we might be to blame. One changes one's opinions as one gets on in life. With our own children growing up round us, I don't feel quite so sure that we were not to blame."

"I have not been to blame," she said, with an emphasis which sounded sullen, and which only I could understand.

"O no, of course; you never are," he said, with masculine disdain. "Catch a woman acknowledging herself to be in fault! The sun may go wrong in his course sooner than she. Mrs. Musgrave, pray don't go away; you have seen my wife in an unreasonable mood before."

"I am in no unreasonable mood," she cried. "Mrs. Musgrave, stay. You know—O, how am I to go on bearing this, and never answer a word?"

"My dear, don't deceive yourself," he said, with a man's provoking calm; "you answer a great many words. I don't call you at all a meek sufferer. Fortunately the children are out of the way. Confound it, Janet, what do you mean by talking of what you have to bear? I have not been such a harsh husband to you as all that; and when all I asked was that you should make the most innocent advances to a poor old woman who was once very kind to us both—"

"Charles!" said Mrs. Merridew, rising suddenly from her sofa, "I can't bear it any longer. You think me hard and vindictive, and I don't know

what. You, who ought to know me! Look here! I got that letter, you will see by the date, more than two years ago; you were absent, and I went and saw her: there—there! now I have confessed it; Mrs. Musgrave knows—I have had a secret from you for two years."

It was not a moment for me to interfere. She sat, holding herself hysterically rigid and upright on the sofa. Whether she had intended to betray herself or not, I cannot tell. She had taken the letter out of her writing-desk, which stood close by; but I don't know whether she had resolved on this step, or whether it was the impulse of the moment. Now that she had done it a dreadful calm of expectation took possession of her. She was afraid. He might turn upon her furious. He might upbraid her with despoiling her family, deceiving himself, being false, as she had been before. Such a thing was possible. Two souls may live side by side for years, and be as one, and yet have no notion how each will act in any sudden or unusual emergency. He was her husband, and they had no interest, scarcely any thought, that one did not share with the other, and yet she sat gazing at him rigid with terror, not knowing what he might do or say.

He read the letter without a word; then he tossed it upon the table; then he walked all the length of the room, up and down, with his hands thrust very deeply into his pockets; then he took up the letter again. He had a struggle with himself. If he was angry, if he was touched, I cannot tell. His first emotions, whatever they were, he gulped down without a word. Of all sounds to strike into the silence of such a moment, the first thing we heard in our intense listening was the abrupt ring of a short, excited laugh.

"How did you venture to take any steps in it without consulting me?" he said.

"I thought—I thought—" she stammered under her breath.

"You thought I might have been tempted by the money," he said, taking another walk through the room, while she sat erect in her terror, afraid of him. It was some time before he spoke again. No doubt he was vexed by her want of trust, and wounded by the long silence. But I have no clew to the thoughts that were passing through his mind. At last he came to a sudden pause before her. "And perhaps you were right, Janet," he said, drawing a long breath. "I am glad now to have been free of the temptation. It was wrong not to tell me,—and yet I think you did well."

Mrs. Merridew gave a little choked cry, and then she fell back on the sofa,—fell into my arms.

I had felt she might do it, so strange was her look, and had placed myself there on purpose. But she had not fainted, as I expected. She lay silent for a moment, with her eyes closed, and then she burst into tears.

I had no right to be there; but they both detained me, both the husband and wife, and I could not get away until she had recovered herself, and it was evident that what had been a tragical barrier between them was now become a matter of business, to be discussed as affecting them both.

"It was quite right the old lady should have it," Mr. Merridew said, as he went with me to the door, "quite right. Janet did only what was right; but now I must take it into my own hands."

"And annul what she has done?" I asked.

"We must consult over that," he said. "Ellen Babington, who has been so ungrateful to my wife,

is quite a different person from her mother. But I will do nothing against Mrs. Merridew's will."

And so I left them to consult over their own affairs. I had been thrust into it against my own will; but still it was entirely their affair, and no business of mine.

Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella called to me from their lawn as I went out to ask how Mrs. Merridew was, and shook their heads over her.

"She should have the doctor," said Mrs. Spencer.

"But the doctor would not pay her bills for her," said Lady Isabella.

And I had to answer meekly, as if I knew nothing about it, "I don't think it is her bills."

This conversation detained me some time from my own house; and when I reached my cottage, my maid stood by the gate, looking out for me, shading her eyes with her hands. It was to tell me there was a lady waiting for me in the drawing-room, — "A tall lady in mourning." And in a moment my heart smote me for some hard thoughts, and I knew who my visitor was.

I found her seated by my table, very pale, but quite self-possessed. She rose when I went in, and began to explain.

"You don't know me," she said. "I have no right to come to you; but once you came to — us — with Mrs. Merridew. Perhaps you remember me now? I am Ellen Babington. I want to speak to you about — my brother's will. You may have heard that I have just lost —"

"Yes," I said. "I am very sorry. If there is anything I can do —"

"You can do all that I want from any one," she said. "Janet will never believe that I wanted to keep the money — now. I have seen all her children to-day at church; and I think, if she had been there, I should perhaps have been able, — but never mind. Tell her I should like — if she would give her daughter Janet something out of the money, — from me. She is a little like what her mother was. I am sure you are kind to them. I don't even know your name —"

"Mrs. Musgrave," I said; and she gave a little bow. She was very composed, very well-bred, terribly sad; with the look of a woman who had no more to do in the world, and who yet was, Heaven help her! in the middle of her life, full of vigor, and capability, and strength.

"Will you tell Janet, please, that it is all settled?" she said. "I mean, not the girl Janet, but her mother. Tell her I have settled everything. I believe she will hear from the lawyers to-morrow; but I could not let it come only from the lawyers. I cannot forgive her, even now. She thinks it is Matilda she has wronged; but it is me she has wronged, taking my brother from me, my only brother, after all these years. But never mind. I kissed the little child instead to-day — the quite little one, with the gold hair. I suppose she is the youngest. Tell her I came on purpose to see them before I went away."

"But why send this message through me?" I said; "come and see *her*. I will take you; it is close by. And the sight of you will do her more good — more good than the money. Come, and let her explain."

I thought she hesitated for a moment, but her only answer was a shake of her head.

"What could she explain?" she cried, with strange impetuosity. "He and I had been together

all our lives, and yet all the while he cared nothing for his sister and everything for her. Do you think I can ever forgive her? but I never forgot her. I don't think I ever loved any one so well in my life."

"O, come and tell her so," said I.

Again she shook her head. "I loved her as well as I loved him; and yet I hate her," she said. "But tell her I spoke to her Janet, and I kissed her baby; and that I have arranged everything with the lawyers about poor John's will. I am sure you are a good woman. Will you shake hands with me for the children's sake before I go?"

Her voice went to my heart. I had only seen her once in my life before, but I could not help it. I went up to her and took her two hands, and kissed her; and then she, the stranger, broke down, and put her head on my shoulder and wept. It was only for a moment, but it bound us as if for our lives.

"Where are you going?" I asked, when she went away.

"I am going abroad with some friends," she said, hurriedly.

"But you will come to us, my dear, when you come back?"

"Most likely I shall never come back," she said, hastily, and then went away alone out of my door, alone across the green, with her veil over her face and her black dress repulsing the sunshine. One's sympathies move and change about like the winds. I had been so sorry for Mrs. Merridew an hour ago; but it was not her I was most sorry for now.

And this was how it all ended. I was always glad that Mrs. Merridew had told her husband before the letter came next morning. And they got the money; and John went to the university, and Janet had new dresses and new pleasures, and a ring, of which she was intensely proud, according to Ellen's desire. I dare say Ellen's intention was that something much more important should have been given to the child in her name; but then Ellen Babington, being an unmarried woman, did not know how much a large family costs, nor what urgent occasion there is for every farthing, even with an addition so great as five hundred a year.

I am afraid it did not make Mrs. Merridew much happier just at first. She wrote letters wildly, far and near, to everybody who could be supposed to know anything about Ellen; and wanted to have her to live with them, and to share the money with her, and I don't know how many other wild fancies. But all that could be found out was that Ellen had gone abroad. And by degrees the signs of this strange tempest began to disappear, — smoothed out and filled up as Nature smooths all traces of combat. The scars heal, new verdure covers the sudden precipice, — the old gets assimilated with the new. By degrees an air of superior comfort stole over the house, which was very consolatory. Selina, the housemaid, married, and Richards retired to the inevitable greengrocery. And with a new man and new maids, and so much less difficulty about the bills, it is astonishing how the puckers died away from Mrs. Merridew's forehead, — first one line went and then another, and she grew younger in spite of herself. And with everything thus conspiring in her favor, and habit calmly settling to confirm all, is it wonderful if by and by she forgot that any wonderful accident had ever happened, and that all had not come in the most natural way, and with the most pleasant consequences in the world?

The other day I saw in a chance copy of *Galig-nani*, which came to me in a parcel from Paris, the marriage of Ellen Babington to a Frenchman there; but that is all we have ever heard of her. Whether it is a good marriage or a bad one I don't know; but I hope, at least, it is better for her than being all alone, as she was when she left my house that day in June, having made her sacrifice in her turn. If things had but taken their natural course, how much unnecessary suffering would have been spared: Mrs. Merridew is, perhaps, happier now than she would have been without that five hundred a year; but of course they spend more; and I don't know that they are to be called richer on the whole; but for two years she was wretched, sacrificing and grudging the sacrifice, and making herself very unhappy. And though I don't believe Ellen Babington cared for the money, her heart will never be healed of that pang of bitterness which her brother's desertion gave her. His companion for twenty years! and to think his best thoughts should have been given all that time to a woman who had only slighted him, and refused his love. Mrs. Merridew does not see the sting of this herself; she thinks it natural. And so I dare say would half the world beside.

WHERE DO SOME THINGS COME FROM ?

It is not difficult to understand that things made of wood and stone and metal, of which the supply is virtually unlimited, as well as fabrics of cotton, muslin, gauze, and wool, should be turned out as fast as they are wanted. It is comprehensible, too, that such developments of silk and satin and velvet as may hit the humor of the moment should be forthcoming, in a degree commensurate with the requirements of the public: though this is less easy to understand when one reflects that the whole supply is due to the exertions of a finite number of small caterpillars. The multiplication of objects, the material for constructing which is practically unlimited, is tolerably comprehensible; but what seems unaccountable is the extraordinary way in which certain products of nature—animal, vegetable, and mineral—seem to rush into existence on the shortest notice, whenever a demand for them springs up.

How wonderfully accommodating—to take an instance—has Nature proved of late years in connection with the increased prolificness of the Seal Tribe, or at any rate that portion of it which furnishes the material that goes by the name of seal-skin! It is only within the last dozen years or so, that this particular kind of fur has become furiously popular. It is marvellous to observe how strangely, within that comparatively short time, the supply has increased and multiplied also. A few years ago, a seal-skin cloak was an uncommon garment, a rarity: whereas, now, during the whole of the autumn and winter seasons, we are so surrounded by all sorts of seal-skin garments—cloaks jackets, waistcoats, hats, caps, muffs, tippets, and the like: not to speak of cigar-cases, purses, tobacco-pouches, blotting-books, and other miscellaneous objects—that we might suppose seal-skin to be not merely, as Jaques said of Motley "Your only wear," but your only decorative fabric available for any purpose whatsoever. For, look where one may, it is still seal-skin, seal-skin, seal-skin, everywhere. On the shoulders of ladies; on the breasts of the lords of creation; in the shop-windows; in the circulars

which are thrust into our letter-boxes, announcing a consignment of ever so many thousand seal-skin jackets; in the advertisement sheets of the newspapers, from the Times Supplement to the columns of the Exchange and Mart,—in which last journal the yearnings of humanity after seal-skin, and its readiness to barter all other property, of whatsoever kind, in exchange for this idolized fur, are more touchingly expressed than in any other,—under each and all of these aspects the seal-skin rage is continually kept before us.

But the supply with which this phocal rage is appeased is the marvellous thing. How is it that such supply has suddenly come into existence? Or, was it always there, though there was no demand? Has the genus phoca been wearing seal-skin jackets ever since the creation, retaining unmolested their possession of those priceless wares through countless ages; or has this obliging tribe of animals increased in numbers of late years, out of readiness to gratify the caprice of the fashionable world?

Then there are the kids again,—what shall we say of the kids? If it be matter of wonder where all the seals come from, how much more wonderful, how stupefying and stunning, is the thought of the myriads of young goats, whose existence is absolutely necessary to furnish the gloves of the whole civilized world? Kids! How is it that there exist six yards of ground anywhere, without kids browsing thereon? One would expect that the earth would be teeming and swarming with kids. In every town in England, in France, in Europe, gloves made of what at least professes to be the skin of the kid are exposed for sale; while in the large capitals the number of shops devoted exclusively to the diffusion of kid gloves is almost incredible. Taking Paris and London alone, and occupying ourselves only with a few of the principal thoroughfares, we should find enough of such shops to suggest the existence somewhere of such flocks of kids as would overrun at least all the pasture lands of the civilized earth. How many such shops are there in the Palais Royal, the Boulevards, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix; how many in Regent Street, Oxford Street, Bond Street, the Strand, Cheapside, and Piccadilly? How many in other great capitals? How many in South America, how many in Australia, how many in New Zealand? If we take the trouble to enter on the field of conjecture which is thus opened out before us, we shall be cast out in imagination on immeasurable unknown prairies where the foot of man has never trod (except to capture kids), and where skipping kids disport themselves in such prodigious numbers, that the American herd of buffaloes who took six weeks to pass a man in a ditch at full gallop, would be as an every-day drove in the comparison.

I speak of the supply of the raw material, and not the enormous multiplication and sale of the gloves themselves. When one remembers how many are the occasions of show and ceremony where gloves of the palest and most delicate tints are alone admissible, and how soon (covering as they do a part of the human frame which comes in continual contact with all sorts of objects) they become soiled and unfit for use, there is no difficulty in understanding the sale of almost any number of gloves that can be manufactured. It is the multiplication of the kids of whose skins the gloves are made that is the staggering subject of reflection, and it is in

As in reading Aristophanes we come upon passages where we are surprised by a beauty alien to comedy, so in these satires we find a wealth of poetry lavished upon an epigram and adorning a jest.

But the poems which show the most sustained power are those which were written during his last illness, — those which are found in the "Romancero." The story of the discovery of the body of King Harold by Edith of the Swan-neck is an illustration of this. The "Hebrew Melodies" are equally powerful.

The "Lazarus" poems are the last of the series. Even yet the smile has not vanished from the face of the poet, but the tears are the tears of pain and of unrest, to which death alone can bring relief. We will give no specimen of these. The rest has been found now. Heine lies in the cemetery of Montmartre.

To much of the apparent inconsistency in Heine's opinions the key is to be sought in his peculiar position. At the time he was born his father had already renounced Judaism, without having adopted Christianity; and although he himself was educated at a Roman Catholic seminary, and was formally baptized, yet the mythology of Greece and Rome exercised a stronger influence upon him than any Christian teaching. His mind was the perpetual battle-field of opposing forms of thought. He was swayed alternately by Judaism and Hellenism; he wavered between the Romantic and the Classical schools; he could not decide for the democracy of science or the aristocracy of art. That from these conflicting principles he failed to evolve a clear and consistent system, should be no matter of wonder, far less of reprobation. His efforts have made ours easier.

MRS. MERRIDEW'S FORTUNE.

III.

We did not meet again for some days after this, and next time I saw her, which was on Sunday at church with her children, it seemed impossible to me to believe in the reality of the strange scene we had so recently passed through together. The calm curtain of ordinary decorums and ordinary friendliness had risen for a moment from Mrs. Merridew's unexcited existence, revealing a woman distracted by a primitive sense of justice rending her own soul, as it were, in sunder, and doing, in spite of herself and all her best instincts what she felt was right. That she should have any existence separate from her children had never occurred to anybody before. Yet, for one day, I had seen her resist and ignore the claims of her children, and act like an individual being. When I saw her again she was once more the mother and nothing more, casting her eyes over her little flock, cognizant, one could see, of the perfection or imperfection of every fold and line in their dresses, keeping her attention upon each, from little Matty, who was restless and could not be kept quiet, up to Janet, who sat demure, and already caught the eye of visitors as one of the prettiest girls of Dinglefield. Mrs. Merridew remarked all with a vigilant mother's eye, and as I gazed across at her in her pew, it was all but impossible for me to believe that this was the same woman who had clung so convulsively to my arm, whose face had been so worn and hollowed out with suffering. How could it be the same woman? She who had suffered poor John Babington to love her, — and then had cast him off, and married her friend's lover in-

stead; who had established so firm an empire over a man's heart, that, after twenty years, he had remembered her still with such intensity of feeling. How Janet would have opened her big eyes had it been suggested to her that her mother could have any power over men's hearts; or, indeed, could be occupied with anything more touching or important than her children's frocks or her butcher's bills! I fear I did not pay much attention to the service that morning. I could not but gaze at them, and wonder whether, for instance, Mr. Merridew himself, who had come back from circuit, and was seated respectably with his family in church, yawning discreetly over Mr. Damerel's sermon, remembered anything at all, for his part, of Matilda Babington or her brother. Probably he preferred to ignore the subject altogether, — or, perhaps, would laugh with a sense of gratified vanity that there had been "a row," when the transference of his affections was discovered. And there she sat by his side who had, — had she betrayed his confidence? was she untrue to him in being this time true to her friends? The question bewildered me so that my mind went groping about it and about it. Once, I fear, she had been false to those whose bread she eat, and chosen love instead of friendship. Now was she false to the nearest of ties, the closest of all relationships, sitting calmly there beside him with a secret in her mind of which he knew nothing? "Falsely true!" — was that what the woman was who looked to the outside world a mere pattern of all domestic virtues, without any special interest about her, a wife devoted to her husband's interest, a mother wrapped up, as people say, in her children? I could not make up my mind what to think.

"I hope you got through your business comfortably," Mrs. Spencer said to me as we walked home from church.

"With Mrs. Merridew's assistance," said Lady Isabella, who was rather satirical. And the Merridews heard their own name, and stopped to join in the conversation.

"What is that about my wife?" he said. "Did Mrs. Musgrave have Mrs. Merridew's assistance about something? I hope it was only shopping. When you have business you should consult me. She is a goose, and knows nothing about it."

"I don't think she is a goose," said I.

"No, perhaps not in her own way," said the serene husband, laughing; "but every woman is a goose about business, — I beg your pardon, ladies, but I assure you I mean it as a compliment. I hate a woman of business. Shopping is quite a different matter," he added, and laughed. Good heavens! if he had only known what a fool he looked, beside the silent woman who gave me a little warning glance and colored a little, and turned away her head to speak to little Matty, who was clinging to her skirts. A perfect mother! thinking more (you would have said) of Matty's little frills and Janet's bonnet-strings than of anything else in life.

And that was all about it. The summer went on and turned to autumn and to winter and to spring again, with that serene progression of nature which nothing obstructs: and the children grew, and the Merridews were as poor as ever managing *à peu près* to make both ends meet, but always just a little short somewhere, with their servants chosen on the same principle of supplementing each other's imperfect service as that Janet had announced to me. For one thing, they kept their servants a long

time, which I have noticed is characteristic of households not very rich nor very "particular." When you allow such pleas to tell in favor of an imperfect housemaid as that she is good to the children, or does not mind helping the cook, there is no reason why Mary, if she does not marry in the mean time, should not stay with you a hundred years. And the Merridew's servants accordingly stayed, and looked very friendly at you when you went to call, and did their work not very well, with much supervision and exasperation (respectively) on the part of the mother and daughter. But the family was no poorer, though it was no richer. The only evidence of our expedition to town which I could note was, that it had produced a new pucker on Mrs. Merridew's brow. She had looked sufficiently anxious by times before, but the new pucker had something more than anxiety in it. There was a sense of something better that might have been; a sense of something lost, — a suspicion of bitterness. How all this could be expressed by one line on a smooth white forehead I cannot explain; but to me it was so.

Now and then, too, a chance allusion would be made which recalled what had happened still more plainly. For instance, I chanced to be calling one afternoon, when Mr. Merridew came home earlier than usual from town. We were sitting over our five-o'clock tea, with a few of the children scrambling about the floor and Janet working in the corner. He took up the ordinary position of a man who has just come home, with his back to the fire, and regarded us with that benevolent contempt which men generally think it right to exhibit for women over their tea; and everything was so ordinary and pleasant, that I for one was taken entirely by surprise, and nearly let fall the cup in my hand when he spoke.

"I don't know whether you saw John Babington's death in *The Times* three or four months ago, Janet," he said, "did you? Why did you never mention it? It is odd that I should not have heard. I met Ellen to-day coming out of the Amyotts', where I lunched, in such prodigious mourning that I was quite startled. All the world might have been dead to look at her. And do you know she gave me a look as if she would have spoken. All that is so long past that it's ridiculous keeping up malice. I wish you would call next time you are in town to ask for the old lady. Poor John's death must have been a sad loss to them. I hear there was some fear that he had left his property away from his mother and sister. But it turned out a false report."

I did not dare to look at Mrs. Merridew to see how she bore it; but her voice replied quite calmly without any break, as if the conversation was on the most ordinary subject, —

"Where did you manage to get so much news?"

"O, from the Amyotts," he said, "who knew all about it. Matilda, you know, poor girl!" (with that half-laugh of odious masculine vanity which I knew in my heart he would be guilty of), "married a cousin of Amyott's, and is getting on very well, they say. But think over my suggestion, Janet. I think at this distance of time it would be graceful on your part to go and call."

"I cannot think they would like to see me, now," she said, in a low voice. Then I ventured to look at her. She was seated in an angular, rigid way, with her shoulders and elbows squared to her work, and the corners of her mouth pursed up, which

would have given to any cursory observer the same impression it did to her husband.

"How hard you women are!" he said. "Trust you for never forgiving or forgetting. Poor old lady, I should have thought anybody would have pitied her. But, however, it is none of my business. As for Ellen, she is a very handsome woman, though she is not so young as she once was. I should not wonder if she were to make a good marriage even now. Is it possible, Janet, after being so fond of her, — or pretending to be, how can I tell? — that you would not like to say a kind word to Ellen now?"

"She would not think it kind from me," said Mrs. Merridew, still rigid, never raising her eyes from her work.

"I think she would, but at all events you might try," he said. All her answer was to shake her head, and he went away to his dressing-room shrugging his shoulders and nodding his head in bewildered comments to himself on what he considered the hard-heartedness of woman. As for me, I kept looking at her with sympathetic eyes, thinking that at least she would give herself the comfort of a confidential glance. But she did not. It seemed that she was determined to ignore the whole matter, even to me.

"I wish papa would take as much interest in us poor girls at home as he does in people that don't belong to him," said Janet. "Mamma, I never can piece this to make it long enough. It may do for Marian" (who was her next sister), "but it will never do for me."

"You are so easily discouraged," said Mrs. Merridew. "Let me look at it. You girls are always making difficulties. Under the founce, your piecing, as you call it, will never be seen. Those founces" she added, with a little laugh which I knew was hysterical, "are blessings to poor folks."

"I am sure I don't think there is anything to laugh at," said poor Janet, almost crying, "when you think of Nelly Fortis and all the other girls, with their nice dresses all new and fresh from the dressmaker's, and no trouble; while I have only mamma's old gown, that she wore when she was twenty, to turn, and patch, and piece, — and not long enough after all!"

"Then you should not grow so," said her mother, "and you ought to be thankful that the old fashion has come in again, and my old gown can be of use." But as she spoke she turned round and gave me a look. The tears were in her eyes, and that pucker, O, so deeply marked, in her forehead. I felt she would have sobbed had she dared. And then before my eyes, as, I am sure, before hers, there glided a vision of Ellen Babington in her profound mourning, rustling past Mr. Merridew on the stairs, with heaps of costly crape, no doubt, and that rich black silk with which people console themselves in their first mourning. How could they take it all without a word? The after-pang that comes almost inevitably at the back of a sacrifice was tearing Mrs. Merridew's heart. I felt it go through my own and so I knew. She had done it nobly, but she could not forget that she had done it. Does one ever forget?

And then as I went home I fell into a maze again. Had she a right to do it? To sit at table with that unsuspecting man, and put her arm in his, and be at his side continually, and all the time be false to him. Falsely true! I could not get the words out of my mind.

connection with this, and remembering how comparatively rare, even in France, Italy, and Switzerland, and other goat-producing countries, are the occasions when the traveller encounters kids in any number, that I find myself again and again constrained to ask, O where and O where are your glove-producing kids?

Is it not a fact that there are more fair-haired children to be seen in this country than there used to be? Any one who can find leisure in the early part of the day to visit those portions of our parks and public gardens where children most resort, will infallibly be struck by the great increase in the number of children whose hair is to be classed as belonging to the group of colors which we call "light." Now, we know that fair hair has lately been very much the rage, and we also know that various inventions have been published for taking the natural darkness out of the hair, and imparting to it a flaxen or a golden shade. The use of such medicaments has, however, always been confined to grown-up people, and in none of the recorded instances of that tampering with the natural color of the hair which has been common of late years, have children had any part; so their adaptation to the fashion of the time in this respect would seem to be purely attributable to an obligingness on the part of Dame Nature similar to the politeness of the seals and the philanthropy of the kids.

There was a taste the other day for pug-dogs. Fashion had no sooner issued her mandate on the subject, than behold in all directions there were pugs! The earth appeared to teem with short noses and black muzzles; and any one who wanted a pug (and chose to pay for it) was straightway provided with one of those fascinating animals. Is there any room for doubt that if phoenixes or unicorns were to become the fashion, they would turn up by the score as soon as wanted?

It is not possible that any one, possessed of any reflective power, and being in the habit of frequenting the various kinds of social celebrations, slavery to which forms the principal occupation of a large portion of civilized society can have failed to speculate on the momentous question, Where do all the plovers' eggs come from? They appear at all sorts of meals, — dinners, wedding breakfasts, show luncheons, picnics, evening-party refreshment tables, ball suppers. In all sorts of forms, too, do they appear: nestling in moss, held in bondage caressingly by succulent jelly, pearly and cool, the golden yolk just suggested through the semi-transparent white. Prodigious good they are, in whatever shape presented, but prodigiously mysterious also, in their faculty of turning up in enormous quantities for the London season, and then disappearing with equally strange and inexplicable despatch. Very rarely does one encounter these plovers' eggs except during the London season; and as to the plovers themselves, now and then, in crossing a breezy upland, the pedestrian's attention is caught by their shrill, plaintive cry and their rapid flight round and round his head, as they seek to draw him away from the nest which lies close by; but it is only now and then that the plovers are thus met with, and even where they are thickest, their numbers do not account for those innumerable dishes full of their eggs.

And naturally associated with the plovers' egg difficulty is another: I mean the great champagne mystery. The consumption of this beverage is confined to no particular place, nor to any especial season of the year. Always, everywhere, by every-

body, this favorite drink is appreciated. One would think that the supply required for this country alone, and during that one period of the year which we call "the season," would exhaust the produce of all the vineyards the champagne districts can furnish. Let the reader consider the Derby Day, or merely take it in conjunction with the Cup Day at Ascot, and then endeavor to form some dimly approximate notion of the quantity of champagne required. There are those who have seen the champagne dripping through the floors of carriages on Epsom Downs; and even those who have not been favored with that rich experience, but have merely witnessed the ordinary performances during the luncheon hours there, are able to form a tolerably accurate idea of the rate at which champagne disappears on the occasion of those wondrous orgies.

At the Ascot Meeting it is the same story. The same at Goodwood, Doncaster, Newmarket. At all the minor races, at Henley, at every regatta held at Cowes or Ride, or anywhere, and on all those occasions of a more private nature at which we have just seen the dish of plovers' eggs making a goodly appearance, it is again the same. The thought of all the champagne required for England, not to speak of the still greater quantities needed for the supply of Continental capitals, and there not alone for those great festal occasions when royal personages meet together and are entertained at banquets, balls, and the like, but for all the smaller and snuggler meals which come off at restaurants, cafés, hotels, and taverns, — the thought, I say, of all this champagne, and all this society as I may say floating in it, becomes distracting.

But where does that same creamy liquor all come from? We all know that we are expected to swallow a great deal in connection with our wine besides the liquid itself. It requires a most remarkable amount of faith to suppose that those small tracts of land which give their name to the more renowned growths of France and Germany can supply all the cellars throughout Europe. An enigma this, which, with regard to other wines, may be looked upon as simply a difficulty; but which, when champagne is in question, culminates into an impossibility.

The milk and cream, again, supplied twice a day to the inhabitants of England, and for the furnishing of which — since fresh milk cannot be imported from other countries — we are dependent on the resources of the British cows, — the enormous daily yield of this article of consumption is a thing not to be thought of without wonder. Summon before the mind the vast area of London and its suburbs, and remember that in every street, square, place, terrace, court, blind alley, throughout its enormous extent from Highgate and Hornsey in the north, to Camberwell and Dulwich in the south, and from Wimbledon and Putney in the west to Rotherhithe, Hackney, Bow, in the east, the clink of the milk-pail is heard twice every day throughout the year, Sundays included. And all this professes, remember, to be new milk, so that in addition there must be taken into account an entirely separate reservoir of milk set aside for the development of all that mass of cream which is required, at certain times of year, for the supply of the metropolis. What a supply must that be! Think of all the ice-creams sold at all the pastry-cooks' shops besides those which are served up in private houses! Think of all the cream eaten with strawberries, of the cream re-

quired for cooking purposes, of the recipes of those great artists who are always directing their disciples to "take a quart of cream," or to, "add a pint of good cream," or "now throw in" a pint or so of cream. And, besides, what becomes of all this supply of milk and cream when it is no longer wanted in the metropolis? On the 30th of June it is required; on the 30th of July it is not. The main body of cream-consumers have by that time left London and are dispersed over the world. Do the cows follow them?

A solution of some of the above-stated difficulties might be afforded by supposing the existence — not a very wide stretch of imagination — of a wholesale system of adulteration. It is possible to make champagne, for instance, and, alas! I fear, milk and cream too, to order; but no manufactory can turn out plovers' eggs to order. And where are the iron works, saw-mills, or galvanized-zinc factories that can contract to supply an unlimited number of sweetbreads, — by the by, another delicacy required, like the plovers' eggs, on a huge scale during the London season, and hardly wanted at other times!

LIFE AND DEATH AT ST. BREACA'S.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

"I DO NOT quite make her out," said Mrs. Monsey to Suzanne; "she is a thorough flirt, and has no one to practise on here but Mr. Secker, unless she has picked up some young lawyer or doctor in the town. I forget how I heard of her."

Suzanne reminded her.

"O yes; but I don't remember what Madame de Montansier said about her. She suits us well enough, at all events, — the children like her, and she amuses them, and does not bore me."

"Can I see Mademoiselle Royer?" was asked a few days later by a bright-looking little elderly man, with a foreign air and accent.

The servant believed so. What name?

"My name would be of no use," said he; "Mademoiselle is unacquainted with me; but will you say that I bring a message from Madame de Coitgourden."

Jeanne, who had started at the announcement, looked alarmed, yet defiant, when she presented herself.

The stranger bowed, and said, "I am le Père Jolivet; I brought a postulant last week from Paris to the convent at St. Petroe, — of which you may have heard. My very good friend, Madame de Coitgourden, desired that I would ascertain personally how you were situated, and if I could be of any service to you. She regrets that she has heard nothing directly from you since you came to England, and you understand that, irrespectively of other motives, she remembers that she is your god-mother."

"Madame de Coitgourden is very good," returned Jeanne, coldly; "but I support myself, and I require nothing."

"Possibly nothing temporal, but Madame thought of probable spiritual difficulties. She has been informed that the Monsey family are Protestant, and that you are cut off from opportunities of practising your religion. St. Petroe's is thirty miles hence, and there is, I know, no direct communication with the place. Madame de Coitgourden has a relative who has been a professed nun there, and much valued, several years. At her request, the Reverend Mother will procure you

lodging and every suitable accommodation for a week, whenever you choose to avail yourself of the opportunity to approach the sacraments, and will consider that in so doing she only acquits herself partially of a debt of gratitude to Madame."

"I am overwhelmed with so much condescension," replied Jeanne, petulantly, "but cannot take advantage of it."

"But why not, my child?"

"I do not conceive that I am bound to give my confidence to a stranger."

"A priest accredited by your early benefactress can hardly be regarded as a stranger. Let me have the satisfaction of taking such tidings of you as Madame deserves, and is desirous to have."

"Tell her," said Jeanne, angrily, her eyes flashing, "that the Catholic Church is not popular in England; that no one suspects me of belonging to it; that I do not intend to acknowledge that I ever was a Catholic; that, if I did, this house would be closed against me; that out of it I am, in England, homeless, and that to Paris I will not return. You may say too, if you like, that I have no religion, and that I do not want any."

"Hush! child," said the priest, soothingly; "you are beside yourself. How have you endured life with such a weight of concealment on your heart? You cannot have forgotten all your good early training?"

"I have forgotten everything but that I came into the world to suffer for a man's wickedness and a woman's weakness, — to feel, before I knew this, that I was in some way marked: that I was pitied, patronized: to hate everybody; to resolve to make a position for myself; to have no past; to let no superstition, or, if you like it better, no religion, stand in my way."

"This is mere raving. How do you propose to make a position for yourself? Music might do it, or dancing; but to succeed in either way not only are great natural gifts necessary, but careful and laborious training. Looking at your case for a moment in a purely human point of view, I do not see how your temporal interests are to be served by your forsaking your faith and friends. What, for example, do you gain by living in a remote province with a family who, alas! do not stand well socially? Believe me, my dear child, you make a great mistake. *Quærite primum regnum Dei, et justitiam ejus; et hæc omnia adjicieantur vobis.*" He thought she was softening, and went on more earnestly, "Let me tell Reverend Mother that you will come next week, — nay, I know I may presume to take you back with me; I have a post-chaise at The George; you need not return here at all. There are ladies in the convent connected with some of the first Catholic families in England; they would easily find you a more suitable place than this, and give you shelter till you were provided for; and you might make a little retreat, and recover lost peace, and begin life with new resolutions."

She had kept her eyes fixed on the carpet the last few moments, and better nature was stirring within her. She grasped the truth of the priest's representations; she realized in how utterly heartless an atmosphere she lived, and how insignificant she was. She knew how welcome, how rejoiced over she would be in the convent; but, strengthened by the duplicity she had practised, the demon pride conquered, and she said, "I thought, my father, that I had stated distinctly that I did not want shelter, or spiritual retreat, or patronage, —

that I prefer to be as I am. It seems that all human schemes are liable to failure, but I mean to stand by mine. I am sorry you have had so much unnecessary trouble; and you will forgive my reminding you that your visit may be disadvantageous to me. The virtues of Catholic priests are by no means appreciated in England." She stood up; so did he. He looked wistfully, compassionately at her, — his whole demeanor silently besought her to relent. She understood it, and said, "I made my resolution rather more than two years ago, when, to escape from France, I stooped to accept a servant's mediation to procure me the place I hold. I parted with religion on the voyage. A small parcel containing my scapular, beads, and prayer-books is in the sea somewhere between Havre and Southampton."

Her stormy eyes and hard voice seemed to him even worse than her words. With dignity, of which he had looked incapable, he said, "Listen, you unhappy child, to words familiar to your ear in your better days: *Qui enim me confusus fuerit, et verba mea, in generatione ista adultera et peccatrice, et filius hominis confundetur eum cum veniret in gloria patris sui cum angelis sanctis; — and may God convert you!*"

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Secker's prepossession against Jeanne increased rapidly as she perceived that she tried to entangle Augustine's affections; just as, before his return, she had laid herself out to attract his father's admiration. She was by no means the wife she would have chosen for her pure-hearted boy, and it was really distressing to have him unsettled just as his prospects were so good. She had no doubt that Mr. Hoskins would do for him as if he were his own son, provided he continued to please him; but he could not contemplate marrying for many years; and this foreigner had it not in her to be the wise, tender, constant friend to whom it is safe to be bound for a long engagement. If she saw any one who would be a better match, she would throw Augustine over, and he would never recover the blow. Yet she, poor mother, could do nothing. With all her heart, Mrs. Secker longed to have the holidays over; and how very hard that was!

It was inevitable that Augustine should be caught. He was trustful and affectionate, and had never been familiar in young ladies' society. Here was a caressing, impulsive young creature, pretty in his sight, a stranger, unprotected, and most unfortunately circumstanced, hanging on his words and looks, telling him, with her great varying dark eyes, that she worshipped him. She could have no interested motive, said he to himself. She knew that he was poor, and that his family were down in the world. In her own selfish, unrefined way, Jeanne did love him; loved him, though in her folly she had resolved to marry for riches, and believed that nothing could be easier in England; loved him, though she intended to rid herself of him if he interfered with her advancement. She had never imagined any feeling so delicious as the certainty that his heart was entirely hers; she could think of nothing so intolerable as his bestowing a thought on another woman. When they parted on the day before his return to Loganstone, a tremendous rush of feeling overpowered every consideration. In a few passionate, hurried words,

he implored her to have pity on him, and be true to him forever; and weeping, clinging to him, she told him she lived but in his love. He had never dreamed that for him life could have anything so enchanting. To his prematurely chastened experience, it had seemed as, at the best, to be met with fortitude. He was in a new, vivid, unguessed-at world, while he listened to her fond tones, looked at her glowing face, felt her tears and caresses. How should he tread again his beaten track? Was all the happiness allotted him condensed into that crisis? Thus he questioned, and checked a shiver, even then.

That night Jeanne walked very long in the colonnade. A July full moon shone serenely on the beautiful bay; glow-worms sparkled in the grass. But a few yards from her, the calm deep sea whispered to the rocks below; flowers made the still air fragrant; but the girl's was not a poetic nature, and the delicious influences did not teach her. Brooding over turbid thoughts, she walked to and fro till fatigue compelled her to stop. Leaning against the sill of the schoolroom window, she looked up, and out of herself. Her mind rambled somewhat in this way: "How Augustine would enjoy this! How different we are! I wonder why. We are both young, both unfortunate; but we are no more alike than this calm is to a tempest." She started, for steps were stirring in the house. It was very unusual after midnight. That Mr. Monsey was up great part of the night, was understood; but the room he called his study, and to which he betook himself in the evening, was in a distant part of the house, and she had never met him at night. The door opened, and he came out, intoxicated evidently, and malicious.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, sorry to have disturbed you. Pleasant to be out this fine night. But where's Young Pill-box? Hope I've not frightened him away. Sort of thing is charming; used to be long ago, I know; but not quite proper, is it?"

"I am afraid it is later than I thought it was, Mr. Monsey. I will wish you good-night."

"O, pray, don't. Can I find him for you? Not proper, as I said, but pleasant, very. I never spoil sport. I'm not straight-laced; only thing I'm particular about — hate popery. Had a priest here a few weeks ago; won't stand that sort of thing. Sharp girl, very, — said he was a miner; but post-boy told landlady, — stupid fellow." Angry and terrified, she passed him, and went to her room.

Three months later, haggard and weary, Augustine presented himself late one evening before his startled mother. His first words were; "Is my father in?" and his next "Thank God, that he is not! for I am come home in disgrace, — ruined, perhaps."

The sweet eyes fixed on him expressed the fullest trust and sympathy, and it was no shrinking from increased temporal trouble, but deep affection, that made her voice tremble as she said: "Never mind, my own child; I'm sure it's not your fault. Don't hurry to tell me, if it distresses you."

"But I must tell you before my father comes, if possible. Perhaps you have guessed that I am engaged to Jeanne Royer. I could not tell you sooner, because I knew you did not think well of her, and I cannot bear even a look that blames her, poor darling! Her lot is indeed hard, and excitement about her has worn me terribly. Her letters have been full of complainings, and a week ago one of

them drove me nearly mad. She hinted that impertinence from that old ruffian Monsey was added to her troubles; that she ought not to remain in his house, yet knew not what to do." He paused, drew a long breath, and set his teeth firmly together. "Of course, I have been utterly unfit for my work. I directed medicine wrong twice on Tuesday. Mr. Hoskins made the best of it, and implored me to be careful. Yesterday, I sent an ounce of laudanum to old Mrs. Penruddock, instead of a black dose; and if she had not known the smell, of course she would have taken it, and died. Nothing could be kinder than the Hoskineses. She cried; and he said he would rather have lost his little finger, but that there was no help for it; that not only was his practice in danger, but the patients' lives were; that whatever came of it afterwards, for the present I must leave him. So here I am, as if you have not enough to bear with-out this."

She had stood behind him, that if her countenance expressed anguish, he might not see it; and she had passed her fingers soothingly through his bright curls, and sometimes laid her cheek on his head while he was speaking. When he had done, she drew him close to her bosom, and they wept together; but she felt that her indignation against Jeanne exceeded her pity for her child. She wished for a moment that she could hate her without sinning, but all she said was, "Let us thank God, dear, that there is nothing worse, and try to bear it meekly, and hope for the best. Go to bed before your father comes. I will bring you tea. You are really ill, and I will tell him so, and all —"

"But he will storm at you, — say it's all your fault, perhaps."

"Never mind; I do not really care. I used to be afraid of him; I'm not now; and he is so uncertain, that he may take quite a different view."

And so it proved. He expressed nothing but sympathy for Augustine, and evaporated whatever indignation he felt in the subjoined note to Mr. Monsey: —

"DEAR SIR, — When I allowed myself to become a frequent guest at your table, I did not suspect that degradation of my family was involved in the acceptance of your hospitalities, and that the blandishments of a French governess were designed to ruin my son's prospects. He is dismissed from the honorable though humble post which his father's misfortunes made of moment to him, and he is come to add to the burden that presses on his mother's heart. While I congratulate you and your tool on the success of your manœuvres, I beg to have it distinctly understood that my door is closed against you and every member of your household. A poor incumbent may possess the feelings of a gentleman, though he is not the younger son of a James's baronet. I remain, dear sir, yours truly, MARCUS SECKER."

When Mr. Monsey had read the note, he went to find his wife, and sent for Jeanne. "You had better get rid of her, perhaps," he said. "I do not care much about this, whatever it may mean, though I think the girls ought to have a steady person. But she's a concealed papist, — and I have an objection to that sort of thing."

"I do not care whether she goes or stays, but I must have some one; and the children are used to her, and fond of her, and I don't know where to get any one else."

"Where did you get her?"

"Suzanne found her out."

"The deuce she did! I did not know that."

"I don't suppose you cared. Suzanne heard of her from her sister, who is Madame de Montansier's maid. This girl was a protégée of Madame de Montansier's. She has done very well."

"I never liked her."

"No; you don't think her pretty. I do."

When Jeanne entered, pale and hard, Mrs. Monsey began "Mr. Monsey has had a very extraordinary letter from Mr. Secker, from which it appears that his son is in some trouble, and that it is your fault. Mr. Monsey wishes to know if you have anything to say which we ought to know." Jeanne seemed unable to speak; and Mrs. Monsey continued; "Of course a person in your position is required to be steady; and though Mr. Secker is half mad, there must be some ground for so very strange a letter as he has written."

"You'd better make a clean breast of it, mademoiselle," said Mr. Monsey, with a touch of the manner which had been so offensive one night in the colonnade. "Mr. Secker desires that you will not enter his house again."

She stood at bay; her hands crossed and tightly clasped, resting on the table, her eyes darkening, her frame quivering. Mr. and Mrs. Monsey looked at her curiously. At last she spoke, very hoarsely, "It seems to me, madame, that I have nothing to say, unless I know the charge against me."

"You may read the note," said Mr. Monsey, giving it to her.

How she had longed for it! not venturing to hope for it. Was that all? Why, it was a triumph! There was a man in the world who had sacrificed everything for her! What signified anything else? Vanity, intensely gratified, sent the blood to her face, raised her head, and strengthened her voice. "I am not ashamed of loving and being loved," she said, firmly.

"But your 'loving and being loved,' as you call it," uttered Mrs. Monsey, pettishly, "ought to have been better managed, so as not to bring impertinent letters on us. Besides, I have a great regard for Mr. Secker, and I do not choose to have him annoyed by any one in my house."

"I can only say, madame, that I do not know what Mr. Secker means, but that I am affianced to his son."

Mr. Monsey left the room whistling.

"You are very foolish," went on Mrs. Monsey. "If even the young man does not change his mind, — and of course he will, — he has not a chance of marrying for years, and I am not surprised that his father is angry. You must understand that I do not choose my daughters to be made aware of this exceedingly silly affair. The longer young ladies are kept ignorant of such things, the better."

Jeanne longed to laugh mockingly, and her lip curled as she replied, "Madame may rely on my respecting their simplicity. May I go now, madame?"

"Yes. I don't think I've anything more to say at present."

Mr. Monsey wrote: —

"MY DEAR SIR, — I am at a loss to infer more from your note than that my amiable young friend Augustine is in some difficulty. Well, 'boys will be boys,' and we were boys ourselves once. I hope there will be nothing to prevent his coming with you to dine with us to-morrow. Yours, very truly,

ARTHUR MONSEY."

is quite a different person from her mother. But I will do nothing against Mrs. Merridew's will."

And so I left them to consult over their own affairs. I had been thrust into it against my own will; but still it was entirely their affair, and no business of mine.

Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella called to me from their lawn as I went out to ask how Mrs. Merridew was, and shook their heads over her.

"She should have the doctor," said Mrs. Spencer.

"But the doctor would not pay her bills for her," said Lady Isabella.

And I had to answer meekly, as if I knew nothing about it, "I don't think it is her bills."

This conversation detained me some time from my own house; and when I reached my cottage; my maid stood by the gate, looking out for me, shading her eyes with her hands. It was to tell me there was a lady waiting for me in the drawing-room,—"A tall lady in mourning." And in a moment my heart smote me for some hard thoughts, and I knew who my visitor was.

I found her seated by my table, very pale, but quite self-possessed. She rose when I went in, and began to explain.

"You don't know me," she said. "I have no right to come to you; but once you came to—us—with Mrs. Merridew. Perhaps you remember me now? I am Ellen Babington. I want to speak to you about—my brother's will. You may have heard that I have just lost—"

"Yes," I said. "I am very sorry. If there is anything I can do—"

"You can do all that I want from any one," she said. "Janet will never believe that I wanted to keep the money—now. I have seen all her children to-day at church; and I think, if she had been there, I should perhaps have been able,—but never mind. Tell her I should like—if she would give her daughter Janet something out of the money,—from me. She is a little like what her mother was. I am sure you are kind to them. I don't even know your name—"

"Mrs. Musgrave," I said; and she gave a little bow. She was very composed, very well-bred, terribly sad; with the look of a woman who had no more to do in the world, and who yet was, Heaven help her! in the middle of her life, full of vigor, and capability, and strength.

"Will you tell Janet, please, that it is all settled?" she said. "I mean, not the girl Janet, but her mother. Tell her I have settled everything. I believe she will hear from the lawyers to-morrow; but I could not let it come only from the lawyers. I cannot forgive her, even now. She thinks it is Matilda she has wronged; but it is me she has wronged, taking my brother from me, my only brother, after all these years. But never mind. I kissed the little child instead to-day—the quite little one, with the gold hair. I suppose she is the youngest. Tell her I came on purpose to see them before I went away."

"But why send this message through me?" I said; "come and see her. I will take you; it is close by. And the sight of you will do her more good—more good than the money. Come, and let her explain."

I thought she hesitated for a moment, but her only answer was a shake of her head.

"What could she explain?" she cried, with strange impetuosity. "He and I had been together

all our lives, and yet all the while he cared nothing for his sister and everything for her. Do you think I can ever forgive her? but I never forgot her. I don't think I ever loved any one so well in my life."

"O, come and tell her so," said I.

Again she shook her head. "I loved her as well as I loved him; and yet I hate her," she said. "But tell her I spoke to her Janet, and I kissed her baby; and that I have arranged everything with the lawyers about poor John's will. I am sure you are a good woman. Will you shake hands with me for the children's sake before I go?"

Her voice went to my heart. I had only seen her once in my life before, but I could not help it. I went up to her and took her two hands, and kissed her; and then she, the stranger, broke down, and put her head on my shoulder and wept. It was only for a moment, but it bound us as if for our lives.

"Where are you going?" I asked, when she went away.

"I am going abroad with some friends," she said, hurriedly.

"But you will come to us, my dear, when you come back?"

"Most likely I shall never come back," she said, hastily, and then went away alone out of my door, alone across the green, with her veil over her face and her black dress repulsing the sunshine. One's sympathies move and change about like the winds. I had been so sorry for Mrs. Merridew an hour ago; but it was not her I was most sorry for now.

And this was how it all ended. I was always glad that Mrs. Merridew had told her husband before the letter came next morning. And they got the money; and John went to the university, and Janet had new dresses and new pleasures, and a ring, of which she was intensely proud, according to Ellen's desire. I dare say Ellen's intention was that something much more important should have been given to the child in her name; but then Ellen Babington, being an unmarried woman, did not know how much a large family costs, nor what urgent occasion there is for every farthing, even with an addition so great as five hundred a year.

I am afraid it did not make Mrs. Merridew much happier just at first. She wrote letters wildly, far and near, to everybody who could be supposed to know anything about Ellen; and wanted to have her to live with them, and to share the money with her, and I don't know how many other wild fancies. But all that could be found out was that Ellen had gone abroad. And by degrees the signs of this strange tempest began to disappear,—smoothed out and filled up as Nature smooths all traces of combat. The scars heal, new verdure covers the sudden precipice,—the old gets assimilated with the new. By degrees an air of superior comfort stole over the house, which was very consolatory. Selina, the housemaid, married, and Richards retired to the inevitable greengrocery. And with a new man and new maids, and so much less difficulty about the bills, it is astonishing how the puckers died away from Mrs. Merridew's forehead,—first one line went and then another, and she grew younger in spite of herself. And with everything thus conspiring in her favor, and habit calmly settling to confirm all, is it wonderful if by and by she forgot that any wonderful accident had ever happened, and that all had not come in the most natural way, and with the most pleasant consequences in the world?

The other day I saw in a chance copy of *Galig-nani*, which came to me in a parcel from Paris, the marriage of Ellen Babington to a Frenchman there; but that is all we have ever heard of her. Whether it is a good marriage or a bad one I don't know; but I hope, at least, it is better for her than being all alone, as she was when she left my house that day in June, having made her sacrifice in her turn. If things had but taken their natural course, how much unnecessary suffering would have been spared: Mrs. Merridew is, perhaps, happier now than she would have been without that five hundred a year; but of course they spend more; and I don't know that they are to be called richer on the whole; but for two years she was wretched, sacrificing and grudging the sacrifice, and making herself very unhappy. And though I don't believe Ellen Babington cared for the money, her heart will never be healed of that pang of bitterness which her brother's desertion gave her. His companion for twenty years! and to think his best thoughts should have been given all that time to a woman who had only slighted him, and refused his love. Mrs. Merridew does not see the sting of this herself; she thinks it natural. And so I dare say would half the world beside.

WHERE DO SOME THINGS COME FROM ?

It is not difficult to understand that things made of wood and stone and metal, of which the supply is virtually unlimited, as well as fabrics of cotton, muslin, gauze, and wool, should be turned out as fast as they are wanted. It is comprehensible, too, that such developments of silk and satin and velvet as may hit the humor of the moment should be forthcoming, in a degree commensurate with the requirements of the public: though this is less easy to understand when one reflects that the whole supply is due to the exertions of a finite number of small caterpillars. The multiplication of objects, the material for constructing which is practically unlimited, is tolerably comprehensible; but what seems unaccountable is the extraordinary way in which certain products of nature — animal, vegetable, and mineral — seem to rush into existence on the shortest notice, whenever a demand for them springs up.

How wonderfully accommodating — to take an instance — has Nature proved of late years in connection with the increased prolificness of the Seal Tribe, or at any rate that portion of it which furnishes the material that goes by the name of seal-skin! It is only within the last dozen years or so, that this particular kind of fur has become furiously popular. It is marvellous to observe how strangely, within that comparatively short time, the supply has increased and multiplied also. A few years ago, a seal-skin cloak was an uncommon garment, a rarity: whereas, now, during the whole of the autumn and winter seasons, we are so surrounded by all sorts of seal-skin garments — cloaks jackets, waistcoats, hats, caps, muffs, tippets, and the like: not to speak of cigar-cases, purses, tobacco-pouches, blotting-books, and other miscellaneous objects — that we might suppose seal-skin to be not merely, as Jaques said of Motley "Your only wear," but your only decorative fabric available for any purpose whatsoever. For, look where one may, it is still seal-skin, seal-skin, seal-skin, everywhere. On the shoulders of ladies; on the breasts of the lords of creation; in the shop-windows; in the circulars

which are thrust into our letter-boxes, announcing a consignment of ever so many thousand seal-skin jackets; in the advertisement sheets of the newspapers, from the Times Supplement to the columns of the Exchange and Mart, — in which last journal the yearnings of humanity after seal-skin, and its readiness to barter all other property, of whatsoever kind, in exchange for this idolized fur, are more touchingly expressed than in any other, — under each and all of these aspects the seal-skin rage is continually kept before us.

But the supply with which this phocal rage is appeased is the marvellous thing. How is it that such supply has suddenly come into existence? Or, was it always there, though there was no demand? Has the genus phoca been wearing seal-skin jackets ever since the creation, retaining unmolested their possession of those priceless wares through countless ages; or has this obliging tribe of animals increased in numbers of late years, out of readiness to gratify the caprice of the fashionable world?

Then there are the kids again, — what shall we say of the kids? If it be matter of wonder where all the seals come from, how much more wonderful, how stupefying and stunning, is the thought of the myriads of young goats, whose existence is absolutely necessary to furnish the gloves of the whole civilized world? Kids! How is it that there exist six yards of ground anywhere, without kids browsing thereon? One would expect that the earth would be teeming and swarming with kids. In every town in England, in France, in Europe, gloves made of what at least professes to be the skin of the kid are exposed for sale; while in the large capitals the number of shops devoted exclusively to the diffusion of kid gloves is almost incredible. Taking Paris and London alone, and occupying ourselves only with a few of the principal thoroughfares, we should find enough of such shops to suggest the existence somewhere of such flocks of kids as would overrun at least all the pasture lands of the civilized earth. How many such shops are there in the Palais Royal, the Boulevards, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix; how many in Regent Street, Oxford Street, Bond Street, the Strand, Cheapside, and Piccadilly? How many in other great capitals? How many in South America, how many in Australia, how many in New Zealand? If we take the trouble to enter on the field of conjecture which is thus opened out before us, we shall be cast out in imagination on immeasurable unknown prairies where the foot of man has never trod (except to capture kids), and where skipping kids disport themselves in such prodigious numbers, that the American herd of buffaloes who took six weeks to pass a man in a ditch at full gallop, would be as an every-day drove in the comparison.

I speak of the supply of the raw material, and not the enormous multiplication and sale of the gloves themselves. When one remembers how many are the occasions of show and ceremony where gloves of the palest and most delicate tints are alone admissible, and how soon (covering as they do a part of the human frame which comes in continual contact with all sorts of objects) they become soiled and unfit for use, there is no difficulty in understanding the sale of almost any number of gloves that can be manufactured. It is the multiplication of the kids of whose skins the gloves are made that is the staggering subject of reflection, and it is in

that eminent casuist, held, "It is not in the lie going from us, but in its coming to us that our honor is injured." Without precisely agreeing with that "great man," I wish to point out some of the delicacies and intricacies of the art, and lay before you the opinions of some of our deep thinkers thereon. If men will lie, it is a pity that they should not do so with more of method and decency than at present. My object in this elementary sketch is simply to call attention to a science which men bungle in practising from neglecting to study.

Man is born a liar. The child must be *taught* to speak the truth. Few people, I presume, can contravert that axiom. The nature of the generality of children is, in the first instance, to conceal fault by falsehood. This is eradicated, or supposed to be, by a system of punishments and rewards. A man may be born a poet, musician, &c., education may make him a shoemaker, stonemason, or what not. But, say, born a poet he continues a poet; then he assiduously cultivates the gift with which he was born. If the liar intend to continue a liar, it would be as well that he also should cultivate his birthright.

Now, what are the chief attributes of success in this most delicate art? Quickness of observation and great natural assurance are important accessories; but to be an eminent liar, fecundity of imagination must be exceeded only by tenacity of memory. Memory! yes, without memory no man will ever be a great liar. All men of genius who have considered the subject, and may have, lay enormous stress upon this point.

"Memory in a liar is no more than needs," saith Fuller; while Junius has it, "The language of truth is uniform and consistent; to depart from it with safety requires memory and discretion."

Before going into the question of the many ramifications of the art of lying, I would just call the attention to the difference between a lie and an untruth. Some people fall into the error of supposing them synonymous; but that this is not the case is, I think, well laid down by Montaigne, who says, "To tell an untruth is to tell a thing that is false, but which we ourselves believe to be true"; but a genuine lie is to tell a thing that is false "going against the conscience," that is, knowingly. He goes on to observe, that a pure lie, evolved entirely from the fancy of the narrator, is less liable to detection than a "lie of exaggeration"; inasmuch as in the latter the teller's memory must always have to contend with his recollection of the true story, and in repetition the original facts will be deeper engraved on his memory than his own embellishments. What memory can be sufficient to retain so many different shapes as they have forged upon one and the same subject. Here, again, we see the stress laid upon memory, for in retailing the "lie of exaggeration" to several people, if these once come together and compare notes and find out the cheat, what becomes of this fine art?"

Though Montaigne, in his essay, professes so great a contempt for "lying," yet I think that term "fine art" shows that he had a sneaking regard for it. Moreover, his lament over his want of memory proves that he was painfully aware of his own inability to become a successful liar.

Lord Hervey has laid down, —

"Whoever would lie usefully should lie seldom."

No doubt. Nothing can be so fatal as the habitual practice of the science to a man who intends to suc-

ceed in it. The cleverest of liars must be soon exposed if he resorts to it on all occasions. Retentive memories are detective police to liars. No great artist, therefore, would imperil his reputation by continual practise of his art. If conjurers were to display their sleight of hand on all occasions, their tricks would be no longer mysteries. It is mere bunglers or neophytes who would transgress such an approved rule. The past master would never be guilty of such an indiscretion. He would be aware no memory could keep pace with it, and that he must be shortly as much covered with confusion as Mr. Charles Matthews for his "poetical prose."

"Many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing."

So far we have been considering the lie as a whole. Let us now look into a few of the ramifications of that numerous family. There is, for example, the white lie, the lie indicative, the lie romantic, the lie given; commercial lies, religious lies, political lies, lovers' lies, literary lies, &c. &c.; to enumerate them all would be impossible. We must content ourselves with a glance at a few of the most prominent species.

The white lie. It is a question whether this can be called a lie, that depends a little upon the tenderness of the utterer's conscience: —

"What harm in lying if you mean no harm?
But say 't is perjury, then Hobson quakes;
He'll none of perjury."

It is the lie of society, and is simply a conventionalism to avoid plain speaking, in this polished age termed rudeness. "Not at home" is merely a suppression of "to you," quite justifiable. "Previous engagement" means "think your dinner a bore," and so on. I need scarcely say this branch requires but little science, but all-important memory is still requisite. For instance, you refuse the B.'s invitation to dinner on Thursday, on plea of severe indisposition. A week afterwards you meet Mrs. B., and during your raptures over Lucca she discovers that it was on the evening of her dinner-party that you heard that divine songstress. If she lets you see that you are detected, your imagination is all that is left you to depend on; but, rely upon it, imagination will extricate you but clumsily, if at all, from the scrape want of memory has brought about.

The lie indicative is the very highest branch of the science, only attained by the greatest artists after long and laborious study. I can hardly explain it better than by an aphorism of Palgrave's, who apparently found it existing in great perfection in Arabia: —

"To say nothing and yet lie is an art well known and practised throughout Aared."

To lie by a shrug of the shoulders, a raising of the eyebrows, a smile, a gesture, — this indeed is the culmination of the science: —

"Stab with a frown
And smile a reputation down."

But the lie indicative, though much may be done pantomimically, is by no means dependent on that only. Under this head comes the uttering of words in such manner that your hearer shall place a wrong construction on them. I will give an illustration of what I mean.

A certain nobleman, though verging on three-score, still affected extreme youth. Thanks to padding, wig, false teeth and dyed whiskers, he flattered himself that, to the eyes of the world, he yet stood at five-and-thirty. One day it was his

misfortune to encounter one of those dreadful creatures — boisterous in manner, retentive in memory — who, in the first overwhelming rush of their noisy greeting, are apt to remark how gray you have grown, and wonder whether you have quite got over that little affair with Miss Smith. This monster, a stout, florid, gray-headed man, looking fifty-five every day, had been at school with Lord D—. Shaking him vehemently by the hand, he exclaimed, —

“How are you, D—? I have n’t seen you since I was your fag at Harrow.”

Lord D— drew himself up. He was an artist of *la première force*, and the lie he had acted so many years kept him in continual practice.

“I was always,” he replied, “reckoned extremely like my father.”

Observe the beauty of this. He commits himself to nothing; no failure of memory can betray him. While, “Pardon, it was my father with whom you were at Harrow,” would not have sounded any clearer to the bystanders. A clumsier but more every-day specimen of the lie indicative may be conveyed in the following: —

A. Nice fellow, C—; met him for the first time, last night, at dinner.

B. Ye-e-es. It’s a great pity that — (stops and stares at A).

A. (*impatiently.*) That what? Is there anything against him?

B. (*quickly.*) O no; only, — I thought you knew.

A. No; tell me; what is it, — anything wrong?

B. O dear, no! Nothing. Don’t ask me any questions. O no! I know nothing against him. Very worthy fellow, I dare say. Glad you like him.

A will probably wring no more from B, but at the same time go away quite convinced that C has figured disgracefully in the Divorce Court, been suspected of murder, taken up for forgery, or something equally heinous.

The indicative lie is of very common practice in society, though such artists as Lord D— are rare.

We now come to the lie romantic. The followers of this school use a far broader canvas, and must necessarily be imbued with great powers of imagination. I would lay less stress on memory here than in any other branch of the science, although none requires it more. But the fact is, it is hopeless to suppose any memory could possibly suffice a dashing practitioner of the florid school. Yet without dash you must content yourself with mediocrity in this line, and cannot aspire to higher honors. Sportsmen, travellers, more especially old Indians, affect the romantic lie; generally, by their carelessness of detail, appearing quite reckless of detection. In short, audacity of imagination and assurance I should conceive to be the highest attributes of the romantic liar. At best it is but an inferior branch of the science, as all thorough artists would be hurt at detection; in this school so common. Still, I must give an instance. One of the best I recollect, though perhaps rather too well known, is as follows. “Bluster told it me with his own lips.”

“It was in the West Indies, many years ago, a rather curious thing happened to me. I was out shooting humming-birds with a pistol. I had shot two or three, and was coming up the edge of the stream, some twenty feet across, when on the oppo-

site side I espied a splendid specimen sitting on a bush. As I was about to fire, my foot slipped; down I came, and my pistol, escaping from my grasp, fell into the water. Though the stream was only some four feet deep, all my efforts to recover it were useless, and I trudged home without it. About that time next year I was fishing on the same spot, and caught a very fine barracouta. On opening it I found my pistol in its stomach. I was musing on the remarkable coincidence when, happening to raise my head, I saw a humming-bird sitting in the same identical bush as last year. Mechanically I raised my pistol and pulled the trigger. By Jove, sir, the pistol went off, and the bird fell dead. I don’t mean to say it was the same bird; but it was a remarkable coincidence.” For bold coloring that is hard to beat, and it requires some assurance to tell it as “a fact.”

The lie given has come into vogue considerably more since duelling has gone out. In former days the expression, “It’s a lie, sir,” meant a good deal, and the gentleman using it might expect to be called up betimes in the morning. This can hardly be called within the province of the science, and I only touch upon it to show the magnificent gradations laid down regarding it by Touchstone, in “As You Like It.”

“I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier’s beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*, and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

“*Jacques*. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

“*Touchstone*. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*.”

However, these days are gone by, and if anybody goes further than the “Lie circumstantial” with you, you had better ask a police magistrate, or inquire of Parliament, what steps you are to take, — unless, by good fortune, you can knock the utterer down.

The commercial lie opens a vast and profitable field for the practitioner, and is consequently much in vogue. Lord Herbert’s axiom of “Whoever would lie usefully should lie seldom” must be in this case read “should lie continually.” From the mantles ticketed 14s. 6d. very large, with the £1 put in very small, thus $\frac{1}{14s./6d.}$, in the shops of the retailers, to the gigantic swindles of joint-stock companies, lie, — lie, — keep on lying. Who does not know the story of the great banker, who for upwards of twenty years lived a lie; who, from the time he entered the old established firm, knew it was all a rotten sham; who by his desperate energies for years upheld the tottering edifice, passing all the time for a wealthy man, no one suspecting him? This man, though living this stupendous lie, yet possessing a keen conscience, and strict notions of honor and probity. Suffering for years the tortures of the damned, with a smiling brow, and every token of prosperity. A liar from force of circumstances. Finally, after superhuman exertions, seeing the whole edifice topple over

amidst shrieks of execration at his dishonesty, and then, broken down by his disgrace, sinking into his grave with the epitaph of "*Splendide mendax*."

Religious lies are a subject too delicate to do more than touch on. Tennyson has given us so perfect a picture of a liar of this class, that I cannot do better than let him speak for me. You may, doubtless, know it well, but there is no need of apology for putting it once more before you:—

"Show me the books:

He dodged me with a long and loose account.
'The books, the books,' but he, he could not wait,
Bound on a matter he of life and death:
When the great books (see Daniel seven and ten)
Were opened, I should find he meant me well;
And then began to boast himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean,—'my dearest friend,
Have faith, have faith,—we live by faith,' said he;
'And all things work together for the good
Of those,'—it makes me sick to quote him,—last,
Gript my hand hard, and with God bless you went.
I stood like one that had received a blow;
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A curse in his God-bless-you; then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

Political lies are generally described under the more delicate term of "Change of convictions," or "Change of opinions." When the honorable member for Stoke Pogis, six weeks after his election, votes diametrically opposite to the views he expressed on the hustings, his astonished constituents are informed that he has undergone "political conversion." When a party having steadily opposed certain measures for many years, suddenly finding themselves in power, not only propose to carry them, but to carry them to greater lengths than their original projectors, it is termed "Change of convictions." As that great politician "Mr. Jonathan Wild" says, "What can be more ridiculous than for gentlemen to quarrel about hate?" In this particular branch of the science memory is undoubtedly much required, since your auditors, by reference to "Hansard," can always ascertain to what extent your imagination has carried you on any subject. But then, this artificial aid to memory is also at your command, and if honorable members only looked back to see what they had said before, it would be oftentimes better for many of them. Too lively an imagination is the thing most to be guarded against in this line.

"All is fair in love, war, or diplomacy." What can I say about lovers' lies then? It is a question, I think, whether they should be termed lies at all. Under the influence of the soft fascination we say so much more than we mean, that they might be termed the ravings of mild insanity.

"The debts we make by plighted vows
Bear heaviest interest ever."

In the whole science there is no part of it so universally favored and practised as this. It is sometimes confounded with that branch I have denominated "white lies"; but this, I need scarcely say, is a mistake. No need here of placing any check on the imagination. You cannot, on the contrary, give too free a rein to it. The two great points in this portion of the science are assurance and memory. The necessity of assurance is evident to the merest tyro.

But memory, at the first blush, does not appear quite so evident. We must bear in mind that utterers of these lies are generally extensive practitioners. I have known more than one awkward

situation from a slight deficiency on this point. A young friend of mine, leaning, let us say, over the balustrade of a moonlit terrace, had arrived at the most sentimental point of a flirtation. The lady was listening most graciously to the soft nothings he was murmuring in her ear. His arm stole round her not unwilling waist, her glossy tresses swept his cheek. "Dearest Jessie," he whispered,—it was like a match to a magazine; in a second she had wrenched herself free,—stood for a moment with flashing eyes:—

"I am sorry for your mistake. You had better go back to *your Jessie*!" she exclaimed at last, and turning abruptly away she swept down the terrace.

Her name was Annie. He had had a flirtation with a Jessie the year before and she knew it.

Then, do we not promise tickets for this or that, and occasionally forget to send them? Get talking down stairs after supper, and forget Chloe is waiting to be claimed for the valise which we swore an hour ago was the only thing we deemed worth staying for?

But the most confounding case I ever heard of in the whole course of my experience was that of two very handsome twin sisters so like that only those who knew them intimately could tell them apart. They used to go out dressed alike, from each flower on their robes to each turn of their silky tresses, and made it a rule to dance promiscuously with each other's partners. Many a cavalier was covered with confusion, after making desperate running, by the laughing, "I am afraid you take me for my sister." Memory and everything else, unless, perhaps, assurance, was useless in this case. Fancy the confidences of those sisters after a ball, and their strictures upon young men generally.

Of literally lies there have been many. Passing over the forgeries of Ireland and Chatterton, I cannot help bursting forth into a shout of admiration for that arch-liar Sterne. I am not about to speak of his domestic delinquencies, though his letters to his wife and "darling Lydia," while he was carrying on that little Platonic arrangement with Mrs. Draper, showed him a most consummate master of the art. No, let us judge him by his works. Great genial, audacious plunderer that he was. He emptied whole pages of musty old Burton into his *Tristram Shandy*. His blank chapters were a trick taken from Dr. Fludd. I, for one, reverence him for all. Pshaw! we should never have gone delving into Burton for the fun so deliciously served up to us in *Tristram*. His stolen jewelry would never have been seen by many, but for the theft; and where should we have found any one who so thoroughly understood the setting of the stones as Laurence Sterne?

According to De Quincey, Suetonius should be looked on as the father of lies, and he proves his case in this wise:—

"All anecdotes, I fear, are false. All dealers in anecdote are tainted with mendacity. Rarer than the phoenix is that virtuous man who will consent to lose a prosperous anecdote on the consideration that it happens to be a lie. All history, therefore, being built partly, and some of it altogether, on anecdote, must be a tissue of falsehoods. Such, for the most part, is the history of Suetonius."

Having thus arrived at who was the father of lies with a reservation, I presume, in favor of his Satanic majesty, it is further interesting to observe that all historians are more or less members of the guild.

Pursuing the subject of anecdotes further, De Quincey continues: "Every memorable *propos*, pointed repartee, or striking *mot* circulated as Talleyrand's, was ascribed, in 1814-15, at the Congress of Vienna, to the Prince de Ligne. Fifty years earlier many of the same *mots* were ascribed to that same Prince de Ligne, then a young man. Twenty or thirty years earlier still they had been ascribed to Voltaire, and so on regressively to many other wits, until, at length, if you persist in backing far enough, you find yourself among pagans with the very same repartee, &c., doing duty in pretty good Greek."

"What do I infer from this? Why, that upon any solution of the case, hardly one worthy saying can be mentioned, hardly one jest, pun, or sarcasm, which has not been the occasion and subject of many falsehoods, as having been au- (and men) diciously transferred from generation to generation. Sworn to in every age as this man's property or that man's, by people who must have known they were lying, until you retire from the investigation with a conviction that, under any system of chronology, the science of lying is the only one that has never drooped."

The author of the "School for Scandal" must have understood the art of lying to perfection. Observe the subtlety of that wonderful comedy. Joseph Surface, the indicative liar; Lady Sneerwell, Sir Benjamin and Crabtree, liars exaggerative of the highest type. No signboard daubers these, but sending forth little finished miniatures of art; the lie of exaggeration, with just a *soupeçon* of the romantic in it. Look at Sir Lucius, in "The Rivals," a finished specimen of the liar of romance, Hark at that enthusiast, Fag:—

"A lie is nothing unless one supports it. Whenever I draw upon my invention for a good current lie, I always forge indorsements as well as the bill."

I must now introduce one more specimen of the lie romantic, though it hardly comes under the head of literary lies. It was copied into *The Times* some three years ago from a colonial paper, and is, I think, as fine a specimen of that florid school as I ever met with. It is a Cape story:—

"A Mr. Nel had been annoyed for some time by baboons on his farm, and took his gun one morning with a view of shooting a few of these depredators. On descending a kloof, he was surprised to see a dead bluebok, and, at a short distance farther, another dead buck of a different species. Looking cautiously round, he spied a large tiger in a bush close at hand, and, raising his gun to his shoulder, he fired. The shot only grazed one of the brute's paws, and the infuriated animal at once sprang on his assailant, who was knocked to the ground, and his gun forced out of his hand. Nel, seeing it was a struggle for life, courageously grappled with his foe, and, being uppermost at the commencement of the struggle, endeavored by main force to hold the tiger *by the ears*,—not bad that! A blow from one of the tiger's paws, however, convinced Nel he had overrated his strength, as he was driven back some distance, when the tiger again closed with him and fastened on his right shoulder, bringing him to the earth this time undermost. Fortunately the blow knocked Nel to the spot where he had first dropped his gun, and, summoning all his force and resolution to his aid, he managed to lay hold of his weapon with his left hand, his right arm being powerless. The tiger still held Nel with his teeth, and was making great havoc with his body; but Nel, getting

his gun (fortunately a double-barrelled one) against the body of his fierce antagonist, while the latter still retained his hold, managed to pull the trigger of the remaining barrel with his *teeth*. The shot told; the tiger rolled over dead, and Nel was saved."

Leave out the tiger, and, in a quiet smoking-room, just pull a trigger with your *teeth*, if you can.

And now let me tell you what Lord Hervey, who was a great connoisseur in the science,—so great, indeed, that I fear we must look upon those amusing memoirs of the reign of George II. as but a pleasant work of fiction,—says on the subject of a very eminent artist in this walk,—no less a person than Queen Caroline, the wife of George II.:—

"She was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they (i. e. herself and the King) were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever, at first, to dare to controvert it. She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe that he held the same with that he had first pitched upon."

Evidently the indicative power of the highest type.

Hear what he contemptuously remarks of a sad bungler in the art, to wit, the Prince of Orange:—
"He was as false as his capacity would allow."

One can fancy Hervey's scorn for such a shallow deceiver. And now, like all liars of experience, I must, before I finish, quote a severe philippic against the noble science from the pen of Mr. Carlyle. Your adroit liar ever affects the greatest possible candor, and presents the case to you on the other side by the indicative process, so that you may read it in his favor. "No lie you can speak or act but it will come, after longer or shorter circulation, like a bill drawn of nature's reality, and be presented there for payment, with answer, 'No effects.' Pity only that it often had so long a circulation: that the original forger were so seldom he who bore the blame." You see that, though Mr. Carlyle professes no sympathy with the science, he promises immunity to the artist, though not to the bungler who fails to pass the base coin.

It is time to stop. I think I may modestly claim to have shown some proficiency in the art. Have I not, under pretence of writing an article, given you a mere *mélange* of other men's thoughts, perverting them to suit my own purposes, after the manner of that arch high-priest of mendacity, Laurence Sterne?

One word of advice: bearing in mind the qualities necessary for success in this difficult walk, imagination, memory, assurance, quickness of observation, and resource, let me paraphrase the American humorist, and observe, "That before a man makes up his mind to become a liar, it is highly important he should examine himself closely and see if he is not better calculated to speak the truth."

LOT 217.

"At forty shangs!—going at forty shangs! Did I hear two guin-ness offered?—Thank you, sir. Two guin-ness is in time. For the first time, at two guin-ness! For the second time! Any advance on two guin-ness? For the third and last time—going at two guin-ness!"

Rap!

"Name, if you please, sir?"

"John Trumway," I said, for the lot was mine, — Lot 217. Whatever made me buy the lot? I

am sure I did n't want it. I am afraid I am one of those great grown-up children who are not safe to be trusted out with money in their pockets, unless coppers. The coins in my purse always leap up with frantic desire to buy everything I see, and the result is, that no matter what sum I go out with, I always come home penniless.

What on earth could I want now with a second-hand, patent fire-proof, powder-proof, bomb-proof, thief-proof iron safe, constructed to resist fifty burglar-power (nominal), case-hardened, undrillable, unpickable, to be sold a bargain, owing to the key being lost, and the only man who knew how to make another having gone to sleep with his fathers? When I reflected about my purchase, I began to feel quite hot. There is no doubt it was a bargain, or might have been, to somebody; but then, patent, unpickable iron safes with the keys lost, and owner-proof as well as thief-proof, are not everybody's money, however cheap. I had a cold, creeping doubt if they were mine. While the auctioneer was describing it, and the people all round the room were yearning for it in bids, I seemed to see many remarkable qualities emanating from the safe, like perspiration, so that its acquisition appeared to me then peculiarly desirable. Other people seemed similarly affected, for its value increased momentarily. Some ten or a dozen persons had all in turn desired to be its fortunate possessor, and all at increased rates. The man who bid "forty shangs" certainly must have seen his way to turn the safe to account, or why have bid "forty shangs" at all? And if so, of course it was plain there must be a way to turn it to account, and one which a few moments' quiet reflection, apart from the excitement of the saleroom, would doubtless reveal. It was something of this feeling made me bid the "two guinness," or, it may be, the vaguer conviction that here was an object suddenly become extremely desirable to a number of my fellow-creatures, which evoked a corresponding and envious desire in my own breast. But now that the thing was mine, all the latent value which had before perspired from it under the auctioneer's hands seemed absorbed again into its shamefully rusty iron sides,—it had become a miserable hundredweight of useless old iron,—and I loathed the very sight of it, especially when I thought of Mrs. Trumway.

My wife is not a woman of many words; by no means the kind of woman verbally to upbraid me for buying inconvertible bargains, and she has had previous opportunities for so doing, if so disposed. Mrs. Trumway never says anything. She did n't when I once bought two hundredweight of puffy, bloated cheeses at twopence per pound, and sold portions afterwards to some poor people I knew—as a kindness—at a trifling profit, and made them all very poorly, and got summoned before the magistrates, and fined for selling cheese unfit for human food, and lost cheese, temper, reputation, and £4 10s. No; at such times Mrs. Trumway makes no remark; she only sniffs. But the amount of meaning conveyed by one of Mrs. T.'s sniffs is voluminous,—nay, encyclopædic. It means, "O dear, yes; I knew how 't would be. You've been at it, again, have you? Been out with money in your pocket, and come home with nothing but your pocket left? Just like water in a colander: the colander don't run away,—more 's the pity. No; it's always ready for more. And here am I, pinching and screwing, and saving money, and allowancing the house down to one box of "Tand-

stickors" a week, and you going fooling money away like this. Remonstrance, John, is perfectly useless. I have awaked to the conclusion that I have married an incorrigible idiot; but I don't complain. No; a noodle you may be, but I am your affectionate wife, Martha Trumway." It means far more than this; it means every recriminatory epithet which a naturally sensitive person, like me, can apply to himself, after making the pleasing discovery that he has taken himself in.

I went home to dinner, which had been waiting an hour. I said nothing about my purchase. There was a small sniff,—a very small one,—expressive of, "It's not at all unlikely, John, though, mind, I don't accuse you of it without evidence; but, now I come to consider, it's rather more likely than not that you've something on your mind, and nothing in your purse." After dinner, I escaped up stairs to my study. In the evening I saw it coming up my garden-path on a pair of trucks. Should I go down? No, I reflected; I would not go down. How I detested the thing now! It did n't look worth half a crown.

"Yes," I heard the servant say in answer to the man with the trucks; "this is Mr. Trumway's."

"So 's this," said the man; "and I wish him joy of it, and I should n't mind a glass of beer to wish it him in."

Which conversation had the effect of bringing out Mrs. T. Her comprehensive mind must have taken in the situation at a glance.

"Where is this from?" she asked the man.

"From the saleroom, 'm."

"John!" It was the voice of my affectionate wife addressed to her husband. "Have you been buying anything at a sale?"

"O dear, yes," said I, calling down stairs. "Did n't I tell you? It's a—a—safe."

Although two pair of stairs separated me from the partner of my bosom, I was aware of the sniff which succeeded, and implied: "O yes; you're quite right, my man; this is Mr. Trumway's. You need n't be afraid you've mistaken the house. There is n't such another man in the neighborhood as lives at No. 19." But aloud, she proceeded, "Quite right; bring it in, please."—"John! Do you wish the man to leave it in the passage?" Sniff (being interpreted): "Or would I like it taken into the drawing-room, or placed on the dressing-table of the spare room perhaps, or on the study mantel-piece?"

I thought it better to go down-stairs. "O, leave it in the passage," I said. "No one will steal it."

"O dear, no," said my wife with a little smile. "No one will steal it; that's quite certain." I admit it was not a seductive-looking object now.

When we were alone, Mrs. Trumway asked me what I intended to do with the safe, which was the very question I had been asking myself ever since returning from the sale.

"What do I intend doing with it, my dear?" I repeated, to gain time. "Why—yes—ah!—that is—do with it? Why, open it, of course."

She sniffed a sniff equal to two columns of printed matter. Although my answer was not premeditated, I did n't think it altogether a bad notion. Accordingly, for the next two or three weeks my house became the constant resort of blacksmiths, white-smiths, locksmiths, and people in the engineering way, all of whom, however, failed utterly in the attempt to open the unpickable, undrillable fire and thief proof, Lot 217. They fairly owned it beat them.

I wanted the safe opened, however, for the reason that, being opened, it might become an article perhaps useful or salable, whereas now it was neither. One morning, an idea of unusual brilliancy occurred to me, and I put on my hat, and went out to put it in practice. I walked up to our great model jail, and saw the governor, with whom I had previously some acquaintance. I told him I should feel deeply obliged if he could render me assistance, and then came to the purport of my visit.

"Have you, my good sir, such a thing as a good strong burglar on the establishment that you could lend me for an hour or two?" And I explained what I wanted him for. But the governor shook his head, and said he was sorry to disoblige me, but it really could not be done, as all their burglars were in use, and could not be spared off the premises. Very good; but supposing I were to send the safe up to the jail, did he think he could allow a burglar to while away a few hours of his leisure at a congenial pursuit?—No. He did not see that he could: it would be against the rules; besides which, their burglars had become so reformed by attention to the ministrations of the chaplain, that it was exceedingly doubtful if they would be willing to return to sinful ways, such as breaking open safes, lest it might show a worldly spirit that would interfere with their tickets-of-leave; and then, again, there were no burglars' tools in the jail.

"I'll tell you what, though," he said after a bit; "I dare say I could find you a ticket-of-leave man who would do it. They report themselves to us at stated intervals, so that we always know where to find them. Indeed, I think I know just the very man, and will send him to you."

One evening in the twilight, about a week afterwards, our servant came in, in some alarm, to say that two very ill-looking men were at the back door, who said they had "come to crack the governor's money-box." They were not nice-looking men. One of them, a great brawny ruffian, with a head and neck like a bull, and a wisp of colored handkerchief over a shiftless chest, hairy as Esau's, gave me a stolid nod when I went out.

"The boss up at the Model," he said, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the jail, "asked me if so be as I would oblige you by crackin' a little bit of a box you've got. You see, guv'nor, I ain't any tools o' my own, so I've brought a pal who's got his 'Lady's Companion' with him, to do the job"; indicating his friend, who carried a parcel of tools done up in matting. I should say he was not a nice man to have for a friend,—a spare, short, cunning little fellow, with restless eyes; a face that gave you the impression of a weasel's; and a thin nose, with a continual nervous twitching in the nostrils, like a rabbit's, as though he was an animal always on the scent for game or hunters, which perhaps he was. His name was Toney.

I brought them in, and pointing out the safe, asked if they thought they could open it.

"Open it!" repeated Toney, with ineffable contempt, "why, a kid could open it with a pen-knife! It's one of them Unimpeachables, Bill," he said to his mate; "you remember 'em; like what we had at —" (some name I could not catch). "Why, I could blow it open with an ounce of baccer in a quarter of an hour."

"Well," I said, "I would give you five shillings to open it."

"Would you, be-gar?" growled the big man.

"Our terms is 'arf a guv'nor, — me and Toney, — and two pots of beer, and two ounces of baccer; and then it's a favor, on account of our doin' it to oblige the boss. And we ain't a-going to do it here, un'stan'; but if you've got e'er a bit of a private-house out at the back, where we can be private, we'll do the job there on the quiet."

I was obliged to accede to their terms (indeed, they were both persons I would not have had a difference with for the world). So they carried the safe into the tool-house in the garden, where I supplied them with the quantity of ale and tobacco agreed on, and they shut themselves in.

"It's only a case for the 'alderman,' Bill," I heard the little man remark as I left them.

In twenty-five minutes, by my watch, the bull-headed man came and told me it was done. "Not that we've been all this time about it, though, guv'nor, for Toney he prised it open in five minutes, easy as a oyster, but we've been settin' and doin' a quiet pipe together."

They certainly had opened it, — not by picking the lock, as I anticipated, but by wrenching off the back, so that the safe was completely destroyed. They had drilled two holes in the back-plate, to allow of inserting two immensely powerful steel crowbars in such a position that the leverage of the two bars would tell one against the other, and wrench out the intermediate piece. From the appearance of the holes and the smell in the out-house, I judged the men had previously lowered the temper of the steel back with a blow-pipe in the places where they intended to drill. I felt disposed to be angry at the destruction of the safe, and was going to say so, when Toney pointed out a dirty roll of papers lying inside. I took them out, unrolled them, and forgot my wrath immediately. A prize indeed! Fifty share certificates, each for twenty pounds, in the "Undeniable Security and Unlimited Discount Banking Corporation (Limited)"; Offices, Lud Street, City. I paid off my two burglars with a light heart, and returning to the house, I believe I danced a war-dance of triumph round Mrs. T., exhibiting a thousand pounds' worth of property, which had cost me but three.

"There," said I, "that's the good of going to sales!"

"Well, but, John, these shares are not yours."

"But they are," I retorted. "I bought them, and they are 'to Bearer,' and no name on them to indicate whose they are."

"But had you not better see the auctioneer, and tell him what you have found?"

"Why, no. I bought the lot, faults and errors of description, and all; and it is as much mine as if I had paid a thousand pounds for it."

"Yes; but some poor man may be ruined by the loss of these shares."

"Well," said I, "what I will do will be to go up to London, to the company's offices, and ascertain whether these certificates are claimed on behalf of any one else, and if not, to claim them for myself."

I found the offices of the "Undeniable Security and Unlimited Discount Banking Corporation (Limited)" a most imposing edifice of Italian architecture, with immense plate-glass windows, and Purbeck-marble columns, and the name of the company, in mediæval gold letters, running the whole length of the building. Evidently a very prosperous concern. On entering, there was not that amount of business doing which I should have liked to see; in fact, beyond two clerks, — one of

whom was paring his nails with the office penknife, while the other, and more elderly, was reading the newspaper, — the place was empty. I stood quite five minutes at the massive Spanish mahogany counter apparently without either of the clerks becoming officially aware of my presence, so intent were they on their duties. I therefore rapped on the floor with my umbrella, which made a great noise in the empty office, which was churchlike for size and echoes. The elder clerk looked up impatiently from his paper, but resumed its perusal immediately. The younger got off his stool, and went to a looking-glass, where he commenced arranging his hair with a pocket-comb.

"I have called," I remarked in a somewhat loud tone, "about some shares in this company, the certificates of which I hold."

"Eh?" said the old clerk, at last detecting my intrusion.

I repeated my business.

"Certificates Nos. 2034 to 2083, — they are in my possession; in fact, I bought them."

"Well, what do you want? Do you wish them registered in your name? — Simpson" (to the young clerk), "get down the transfer-book."

"That is the difficulty," said I. "In the event, for instance, of any one else claiming the shares, for they came into my possession in a rather singular manner."

"No difficulty at all. You say you've got the certificates, and you've bought them. It does n't matter to us if you've stolen them. Just produce the scrip, and write me an authority to register the shares in your name."

He looked over the certificates, and counted them, while I wrote the required authority.

"But," I said, when I had done, with a view to satisfy my conscience in the appropriation of the property, "I assure you the circumstances under which I acquired the certificates are so singular, that —"

"You need n't trouble about that," he interrupted; "our office takes no cognizance of the way you became possessed of them. You are the holder and the registered proprietor of the shares, and you may be quite sure no one else will ever claim them."

This sounded satisfactory in one way; but the man's manner of saying it did not, I confess, leave a favorable impression on my mind. I went home rather uncomfortable, and feeling so oppressed with the notion of having property which my conscience would not concede was mine in strict justice, that it would have been a relief to have had an accomplice with whom to share the proceeds and the responsibility.

It may seem singular that when in town I had taken no steps to ascertain the value of my property; but, in the first place, I know very little of the ways of the money-market, and the share-list is as great a puzzle to me as *Bradshaw*; and in the next, to tell the truth, I felt timid at asking questions which might lead me to betray how I became the owner of the shares.

A month after this, I had been out for the day to a picnic with my wife. We had both enjoyed ourselves hugely, and come home flushed with the summer heat and braced up with the fresh air. I had got over all my qualms about the possession of the property, and begun to look upon it as promising a very acceptable addition to my income. I am not sure I had not been regarding the scenery

of trees and sky and rippling water with something of unusual complacency, for feeling that the acquisition of a thousand pounds removed me so much the farther from anxiety as to enable me to enjoy it in the greater peace.

A great oblong official blue letter awaited my return. It contained a blow, — most letters dated from Basinghall Street do.

Re THE UNDENIABLE SECURITY AND UNLIMITED DISCOUNT BANKING CORPORATION (LIMITED).

SIR, — I beg to inform you an order has this day been made by the registrar, calling upon you as a contributory in respect of your fifty (50) shares held in the above company (now under a winding-up order), numbered respectively from 2034 to 2083 inclusive. The amount of the call is five pounds ten shillings (£5.10s.) per share, making a total of two hundred and seventy-five pounds (£275); which sum must be paid at my office between eleven and four on Thursday next the 26th inst.

(Signed), —

Official Assignee in the Bankruptcy.

O fool! I began to vaguely see now why the clerk told me I might be quite sure no one else would claim the shares. They were not only of no value, but their possession was subject to heavy liability. And I, to be idiot enough to go and claim them when the company was actually bankrupt and worse!

Night as it was, I determined to go at once and see my wife's brother-in-law, Mr. Blode. He was a barrister, — had been one for ten years, — but had never had a brief.

"O, I should n't take any notice of that," he said: "I don't think they can fix you with liability. I'll write to the assignee and manage it for you. Let me know if you hear any more of it. You are an innocent party; you did n't buy the shares, but the iron safe. But how on earth did they know you held the certificates?"

I told him I had given an authority to have them registered in my name.

He drew in his breath, and produced a long whistle like a sigh. "Then you've indorsed their possession. You should have consulted me. However, I would n't trouble about it. Leave it to me."

It would take too long to describe the harassing anxieties which each week brought me, while my case as a contributory was dragging along first through one court and then another; but the different lights which various luminaries of the law shed on my unfortunate two guineas' worth deserve to be particularized.

It was agreed that, in buying the safe, I could not have bought the contents, — that the safe was described in the catalogue as a safe, and nothing more, and that, consequently, as I had only bought a safe, whatever was found in it was no more mine than any other distinct article in the catalogue, and I could not therefore be responsible for liabilities attaching thereto. It was retorted by the opposing counsel, that should his ludship acquiesce in the view of the case propounded, certainly to his astonishment, by his learned friend, and decide that the certificates were not purchased by me, and not therefore mine, he would agree to a verdict, and immediately indict me for felony, for appropriating the shares to my own use, authorizing their registration in my name.

He submitted that if I had bought the shares, I was liable as a contributory; and if not, as a felon. The learned judge said he could not entertain the issue of felony, as that was a question for a distinct tribunal, but he was inclined to rule that I had bought the shares. The conditions of sale were sufficiently explicit to his mind on that point,—"the lots to be cleared with all faults and errors of description." Indeed, the very term employed by auction custom appeared decisive. The item in question was described as "Lot 217,—an iron safe." It was the "lot" which was put up to competition, and, to use a common expression, Mr. Trumway had bought "the lot,"—that was, "all the lot." The question then arose: Could I be held liable as a contributory, when in fact, I had purchased the shares on the very day of the company's bankruptcy, and the registry in my name was not completed until some weeks later? In other words, that seeing the company had contracted no liabilities during the time I held the shares (having, in fact, ceased business), could I be made a contributory? Against this it was urged that shares represented past responsibilities, and that as I should have been entitled to share in a dividend on the past year (had one been declared), so it was just that I should bear my proportion of the burdens. And again; it was clear that somebody must be liable as a contributory in respect of these fifty shares for twelve months prior to the bankruptcy, and the burden of proof as to the person so liable, if not myself, must be supposed to rest with their present possessor. The judge thought not, as it was not to be contended I could have had either interest or liability in the company before the date of the sale. The case, however, was complicated still further by the opposing counsel bringing evidence as to the previous owner of the iron safe, and endeavoring to prove that his liability in respect of the shares actually terminated twelve months previous to my purchase, so as to fix me with responsibility for the interim. It appeared that the safe and its contents, some eighteen months back, had belonged to a Mr. Wendle, a shareholder in the company; that, in addition to the certificates, it had contained his cash-box and a quantity of gold and notes, and that the safe had been stolen from his office, the notes and gold and cash-box removed by the robbers, who had obtained a wax impression of his key, and the valueless safe containing the shares, sold to an ironmonger, who put it into the safe. This Mr. Wendle had applied for duplicates of the share certificates, which were refused by the company until he could prove the destruction of the old ones. Unsuccessful in this, and distrusting the reckless business of the "Undeniable and Unlimited," he at last applied to have the shares standing in his name cancelled, which had been done. It would therefore follow, it was contended, that my liability embraced the whole twelvemonth, from the time Mr. Wendle's name had been erased, to the stoppage of the company, I being the next registered proprietor. Against this it was argued that whatever Mr. Wendle might have written to the company, the certificates, when found, were his property; and that after they were stolen, they none the less ceased to be his property. And if so, my counsel proceeded, there would be a very remarkable point for the decision of his ludship. For he went on to elicit that Mr. Wendle, after losing nearly the whole of his money, had committed suicide under such determined circumstances, that

even the charity of a coroner's jury had been constrained to pronounce it *felo de se*, and he had been buried without funeral rites. Wherefore, as the certificates of which he had been robbed were still his property in the eye of the law, it would follow, from his being a *felo de se*, that they became the property of the crown, consequent on his act. But if they were the property of the crown, the crown was liable for that twelve months; and again, the safe could not be legally sold without authority from the crown; and his client could not be the legal buyer, nor, consequently, have any right, title, interest, or liability in the shares aforesaid.

In addition to all this— But no; I will spare the reader the further particulars of this involved case; suffice it to say that it was decided in my favor. But it was carried to a higher court, where I was required to show cause why the verdict should not be set aside, and entered for the plaintiff, on the ground of the decision being contrary to evidence. There it was all gone over again, with the addition that the original thieves were produced, one of them no other than my burglar's friend Toney (and I was threatened with an action by the maker of the safe for stating that Toney broke open the "Unimpeachable" in five minutes in my outhouse). Here the decision went against me. Finally, the case came before the bench of judges, where a majority of one reversed the ruling of the lower court.

I was therefore at last so far successful in the issue as to find myself in the Bankruptcy Court, on account of the legal expenses my precious trial had accumulated. The one satisfaction attending this result was, that I must inevitably have gone there had I lost.

The very sight of a sale-catalogue is now sufficient to produce from Mrs. T. a sniff of about the capacity of a three-volume novel.

THE NEW TESTAMENT UNDER A NEW ASPECT.*

BARON TAUCHNITZ has crowned the first thousand volumes of his well-known "Collection" by an edition of the New Testament, containing a feature at once so new and so admirable as to deserve a few words of gratitude from every intelligent Englishman, whether connected or unconnected with the profession of theology.

Every one knows that the English New Testament is a translation from Greek. But every one does not know that the Greek from which the translation was made is a very imperfect, inaccurate, redundant representation of the original Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and Revelation, as they left the hands of their authors. The printers and scholars who, about the year 1550, at the instigation of Erasmus, first put the Greek Testament into type, did the best they could with the materials at their disposal. They collected and compared all the manuscripts within reach, and they formed an edition (a "text," as the technical word is) which did them credit, and the translations of which have furnished comfort and hope to millions of men and women since their day. But time went on, and fresh manuscripts were discovered, older and more carefully written than those which Erasmus and Stephens had employed; and a number of passages appeared in which their edition was contradicted by more

* Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition. Vol. 1,000: The New Testament. London: Williams and Norgate.

trustworthy readings. Still, the original edition continued to be printed and used as a standard, and acquired the name of the "Received Text"; and all the corrections as they were discovered day by day were not employed to alter this text, but were added to it as notes, by which at some future time, when all the ancient manuscripts had been found, and all the quotations of the Testament in the early Fathers of the Church had been examined, and every conceivable source explored, and men knew everything that could be known on the subject, a more correct edition might be made, which should then supersede the old "Received Text."

In process of time, as libraries were explored and Oriental monasteries rifled, three manuscripts came to be discovered of earlier date and more exact execution than any others. The first of these, known as the "Vatican MS.," is in the Vatican at Rome; the second, the "Alexandrine MS.," in the British Museum; and the third, the discovery of our own generation, the "Sinaitic MS.," is at St. Petersburg. The date at which the first and third were written is somewhere between the year of our Lord 330 and 350; the second is a century or so later, say 450. These three manuscripts are now admitted by those best qualified to speak on the subject, to contain the nearest approach which we yet possess, or are likely to possess, to the original writings of the Testament. No doubt there is a great difference between even these early copies and the books as they left the hands of their authors. If we could compare the original of Gospel or Epistle with what it had become after only 250 years of copying and recopying, we should find an immense difference. It is inevitable. Even in printing, even in our day, when verbal accuracy has become almost a religion, mistakes occur in reprints; some sentences are added, others omitted, others distorted. But where books were reproduced by handwriting, and where minute accuracy was not understood or valued, and where copyists were either over-zealous or very ignorant, the chances must have been immense, overwhelming, against any copy being exactly like that which it was copied from. We shall understand this a little better presently.

Now what Baron Tauchnitz has done — with the help of Professor Tischendorf, the most eminent scholar of our day in this line — is this. He has reprinted the New Testament exactly as it stands in the English Bible; and he has put at the bottom of the page all the variations between it and the three great copies just spoken of. And all this in English, — that is the "new and admirable feature" of which I spoke at the opening of my paper. Scholars have long been familiar with these things; but until now this information has not been brought within the reach of ordinary English men and women; nor has it been published at all at so insignificant a price or in so clear and convenient a form. I shall indicate presently one respect in which I think the book may be still further improved, but meantime I will give a few instances of the nature of the corrections which this new edition discloses, and which are most obviously interesting: —

The first thing that strikes one on looking at the notes at the bottom of these pages is how often the sign "omit" occurs; in other words, how large a proportion of the differences consists of additions to the original. There are many transpositions of words; here and there also words have to be added which have dropped out in the process of copying.

But these are not nearly so many in amount as those which are marked as redundant.

These redundances are of two kinds. First and most numerous are those which appear to have had for their object to elucidate or confirm the text. The owner of a copy of the Gospels, say in the fifth or sixth century, observes that a sentence is obscure and liable to be misunderstood for want of a word of explanation; or a text from the Old Testament is quoted, and, as he thinks, quoted wrongly; or a pronoun is given where he conceives that the proper name would be more intelligible; or the name of a place or person appears to want explanation; or a saying or narrative is stated in different words from the parallel passage in another Gospel.

In these and many other cases what so natural as to seize the pen and add the correction or the supplemental words? And thus in each of these cases (and many others which do not fall within my rough general divisions) the explanatory word has been inserted, the quotation has been corrected to agree with the passage quoted from, the proper name has been substituted for the pronoun, the narrative has been altered to suit the parallel passage, and so on. Sometimes this would be done in the margin, sometimes in the body of the work. In process of time, the manuscript with its alterations went into the hands of a copyist, who then, according to his lights or his bias, inserted the whole or part of the alterations, possibly with some further additions of his own, all which from that day forward became in that uncritical age indistinguishable and inseparable from the original work. I will give instances of each kind of addition before proceeding further.

1. Words added to a sentence to complete and strengthen the sense or make it more intelligible; as, for example: —

Matt. xiii. 51, "*Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things?*"

Mark xiii. 5, "*And he stretched it out, and his hand was restored whole as the other.*" v. 40, "*He taketh the father and mother . . . and entereth in where the damsel was lying.*"

Luke vii. 10, "*And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick.*"

John xi. 41, "*Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid.*" xii. 1, "*Then Jesus came to Bethany where Lazarus was which had been dead.*"

Acts xxiv. 15, "*That there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust.*" 26, "*He hoped also that money should have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him.*"

Occasionally these additions have a theological motive, as in Luke iv. 41, where "Christ" has been inserted, — "*Thou art Christ the Son of God*"; or John ix. 35, where "Son of God" has been substituted for "Son of Man."*

But by far the largest number of additions under this head consist of single words put in to remedy halting sentences or obscure construction: "*saying*," "*certain*," "*yet*," "*also*," "*unto them*," "*unto him*," and the like. It is hardly too much to say that one can track the particular editor (as we should say) who made this class of additions almost

* In John xix. 40, the Alexandrine MS. substitutes "God" for "Jesus," so that it is perhaps by a mere accident that we escaped having in our English Bibles the very inconvenient expression, "*Then took they the body of God, and wound it in linen clothes.*"

verse by verse along the pages of the Gospels, and can trace his nervous anxiety lest any of the sacred words he loved so dearly should be misunderstood or perverted for want of his too careful additions. The pages literally teem with his affectionate touches. In the ninth chapter of Matthew, for instance, there are ten such insertions:—

2 and 5, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." 9, "As Jesus passed forth *from thence*." 10, "Many publicans and sinners *came and sat down*." 12, "When Jesus heard that, he said *unto them*." 14, "Why do we and the Pharisees fast *oft*?" 24, "He said *unto them*, Give place." 27, "Two blind men followed him, crying." 31, "Spread abroad his fame in *all that country*." 32, "Brought to him a dumb man." 35, "Teaching in their synagogues, *and preaching the gospel*."

The four consecutive verses 47 to 50 of Luke viii. contain four additions of this kind, namely: "She declared *unto him* before all the people." "He said *unto her*, Daughter, be of good comfort." "Saying *to him*, Thy daughter is dead." "He answered him, saying, Fear not."

So also in Mark i. 40, "Beseeching him and kneeling down *to him*, and saying," 41, "And touched him, and saith *unto him*, I will." ii. 5, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." 8, "He said *unto them*, Why reason ye?"

Luke xx. 24, "They answered and said, Cæsar's." 34, "Jesus answering said," xxi. 2, "And he saw *also* a certain poor widow." 8, "Go ye not *therefore* after them."

But we need not go to the fifth and sixth centuries for examples of this. The italics in our own Bibles—explanatory words added by the translators with the same pious intention as those just spoken of, and as often unnecessary—furnish instances of the very selfsame things.

2. We now come to words added to complete a quotation, or bring a statement into harmony with a parallel passage. Instances of these are the quotation from Isaiah in Matt. xv. 8, "This people draweth nigh *unto me with their mouth*, and honoreth me with their lips"; and the statement in Mark v. 7, "Cried with a loud voice and said, *What have I to do with thee, Jesus thou Son of the most high God?*" which is possibly completed from the parallel passages in Luke and Matthew.

3. Pronouns displaced for the proper name of the person referred to are incessant: as Matt. xv. 30, "Cast them down at *Jesus'* [his] feet"; Mark i. 41, "And *Jesus* [he], moved with compassion"; Luke x. 21, "In that hour *Jesus* [he] rejoiced"; John iii. 2, "The same came to *Jesus* [him] by night"; Acts xi. 25, "Then departed *Barnabas* [he] to Tarsus"; Luke xii. 62, "And *Peter* [he] went out."

4. Additions to explain a name of place or person are also occasionally found; as John ix. 2, "Go to the pool of Siloam and wash"; xii. 4, "Judas Iscariot, *Simon's son*, which should betray him"; Luke xi. 29, "the sign of *Jonas the prophet*."

5. Alterations bearing on the topography of the Holy Land are rare and not very material. The chief one is the substitution of Magdala for Magadan in Matt. xv. 39; Magdala having probably crept into the copies from a desire to connect it with "Mary the Magdalene." In Mark vii. 31 a change of some moment is made by the alteration of "departing through the coasts of Tyre and Sidon" from "departing from the coasts of Tyre he came through

Sidon,"—showing that the road was the same then as now.

The transition is easy from these small additions to such longer and more important ones as Matt. xxvii. 35, or Mark xv. 28, which may have arisen from the anxiety of a commentator to square the facts of the New Testament with the prophecies of the Old; or Mark ix. 44 and 46, which have probably been inserted to correspond with verse 48 and with Isaiah lvi. 24; or Luke xvii. 36, added from Matt. xxiv. 40; or Matt. xii. 47, added from Luke viii. 20.

In all the cases of which these are types, there is some motive, more or less obvious, at the bottom of the addition. But it is more difficult to explain the presence of other passages, such as Matt. xvi. 2, 3, Luke xxii. 43, 44, or John v. 4, which are not found in either of the most ancient copies, and for which no authority or hint appears in other parts of the Gospels.

Still more remarkable is the next class of additions, which are in all respects truly startling. I mean those which contain some of the most characteristic and "Christian" sentiments in the whole of the New Testament. There are few who, if asked to name the incident which most clearly embodied the justice, mercy, and tenderness of Christ, and supplied us with the most precious traits of His personal manners, would not quote the story of the woman taken in adultery. And yet there can be little doubt that this story—John vii. 53 to viii. 11—did not exist in the original Gospel; in fact, did not make its appearance in any edition before the middle of the fifth century. And there are several other passages, which, though shorter, are hardly less characteristic than is this story. The beautiful narrative in Luke ix. 54–56 loses not only the reference to the act of Elijah, which has always seemed so appropriate to the locality, but it loses what seems to be the very kernel of its teaching, the whole of the words printed in italics being an interpolation in copies made after the middle of the fifth century.

"And when his disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, *even as Elias did?* But he turned and rebuked them, and said, *Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of, for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.* And they went to another village."

The precept, so parallel to this in spirit, contained in Mark xi. 26, which has formed the motive of so many a prayer, and the text of so many a sermon,— "For if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses,"—is in like manner an interpolation of later date than either the Sinaitic or Vatican MS. Even the utterance of our Lord on the cross—Luke xxiii. 34, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—must pass into the same category, and be erased from the original draft of the record. To the same purport are the words in the Sermon on the Mount, in Matt. v. 44,— "Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you," which, although they lie at the very foundation of Christian morality, must henceforward be swept away.

I take the opportunity to notice a saying attributed to Christ, which though it has escaped being inserted in the received text of the Testament, and is therefore not in our English Bibles,—and

rightly, since as it is not found in any of the three manuscripts which form the basis of our examination, it can hardly have been written by the Evangelist, — is yet so full of wisdom and goodness, and so appropriate to some of the questions of our day, that we can as ill afford to lose it as any of those just quoted. It occurs as an interpolation in Luke vi. 4, and is as follows: "On the same day he saw a certain man working on the Sabbath, and he said unto him, Man, if indeed thou knowest what thou doest, blessed art thou; but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed, and a transgressor of the law."

What shall we say of such sentences as these? They cannot surely be the invention of those who inserted them in the later MSS. There is something about them which forbids us to question their authenticity, or to ascribe them to any one but Jesus himself. On the other hand, the fact of their omission in the oldest copies seems to show that they did not form part of the Original Gospels. They must belong to the same category with those "words of the Lord Jesus," which are preserved in the Acts of the Apostles, — "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts xx. 35), and with those countless "things" that might have filled the "world itself," the recollection of which, so many years after, at the close of a long life, forced St. John to speak of his own Gospel as a mere skeleton sketch of the life of his Master.

Certainly, if in many respects we have lost by the inaccurate and redundant edition of Erasmus and Stephens, in other respects we have gained; for a Testament without the story of the woman taken in adultery, and without the other gracious words just quoted, would be robbed of some of its most precious gems, even though it be the fact that those gems did not form a part of the Gospels as they left the hands of their authors.

The longest of the interpolations in the Gospels, and the only one which remains to be noticed, is the conclusion of St. Mark, in which the verses from verse nine to the end of the chapter, though a very ancient addition, are not found in the oldest copies, and therefore cannot be accepted as from the hand of the Evangelist. But this passage is of a very different nature from those just noticed, and of secondary interest; and its loss would be of far less moment than theirs, — since while in one portion is a mere *résumé* of the narratives of the other Gospels, in another it breathes a far less Christian spirit than that which distinguishes them.

My examination, which I now bring to a conclusion, has been done only in the roughest and most imperfect manner, and must be taken as the work of a mere layman, anxious only to excite others to acquaintance with that which he has himself found so attractive and useful.

I have confined myself to the Gospels; but the Acts, Epistles, and Revelation, though perhaps less exquisitely interesting, will be found hardly less fruitful than the Gospels. And in the Gospels I have dealt with the redundances only. The questions of the age and authority of the three copies adduced are so fully and authoritatively treated in the clear and interesting preface which Professor Tischendorf has prefixed to the volume, as to render any further remarks on these heads unnecessary.

Any one who will take this Testament of Baron Tauchnitz's, and will mark out with a pencil the passages specified in the notes as omitted in the

three MSS. or in two of them, will be astonished at the alterations in the face of those familiar pages. And if at first the phrases often seem balder and the sentences less fluent and abrupt than before, he will find these deficiencies made up for by greater life and greater reality, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has come much closer to the original condition of a document which all must desire to possess as nearly as possible in its original form, and has caught a trifle less faintly the echoes of that divine voice, for the tones of which men were never more eagerly listening than they are now.

The only suggestion that occurs to me for the improvement of this pretty little volume is that some means should be taken of showing in the verses themselves the alterations indicated in the notes. Without this it will never produce its full effect. But when so done — as any one may try for himself with a pencil — the effect is most unexpected.

The redundances might be shown without difficulty, and the other kinds of alteration might be indicated, at least where they are of material importance.

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. HAUSMANN is to pay \$ 50,000 to Mlle. Déjazet for her theatre, which has been demolished by the march of improvement.

SOME Parisian vandal has thrown ink over Carpeaux's beautiful piece of statuary, *The Dance*, which decorates the façade of the new Opera House. Paris is naturally very mad about it.

DR. SPIERS, author of a well-known French and English dictionary, and other valuable educational works, died a few weeks since at his residence at Passa. His age was sixty-two.

Mlle. MALLINGER, the swimming *prima donna* of Herr Wagner's new opera, is about to marry Herr Düringsfeld, a comedian, who once saved her from an assassin's pistol at the expense to himself of a serious wound.

It will be remembered that last year Mr. Charles Dickens was left executor by that eccentric clergyman, the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townsend. Mr. Dickens is now about to publish an account of his late friend's "Religious Opinions."

A PROPOSAL was recently made by the Physician-General to the Prussian Navy that a uniform flag of distress should be adopted by all civilized nations. The North German Correspondent now announces that the French Government has already given its consent to this proposal.

MADAME OLYMPE AUDOUARD, a literary lady, feeling herself aggrieved by an article in the *Figaro*, has called out M. de Villemeessant. This fiery authoress begs to inform the editor of the *Figaro* that he need have no scruples as to accepting her challenge, seeing that she is a widow, and has neither father nor brother. She is, moreover, a capital shot, and informs her adversary that a ball fired by a feminine hand is quite as murderous in its result as any other.

THE Emperor of China is fifteen years old, and is to be married this year, with immense pomp, to his first and chief wife, — his Empress. He will be

simultaneously provided with second and third wives; and from all parts of the empire victims are being collected to swell the list of his harem. Every Tartar family, we believe, is obliged to contribute its quota. Local selections are first made, and the holocaust is sent to Peking, where a fresh selection takes place, and a "chosen" number are condemned to a life-long seclusion. They are not allowed to see their relations; many never see their lord and master, and in the event of his death they are still condemned to perpetual isolation and celibacy.

MONSIEUR LIEBREICH has presented a memoir to the Académie des Sciences, which contains some interesting details concerning a new anæsthetic he has just discovered. An important difference between this new chemical compound, which he calls "chloral," and all other substances used for the purpose of producing insensibility, is, that it is administered by absorption instead of inhalation, and this enables the dose applied to be measured with greater accuracy. On passing into the system it becomes decomposed into formiate of potassium and chloroform, and produces more perfect insensibility than either ordinary chloroform or ether. Its use is said to be unattended by any danger. In a very painful and difficult operation lately performed on a woman M. Liebreich applied chloral with perfect success, the patient being kept under its influence for over two hours.

THE English journals received by the last steamer, are crowded with editorial articles and communications, touching Mrs. Stowe's "True Story of Lady Byron's Life." That the story is true, is admitted by the best authorities. The letter addressed to the newspapers by Messrs. Wharton and Fords the solicitors of "the descendants and representatives of the late Lady Noel Byron," is anything but a refutation of charges brought against Byron. "These gentlemen," says the London Times of September the 3d, "as having acted 'for upwards of half a century as solicitors to Lady Byron's family,' may no doubt claim to speak with considerable weight upon any subject connected with Lady Byron's domestic affairs. It seems that the subject now under discussion was not kept strictly secret within her own breast, but was imparted to certain advisers, and even committed formally to paper, and under these circumstances few would, perhaps, be so likely to learn, either directly or indirectly, a correct history of it as the family lawyers. Besides, we need scarcely express our belief that Messrs. Wharton and Fords would not come forward in the matter as they have done, unless they had ample grounds for doing so. If, therefore, they distinctly contradicted Mrs. Stowe's assertion, we confess we should be inclined to prefer their evidence to hers, as the more likely to be accurate. But for these very reasons it seems to us a most significant fact that, though thus coming forward apparently in direct opposition to Mrs. Stowe, and manifesting the greatest anxiety to discredit her story, Messrs. Wharton and Fords do not, nevertheless, altogether contradict it. They do not say, as they would naturally be glad to say at once, if they could, that Mrs. Stowe's story is in the only important respect incorrect, — that Lady Byron never imputed to her husband the criminality now for the first time revealed to the world; but they only deny that Mrs. Stowe's statement is 'complete' or 'authentic,' and that it

'can be regarded as Lady Byron's own statement.'"

The Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "It will be observed that Messrs. Wharton and Fords, in their carefully composed letter, make no charge of material inaccuracy against Mrs. Stowe, but dwell on the incompleteness of her statement. It is to be inferred that substantially Mrs. Stowe's statement is correct, and that more remains to be told: worse cannot be behind."

The Saturday Review, while it takes strong exceptions to certain parts of Mrs. Stowe's paper, is forced to admit its belief in the truth of the main charge, and furnishes the following circumstantial evidence of the guilt of Lord Byron: —

"We have gone through Moore's Memoirs relating to this period, 1813-1815, and it is unquestionable and undeniable that it affords great corroboration to Mrs. Stowe's — or Lady Byron's — narrative. Byron's life up to that time had been bad enough; but now there appears something secret, mysterious, and hidden, a frequent reference to some especial guilt and agony, which shows that something had happened very different from all that had happened before; some guilt different in kind from the unclean and coarse and drunken life of the previous years. It is not so much on what Byron says, as on what he hints, that we found this judgment. There is, we all know, in cases of great sin, a strange, unnatural, or perhaps natural, dallying and playing round the fatal secret. It is concealed perhaps, but it is always on the very point of being revealed, as though, which is perhaps true, there were some horrid fascination in crime which all but compels the criminal to avow it. Read by the lurid light of Mrs. Stowe's narrative, what Byron said in his letters to Moore at this time, what he inserted in his Diary, and the poems which he wrote become of the highest interest and significance.

"Some passages from Moore's book we extract. The very first mention of Augusta Leigh occurs in the Diary: "March 22, 1814. She is a friend of Augusta's, and whatever she loves I can't help liking. March 28. Augusta wants me to make it up with Carlisle. I have refused *every* [sic] body else, but I can't deny her anything; so I must e'en do it. April 10. I do not know that I am happiest when alone; but this I am sure of, that I never am long in the society even of *her*. I love (God knows too well, and the Devil probably too) without a yearning for the company of my lamp."

"And a week afterwards the journal was discontinued. We turn to the correspondence with Moore: —

"Feb. 4, 1814. Mrs. Leigh is with me at Newstead. March 3 [after returning to London]. I have a great mind to tell you that I *am* uncomfortable if only to make you come to town . . . there is no one to whom I would sooner turn for consolation . . . The truth is, I have no lack of argument to ponder upon of the most gloomy description, but this comes from *other* causes. . . . There is nothing upon the spot either to love or hate, but I certainly have subjects for both at no very great distance. . . . March 12. Guess darkly. . . . At present I shall say no more, and, perhaps, — but no matter. April 9. I have more or less been breaking a few of the favorite commandments; but I mean to pull up and marry, — if any one will have me."

"At this moment Byron declared a sudden resolution, which, however, he did not keep, never to write again; and from other notices, the exchange of books and letters, we find that he was in daily communication with his half-sister. May 4, he sends Moore a song, which, by the way, was never published till after his death, which seems at this time significant: —

"I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame;

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace
Were those hours — can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent — we abjure — we will break from our chain,
We will part — we will fly — to unite it again!
O! thine be the gladness and mine be the guilt."

As we have said, not one of these expressions is conclusive, but taken together they become important.

"As soon as Byron was clear of England, he wrote the famous verses 'To Augusta,' which were never published till after his death, beginning:—

'My sister, my sweet sister.'

It is certainly open to anybody to say that it might be only fraternal love which dictated the very strong language of this remarkable poem; it is also certain, on the other hand, that, read by the light of Lady Byron's story, these strange lines are also susceptible of a very different and blacker interpretation. As we have said before, taken by itself, this poem concludes nothing; taken in connection with other things, it seems to mean a good deal. The person to whom they were addressed, it must not be forgotten, had a husband, and, as the Peerage tells us, 'issue.' Poets may address their sisters in very affectionate language, but they seldom talk of living, and living forever, with a married woman, even though she may be a favorite half-sister:—

"Go where I will, to me thou art the same,
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.
The first were nothing,—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness:
..... even at moments I would think I see
Some living thing to love, but none like thee.

O that thou wert but with me!

Had I but sooner learnt

I had been better than I now can be.
The passions which have torn me would have slept,
I had not suffered, and thou had not wept.

We were, and are,—I am, even as thou art,—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign:

We are entwined, let death come slow or fast.'

"Byron's first literary work after the separation was to write 'Manfred,' a ghastly tale, the interest of which centres on incest. We are quite aware that poets and dramatists are not to be identified with the characters or plots which they draw. Racine wrote 'Phèdre,' but this is no proof that he or any other tragedian practised the vices of the characters which he draws. We certainly cannot agree with Mrs. Stowe's wild assertion that 'anybody who reads "Manfred" with this story in his mind will see that it'—the story we suppose—'is true.' But when it is said, on the other hand, as has been said by a writer in the Times, 'that it is almost impossible that a man with the secret of incest on his soul would have written "Manfred,"' we should say, for the psychological reason to which we have already referred, this is a very likely thing for him to do. This view of the real significance of 'Manfred' is illustrated by a remarkable passage in a letter to Murray of July 9, 1817, soon after its publication, and referring to a critique which had been sent by Murray to Byron: 'Send me the rest; and also p. 270, where there is an "account of the supposed origin of this dreadful story";—in which, by the way, whatever it may be, the conjecturer is out, and knows nothing of the matter. I had a better origin [for "Manfred"] than he can devise or divine, for the soul of him.' But this summer of 1816, was spent not only in writing 'Manfred,' but in Shelley's company; and Shelley at that very moment was engaged in writing the 'Revolt of Islam,' a direct and elaborate vindication of incest,—and which, if we remember rightly, in its original form as 'Laon and Cythna' was even more offensive than it now is. We have heard an ingenious but over-fanciful speculation that *Astarte*, the strange name of the incestuous sister in 'Manfred' contains a sort of anagram of the principal letters of the name of Byron's half-sister. But this is probably a casual coincidence. The drama of 'Cain,' on which Mrs. Stowe rests so much as confirming the charge of incest, is of much later date.

"To conclude. Is it probable, or even possible, that Mrs. Stowe invented this history? Most improbable,—all but impossible. Is it probable, or even possible,

that Lady Byron invented this history? Most improbable,—all but impossible. Is it probable, or even possible, that Lady Byron, without intending to misstate or misunderstand, did take *au sérieux* some foolish and culpable affectation of vice, some swagger and boast on her husband's part of some great and secret crime, which only existed in his own morbid imagination, and was only uttered for the sake of annoying his wife, and in his ordinary or extraordinary evil temper? Just possible,—but very improbable. Is the story an hallucination on Lady Byron's part? Not at all likely—but of course possible. If therefore there is nothing absolutely to discredit Mrs. Stowe's truthfulness, or Lady Byron's truthfulness, and if the probabilities against illusion or misunderstanding are so great, we are driven to the conclusion that, on the whole, the history in its essence—that is, as a charge of incest—is more likely on all accounts to be true than not.

SUMMER WEATHER.

I.

THE sun was shining on the hills
And gilding the purple heather,
As you and I were roaming, love,
In summer weather.

The birds were singing in the trees,
The lark sung in the sky,
But ah! I heeded not their songs
As they winged by.

For sweeter than the sweetest song
Of bird upon a tree
Was the music of your voice, love,
As you spoke to me.

Blue was the sunny streamlet
And blue the summer skies,
But bluer, oh! a thousand times
Were your soft eyes.

Sweet is the breath of wild flowers,
With dew-drops newly wet,
But sweeter was the moment, love,
When our lips met.

Warm was the golden sunlight
On fields that gladly shine,
But warmer was your true heart
That beat with mine.

II.

The year is growing old, love,
The sun has hid his light,
My life is growing dark too,
And turning into night.

The flowers bloom no longer,
The birds have hushed their song,
And the music of the streamlet
No longer flows along.

But sweeter than the sweetest song
Of bird upon a tree,
Is the music of your voice, love,
As you speak to me.

Come, love, and sit beside me,
And lay your hand in mine,
Look full into my heart, love,
With those true eyes of thine.

Is there aught changed within it?
Has it grown strange or cold,
O love! though life is weary,
Now that the year is old?

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[No. 197.]

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN ACKLAND.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

[In the following extraordinary narrative nothing is fictitious but the names of the persons.]

ABOUT thirty-five or forty years ago, before the border Territory of Texas had become a State of the great American Union, a Virginian gentleman living near Richmond, received from a gentleman of Massachusetts, living near Boston, a letter pressing for punctual payment of a debt owing to the writer of it by the person to whom it was addressed. The debt was a heavy one. It was a loan for a limited period, contracted partly on mortgage and partly on other less valid securities. The period for which it was originally contracted had been frequently renewed at increasing rates of interest. The whole capital would shortly be due; and renewal of the loan (which seems to have been asked for) was firmly declined, on the ground that the writer of the letter was now winding up his business at Boston preparatory to the undertaking of an entirely new business at Charleston, whither it was his intention to proceed very shortly. Such was the general purport of this letter. The tone of it was courteous, but peremptory. The name of the gentleman who received it we shall suppose to have been Cartwright, and that of the gentleman who wrote it to have been Ackland. Mr. Cartwright was the owner of an estate, not a very large one (which, with the reader's permission, we will call Glenoak), on the banks of the James River. The Cartwrights were an old Virginian family, much esteemed for their antiquity. Three generations of male Cartwright babies had been christened Stuart (because, sir, the Cartwrights had always fought for the Stuarts, sir, in the very old country, and in Virginia a very moderate amount of family antiquity has always commanded for the representative of it as much consideration as is accorded in England to the lineage of a Beaufort or a Howard. The personal reputation of this present Philip Stuart Cartwright, however, was not altogether satisfactory. It was regretted that a man of his parts and property should have contributed nothing to the strength and dignity of the territorial aristocracy of old Virginia in the legislature of his State, — a legislature of which the Virginians were justly proud. The estate of Glenoak, if well managed, would have doubtless yielded more than the income which was spent, not very reputably, by the owner of it, whenever he had a run of luck at faro. But the estate was not well managed, and between oc-

casional but extravagant hospitalities on this estate, and equally extravagant indulgence in the stimulant of high stakes and strong liquors at the bells and bars about Richmond, Mr. Philip Cartwright passed his time unprofitably enough; for pulling the devil by the tail is a fatiguing exercise, even to a strong man. Mr. Cartwright was a strong man, however, and a handsome man, and a tall. "Quite a fine man, sir," said his friends. "You may have seen Philip S. Cartwright as drunk as a hag, sir, but you will have always found him quite the cavalier." And, in truth, he had grand manners, and pleasant manners, too, this hard-living, devil-may-care gentleman, which embellished the impression of his vices. And he was a bold rider and a crack shot, accomplishments which, in all Anglo-Saxon communities, insure easy popularity to their possessor. Then, too, he had been left, early in life, a widower; and if, since then, he had lived too hard, or lived too loose, this was an extenuating circumstance. Moreover, he had but one child, a pretty little girl; and to her he had ever been a careful, tender, and devoted father. That was another extenuating circumstance. He was doubtless no man's enemy but his own; and the worst ever said of him was, that "Philip S., sir, is a smart man, smart and spry, but wants ballast."

Mr. Cartwright lost no time in answering Mr. Ackland's letter. He answered it with the warmest expressions of gratitude for the consideration and forbearance which he had hitherto received from the writer in the matter of this large, and all too long outstanding debt. He confessed that only a month ago he had been greatly embarrassed how to meet the obligations now falling due; but he was all the more rejoiced, for that reason, to be now enabled to assure his correspondent, that in consequence partly of the unusual excellence of the present rice harvest, and partly owing to other recent and unexpected receipts to a considerable amount, the capital and interest of the debt would be duly paid off at the proper time. As, however, Mr. Ackland, in his letter, had expressed the intention of going to Charleston about that time, he (Mr. Cartwright) begged to remind him that he could not reach Charleston without passing through Richmond on his way thither. He trusted therefore, that Mr. A. would afford him that opportunity of offering to his New England friend a sample of the hospitality for which old Virginia was justly celebrated. He was naturally anxious to be the first Southern gentleman to entertain his distinguished correspondent on Virginian soil. He, therefore, trusted that his esteemed friend would honor

him by being his guest at Glenoak for a few days; the more so, as he was desirous not only of introducing Mr. A. to some of the most distinguished men of Virginia, but also of furnishing him with letters to many influential friends of his in South Carolina, whose acquaintance Mr. A. would probably find useful in the course of his business at Charleston. If therefore, Mr. A. could manage to be at Richmond on the — proximo, he (Mr. C.) would have the honor of meeting him there, and conducting him to Glenoak, where all would be in readiness for the immediate and satisfactory settlement of their accounts.

When Mr. Ackland received this letter, he was sitting in his office at Boston, and conversing with his cousin, Tom Ackland. Tom Ackland was a rising young lawyer, and the only living relative of our Mr. John Ackland, of the firm of Ackland Brothers. Ackland's other brother, who was also Ackland senior, had died some years ago, and Ackland junior had since then been carrying on the business of the firm, not very willingly, and not very successfully.

"What do you think of that, Tom?" said Mr. John Ackland, tossing over the letter to his cousin.

"Well," said Tom, after reading it through, hastily enough, "I think you had better accept the invitation, for I suspect it is about the only thing you will ever get out of Philip Cartwright. As to his paying up, I don't believe a word of what he says on that score."

"I don't much believe in it neither," said Mr. John, "and I'm sadly afraid the debt is a bad one. But I can't afford to lose it; and 'twill be a great bore to have to foreclose. Even then, too, I sha'n't recover half of the capital. What do you think, Tom?"

Mr. Ackland spoke with a weary tone of voice and an undecided manner, like a man who is tired of some load which he is either too weak or too lazy to shake off.

"Well, you must pass through Richmond, Jack, and Glenoak will be as pleasant a halt as you can have. Drink as much of Cartwright's wine, and smoke as many of his cigars as you can; for I doubt if you'll get back any of your money except in that kind. However, you can afford to lose it, so don't be so downhearted, man. And as for this Charleston business —"

"Oh!" said John Ackland, impatiently, "the best of the Charleston business is that it is not Boston business. I am longing, Tom, to be away from here, and the sooner I can start the better. Have you heard (I did yesterday at the Albion) that Mary, I mean Mrs. Mordent, and her husband are expected back in Boston next month?"

"Ah, Jack, Jack!" exclaimed Tom, "you will get over this sooner than you think, man, and come back to us one of these days with a bouncing, black-eyed Carolinian beauty, and half a dozen little Ackland brothers and sisters too."

"I have got over it, Tom. At my time of life, I don't think there is much to get over."

"Your time of life, Jack! What nonsense!"

"Well, I am not a patriarch, certainly," said Mr. John Ackland. "But I don't want to be a patriarch, Tom: and I don't think I ever shall be a patriarch. The best part of my life was short enough, Heaven knows, and I hope (now that is over) that the worst part of it won't be very long. I don't think it *will* be very long, Tom. Anyhow, I have no mind to meet Mr. and Mrs. Mordent again just

now, so I shall accept Cartwright's invitation, and now, for mercy's sake, no more about business for to-day, Tom."

He did accept the invitation; and, at the date proposed, John Ackland arrived at Richmond late in the evening of a hot June day. He was much fatigued by his long journey and the heat of the weather; and not at all sorry to accept an invitation (which he received through Cartwright, who met him on his arrival) from Mr. D——, the accomplished editor of the Richmond Courier, to sup and sleep at that gentleman's house before going on to Glenoak. Mr. D——, having heard from Cartwright of Mr. Ackland's intended visit to the South, and knowing that he could not arrive in Richmond till late in the evening, had, with true Virginian hospitality, insisted on the two gentlemen passing the night at his house in town; and it had been arranged that Cartwright should drive Mr. D—— and Mr. Ackland over to Glenoak on the following day. Mr. Ackland was very cordially received by his Richmond host, an agreeable and cultivated man. The fatigue of his long journey secured him a good night's rest; and, being an early riser, he had indulged his curiosity by a solitary stroll through the town, before the three gentlemen met at breakfast the next morning. After breakfast he was conducted by his two friends to see the lions of the place. When they had visited the court-house and the senate-house, —

"Now, Mr. Editor," said Cartwright, "I shall ask permission to leave my friend here under your good care for an hour or so. I am going to fetch my little girl from school. You know she is at Miss Grindley's finishing establishment for young ladies; and though she is only ten years old, Miss G—— assures me that Virginia Cartwright is her most forward pupil. We will take this little puss with us, if you please. What o'clock is it now?"

Cartwright looked at his watch, and Mr. D. looked at his watch. Yawning and looking at your watch are infectious gestures. John Ackland also put his hand to his waistcoat pocket, and then suddenly remembering that his watch was not there, he felt awkward, and blushed. John Ackland was a shy man, and a lazy man in everything but the exercise of self-torment. He was in the habit of interpreting every trifle to his own disadvantage. This unfortunate way of regarding all external phenomena was constantly disturbing his otherwise habitual languor with an internal sensation of extreme awkwardness. And whenever John Ackland felt awkward he blushed.

"Twenty minutes to one," said Mr. D.

"Good; then," said Cartwright, "in one hour, as near as may be, I and my little girl will be at your door with the wagon, and phaeton. Can you be ready by then?"

"All right," answered the editor, "we shall just have time for a light luncheon."

"Will it be out of your way, Mr. D.," said Ackland, after Cartwright had left them, "to pass by D'Oiley's, the watchmaker's, in — Street?"

"Not at all. How do you happen to know the name of that store, though?"

"I noticed it, whilst strolling through the town this morning. My chronometer has been losing time since I came south; and I asked Mr. D'Oiley to look at it, saying I would call or send for it before leaving town this afternoon."

When the watchmaker handed back the chro-

nometer to Mr. Ackland, "That watch was never made in the States, I reckon, sir?" said he.

"No. It is English."

"Geneva works, though. I'll warrant your chronometer, sir, to go right for six years now. Splendid piece of workmanship, sir."

Mr. Ackland was much pleased with his pretty little new acquaintance, Virginia Cartwright. She was a dark-eyed, lively child, who promised to become a very beautiful woman, and was singularly graceful for that awkward age in the life of a young lady which closes her first decade. Her father seemed to be immensely proud of, as well as tenderly attached to, the little girl. Every little incident on their way to Glenoak suggested to him some anecdote of her childhood which he related to his guest in terms, no doubt inadequately expressive of her extraordinary merits. Once he said, "Good God, sir, when I think what would become of that child if anything were to happen—" But he finished the sentence only by whipping on the horses.

A large assembly of Virginia notables had been invited to Glenoak to meet Mr. Cartwright's New England guest. "I am going to be shown off," thought John Ackland to himself; and he entered the house, hot and blushing, like the sun rising through a fog. Among these notables was Judge Griffin, "our greatest legal authority, sir," whispered Cartwright, as he pushed his guest forward, and presented him to the judge with expressions of overflowing eulogy and friendship.

Mr. Ackland, of Boston City, was a representative man, he said, "a splendid specimen, sir, of our great merchant princes of the North, whom he was proud to receive under his roof. More than that, he himself was under deep obligations (why should he be ashamed to avow it?), the very deepest obligations to his worthy friend and honored guest, John K. Ackland!" Here Mr. Cartwright, apparently under the impression that he had been proposing a toast, paused, and prepared to lift his glass to his lips, but finding that he had, just then, no glass to lift, he informed the judge and his other guests that dinner would soon be served, and expressed a hope that in the mean while Mr. Ackland would favor him with a few moments of his private attention for the settlement of a matter of business to which, indeed, he partly owed the honor of that gentleman's visit. The two gentlemen were then closeted together for nearly an hour. When they rejoined the rest of the company at dinner, Mr. Cartwright appeared to have made (during their recent interview) a most favorable impression on his New England guest. Host and guest were already on terms of the most cordial intimacy with each other, and Cartwright himself was in the highest possible spirits. One of the company present on that occasion, a very young gentleman, who had had some betting transactions with the owner of Glenoak, — transactions from which he had derived a very high appreciation of the remarkable 'cuteness' of that gentleman, — expressed to his neighbor at table a decided opinion that his friend Philip S. must certainly have succeeded, before dinner, in getting a pot 'o money out of the Yankee, who looked as well pleased as people usually do when they have done something foolish. After dinner, when the gentlemen lit their cigars, and strolled into the garden, Cartwright linking one arm in that of Judge Griffin, and the other in that of John Ackland, exclaimed, —

"I wish, Judge, that you, whose powers of persuasion are irresistible, would induce my friend here to listen to reason. No, no!" he continued, as John Ackland made some gesture of impatience, "no, my esteemed friend, why should I conceal the truth? The fact is, judge, that Mr. Ackland and myself have had some pecuniary transactions with each other, in which he has been creditor, — let me add, the most forbearing and considerate creditor that ever man had, — and I, of course, debtor —"

"A highly honorable one," put in John Ackland.

"My dear sir, that is the very point in question. Allow me to deserve the flattering epithet. Judge Griffin shall decide the case. You must know, judge, that the unfortunate force of circumstances (why should I be ashamed to own it?) has compelled me to keep this gentleman waiting an unconscionably long time for the repayment of a considerable sum of money which he has been good enough to advance to me, partly on my personal security. Under these circumstances, I was naturally anxious that he should not, finally, be a loser by the generosity of his patience. It is, therefore, needless to say that the rate of interest offered by myself for the renewed postponement of the liquidation of this loan was, in the last instance, a high one. I am happy to say that I have, this afternoon, had the pleasure of refunding to my friend the entire capital of the debt. On that capital, however, a year's interest was still owing. Of course I added the amount of it to that of the capital. But he (wonderful man!) refuses — absolutely refuses — to receive it. Tell him, judge (you know me), that he is depriving me of a luxury which I have too seldom enjoyed, — the luxury of paying my debts, — and that the capital —"

"Was a very large one," interrupted Mr. Ackland, who had been listening with growing impatience to this speech. "Pardon me if I confess that I had not counted on the entire recovery of it, — especially so soon. The interest to which Mr. Cartwright has referred was fixed in accordance with that erroneous impression. For which — ahem — my excuse must be, sir, that — well, that I am not — never was — a man of sanguine temperament. Sir, Mr. Cartwright has greatly embarrassed me. Under present circumstances, I really — I could not — ahem — tax my friend here so heavily on a debt of — of — well, yes — of that amount, which has been so unexpectedly — ahem. I really — I — am not a usurer, sir, though I am a merchant."

Mr. Ackland said all this with the difficult hesitation of an exceedingly shy man, which he was, and blushing up to the roots of his hair. As soon as he had struggled through the effort of saying it, and thereby worked himself into a state of feeling so defensive as to be almost offensive, he extricated his arm from the embrace of his host, and, with an awkward bow, hastened to join the ladies in the arbor.

"Odd man, that," said Judge Griffin.

"Shy and proud," said Cartwright, "but as fine a fellow as ever lived."

John Ackland wrote from Glenoak to his cousin Tom, expressing much pleasure in his visit there. The change of scene and air had agreed with him, notwithstanding the great heat of the season, and he already felt in better health and spirits than when he left Boston. He related the result of the interview which had taken place between him-

self and his host on the day of his arrival at Glenoak. He had the cash now with him in notes. But the amount was so large that he should of course exchange them at the Richmond Bank for a credit on their correspondents at Charleston. It was a strange notion of Cartwright's to insist on paying the money in notes.

"He seems to have been under the impression that I should not have been equally well satisfied with his signature, which made me feel very awkward, my dear Tom."

He had felt still more awkward in consenting to take the last year's interest on that loan at the rate originally stipulated. Tom knew that he would not have raised it so high if he had ever had any hope of recovering the entire capital at the expiration of the term. However, there was no help for it. Cartwright would have it. Cartwright had behaved exceedingly well, very much like a gentleman. He had really conceived a great regard for his present host. In despite of some obvious faults of character, and he feared also of conduct, there was so much good in the man. C. was a most pleasant companion, and had shown the greatest delicacy in this matter. The man's affection for his daughter, too, was quite touching; and the child herself was charming.

John Ackland then described his impressions of a slave plantation at some length. His abhorrence of the whole system was even more intense than before. Not because he had noticed any great cruelty in the treatment of the slaves on this plantation, but because the system was one which rendered even kindness itself an instrument of degradation; and these unfortunate blacks appeared to him to be in a mental and moral condition which, without justifying it, gave a hideous plausibility to the cool assertion of their owners that colored humanity is not humanity at all. He avoided all discussion on this subject, however, for, as Tom knew, there was nothing he hated so much as controversy. At first he had felt "a little awkward" at being the only Northerner amongst so many slave proprietors. But now he felt quite at his ease with them all, especially with Cartwright. "T was a pity that man had been born South. He had been brought up there to idleness and arrogance, but his natural disposition fitted him for better things. Glenoak was a very pleasant place, so pleasant, that he was reluctant to leave it. And, in fact, there was no real necessity for going to Charleston so soon. The weather was horribly hot. He had not yet been up to the exertion even of going to Richmond to deposit the notes he had received from Cartwright. He thought he should probably remain some days longer — perhaps a fortnight longer — at Glenoak.

On the evening of the day he wrote this letter, however, an incident occurred which changed Mr. Ackland's disposition to prolong his stay at Glenoak.

OLDTOWN FOLKS.

WHEN a novelist who has won popularity at one grand *coup* goes on playing for fresh fame, his game becomes a heavy one in spite of himself. The chances are he loses at it; but, if he win, the new reputation it brings him must be in proportion to the difficulties of satisfying the expectations he has raised. The more richly he is gifted with the sensibility of genius the more will an intensity of self-consciousness be likely to embarrass him. He feels

he has dazzled the public into indiscriminating admiration and taught them to be too exacting. Mrs. Stowe, then, is to be congratulated as being more than doubly fortunate. She has emerged with fresh laurels from a formidable ordeal, and in her case a first great success has only served to glorify a later one. With the instinct of genius, she once caught the popular ball on the bound, and produced in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a work that will live when the institution to which it owed its birth has become a remote tradition of her country. She rose to fame on the waves of the conflicting feelings that were then convulsing America, and have since revolutionized it. But it was sheer genius that buoyed her up where so many others had been swamped, and if she was indebted for the completeness of her success to adventitious circumstances, that ought scarcely to detract from her well-earned fame. Her story was sensational in the highest sense of the word; but then it moved one, not by the extravagances of a depraved fancy depicting coarse eccentricities of crime, but by the reproduction of possible scenes that appealed with an intense reality to the deepest and best feelings of our nature. Highly colored the scenes might have been, but that was a question between the author and her conscience. Studying them as works of art, critics found nothing to condemn, for, however some of them may have revolted nature, unfortunately they were quite in harmony with the probable.

It is a rare proof, then, of the fertility and versatility of Mrs. Stowe's powers that this later work will infallibly enhance her fame, and in "Oldtown Folks" she appeals to the taste and sympathies of a more appreciative circle of readers than she fascinated with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This story must make its way, as it is easy to predict it will, by its intrinsic merits. It exhibits a more delicate and careful analysis of human nature than the other; a simpler and truer pathos; a humor richer, perhaps, certainly as fresh and frolicsome. Generally as a work of art it is altogether of a higher type. Far from being thrilling and sensational, it is much what its title professes, — a simple domestic tale, and theological and religious as well as domestic. As the serpent lurked among the flowers of Eden, so villains and worldly schemers glide into Mrs. Stowe's Christian Arcadia; but their doings are episodic, and the parts they play in what slight plot there is subordinate themselves to the general course of the story. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the subject ran of itself inevitably to tragedy. The interest of "Oldtown Folks" is altogether independent of what we may call the conventional exigencies of novel-writing. Mrs. Stowe lets her talents follow what now seems their natural bent, and she moves more naturally among the quiet inmates of those peaceful New England homes than among the brutal slave-drivers of the old South. The striking realism of her pictures is unimpeachable. Knowledge does not help us much in pronouncing on resemblances in an age and a country of which our impressions are of the vaguest, but our instinct tells us all must be taken from the life and by no ordinary observer. It would be paying any novelist an extravagant compliment to suppose that creations like these owe their existence to fancy. The period is happily chosen to embrace and perpetuate a wide range of primitive characters long ago bustled off the face of the country, and fast fading out of the memory of its inhabitants. The scenes are laid where a profusion of violent contrasts insured a variety of strik-

ing effects. The time is shortly after the Revolutionary War, when society with its ideas and opinions was in a state of transition. The colonies had broken away from their leading strings, but had scarcely habituated themselves as a people to walking alone. Loyalists and rabid Republicans were living side by side in a general tolerance, claiming extreme liberty of speech and conceding within reasonable limits a practical freedom of action. The leaven of rationalism, imported from sympathetic France, was seething in a population of Calvinists and Arminians. Religious "profession" was really a profession like any other, and religion was so mixed up with the affairs of every-day life, that the most solemn subjects were treated without a suspicion of profanity in the most familiar language.

Oldtown was a quiet little Massachusetts village, within an easy drive of the State capital. In those days a part of the consignment of the historical tea was yet supplying loyalist teapots, and Boston, still a town, had not grown into a city. The districts even in its immediate vicinity remained nearly as primitive as in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. An Indian remnant lingered in the parish of Oldtown, and negroes took social rank not according to color, but thews and sinews, and were treated as equals or superiors accordingly. We fancy if magic and science combined were to reflect for us in a camera the Oldtown of 1790, we should see it just as it appears in the pages of Mrs. Stowe. In the introductory chapters, the landscapes and the people stand out in so many photographs, and clear as photographs taken in the pure American atmosphere generally are. We have Dutch pictures of interiors in which we cannot conceive a feature omitted or caricatured, — those of the farms, with their bustling inmates lightening "chores" of work with easy chat on predestination, free grace, and kindred topics; the great kitchens with their vast hospitable fireplaces and blazing pyres, based on the ponderous log that tasked a couple of powerful men to move to its place; the open larders and cellars where pies and brown bread were on cut for all comers, and the cider casks stood continually on tap. In those golden days, if the natives held unpleasantly fast by the letter of the law of the old dispensation, at least they were liberally punctilious in the observance of the charitable precepts that recommend the poor to the care of the rich. We see the village tavern with its creaking signboard, its broad veranda, and its open taproom, with its row of beer barrels on draught, whither the minister himself would come in all his dignity to illustrate use and abuse, addressing a sharp word in season to its ragged frequenters, while sipping his mug of warm flip. We have the huge, barn-like meeting-house, where even in the infant Republic the pews were graduated on the wealth and station of their occupants, from the stately orthodox carriage folk down to the shabby Indian, who had still some lingering faith in the superstitions of his fathers. The use of fire was absolutely interdicted by principle or custom, and in their rigorous climate the worshippers had to freeze through the interminable service as they could. Mrs. Stowe's description of the dogs and children is in its way inimitable. Providence seemed to have tempered the wind to these shorn lambs by admitting the one for the solace of the other. The yellow dog

hand with a sober face to patter on his four solemn paws behind the wagon as it went to meeting of a Sunday morning. And in meeting who can say what an infinite fund of consolation their yellow, honest faces and great soft eyes were to the children tired of the sermon, but greatly consoled by getting a sly opportunity to stroke Bosc's yellow back? How many little eyes twinkled sympathetically through the slats of the high-backed pews as the tick of their paws up and down the broad aisle announced that they were treating themselves to that meditative locomotion allowed to good dogs in summer time."

Or, leaving the grim chapel, we may refresh ourselves with a glance at the beauties of nature: —

"It was as pretty a village as ever laid itself down to rest on the banks of a tranquil river. The stream was one of those limpid children of the mountains whose brown clear waters ripple with a soft yellow light over many-colored pebbles, now brawling and bubbling on rocky bottoms, dashing hither and thither in tiny cascades, throwing white spray over green-mossed rocks, and then again sweeping silently with many a winding curve through soft, green meadows, nursing on its bosom troops of water-lilies, and bordering its banks with blue and white violets, snow-flecked meadowsweet, and wild iris. Hither and thither, in the fertile tracts of meadow upland, through which the little stream wound, were some two dozen farmhouses hid in green hollows, or perched on breezy hill-tops; while close alongside of the river, at its widest and deepest part, ran one rustic street, thickly carpeted with short velvet green grass, where stood the presiding buildings of the village."

Then we are presented to the inhabitants one by one, all of them with something of the universal type, although each is marked out from his neighbors by sharp, distinctive touches. At the top and the bottom of the social ladder, and especially conspicuous as striking portraits, are Mr. Lothrop, the portly clergyman, and Sam Lawson, "the village do-nothing." "In the little theocracy which the pilgrims established in the wilderness, the ministry was the only order of nobility."

The parishioners treated their clergy with a strange mixture of reverence and familiarity; the honor in which they held the office being tempered perhaps, by the knowledge that their minister was their stipendiary as well. Mr. Lothrop, however, having married a wealthy member of an old colonial family, as was natural among Republicans, was treated with exceptional deference. While he has a profound sense of his own exalted station and of the dignity of the ministry, he keeps himself punctiliously at the beck of his humblest parishioners; goes in full dress to his spiritual labors as Buffon did to his literary ones; smooths down his lace ruffles and arms himself with his gold-headed cane to attend the death-bed of a pauper; and soothes the anxious man by dwelling on the infinite distance of the Almighty, while impressing on him the paramount duty of resignation in any case. But, next to the heroine, the village good-for-nothing is certainly his author's favorite. Perhaps as much as any one else he is the hero of a novel that can scarcely be said to have one, and from long and grave theological dialogues Mrs. Stowe turns away to unbend in Sam's exhilarating society. "Tall, shambling, loose-jointed, with a long, thin visage and prominent watery blue eyes," Sam is every one's friend but his own, and can turn his hand to anything with a will so long as his labor goes unrewarded. Quite in his place in a circle so primitive as that of Oldtown, he would be an impossibility anywhere else. Welcomed on something like a

"Went out with the children when they went roving in the woods Saturday afternoon, and was always on

footing of equality to all the houses in the parish, while his family was indebted to them for daily bread, idle, with work going a-begging all around him, and out of elbows in the middle of general plenty; pitching in the loftiest key theories of life and morals, hopelessly at variance with his practice, and expressing them with half-conscious humor in Scriptural phrase without an idea of irreverence. Quaintly as his talk reads, we have come to know him so well that we fancy we can conjure him up before us in flesh and blood, and let his air and manner point his words and stimulate our sense of the ridiculous. "Why, Lordy Massy, boys," he would say when he takes the juveniles out a-fishing, "I can't bear to see no sort o' critter in torment. These 'ere pouts ain't to blame for bein' fish, and ye ought to put 'em out o' their misery. Fish has their rights as well as any on us."

In the following eloquent words he laments the departure of the young light of the village, who has the rare gift of soothing his termagant wife, and bringing peace to his dilapidated hearthstone:—

"Why, Lordy Massy, I don't know what we're any of us goin' to do when Tiny's gone. Why, there ain't a dog goes into the meetin'-house but wags his tail when he sees her a-comin'. I expect she knows about every yellow bird's nest, an' blue jay's, an' bobolink's, and meadow lark's that there's ben round here these five years, and how they's goin' to set and hatch without her's best known to themselves, I s'pose. Lord Massy! that child can sing so like a skunk blackbird that you can't tell which is which. Wall, I'll say one thing for her; she draws the fire out o' Hepsy, an' she's 'bout the only livin' critter that can; but some night when she's ben into our house a playin' checkers or fox an' geese with the child'en, she'd rally git Hepsy slicked down, so that 't was kind o' comfortable bein' with her."

But any *analecta* from Mr. Lawson's *facetiae* must do injustice to his extraordinary conversational and social powers. He has the rare quality of being always up to his own level, and, moreover, the language loses its flavor unless you have something more than a slight acquaintance with the man. A very charming woman in her way is old Mrs. Badger, the bustling mistress of one of the snuggest farmhouses in the parish, whose austere religious tenets are always being falsified by her natural softness of heart, and whose rough, cocoa-like shell is overflowing with the milk of human kindness. There is a world of character in her outbreak against a highly respectable woman who comes to reclaim an orphan child whom her harshness of treatment has driven away:—

"Done! why, you've done what you'd no business to. You'd no business to take a child at all; you have n't got a grain of motherliness in you. Why, look at Natur', that might teach you that more than meat and drink and clothes is wanted for a child. Hens brood their chickens and keep 'em warm under their wings, and cows lick their calves and cosset them, and it's a mean shame that folks will take 'em away from 'em."

"'Tain't just feedin' and clothin' back and belly that's all; it's *broodin'* that young creturs wants, and you hain't got a bit of broodin' in you."

In short, it is hard to tear ourselves away from those primitive folks of Oldtown, and, although we have made the acquaintance of so many of them, we only wish there were more to know. Their life may have been a monotonous one to them, but it is new to us, and if their talk was homely, it is fresh

inimitable, and make one revel in the promise of a novel of which every line will well repay the reading, while many will bear reading again and again. As we go on, the nature of the charm changes with the scenes. From simple village life and primitive country people, we are carried to towns and into higher society. Cities and good society have always and everywhere much of the same general character, fewer distinctive traits and distinctive qualities, and, therefore, here the story begins unavoidably to lose something of its unique individuality. But the exhaustive theological discussions come in to lend a graver interest to its pages. It is clear the religious element must be all-pervading in a novel of New England whose personages had religion always in their hearts or on their tongues. As a study of American religious opinion of the day in its different shades Mrs. Stowe's work must have real and permanent value. She amply redeems the pledge of the preface, where she disavows beforehand any unfair exhibition of personal bias. Calvinist, Arminian, Pelagian, sceptic, has each his turn, and each has fair play, nor can too high praise be given to the versatility with which Mrs. Stowe identifies herself with each in turn, arguing from their different points of view. She never resorts to the uncandid device of setting up a feeble adversary to be knocked over by a very moderately gifted friend. To borrow American election phraseology, opinions of every shade have their platform, the planks of which are carefully and dispassionately laid. We have no doubt she admirably reproduces the play of conflicting opinions that then divided parishes and households, going forward in season and out of season. She is to be congratulated on making her novel carry its load of controversy so lightly, but then she cleverly makes the queer ideas and quaint phraseology of the disputants help to grease the wheels. In this connection, as the Americans would say, we cannot resist quoting a bit of counsel tendered by old Heber Atwood, the wood merchant, to his minister, along with the pile of hickory logs which had formed part of Heber's contribution to his pastor's stipend:—

"I was tellin' my old woman this morning that I did n't grudge a cent of my subscription, because your preachin' lasts well and pays well. Ses I, Mr. Avery ain't the kind of man that strikes 12 the first time. He's a man that'll wear. That's what I said fust, and I've followed y' up pretty close in your preachin'; but then I've just got one word to say to you, — Ain't free agency a-gettin' a leetle too top heavy in yer preachin'? Ain't it kind o' over-growin' sovereignty? Now, ye see, Divine sovereignty has got to be took care of, as well as free agency. That's all, that's all. I thought I'd just drop the thought, ye know, and leave you to think on't. This 'ere last revival you run along consider'ble in 'Whosoever will, may come,' and all that. Now, p'r'aps of you'd just tighten up the ropes a leetle t'other side, and give 'em sovereignty, the hull load would sled easier."

In its construction the story is somewhat peculiar. It is cast, for the most part, in the autobiographical form, and is told by one Horace Holyoke, commencing from his early childhood. Then he suspends it while he in the third person, or the author, relates the history of two orphan children, brother and sister, whose companionship and intimacy are to influence his life. That done, Horace's story is resumed, and the novel finishes in the form in which it had begun. Among her children, Mrs. Stowe is thoughtful of home, and writes as only

a woman can. The way in which the orphans are cast on the cold charities of the world, their sufferings, and their rescue by the kind-hearted inhabitants of Oldtown, open a congenial field for the simple pathos she is so strong in. Tina Percival, in her quickness and intelligence, is a lovely little white Topsy. Even as a child she has her way with every one she comes in contact with, with the single exception of her early taskmistress, and she is sure to win the hearts of all Mrs. Stowe's readers as well. A benevolent old spinster, Miss Mehitable Rossiter, adopts the child in fear and trembling, reasonably dreading the disapproval of a stern old domestic, who is at once her servant and mistress. But Tina twists even the formidable Polly round her little fingers, and shakes the awful despotism the veteran housekeeper had established in the regions of the kitchen. The child is a mimic by nature, and delights the puritan parish by performances where they can conscientiously taste something of the forbidden delights of the stage. She presses all the world into acting in her private theatricals, and one exquisite scene demonstrates the abject subservency to which she had broken even the grim Polly. The children were getting up a sort of private play founded on the history of Queen Esther:—

"The great trouble was to find a Haman, but as the hanging of Haman was indispensable to any proper moral effect of the tragedy, Tina petted and coaxed and cajoled old Bose, the yellow dog of our establishment, to undertake the part, instructing him volubly that he must sulk and look cross when Mordecai went by,—a thing which Bose, who was one of the best-natured of dogs, found difficulty in learning. Bose would always insist upon sitting on his haunches in his free-and-easy, jolly manner, and lolling out his red tongue in a style so decidedly jocular as utterly to spoil the effect, till Tina, reduced to desperation, ensconced herself under an old quilted petticoat behind him, and brought out the proper expression at the right moment by a vigorous pull at his tail. Bose was a dog of great constitutional equanimity, but there were some things that transcended even his power of endurance, and the snarl that he gave to Mordecai was held to be a triumphant success; but the thing was to get him to snarl when Tina was in front of him, where she could see it, and now will it be believed that the all-conquering little mischief-maker actually kissed and flattered and beguiled old Polly into taking this part behind the scenes!"

Perhaps it was but natural that this *piquante* spoilt child should become less interesting if not less captivating when she has to submit herself as she grows up to proprieties and conventionalities. As a girl she witches every one, even to the unflappable old divines who direct her studies; but somehow, if she has much of a heart, we never seem to get at it, and if we always admire, we never feel in thorough sympathy with her. Her end is a sad one. She is captivated by the showy villain of the tale, and begins on the very afternoon of her wedding to pay the penalty of her failings in a shock of disillusion which is followed by long years of wretchedness. Not until we are taking leave of her at the end of the book does she subside into peace and domestic happiness with her constant early admirer, Horace Holyoke. To adopt what might have been the language of her Oldtown friends in the circumstances, justice is finally tempered with mercy, and so far all is right.

Still, we cannot help thinking Mrs. Stowe might have made better use of a subject so promising by giving us glimpses at a deeper underflow of passion

beneath the ripple of Tina's caprices and graces. Henry Percival, her brother, as a child, is little less taking than his sister, and his steadfast, unhesitating faith in the Almighty love and mercy is brought in as an admirable foil to the uncompromising teachings and practice of the Calvinistic dogmatism around him. Horace Holyoke himself has a most felicitous talent for Boswellizing his village neighbors, and letting us see them in the very flesh and spirit. Everything that is tinged with local color becomes a reality to us, and we get so charmed with the company of the country folks that we are loath to leave them for more distinguished society. We quit the homely settlements and their pure American atmosphere of genuine drollery and rough eloquence to find ourselves with regret back among the more familiar characters of our ordinary fictions. Fortunately the one infinitely predominates over the other, and we see but little more of the latter than suffices to make us appreciate the former. In the rich and brilliant Ellery Davenport, with his foreign training and air of high society, we recognize one of our acquaintances. It is fair to remark, however, that even him Mrs. Stowe credits with an individuality all his own. His absence would have left a blank in her comprehensive scheme of opinion, and he figures as the representative of a certain school of cultivated rationalism, a novelty in those early days of the Great Republic. But any one of half a dozen of the Oldtown folks could make the reputation of an every-day novel. If there is, perhaps, some unavoidable iteration in the theological dialogues and disquisitions, they are so pregnant with original ideas and suggestions throughout that one is amply repaid for reading them conscientiously. Then Mrs. Stowe's theological teachings are heightened and lightened by the drollest little episodes. As, for instance, when Horace, moved by the morbid curiosity that has preyed on his childish mind, speculates on the possible consequences of a horrible form of crime until he is compelled to commit it,—on the effect of uttering the awful "damn," instead of the popular "darn." Retiring to hazard the daring experiment in private, he feels degraded and half disappointed when no signal judgment follows on the impiety. "The Lord apparently did not think him worth his notice." Yet with all this treading the edge of ground so delicate, Mrs. Stowe never degenerates into profanity nor does she even pass the bounds of good taste. Hers is a book that seduces one into quotation, and you lay it down after all with a dissatisfied feeling that your quotations might have been happier, and that you may have only done the author injustice, while deluding your readers with the idea that you have been making a selection of her gems.

LIFE AND DEATH AT ST. BREACA'S.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VI.

"I SHALL go to St. Breaca's to look after that poor fellow this morning," said Mr. Hoskins to his wife, ten days after Augustine's return home. "The fright has sobered him by this time, and I don't mean to 'whistle him down the wind.'"

"That's right, John; and find out what upset him; he'll have told his mother, I'll be bound. Old Betty has heard that he is mad after that French girl at the Gray House. If his father was like any one else, he would soon settle the business, but he only spoils what he meddles with; and soft-spoken as he is, I believe Mrs. Secker dare n't say

her soul's her own. I hope you'll bring the lad back; the house is not the same without him."

"No. I miss him, I can tell you, and I doubt if I could replace him if I would. I shall try to see his mother alone."

Mr. Hoskins's fast-trotting mare, Jenny Quick, carried him briskly to St. Breaca's. Mr. Secker was reading prayers, — Friday; Augustine had gone with him. All served the good doctor's purpose; and as Mrs. Secker was simplicity itself, he was quickly in possession of all the information he wanted.

"Just as I feared," he said; "but keep up your spirits. I think I see my way, but I won't reckon my chickens yet. Tell Augustine that my wife wants him to come to-morrow, and stay till Monday. She has forgotten the proportions of a vile compound of senna, quassia, and ginger which he mixes, and she persuades some poor bodies to swallow. You can let him know that I am not savage. Poor fellow! there never was a better lad. What a blessed thing it would be if your sex would let ours alone! — You don't like that. Never mind. No one could ever suspect you of weaving snares for a poor fool. Kind regards to Mr. Secker. He does n't need to be told that he's welcome to a glass of the old brown sherry as often as he'll come for it. — I can't stay to see him, thank you. — The big boys are at school, I suppose? Those are fine bouncing fellows; you ought to have a premium for them."

"Poor, dear fellow," said Mrs. Hoskins, when her husband had told her all he had gleaned; "no wonder he did n't know what he was about. What a pity! I wonder if Mr. Monsey did really annoy her, or if she only said so to make Augustine jealous? Whichever way it was, a proper-minded girl would not have told him anything of the kind; but I suppose foreigners can't behave decently. Is not Mrs. Secker very angry?"

"I should think so. The quiet little woman was like a sheep stamping at a big dog, by way of protecting her lamb. She does not approve of the girl."

"Well, what do you mean to do?"

"In the first place, I won't let Secker go back. She can't come after him here. I must watch that he does no mischief. I shall tell him that, of course, she cannot stay at the Gray House, and that he must tell her to give notice at once."

"But where is she to go?"

"Why, oddly enough, those dear old maids at Myldmouth complained to me only yesterday that people were gone so mad after French (Jemima interjected that she really believed they thought no other language was spoken in heaven) that their school was going down for want of a resident Parisian. They dreaded the expense of bringing one from Paris, or even London, and could hear of none in the neighborhood. I shall represent Ma'amselle as put providentially in their way. I'm sure they'll bite." Mrs. Hoskins shook her silvered head, and looked doubtful. "Now, that I call straining at gnats, Sabina," said her husband. "I'd by no means send the girl into a private family, for there she might make more misery; but I defy her to get at the other sex while she is under Miss Wiseman's whalebone rule."

"But she may injure the girls."

"I don't think so, upon my word. I really believe that a poacher makes a good keeper."

"Well, I hope it may answer."

"At all events, we'll try."

Mrs. Hoskins threw her arms round Augustine's neck when he returned, and Mr. Hoskins's eyes were moist when he gave him his hand. The poor fellow himself was choked with emotion. They comforted him, and he fell into their views readily; and before he went to bed the first night, he wrote to propose the plan to Jeanne, and his letter ended thus: "I cannot eat or sleep; application to my business is simply impossible, till you are safe with kind good women. Under the most favorable circumstances, it must be long before I can give my Jeanne her own home, but I want to be fit to begin to work for that object. Myldmouth is thirty miles hence. We will write often, and hope to meet sometimes. Can you guess how often your eyes float before me? how often I hear your light footstep, the rustle of your pretty dress? All, all, so wonderfully, so indescribably dear. How cruel it is that anything approaching to a decent likeness is beyond the reach of poor people like you and me! But if I had yours, I should waste half my time in pondering over it, and finding it unworthy of you. I am impatient for your answer. I kiss your dear little hands, especially that mystical finger, and am your fondly devoted

"AUGUSTINE SECKER."

Jeanne replied: —

"MY VERY MUCH LOVED, — I have kissed your letter over and over again, laid my cheek on it, tied it up in my curls, with my tears wetted it. Of course I want to leave this odious place. I have all arranged. I have seen Mrs. Monsey, and said to her that I could no longer stay. She said I was in the right, and she would speak well of me. Your friends will write to her to inquire about me, — that is the proper thing. Oh! I do want to go; but when shall I see you? How hard it is to love as we love, and be separated! Is not this life very strange and miserable? How good you are to forgive me all the harm I have done you! Your mother will never. But you will not change. All the books say how inconstant is man; but no, you are not. You will never break the heart of your Jeanne, who adores you."

CHAPTER VII.

The Misses Wiseman engaged Jeanne to go to them after the Christmas holidays. The coach in which she must travel passed Mr. Hoskins's door daily. He and his wife agreed to invite her to stay two days, and to start from their house. They hoped the engagement would come to nothing, but decided that, so long as it existed, its business ought to be conducted openly and respectably. Prejudiced though they were, Jeanne's tact brought them to the admission that her lover's infatuation was not without excuse. He was very happy. Her coming, a guest, where he lived, seemed an earnest of a future home together. She was going where all was unexceptionable and every one good. She had made a favorable impression, and he might hope to welcome her back again. He whistled as he stood at the garden-gate, watching for the mail. He had never thought the white frost, the holly-berries, the robins, the early sunshine, so joyous. The guard's horn, the crack of the whip, the steam even from the horses, all was cheery; and the coach was empty, and would be for the next stage. It had been settled that he should go so far, and

walk back. It was almost like starting on one's bridal tour. That Jeanne was subdued, gave him, for once, no pain. It was so very sweet to comfort her as man is meant to comfort woman, and to be sure that she was sorry to part from him. The drive seemed strangely short. The last loving words were exchanged, the last kiss was given, and Augustine was on his way home. He walked fast, as a young man with full heart and busy mind does walk, and he did not observe the changing weather till heavy rain began to fall. He was very warm, and it chilled him. He had no umbrella, and was wet through, when he had yet four miles to go. When he came in, Mr. Hoskins shook his head; Mrs. Hoskins sent him into a hot bed, and gave him stimulants; but next day, and many days after, he was feverish, and racked with pain. "He has no stamina, and his mother's family are consumptive, and this, coming after all his worry, is serious. If it goes to his lungs, we shall not save him," said Mr. Hoskins.

If there was one person more odious than another to the Misses Wiseman of Hayfield House, Myd-mouth, it was a flirt. The moment they saw Jeanne, their hearts contracted, and they would have rid themselves of her at once, unexceptionable as seemed her testimonials, if it could have been done honorably. "We must keep her for a quarter before we give her notice," said Miss Margaret to her eldest sister, when they returned from church after Mademoiselle Royer's first appearance there with them. "The way she threw those great eyes of hers all round, especially on that young curate, was such a distraction to me, that I could think of nothing else. I have no more idea of the text than if I had not heard it; and I have to find fault by and by with the children who cannot give a good account of the sermon!"

"We need not keep her so long as that," returned her sister, "unless she conduct herself well, and that, I think, is very improbable. What a trial it will be to go out to walk with her! She cannot stand, hold her head, use her handkerchief, do anything like any one else. She is an embodiment of vain self-consciousness. Nothing can be worse than her example for the elder girls, especially as they think her very pretty, and have taken a great fancy to her. I cannot help suspecting that Mr. Hoskins recommended her from compassion, or to oblige a friend, or from some other motive which will not bear investigation. Very unfair, if he did."

"I will set Mrs. Sharpe to try to find out something about her," said Margaret; and that lady, visiting a great deal, was not long in ascertaining the connection between the French girl and Mr. Hoskins's handsome assistant, with its concomitant disagreeables. Thenceforward, the sisters could hardly repress a wish that she would commit herself; but there was no denying that she was clever, industrious, and peculiarly obliging.

Mr. Secker had not accepted current events; that, indeed, could not have been expected from him. Through the suspension of amity with the family at the Gray House, he lost many pleasant hours; and though he was addicted to expressions of contemptuous pity for men or women who had "no resources in themselves," time hung heavily on his hands. Taste for study he had not; his temperament was incapable of concentration. His parochial work was light between Sundays, for the sick — and he did not resent it — preferred the

Wesleyan minister, who did not read prayers out of a book. Even when he was good tempered, the inevitable discomforts of his poor home irritated his delicate nerves and affronted his tastes; and it was all so much worse in winter. In summer evenings, he would have taken long rapid walks, while his imagination ran wild in framing conversations never to be held, and letters never to be required. He was very sore about Augustine's sudden summons back by Mr. Hoskins. "Had I been a man of fortune," said he, "or even the incumbent of a small living, he would not have presumed to treat my son so." When he became aware that Jeanne Royer had been the Hoskinses' guest, he declared that he and his family were victims of a conspiracy to crush them to the dust. That step did indeed seem unkind even to gentle Mrs. Secker, and she could not refrain from saying, "I never would have believed it; I thought they would do all they could to keep her out of his way." It is very difficult to do good, and we have to mourn sometimes over the success of our plans. Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins had alienated the Seckers, displeased the Misses Wiseman, placed Jeanne Royer in a position which was thoroughly irksome to her, and the youth whom they had striven to serve was dying! The cold caught on that walk home had settled on his lungs, and his most attached friends had provided the inducement to take the walk, had even proposed it to him!

Who, that is not very young, does not know the deceitfulness of consumption? Its pauses, its fluctuations, its hopefulness. The weather is to be milder or steadier; something unusual or unsuspected in the case or the constitution will be developed: this victim will certainly not die. Some one else was as ill — worse even — years ago; had at first identical symptoms; and look at him now! Think of all the fine healthy men he has out-lived!

Thus had Augustine Secker's loving watchers talked when May came; and then he was too weak to leave his bed. He had gone home early in April. Mrs. Hoskins would have nursed him; but he wanted his mother, and his mother wanted him. The women understood one another by that time, and compromised. Mr. Hoskins was to see him often; and from his house was to come every comfort.

"The one thing I dread daily and hourly," had the poor fellow said, "is my father's tongue. It would not be intolerable if he would let that poor girl alone; but to be bound by filial duty to hear silently all that he says and insinuates about her, is maddening. Setting affection aside, she is a woman, and young and unprotected. He should reflect that Sophia may be situated some day as she is."

"He never does reflect," returned the mother, incautiously: "he would not hurt your feelings if he did, for he is miserable about your illness."

"And yet he retards my recovery! I wonder it does not occur to him that it is hard, very hard, for us never to see one another: you understand that, though you don't like poor Jeanne."

"I can, my darling; and I will never say a word against her, or do anything that you would dislike."

Many similar conversations had these two; and long silences, when often she yearned to know if he were aware of his real state, or if she or anybody ought to tell him. If his father had been like her

ideal of a Christian minister, how gently he would have broken the awful news! how soothingly they would have read, and wept, and prayed together!

Mr. Hoskins was of opinion that Augustine's professional knowledge prevented his being in the dark; that he talked cheerfully, partly to keep up his mother's spirits, partly because self-delusion was contingent on the disease. A bright morning came, when he wished his mother would air his summer clothes, he should want them soon. She did air them; and the following night was far advanced when he said, abruptly, "My head is becoming very odd; read the seventeenth of St. John."

She did read it.

"Call my father. — Kiss me."

He was gasping, when Mr. Secker fell on his knees by the bedside sobbing, "My boy, my first-born, has it come to this?"

"He wants to kiss you — quick," urged the mother.

He placed his cheek close to the trembling lips, and heard their last utterance: "All forgiven — don't be unkind — poor little Jeanne!"

When Jeanne received, in a kind note from Mrs. Hoskins, the intelligence of Augustine's death, she, according to Miss Wiseman, "threw herself into violent hysterics." How, that lady argued, could a girl, who, though engaged, and aware of her lover's illness, spared no pains to make the best of her appearance, and did all she could to attract other men, have any real sorrow for his death, though it lay at her door? But Jeanne was prostrate. She *had* loved him as deeply as she could love any one, better than she should ever love again, and she knew how fondly he had loved her, how entirely he had believed in her. She was sure that he had died without regretting that he had known her; but might he not, disembodied, be aware of all her duplicity? Would his spirit, reproachful, though tender, be near her in the loneliness of the night? Would not an intolerable horror surround her in the darkness? Death had never confronted her before; it had been an indistinct something that happened to other people, — no affair of hers. But here was a man, very little older than herself, — full of vigor, handsome, — *dead!* and if he had never known her, he might still be living. Again, she had been taught her religion early and carefully. She had never lost the conviction that she had committed a deadly sin in denying it. If she had been true to it, she might have converted this man; he would have listened to anything she said. But she had led him to believe that she despised popery, and worshipped with him, and he had died without the sacraments!

But the Misses Wiseman could guess none of this, and thought she was acting, and had "no patience with her." On the following morning came a letter from Lotty Monsey, saying that if she liked to go and pay a visit at the Gray House, mamma would be happy to see her, and she could come as soon as she liked, and need not write; that they, the girls, should be delighted to have her; they had no new governess, and Suzanne was generally cross, and they were very dull. Jeanne kissed the writing over and over. Anything was preferable to the Hayfield House rigid routine. It would be a relief to get away from the place where she had first realized Augustine's death. She felt as if he had died in her room. Miss Wiseman made no difficulty about her going; and when she asked

how long she could be spared, said that it need not be decided then, — that she would write to her. So she started by the mail.

When she reached St. Breaca's next morning, the church-bell was tolling. She guessed for what purpose; and when she entered the Gray House, there were more hysterics; and Mrs. Monsey said that people who were violent in their grief soon got over it. Her daughters were very compassionate; and Suzanne showed an amount of kindness to the poor girl which she had never shown for her before, and put her to bed, and stayed with her till sleep came.

Next day she was well enough to send for materials, and begin making mournings. She was a born milliner, and it suited her taste as well as her pocket to make her own clothes. No one whom she could afford to employ would have adapted them so skilfully to her. She put a widow's cap into a coquettish bonnet; and having, according to Mrs. Hoskins's advice, written to ask Mrs. Secker to let her call on her, she set out with that purpose on the day fortnight of Augustine's burial. The last time she had walked to the house had been with his father, and his evident admiration had been acceptable to her vanity. "The foolish old man has never forgiven me for preferring his son," said she to herself. But shame and sorrow oppressed her as she went on, and her knees were weak and her heart was sick when she reached the door. It helped her, and indeed every one, that Mr. Secker was at home, and that, acting as he conceived "a perfect gentleman and man of the world" should act in such circumstances, he talked on indifferent and trifling subjects. They, on the brink of tears, could not. Miss Secker and Sophia had kissed her, and she had whispered to each: "Pity me, and try to forgive me"; but she could say nothing of the kind to him. By and by, in a thick voice, she asked if she might look among Augustine's papers for her letters to him. Mrs. Secker started, and replied that none of his things had been touched yet, meaning to convey that she could not yet bear to do anything with them; but Jeanne did not understand, and suggested timidly that perhaps Miss Secker would go with her into his room, and stay with her while she found them. So they went. As soon as they were there, the awful sense of death present, which Jeanne hoped she had shaken off, rushed over her, and with it came tenderness and compunction. She threw herself on the bed, and cried aloud. Mr. Secker had expected "a scene" — rather wished for it, in fact; the softness evoked by his dying son's last words had passed for the time, and his inferior nature predominated. In a minute he was at the bedside, with cruel indifference in his eyes and voice.

"Dear Miss Royer," he said, "I have a wife and children whom I cannot allow to be excited in this manner. They have suffered very much lately, as you are aware. You must let me take you into the other room. You may rely upon my sending your letters to you."

She submitted, cowed, and said she would go. He made no opposition; but Sophia's soft young heart was touched, and she was about to offer to walk with her, when a stern glance from her father, and a warning one from her mother, checked her. "Poor little thing," she said afterwards; "I could not bear her going alone; she looked so young, so childlike, except her eyes, in that cap; and she

must have been very miserable." Yes, she was; quite as miserable as culpable. As she chose back streets, that she might weep unheeded behind her thick veil, she breathed air defiled by stale tobacco and refuse of fish; squalid children quarrelled for disgusting trifles, and women scolded as they scold only in low marine districts. Further on—it was low water—the black timbers of the pier, and the mud in the shipwrights' yards, suggested to her disturbed imagination horrors going on secretly in lately filled graves. The dogs at the Gray House barked savagely till she was admitted, and slunk away snarling afterwards. Mr. and Mrs. Monsey were wrangling in the drawing-room, their daughters keeping out of the way in their bedrooms.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Tell me if you think this will do, Margaret," said Miss Wiseman to her sister a fortnight later, giving her a note to read:—

"DEAR MISS ROYER,—My sister and I are of opinion that it will be more satisfactory both to you and ourselves that you do not return hither. We do not feel that it is necessary to write more explicitly, and we enclose the amount of salary which would be due to you if you remained with us three months from the present date. We shall be obliged to you for a receipt, and glad to find that the luggage you left reaches you safely: we forward it to-day, carriage paid. Should you think it expedient to refer to us, we will state that you are fully competent to teach your own language, and by no means deficient in industry.

"I remain yours truly,

"LUCRETIA WISEMAN."

Another blow! Not that she regretted that formal establishment, but it threw her completely on the Monseys, and she had perceived that they did not wish her to stay long. Mrs. Monsey had spoken more than once of her return to Hayfield House as a fact to be speedily accomplished. She knew that the whole family watched her while she read the note, received at breakfast. She must tell them its purport, because her boxes would arrive. Laying it before Mrs. Monsey, she said, "More trouble for me."

"Very provoking, indeed," was her observation, as she passed it to her husband.

He read it slowly. "Deuced awkward, upon my word, Mademoiselle. It was only yesterday that Mrs. Monsey and I were lamenting that circumstances would prevent our offering you a bed for more than a week longer. I should recommend your advertising. Or what do you think of returning to Paris? Your English experiment has not been successful; and no doubt you have friends there who could take care of you for a time."

It was no surprise, but bitterly painful. A shadow darkened her pale face, and she said, "Thank you, Mr. Monsey, I will take a long walk, and consider what I had better do." She left the room.

"I shall be glad when she is safely off the premises," remarked Mr. Monsey. "It was confounded folly to bring her here. I can't imagine what possessed you to do it. The girl is ill, and desperate. A pretty business it would be if she had a fever in the house, or took it into her head to destroy herself."

"I wish you would n't say such horrid things,

Arthur; you make me quite nervous. I asked her here to please the girls; they were wild to have her and it made a little change for them."

Jeanne kept tears back till she reached her room, then let them flow passionately for a while. She bathed her face, took a strong dose of lavender, wrote a receipt for Miss Wiseman, and two letters. Next she took a packet from her desk, put it in her pocket, and dressed to go out. Lotty looked in, and asked if she should go with her.

"No, dear; thank you; I should be a wretched companion to-day, and I could not make any plans if I had you to talk to."

"Well, don't be longer away than you can help," said the good-natured girl, kissing her. "If we are to lose you so soon, we must make the most of you."

Out of that desolate house, and away; first to Augustine's grave. It had been her intention to place a headstone there as soon as she could afford it. The act would soothe her, and be some reparation to his family. Had he lain where no one could see her, she would have thrown herself on the ground, reproached herself, and implored his pardon and pity aloud; but the churchyard was overlooked on one side, and hundreds of eyes might watch her. She did not stay long; she wanted solitude; wanted to be where there was no indication of human existence. It was easy to indulge the feeling. Just round a promontory nothing could be seen but the little bay and its beautiful wild coast. The tide was high, the day calm. She scrambled down into a cove where she and Augustine had often sat and talked. She remembered that the last time they were there together she had thought as she looked down into the clear placid depth, and watched the graceful sea-plants waving gently, as if they sought to prolong to the utmost their enjoyment of the delicious water, that it was no wonder weary wretches sprang into such places to end their woes. She had even said so to him, and he had shaken his head, and replied, "A bad thought, my sweet: depend upon it, suicide is the most atrocious of crimes,—don't try to throw any poetry over it."

And she had really wondered, and returned, "Now, I can't see that; I can see that it is horrible to take another's life, but one's own —"

"Is not one's own, my Jeanne, and taking it is the sin which puts repentance out of the sinner's power. See how that aggravates its wickedness."

Why did she think of this at that moment? she asked herself. Was it an impulse of grace beckoning her to the only safe course left? Return to Paris, candid avowal of her faults, meek submission to their consequences, commencement of a life in which gratification of vanity and worldly aggrandizement should not be principles of action. "It is not in me," her mind went on; "I cannot do it. I was born for pleasure, born to be admired, loved, worshipped; I am fit for nothing else, and all this is denied me,—there is no patient drudge in me." She took out the packet she had brought,—Augustine's letters to her, hers to him. She kissed his, read some of her own, torn them all as small as possible, and scattered them to the sea. She was cold; she got up and walked to and fro the little beach as fast as the shingle would let her. Then she thought she would like to look at St. Breaca's, and began to climb a high rock whence part of the town could be seen. She was near the summit when her foot slipped, and she fell

backwards. She shrieked with all her strength, and stretched out eager agonized hands. In vain! Her skull was fractured in her descent, and the sea received her a battered corpse.

Men in a distant fishing-vessel heard her last cry, wondered what it was, then supposed they had fancied it, but remembered it with terrible surmises when, three or four weeks later the county paper mentioned the finding of a woman's body some miles down the coast. It defied recognition, and was buried by the parish, after a verdict of "Found Drowned."

Jeanne had left a letter on her dressing-table, directed to Mr. Monsey, but placed under the looking-glass, in order that it might not be found too soon. She said:—

"DEAR MR. MONSEY, — I will not intrude longer on your hospitality. I enclose you a letter which will explain my intentions. When you have read it, will you have it posted? I cannot write it twice, and I want you to understand that you need not fear my troubling you any more. I will only ask you to order all that I have left in your house to be given to Suzanne. I remain yours truly,
"JEANNE ROYER."

The letter was directed,—"Madame Royer, Poste Restante," Paris. It ran as follows:—

"When you receive this, I shall be dead, and there will be no clew to me. I am ill, wretched, mad perhaps. Those women have forbidden me to return to them. I cannot stay in this house. Where shall I go? There is no place in the world for me. The good do not trust me; the bad do not want me. It is not easy to forgive you for being my mother; but I try to do so, for I believe that you have loved me. Farewell.

"JEANNE."

Mr. Monsey was not much surprised, — not shocked, but very uncomfortable during the succeeding fortnight, lest the unhappy girl's remains should be brought to his house.

Madame Royer had a fever, which reduced her to the gates of death; and after her recovery, devoted herself humbly to works of mercy.

Mrs. Secker and the Hoskinss grieved for Jeanne, as the thoughtful and feeling ought to grieve for one so pitifully wrecked.

It has been stated that even the most terrible husbands have soft moments. Mrs. Secker took advantage of such an interval, — with what object is not evident, — to represent to hers that had he been influenced by her, and avoided the Monseys, Augustine might be living and prosperous, and Jeanne Royer, differently circumstanced, might have turned out well. "But, my dear child," said she to Sophia, "it is really of no use whatever to talk to your father: he cannot, or will not see anything as any one else does. All I could get out of him was, 'Very logical indeed, Mrs. Secker. Upon my word, I congratulate you; your conclusions are so perfectly satisfactory to yourself. Now, for me, I confess humbly that whenever I meddle with cause and effect I get completely adrift.'"

DOMESTIC SERVICE ILLUSTRATED BY THE NOVELIST.

WHEN a certain advanced school of philosophy has had its way we shall hear no more of fidelity as a virtue. It will be gone out of fashion as a

half-developed canine phase of humanity. In the mean while, however, it is invaluable to the novelist, and will continue so to be as long as there is a craving in people to be loved and looked up to for something unearned and beside their merits. When once the gauge of desert comes in, the proudest and vainest has an inner qualm and shrinks back to another standard. We like to be convinced that there is something in us and about us, independent of our occasional lapses, that insures not only obedience but willing submission. It is pleasant to escape the penetrative scrutiny of equals by withdrawing into a region where our will is law, not only because it is strongest, but because it is ours, and therefore taken for granted, where we may repose upon a deference that accepts our definitions of right as unquestionable. It is this feeling that makes the portrait of a faithful servant always attractive. A sort of virtue is there depicted which is admirable in its self-denial, and at the same time makes no heavy demands on our own practice. No doubt the very nature of service implies the duty of some suppression of the critical faculty on the part of him who serves. The master may judge his man, where the man had best not judge his master. Blind loyalty, once the gentleman's fidelity, we may be said to have outgrown as a political virtue, but we still delight to see it portrayed as a domestic one. Hence, whenever fiction condescends to delineate service at all, to hold up examples of it for our admiration, it is in the exhibition of a blind, unreasoning fidelity.

Even comedy, the recognized form of satire on human folly and baseness, makes the servant — greedy and grasping as he is — take his view of life from his master, and run personal risks to serve him. But it is in the novel that we must look for the passion of fidelity set off by the humors which make delineations of our social inferiors so especially stimulating to self-esteem. It is in the novel that we may see how dear to the heart of man is the notion of being the object of an unreasoning, instinctive faithfulness. A hero is twice a hero with his inseparable follower, comic or tragic, whether that hero be Mr. Pickwick, with Sam Weller qualifying himself to be still his master's body servant in the Fleet, or old Caleb Balderstone starving and thieving for his master's credit in the bleak tower of Wolf's Crag. It only needs the vivid impersonation of a servitor so in love with service that he shall without effort, without thinking of sacrifice, have no private interests — or else, as a matter of course and without a struggle, make them give place to his master's — to excite in the reader's mind a very peculiar gratification. Old Orlando, who so well exemplified the constant service of the antique world when servants sweated for duty not for meed, did it without requiring a return, but looked forward to the time as simply inevitable

"When service should in my old limbs be lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown."

It is so recognized a feature of the conventional servitor to have no plans for the future, that it is made a trait in the venal crew of "High Life below Stairs" that one thinks himself sure of a place in the Customs, and a selfish couple look forward to keeping a public-house together. So entirely are we removed from inconvenient personal applications in these fancy pictures of self-devotion, that we expect as a matter of course that the master's interests should be always uppermost. The ideal retainer

need not be perfect; if his sins are committed for his chief, he finds us lenient judges. Everybody sympathizes with the "savage fidelity" of Elspeth of the Craighurnfoot, in which she found a stern and stubborn satisfaction. "No man in old time parted frae his chief for love of gold or of gain, or of right or of wrang." She had served the head of Glenallan as she was required to serve her. "None shall say I betrayed my mistress, though it were to save my soul."

A thoroughgoing popular novel constantly owes its popularity to the relation between master and servant. What would Robinson Crusoe be without his man Friday? What would Sterne's Uncle Toby be apart from Corporal Trim, his master's humble double, — nurse, dog, and confidant in one, — with always a thought between them: —

"Trim! said my Uncle Toby after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs, — Trim came in front of his master and made his bow, — my Uncle Toby smoked on and said no more. Corporal! said my Uncle Toby, — the Corporal made his bow, — my Uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe. Trim! said my Uncle Toby, I have a project in my head."

For our part it would be a bore to have to wait upon the slow smoky workings of another man's brain, but Trim is supposed to like it. The whole fits in with the ideal much better than if Trim had had even the most retiring, modest interests of his own, which could not fail to make indefinite suspense on his master's cogitations irksome. Sam Weller is for the same reason one of the most popular of modern creations; his wit would not tell half as much without his exuberant and jealous fidelity: —

"I could serve that gentleman till I fell down dead," says the repentant Job. "I say," said Sam, "I'll trouble you, my friend — none o' that. None o' that, I say, young feller. No one serves him but me."

And when Mr. Pickwick wants to settle him in life with his Mary, not even love offers a moment's temptation: —

"If you want a more polished sort o' feller, well and good, — have him; but vages or no vages, notice or no notice, board or no board, lodgin' or no lodgin', Sam Weller as you took from the old inn in the Borough sticks to you come what come may; and let everythin' and everybody do their very fiercest, nothin' shall ever perwent it."

All this, though not according to our experience, sounds an excellent recipe for making life easy, and is appreciated accordingly.

Scott delights in portraying the manners of domestic service. He does not often venture to attribute to a fellow-countryman an absolute deadness to personal considerations, but he does not care to paint an unfaithful servant; and he had a power in himself of creating strong attachments in those who served him, which justified his portraits. The astute Cuddie throws himself into the lion's very clutches when with blundering gallantry he seeks the aid of Claverhouse and his dragoons for his master in the hands of fanatics. The incomparable Jenny will run more hazards for her mistress's sake than for her own. Richie Moniplies, pragmatical as he is, is profuse of his newly gained wealth in his master's service, as well as faithful under difficulties; and even the self-seeker Andrew Fair-service waits with real zeal on his rescued young master in that funereal "stand o' claes" which he

had thought fit to order on his supposed death. The antiquary, to be sure, has an unfavorable experience to report which influences his view of the question: —

"Why did the boy Tam Rintherout, whom at my wise sister's instigation I, with equal wisdom, took upon trial, — why did he pilfer apples, take birds'-nests, break glasses, and ultimately steal my spectacles, except that he felt that noble emulation which swells in the bosom of the masculine sex, which has conducted him to Flanders with a musket on his shoulders, and doubtless will promote him to a glorious halberd, or even to the gallows; and why does this girl, his full sister, Jenny Rintherout, move in the same vocation with safe and noiseless step, shod or unshod, soft as the paw of a cat, and docile as a spaniel? Why? But because she is in her vocation."

This might seem to degrade the virtue of which we speak in quite a modern spirit, but that we are informed economical considerations prejudiced the speaker; and besides, all boys occupy a distinct place in fiction. The boy is universally thrown over, and is quite the reverse of the father and the man. Even Bailey Junior has no attachments, but transfers himself from mistress to master solely for his own pleasure.

It is interesting to observe how fascinating this absolute disregard of personal interests, which we understand by "fidelity," is to American writers. The New England help knows nothing of it of course, and never will. The best white servant there avowedly considers her own convenience and prospects first, and will leave her employer at any pinch when her end is served; but fiction has the negro, — has had, we should rather say, — in whom to personify an entire self-abnegation. Old Tiff, one of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's best characters, though not quite so familiar to English readers as Uncle Tom, has no private feelings of pleasure, pain, or pride. It is impossible to please or hurt him in his own person. He lives in the consequence of the "Peytons, one of the fustest families in Old Virginny," to whom he had belonged; he has no sensitiveness that is not connected with them; he works and slaves for their descendants, and teaches their children manners by setting himself up as a scarecrow and warning; and we should feel it quite a falling off if he expected even thanks in return for this wholesale self-dedication. Mr. Wendell Holmes has a picturesque old negress of the same type, granddaughter of a cannibal chief, who worships with soul, body, and instinct the mysterious Elsie Venner, living in her movements, watching her night and day with lynx-like observance, and dying on her grave, as part of her duty, when her task was done. In contrast with this self-annihilation the same story gives us in Abel a respectable representative of the New England "hired man," who, having sold his time to the doctor, took care to fulfil his half of the bargain, but could never stand the word "servant," or consider himself the inferior of the "high contracting parties," making up his mind to dismiss the old gentleman (his master) if he did not behave himself.

There is a sympathy between this view of the subject and that taken by the disciples of progress amongst ourselves. With them the virtue of fidelity takes but a low stand; subservience to one person being supposed to dilute to nothing the sense of duty we owe to society at large, whether that one be husband or master. The author of "Felix

Holt" gives us an unsympathizing but very clever analysis of a retainer's fidelity in Denner, the miserable Mrs. Transome's devoted servant; one of those "faithful creatures" whom the aristocracy of mankind find so useful to their needs:—

"The physical contrast between the tall, eagle-faced, dark-eyed lady and the little peering waiting-woman, who had been round-featured and of pale mealy complexion from her youth up, had doubtless had a strong influence in determining Denner's feeling towards her mistress, which was of that worshipful sort paid to a goddess when it was not thought necessary or likely that a goddess should be very moral. There were different orders of beings,—so ran Denner's creed,—and she belonged to another order than that to which her mistress belonged. She had a mind as sharp as a needle, and would have seen through and through the ridiculous pretensions of a born servant who did not submissively accept the rigid fate which had given her born superiors. Denner identified her own dignity with that of her mistress. She was a hard-headed godless little woman, but with a character to be reckoned on as you reckon on the qualities of iron."

The same almost animal inferiority of nature makes Harold Transome's Dominic in this story the valuable servant he is:—

"O, he is one of those wonderful Southern fellows that make one's life easy. He's of no country in particular. I don't know whether he's most of a Jew or Greek, or Italian or Spaniard. He speaks five or six languages, one as well as another. He's cook, valet, major-domo, and secretary, all in one; and what's more he's an affectionate fellow. I can trust to his attachment."

We can understand how all this must offend the advocate of progress, to whom such a one is a "creature," as that word used to be applied by historians,—a thing rather than a man,—a civilized, modernized edition of Front de Bœuf's Saracens, who knew no will or conscience but their master's, and had no choice in executing his behests, whatever these might be. In fact, it may be observed that domestic service is represented in favorable colors or otherwise according to the political and moral leanings of the writer. If we recollect rightly, Miss Edgeworth and her school, representing the new lights of their day, are all hard upon servants as a low, venal, corrupting, and corruptible race. It is their aim to separate the young from all intercourse with them. Rousseau was for doing without them altogether. Men were to be waited on by their wives; they were to have no other dependants. People who resented all this flying in the face of social order exalted service on principle as a nursery of the humbler virtues. An authoress of high aims amongst ourselves, whose stories are largely accepted by readers who like a strong infusion of moral in their fiction, has actually made one of her heroines descend to it from no other necessity than the call of friendship. She is the daughter of a leading tradesman and the humble friend of a lady of rank, and for the sake of serving her friend more effectively she renounces her home for the society of ladies'-maids and butlers; she takes her seat in the rumble and frequents the back stairs, and gets into and surmounts the difficulties incident to such places and scenes.

Mr. Trollope has some good servants among his characters. He makes them faithful, for he always likes to make his readers comfortable, which the mere picture of a good servant tends to do; but be-

ing a realist, he keeps their good qualities down to a natural standard, and by no means supposes them indifferent to their names being down in their mistress's will for a reasonable legacy. We may say the same of Mrs. Gaskell, who has some lively portraits of the faithful type, not to be forgotten. The mode of treating or avoiding this subject constitutes a marked distinction between novelist and novelist. It occupied Thackeray's mind rather as a humorist than a novelist. His "Jeames" of the "Diary" is like nothing else either in nature or art, and his ballad of the nefarious butler is founded on fact. Miss Austen never attempts to portray character out of her own sphere. Richardson does not do much in this way; we recall that her malicious sister's maid is one of Clarissa's early trials, but with him the servant is invariably the reflection of the master's temper and the obedient instrument of his will. In fact, independence in this relation is, wherever we find it, a sign of modern ideas.

GUSTAVE DORÉ AT HOME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

M. TAINE said of Alfred de Musset, "He had the most precious of gifts for captivating an aged civilization,—youth." In Doré, also, this is the captivating quality. He is of his time, and in the van of the time. A strong, valiant, independent, alert mind; sharp in resolution, intensely clear and bright in vision, and wide in range. The appearance of the man is in complete harmony with his function and his force. He has the boyish brightness of face which is so often found to be the glowing mask of genius. The quick and subtly-searching eye; the proud, handsome lip; the upward throw of the massive head; and the atmosphere encompassing all,—an atmosphere that vibrates abnormally,—proclaim an uncommon presence. The value of his work apart, he is a remarkable figure of his time. He has that universality of desire, in intellectual matters, which is the distinguishing character of present mental activity. No man can have a moderately just idea of Gustave Doré who estimates him only for his executive art skill. The range of his subjects, and the speculative audacity of treatment which he shows in fervid searches after true interpretation, announce a mind that probes before it expresses itself. A critic, who visited the exhibition of his pictures in Bond Street, and, pausing before his head of his beloved friend Rossini, in death, observed that "one does n't bewail the loss of a friend, and then turn a shilling by the exhibition of his death mask," showed in his few coarse lines that he was incapable of understanding the master whose years of labor he described collectively as—trash. Such a writer is of too coarse a grain to feel the fine vibrations of a nature like that which responds generously to every enthusiasm, and glows when a new fact in science is reached, as brightly as when a Rossini creates, and a poet wakes his lyre. The reverence of Gustave Doré for the memory of the illustrious maestro can be understood in its entirety and thorough genuineness, only by those who have heard him play as well as seen him paint, and been with him at a table in a mixed society of his celebrated contemporaries. If ever a man obeyed the laureate's lesson to the author of the "New Timon," by resting heart and soul in art, and all that pertains to art in its highest and widest province; that glory belongs to the greatly gifted boy who, in

his teens, took up the page of Rabelais, and showed a pictorial genius with grasp and variety enough even in its young day, to apprehend every grief, and turn, and subtlety, and humor of his glorious countryman. The outside world has been busy — zealously misinformed by critics of the grain and knowledge of the writer I have quoted — with gossip on Doré's fecundity. The secret of the produce is the prodigious strength for work of the cultivator. Sovereigns, and princes, and statesmen, making a turn in Europe, take Doré's studio, in the Rue Bayard, as one of the places of interest which the cultivated man must visit. And it is, indeed, a noble temple, lifted out of the earth by the prodigious labor of the patient and passionate lover and priest of art, who toils the day through, under its massive beams and broad-spreading top-lights.

But I can go back many years, hand in hand with the architect; and respect him the more for the travel. *Chez Doré*, we are now in the splendid comfort for work, which the successful man who remains a true man, loves to put about his labor. But suppose we turn back the records of fifteen years, and light upon the young artist who has just finished his *Wandering Jew*! I may observe, by the way, that a popular publishing firm have, with much ado, proclaimed themselves as the first introducers of Doré to the English public; the fact being that, fifteen years ago, when I was in the habit of seeing the artist at work upon the great blocks of the *Wandering Jew*, I suggested that it should be published by an English firm as well as by Michel Levy Frères; and it was accordingly issued by Messrs. Addey & Co. as a Christmas book, the plates being carefully printed in Paris. The rich imagination which conceived the visions, and the cunning hand that wrought them and fixed them upon paper, awoke that interest in the young illustrator of Rabelais, which has increased among unprejudiced English connoisseurs year by year, and which gave that solid basis of popularity by which Doré's enterprising English publishers of late years have profited.

When the *Wandering Jew* went forth to the world from the Rue Vivienne, the artist was struggling against enemies in the Academy and elsewhere, who would not rest in their malignity, and derided the genius that was not cut to their ancient pattern, as the romantic school were mocked and refused honors when Hugo, Lamartine, De Musset, and Theophile Gautier, and the rest, alive to the warmth as well as the light of the sun (just the distinction, it occurs to me, between the so-called romantic and classical schools), were threatened with intellectual death under the lash of Viennet, and other contemporary wearers of classical staves.

In the young artist, whose work for the publishers was the solid fulcrum by which the painter was to raise himself presently, there was the lion heart, the confidence which is inseparable from real power, and the broad intellectual range. The nature of the gifted man was liberal in its proneness to absorb knowledge, and to profit by every aptitude for gathering that which is beautiful in life and nature. The eye was ever gypsying on the mountain or in the valley; the ear was absorbed by the witcheries and grandeur of music; and the speculative mind was hastening always from point to point of the glittering intellectual horizon. The general man must be understood, before the special form in which he is impelled to express himself to the world can be wholly comprehended and accounted for.

In Doré, that which is most respectable, I will even say venerable, is the quality for which no credit has been given to him. The world has been taught to accept for sleight of hand that exquisite easy skill which is the growth of laborious hours passed in the earliest gray lights of mornings; when holiday, and much of working, Paris, was still under the *édredon*! It was in the early working days I first knew him, when he was drawing hard in the morning, at home, and spending his afternoons in his studio in the Latin quarter, — painting against the unfriendly present, for the future. The delightful pictures of the field flowers and grasses which are among the gems Doré has brought to London this summer, are but perfect presentments of patient and familiar interviews with nature held fifteen years ago. The foolish, ill-directed spectator sees the labor of a few hours consummated by a swift hand; whereas he should recognize the fruit, slowly ripened, of a noble life passed in art. The artist is still the student, taking the pleasures of the world soberly, and pushing them sternly away when they threaten to infringe on the holy part of life, — that in which every good man works.

I met Doré at an Embassy ball last autumn, gay in the midst of the soft light and softer laughter, and full of ceaseless talk. He broke away suddenly, seeing the early morning hour, saying, "I must to bed. Three hours are barely rest enough for a worker!" The time was something under 3 A. M.

There is work in the pleasure, there is study in the street. We were driving through Windsor Park last summer, and Doré's eyes covered the landscapes as they were unfolded before us, but he made no note, great as his delight was in the grandest of parks. A lady asked whether he would not like to stop at some of the points, and make some sketches.

"No, no," he said, never taking his eyes off the scenery; "I've a fair quantity of collodion in my head."

When we were at Bologne together in 1855, to see the disembarkation of the queen, Doré intently watched the leading points of the great ceremonial, and by way of fixing a few matters of detail in his memory, made some hasty pencil marks in a tiny book he carried in his waistcoat pocket. This power of fixing a scene in the memory correctly belongs to the student who has been true and constant to nature. Just as Houdin so educated his son's observation as to impress every article in a toyshop window upon his memory at a glance; so the student whose training has the grandest object — that of giving enduring forms to beauty — acquires the power of eliminating his material from a confused scene, through which he is fleetly travelling. But only the artist who honestly lives in art obtains complete power over art material, and thorough command of beauty hidden to the common world, in all kinds of out-of-the-way places. I have often heard sympathetic students of Doré's genius notice the head and tail pieces of his *Don Quixote*, as exquisite bits of observation rendered in masterly sketches. The village scraps are racy stories told with a stroke or two of the pencil. A touch of the brush plumps you in Seville. Let those conscientious dwellers on an artist's work, who love to get on terms of familiarity with his genius, and to mark all the richness of its by-play, turn from *Don Quixote* to a less known series of illustrations by the same thinker and observer with his pencil.

I remember running through some twenty num-

bers of the *Tour du Monde*, one morning in the Rue Bayard, having found them lying about the studio. Doré's Spanish pencillings, by the way, were scattered through the pages. The variety of interest in the subjects was the most striking characteristic of the series. The artist had caught every phase of life, — from the palace, in the fierce light and heat, to the dusky poor-house gate, and the beggars' haunts by the church doors. He touched upon each incident and peculiarity of interest, as he carelessly turned the pages with the paper-knife, cutting as he went. The man had been thinking, while the artist had been taking in local form and color. Here was the work of the artist of broad sympathies, of constant speculation, the beloved of men of all the arts. For that which distinguishes Doré, *chez lui*, is the art atmosphere in which his pleasures take their rise. In the spacious *salon* of the Faubourg St. Germain, covered with his work, is a little world of art. The professor of science, the man of letters, the gifted songstress, the physician, the composer, the actor, make up the throng; and the amusements are music and discourse of things which are animating the centres of intellect.

A happier and nobler picture than this handsome square *salon*, alive with the artist's friends, each one specially gifted, and with the painter-musician in the centre, dreamily talking of some passing incident of scientific interest, with his fingers wandering listlessly over the strings of his violin, could not be — of success turned to worthy ends. The painter has been through a very hard day's toil. You have only to open a door beyond the *salle-à-manger* to light upon a workroom packed with blocks and proofs, pencils and tints and sketches. A long morning here, followed by a laborious afternoon in the Rue Bayard, have earned the learned leisure among intellectual kindred upon this common ground of art, where all bring something to the picnic. Frolic fancy is plentiful. Old friends are greeted with a warmth we formal people cannot understand. The world-famous man is *mon cher Gustave*, with proud motherly eyes beaming upon him, and crowds of the old familiars of childhood with affectionate hands upon his shoulders. Dinner is accompanied by bright, wise, unconstrained talk; coffee and cigars in the lofty *saloon*; and music and laughter, the professor parleying with the poet, the song-bird with the man of science!

I make no vulgar intrusion upon Gustave Doré, gentleman. I but pursue my theme from its starting-point, insisting that the artist is astonishingly various in subject, because his mind sweeps greedily through the various spheres of intellect of his day, and he is active over a broad surface. Also, that he has much work to show, because he is an insatiable worker, and cannot get out of his art. Such art-atmosphere as that in which Doré passes his life is not in England; for the sufficient reason that the standard of the admirable is, with us, falsified, and people, become great, affect fashion with the idle and the wealthy. In France, men of letters, professors of science, physicians, composers, make together an aristocracy that is as exclusive as birth and fashion are in London. The duke goes to Doré, and is proud and privileged to go! Crowns and coronets jostled upon Rossini's staircase in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and in no sense to patronize the maestro's maccaroni. The corps diplomatique is proud to repair to the *salons* of the regular authors in the *Champs Élysées*. I was

reading a few days ago that the Emperor added some of his illustrious subjects to the banquet he gave his new deputies; among these, Gustave Doré.

I doubt whether our narrow circle could produce a Gustave Doré. Certainly there is no want of jealousies and heart-burnings in the literary *salons* and the *ateliers* of Paris; but there is in them an art-atmosphere which we have not got in London. In Paris there are crowds of authors and artists who live wholly in their vocation, who delight in it and want nothing out of it, and to whom it brings glory in the shape of respect from all classes of their countrymen. The very servant who dusts the scholar's books reverences the learning of his master. The artist's servant, waiting upon him, is happy in the light of his genius, and associates his humble self with the splendor which shines from the easel. This intelligence, beaming around, above, and below him, is favorable to the full and happy development of the creative powers. The artist knows that all he can produce will be understood and loved. Take the difference of direction by which the English critic and the French approach to judge.

The English critic has a few favorites, and many aversions. Mr. Ruskin is intensely English. Vain of his intellect and flash, he endeavors to force his opinion upon his readers by the brilliancy of the clothing in which he presents it. He will not see beauty many ways, and in many things. His imagination is obstinate. Beyond a sharply marked circle it never travels. He has dull imitators by the score, who dwell in coteries, and adopt a little school, and put a single painter of their acquaintance under the wing of their goose-quills. He, and he alone, is to fall under the beaming eyes of posterity. All else, in the way of contemporary art, is trash. This narrowness and false-sight may be safely said to be the effect of the art life of England, which is split up, devoid of broad sympathies, in spirit mean and vain.

Such an atmosphere is too thin for the robust lungs of the painter and pictorial poet, who can, in his light moments, throw off amusing caricatures (I take a page from my portfolio, caught when we were at Boulogne, over an after-dinner conversation and a cigar); who could plan a noble art life from his first difficult moments in obscurity, and keep steady on the giddy way through the flaming passages which lead to the temple. He must be nurtured in a whole race of artists, of all conceivable developments; in the country which shows lovers of art in blouses; that casts its *salon* gates wide open — free and genial as the south wind; and that can strew through a *Palais de L'Industrie*, such industrial learning and taste and skill as may now be seen in the *Champs Élysées*. In France, the servant who sweeps the atelier floor, I repeat, reverences the man who works upon it. The respect to the artist is not grudging, nor confined to a coterie. The vocation is respectable. We could have nothing in England, unfortunately, equivalent to the *Quartier Latin* of Paris; because we have not the general art-spirit which creates a youth full of lofty enterprise in intellectual spheres, and that will see the admirable only in the gifts of Nature.

It is the fashion — in which there is something of wicked design, I am inclined to think — to dwell on the fertility of Gustave Doré. I return to this point. His art inferiors would fain have the public believe that the power which comes of

patience, is the slap-dash work of a gifted, uncultivated, careless, and greedy man, with an eye fixed on the market for his works. The truth lies in an opposite direction, as I have already observed; but this I should add,—the pictorial-poet (for Doré adds to those poets at whose fires he lights his imagination) and the painter, who illustrates at the call of publishers that he may be able to paint according to the free bent of his ambition, is a prolific illustrator, but a slow and conscientious artist.* Observe the care with which he prepared himself for the glory that is only now coming to him. For two years he pursued the anatomical courses at a Paris hospital, and dissected with the rest of the students, until he knew every muscle and articulation of the human frame, and could see, in his mind's eye, all the harmonies of motion in distant points of the frame which follow the movement of a limb. Similarly, he lay in the long grasses on summer days, and marked the intimacies of the great nature which he loved. He has travelled far and wide,—always, as he happily expressed it, on our Windsor expedition,—with plenty of collodion in his head. On the bridle-roads of Spain he has gathered rich stores of the picturesque. And, lately, in the highways and by-ways of London he has been an intrepid wanderer, as the world will know shortly. He can tell you scores of anecdotes of his travels up mountains, and of hair-breadth escapes. He is familiar with the old dens of the Montagne St. Geneviève; and we have been together among the opium-eaters of Whitechapel, in the penny gaff, and in the thieves' kitchens and bedrooms of the East End of London.

How many artists prospect so far as this, and with courage, and all-encompassing liberality, see art everywhere, and express it by any known vehicle? The men who narrow their realm to the pigsty and the poultry-yard resent the universality of their brother as an invasion of a series of specialties. The flower-painter is in high dudgeon because the creator of the "Neophyte" presumes to reproduce the glories of a hedgerow. He is denounced as an *accapareur*; the fact being that he is much *plus* the artist, as ordinary men understand the painter of pictures.

A man may have fine executive skill, be unsurpassed at the lights and shades of a satin dress, and, within his range, a faithful lens, casting a scrap of nature, a corner, upon a panel. And yet he shall not be an artist, in the highest sense and power of the vocation. The special men are the sworn enemies of the Dorés, as the trader in a single article is of the general dealer. It is the very width of his range which has raised the host of the artist's enemies. He has travelled over a continent, and has stirred a score of hostile tribes,—who, individually, are to him what the tinker is to the architect. The sharpness of the hostility proclaims the doughty force of the knight who is in the field. I have not the slightest doubt that when, in the flush of his youth, Doré climbed to the cock crowning the steeple of St. Ouen, at Rouen, and descended by the lightning conductor, he moved the wrath of the professional steeple-climber, who said, "This is an invasion of my special territory."

In a society like ours, it is almost impossible for the universal observer to escape the condemnation of the special man. It is freely conceded that Doré

is a remarkable illustrator, on the condition that he is admitted to be no painter; as though the hand that wrought the terrors of Dante and the beauties of Elaine could be other than that of a painter of the highest order. Doré has made mistakes with his brush (his Baden picture was one of them, albeit there were splendid passages in it), and his color is open, on many occasions, to fair condemnation; but it is only the pettiness of jealousy, born of knowledge as limited as that purveyed at a dame's village school, which can collect these errors, and be unrighteous enough to put them before the beauty of such a picture as the "Neophyte" or the "Francesca de Rimini." Critics of this mind, meeting an antagonist after the fight, would befriend him by covering up his uninjured eye, and leaving the blackened one exposed. Severe men may be just occasionally; but the rule is otherwise. When a critic surveys the works of a man of the calibre of Gustave Doré, and after singling out one picture, tells his readers that the rest are "trash," he proves that the journal through which he speaks to the outside world, in search of an anatomist has found a slaughterman.

French art-criticism is open to censure on more than one ground, and none of our time have suffered under its tyranny more than the subject of this paper. It has a vicious tendency to be, in a literary sense, brilliant at the cost of truth. This vice was conspicuous throughout the sprightly volume in which M. Edmond About reviewed modern art, in 1855. Among the lesser critics who are employed to make the *salon* the basis of an amusing series of articles,— "point" is the sole aim; the writer has not the qualities necessary to the judge. He is not wanted for his judgment, but for his *mechanceté*. His criticism is not worth that comprehended in the series of *charges* which Cham is wont to publish. The caricaturist gets his effects by exaggerating defects or weaknesses or peculiarities which are neither; but the sportive writer on art fetches blood, and the applause which he gets is bestowed in the spirit which raises the bravos of the matador's admirers. But we show ill-nature equal to any sarcasm,—without the point. Our instrument is blunt, and depends, for wounding, on its weight. When an artist comes under it, pretending to do more than one thing, to make a fine appearance in more than one field of art, it bruises him with its heaviest blows. It having become settled in the common mind that a man can be only one-sided, he who advances showing two sides is set upon, as an intolerably vain man, who must be belabored until he elects the one side he will show henceforth. Thus Doré is a fine illustrator, and, no painter, albeit the producer of the "Neophyte," a dozen Spanish pieces equal in glow and depth and truth to Phillip, and a score of noble landscapes,— the finest, the latest, exhibited in the Saloon of Honor of this year's National Exhibition! The passing critic, with his settled idea (a false one) and his own pet painter under his wing, refuses to hear anything about the new painter's purpose, and the method of his life. This unfairness appears most monstrous to those who have the closest knowledge of the victim of it.

I resume my starting-point, to conclude. Gustave Doré remains to be studied by his contemporaries in his intellectual entirety. His range of travel in art is wide, because his sympathies are generous beyond artificial political frontiers; and he passes from scene to scene, from race to race, from realm

* At this date Gustave Doré has painted only sixty-two pictures, great and small; not one tenth the number some of his contemporaries can count.

to realm, storing his treasure as he goes. No man could have a more abiding reverence for every form of progress. He will pass an evening discussing anatomy and physiology with doctors. Recreation takes always, with him, Mr. Gladstone's splendid definition of it. He rests from art, in the domains of harmony and melody. He takes the lower, or less ambitious, walks of his profession, that he may get the strength and means to climb to the highest range; so that the snow shall fall upon him as upon the mountains he has hugged so often, at his highest. It has been with an impatience difficult to master that the companions of an art life of this chivalrous quality, have read the unhandsome and incompetent criticism to which Doré has been subjected, in one or two directions, in this country. If this criticism have wounded, it is because the highest intellectual aptitudes abide only with the most sensitive natures. The delights of the imagination are paid for by nervous pangs, which the mass can never understand.

The man of genius who has submitted to the lesser forms of his art, that he may gain the power to climb to its empyrean, has that intrepid patience by which—to quote the Persian proverb—the mulberry leaf is wrought into satin.

A DRIFTING STAR.

Few of the statements made by Professor Stokes in the address with which he opened the recent meeting of the British Association attracted more attention than the assertion that Sirius is receding from the earth at the rate of nearly thirty miles in every second of time. Amazing as the fact is, it was not the fact that attracted so much attention; for even such a tremendous rate of motion is no uncommon attribute of the orbs which deck our skies. Astronomers have shown that our own sun sweeps ever onward through space with a velocity altogether inconceivable by us. Our own earth speeds around its central luminary with a velocity of more than eighteen miles per second. Even minute bodies like the meteors which flash in momentary splendor across the heavens, and then vanish forever, have a velocity of motion almost equal to that with which the stately orb of Sirius courses onwards through space. It was not, then, the enormous velocity ascribed to the fiery Dog Star that attracted men's notice. The wonder was how astronomers could measure the motion with which the star is rushing from us. Knowing that, vast as is the velocity of its motion, countless ages must pass before the star could seem to be diminished in splendor through its recession, it seemed indeed an amazing thing that any process we can apply could tell us anything respecting a motion whose primary effect is absolutely inappreciable.

As the time is approaching when the same method which has revealed to us the recession of Sirius is to be applied with increased instrumental powers under the able management of our leading spectroscopist, it may interest many to learn something of the strange mode of inquiry which can deal successfully with a problem of so much difficulty. Already the new telescope is approaching completion, and before long a series of questions which Mr. Huggins had found beyond the powers of his 8½-inch telescope will be solved by means of the increased powers now placed at his disposal.

The new mode of estimating the stellar motions is in reality sufficiently simple, though the principle

on which it depends is the result of a long series of labors by the most eminent physicists of the age. We must conceive our earth as placed within a wave-tossed ocean extending on every side into infinite space. The waves which traverse this ocean are the minute light waves and heat waves and chemical waves which every celestial orb is ever generating. Transmitted through the ethereal ocean with a velocity altogether inconceivable by us, these waves not only generate a myriad forms of force and motion, but tell us all that we can learn about the habitudes of the celestial bodies. Our earth is a part of the shore of the infinite ethereal ocean, and the waves which roll upon that shore bring from beyond the ever-tossing ocean waifs and strays of knowledge, which our astronomers are busily piecing together,—waif by waif, and stray by stray,—until a noble structure is rising under their hands, built though it be of the mere sand and shells brought to us by the ethereal waves that lave our shores.

Like the waves of our own seas, those which traverse the ethereal ocean of space are of unequal dimensions. From the long heat-waves which Tyndall has termed the rollers of the great ether ocean, to the billows of the light-waves, and so to the tiny ripples of the actinic waves, we have every gradation of length. But there is this peculiarity in the waves that come to us from any particular star, that while the same gradations of length are observed, waves of a certain definite length are wanting. Still, comparing ethereal with sea-waves, it is as though the waves which travelled to our sea-coast before some particular wind had nearly every length, from that of the roller to that of the ripple, but that waves exactly ten feet from crest to crest, and waves of exactly certain other lengths, were invariably found to be wanting.

Now, let us conceive of our earth as a ship in the vast ocean of space, and no longer as a fixed part of that ocean's shore-line. As a ship speeds over a wave-tossed ocean, there is an obvious apparent change in the length of the waves she crosses. If she is meeting a long series of rollers, for instance, she crosses them more quickly (that is, more pass her in a given time) than if she were at anchor; and if she is moving in the same direction as the rollers, fewer pass her in a given time, and if those on board of her were not aware of her motion, they would think the rollers narrower or wider than they are in reality in the respective cases mentioned.

Supposing, however, that such a crew had some exact method of measuring the apparent length of the rollers and billows which passed under them, and that they knew beforehand that waves exactly ten feet long were wanting in the sea they were traversing, then they would be able to tell whether their ship was moving or not, and in what direction. For instead of waves of ten feet in length being absent, waves of exactly nine feet in length might seem to be wanting; and then they would know that these were in reality the ten-foot waves, only that their ship's motion had reduced them to nine feet. So they would know that they were travelling one tenth as fast as the sea-waves and meeting them. And if waves of eleven feet in length seemed to be wanting, they would know that their ship was travelling one tenth as fast as the sea waves and in the same direction.

One more illustration, and we shall be ready to show how certainly astronomers have become assured of the recession of Sirius. Suppose the reason why waves of all, save certain definite lengths,

came from a particular direction, was that a number of buoys lying far away in that direction were tossing, each with its own rhythmic motion, only that no buoys were tossing with the motion which would supply certain definite waves. Then it is perfectly clear that if the fleet of buoys were suddenly to begin to move away from or towards the shore, a change would take place in the length of every order of waves. A tossing buoy, for example, which was generating a twenty-feet wave, would generate a longer wave when travelling quickly away. When it was at its highest it would mark the crest of a wave, and when next at its highest that crest would be twenty feet away if the buoy had not travelled, but if the buoy had travelled a foot in the interval the crest would be twenty-one feet away, and all the waves generated by the buoy would be twenty-one feet from crest to crest. This being true (*mutatis mutandis*) for all the buoys, instead of ten-feet waves being wanting (say), there would now be no eleven-feet waves. On the other hand, if the fleet of buoys were approaching the shore at a similar rate, there would be no nine-feet waves. Thus in every case a motion of approach is indicated by the shortening of wave lengths, a motion of recession by the reverse.

Now, the waves which Sirius sends across the ethereal ocean are of all, except certain lengths; and our physicists have recognized the missing waves as corresponding to those which certain known gases have the power of absorbing. When we look at the spectrum of Sirius, we see the waves of different orders separately, and we see the gaps distinctly marked. These gaps ought to correspond to the places where waves of a certain length should fall. But if Sirius is not at rest there will not be this exact correspondence. Now, fortunately, we can tell whether this is the case or not. We can cause the light from the very vapor which is absorbing certain of the light waves of Sirius to produce a bright-line spectrum side by side with the spectrum of Sirius; and the fundamental principle of spectroscopic analysis teaches that the bright lines should correspond with the dark gaps in the star's spectrum. If not, it must be because the recession or approach of the star is lengthening or shortening all its light waves, and so displacing the dark gap.

Now, when the spectrum of Sirius is thus compared with the spectrum of hydrogen it is found there is not that exact correspondence which was to have been looked for if the star were at rest. The dark absorption-line of hydrogen in the star's spectrum is shifted in a direction indicating that the wave lengths have been increased. In other words, it is found that the star must be receding from us. The indication is one of extreme delicacy, however, and nothing but the enormous velocity with which the star is really travelling away from us would have sufficed to render the motion accessible with the instrumental means applied by Mr. Huggins. Now that he is to be placed in possession of improved optical appliances we may hope for information respecting the motions of many other stars. The knowledge thus acquired cannot but have an important bearing on the theories which we are to form respecting the sidereal spaces. Hitherto we have been forced to be content with the measurement of those apparent motions which our telescopists have been able to detect. Ignorant of the stars' distances, we could form but the vaguest notion of the true significance of these movements. Now, how-

ever, we have a mode of measurement which tells us of the actual velocity of stellar motions, and will thus enable us to form much clearer conceptions than we have yet been able to obtain respecting the grand processes of cosmical evolution which are in progress around us.

OUR ARTIST IN WINDOWS.

I.

How we first came to go to the glass-staining factory I hardly remember. Some one mentioned the place, and then some one else mentioned it again with a word of interest. Then a new window was put in our church, bearing a wonderfully quaint and sweet design of the Saviour as a child. Our senior warden had seen the original drawing at the factory. Suddenly Cecile seemed seized with the greatest desire to visit the works: she said it was a shame, when there was a place of such importance in the town, that we should know nothing about it. After that, Jo read an article somewhere on mediæval architecture and saints, which made her feel interested too; so at last it happened, without any special thought on my part, that one afternoon we stood hesitating before the half-open factory door.

"Shall we enter?" I asked, feeling for the moment a strange reluctance.

"O yes, Miss Burney," said Cecile, in her languid, decisive way; "we will go on now, no matter what it costs." And lifting her hand she knocked at the door.

One of the workmen turned and bade us enter. We told him our errand; and, as there was no proprietor or foreman present, he offered with rude courtesy to explain things to us a little. This was a busy room; the men in it were cutting glass into all sorts of shapes that could be used,—rounds and arches, circles, diamonds, and parallelograms. Our guide explained to us that these, after they were stained and the colors burnt in, would be fastened together with slender links of metal, and so composed into windows. Then he led us to the more intricate department, where skilful workmen were transferring the outlines of ecclesiastical designs to these shapes of glass, and laying on the colors which were next to be made fast by fire. After that we visited the kiln or oven, glowing with perpetual heat. Jo asked a great many questions, which the man obligingly answered, and at last, spying a heap of broken glass in a corner, she stooped down to it, and began to examine the pieces.

"May I have some of these bits?" she asked, eagerly, holding up a deep blue one, and looking through it at the sun.

"Certainly," said the man, smiling; "take as many as you please. The children often come to ask for them, but young ladies seldom care for such things."

"O, I think they are lovely!" cried Jo, with enthusiasm; and she gathered up fragments of purple and crimson, and intense azure.

I heard a window-shutter open, and our guide glanced upwards.

"But," said Cecile's soft voice, "where do you get your first designs for your pictures on glass? Are those also done in the factory?"

"Yes, miss," answered the workman; "we have our own artist. He makes the designs in a room up stairs. He is the best we ever had."

The man spoke warmly, as if he felt a personal friendship for the artist.

"Might we not visit his room?" asked Cecile, in a persistent sort of way. "Will he think it an intrusion?"

Our guide glanced upwards again. Jo, unheeding our talk, was just holding up to the light a broken diamond she had found, with a yellow oak-leaf on it.

"I think we may venture to try," said our guide, cheerfully; "though he does not often receive visitors."

So we called Jo, and then all went into the building, groping one by one up a dark flight of stairs. Cecile made me walk first, as being chaperon, but I hardly realized where we were ascending, or why. At the landing, our guide paused and knocked, then, opening the door ushered us in, and withdrew.

The room was large and light. From a sort of confusion of things by the window, a young man came to meet us, with a pleasant welcome in his face and voice, as he asked in what way he could serve us.

He wore a blue jacket, which gave him a sailor-like air, and his hair was tumbled, as if he had been running his fingers through it. Wavy brown hair it was; and he had a half-dreamy, half-keen look in his gray eyes, such as I used to see years ago in the eyes of a hero of my youth. Either this, or something in his manner, took me by surprise, and I could think of only the most commonplace words to tell him that we should like to see his designs, and to learn a little about them.

He glanced past me at Cecile. That was a way people always had of doing, even when she was my pupil, and I kept her mind full of lessons. Now that she was emancipated, and become a ruler herself in the small world, the little gray governess might well be content to keep in the background, and console herself with honest, plain Jo, who had scarcely outgrown books and tasks. Cecile was our beauty, large and fair, slow and stately; one could watch her a long time in silence, like a statue or a painting. She never said much; there seemed to be no need that she should; people were always falling in love with her, and she flirted indolently right and left without taking any trouble at all about it. Our beauty seemed rather bored with life sometimes, but we made much of her, and smoothed her way as far as we could.

The artist glanced past at her. She stood in the sunshine like a queen, her rich silk and India shawl draping her right royally, and a delicate pink was creeping into her cheeks like that of apple-blossoms. There was a slight look of animation about her too, which I had often thought the only thing lacking to make the beauty of her face perfect.

"Pardon me," he said, after an instant, "you made me think of a painting of Bathsheba I once saw. Come this way, ladies, and I will show you any of my designs that you care to look at."

He had drawn them on great sheets of creamy tinted paper almost as thick as parchment. They were mere outlines sketched with charcoal, but the whole spirit of the thing was there, and much more powerful and suggestive than if done with fine-pointed pencils toned and shaded to the minutest perfection. He unrolled one after another, holding each before us for a moment. First there was St. Peter with the keys.

"How fine!" murmured Cecile. He rolled it up and then brought out another,—St. Andrew

with the few fishes that were to feed the multitude.

"Very charming," said Cecile, letting a slow, lingering glance of her beautiful eyes fall upon the artist; and she had her word of praise ready for each picture in its turn. There was Lazarus just risen, and still bound with the grave-clothes, ghastly, yet rejoicing. There was John the Baptist, with his leathern girdle and raiment of camels' hair; there was Mary, who sat at the Saviour's feet, and that other Mary, with unbound hair, penitent, and bearing her box of precious ointment. These were all so simply, quaintly, forcibly sketched, like old carvings where there is not a line to spare: and then the round, solid ring of halo behind each saint's head was so unlike what it represented, and yet expressed it so perfectly, that there grew to be a charm in watching for unexpected severities of outline; and the most antique and, at first glance, ungraceful came to seem the most to be admired.

He unrolled and held before us one of his largest designs,—Christ blessing the Little Children. It was instinct with majesty and sweetness.

"How very charming!" murmured Cecile, making an effort to comprehend it artistically, and poisoning her chin upon her exquisite hand.

"O, how beautiful! how beautiful!" exclaimed Jo, pressing forward; "just see, Miss Burney, the dear little, pure, baby faces, not afraid to look up at Him! Their very robes look pure,—how can such straight, stiff lines seem to mean so much! I should think it would be like being in a cathedral all the time, and worshipping, when one does such things as these!"

The artist smiled, and unrolled another picture, where the Madonna appeared, leading the children Jesus and John, with that ineffable look of holy innocence in the faces of the three. Jo held her hands tight together in an ecstasy, and Cecile, in her soft, lingering accents, said, "What a wonderful genius you must be, Mr. Hunter!"

It occurred to me as singular that she should know his name, but I supposed the workman who had been our guide must have mentioned it when I was not paying attention.

He was taking down one or two others, and carelessly unrolling them.

"How very beautiful!" said Cecile, in her lady-like monotone.

"Why, what a difference between this and the others!" exclaimed Jo. "I do not like it as well. Is this your design too, Mr. Hunter?"

He looked pleased at her quick discernment.

"No," he said, "this was done by my predecessor. He always drew in the modern style, but I prefer, for my own part, the mediæval and antique."

"So do I," said Jo, heartily; "this one is yours, I know. The dear little cherubs look as if they were shouting praises with those open mouths and rapt eyes!"

"You paint on canvas, sometimes, do you not, Mr. Hunter, besides sketching these paper pictures?" asked Cecile, slowly raising her eyes to his.

The slightest tinge of color seemed to come into his face as he answered, modestly, "I do a little in that way sometimes. I keep my easel over by that corner window."

And stepping to it, he lifted off some light covering that had lain over it, and allowed us to see the half-finished painting. It was the face of a fair, queenly woman, with dreamy languor in her

eyes, and a careless sweetness in the curve of her lip. Her hair had half escaped in ripples from the close Greek fillet, and in her hands she held red lilies.

"Why," said Jo, after a little pause, "I think she looks something like you, Cecile!"

"It is meant for Helen of Troy," said the young man, quietly replacing the covering.

Cecile was all in a flutter for a moment; the color rose in her face and she pulled her shawl a little nervously about her shoulders; but it all passed before I had time to wonder whether she found the room too warm, or whether she was vexed because she looked liked Helen of Troy. But it was a beautifully painted picture.

II.

Cecile being no longer under my especial care, I frequently only knew of her guests and her plans by the fragments of each day's sayings and doings that floated to me. I was almost all the time with Jo and the little ones. But I confess to being rather surprised when one day Jo came into the school-room and told me that Mr. Hunter was below in the library with Cecile. She had heard his voice and seen him as she passed the open door. It startled me for a moment; I had not thought of our visit to the factory being foundation enough for future acquaintance.

But it was a visit that had not been soon forgotten. Jo had hunted up an old, curious book of illuminations, which, if not the work of some pious monk himself, must have been done by a very clever imitator. Jo pored over it and delighted in it, and really began to gain a new impetus in her own graceful drawing; sketching windows in Gothic arches, with diamond panes encircling some fair cherub face in the centre. She had put her broken pieces of stained glass up in her own room, where the sun shone through them and made tinted lights.

That day, after Jo came in and told me that Mr. Hunter was down stairs with Cecile, we got out our books to read history, as it was the usual hour, and, the afternoon being warm and sunny, we betook ourselves to the summer-house in the garden. We were growing very much excited over a graphic account of the meeting of the two queens Elizabeth and Mary, in the garden at Fotheringay, when steps came down the path towards us, and there was a sudden meeting in our own garden. Cecile and Mr. Hunter came into the midst of our group, and the smaller forces dispersed.

"I am sure I did not know you people were out here," said Cecile.

"But I am very glad you are here, — very glad to meet you again," said the artist, shaking hands with Jo and me. There was no knit jacket to-day; no tumbled hair; in every point of dress and manner. Mr. Hunter appeared before us as genuine a gentleman as any in the land.

"Miss Dormer kindly invited me to call," he said, turning his cool, gray eyes full upon Cecile as he spoke; "and as we had a short but pleasant acquaintance at the Lakes a year ago, I felt justified in yielding to the temptation now."

"One of Cecile's old flirtations!" I thought to myself, feeling a little vexed, I hardly knew why, for it had been rather our custom to be proud of the number of our beauty's conquests. But this one seemed singular; for why had they met so coolly at the glass-works without any allusion to their earlier acquaintance?

"Did you know each other before?" asked Jo glancing from the artist to her sister. "Why did you not tell me, Cecile? for then I should have felt privileged to ask Mr. Hunter if he could not give me some more broken pieces of glass."

"Pieces of glass!" exclaimed the young man.

"Yes, with all the beautiful colors in them, you know; and perhaps you could have found me some with a head, or a hand, or a lily not quite all broken, which would be of no use in the factory. I should be so glad to have them!"

"You shall," said Mr. Hunter, smiling brightly. "I will look some up on purpose and bring them to you. I remember, when I was a boy, nothing delighted me so much as gathering up the fragments of stained glass that the workmen let me have. I made kaleidoscopes of them, and they helped me to study effects of color."

"O, thank you!" said Jo. "I mean to make transparencies of mine, — one for Miss Burney, one for Cecile, and one for me." And she turned towards her sister.

Cecile was gathering ferns; she fastened two or three in Jo's dark hair. Jo looked at her fondly.

"What a brown, brown hand mine is against yours!" she said, with a caressing touch on the soft white fingers.

"There are shades of white," remarked Mr. Hunter; "at least my sister Flora used to say so, when she went out shopping to match worsteds."

"That is true," said Cecile; "I have worked a great deal on canvas."

Mr. Hunter shortly after took his departure, and Cecile went back to the house, leaving Jo and me to finish our history, and the account of the queens at Fotheringay. We hurried through it all, and then Jo carried the books away, leaving me in the summer-house, in a thoughtful mood, pondering over my pupils and my responsibility.

Mrs. Dormer had died three years before, but I had gone on keeping my old place as governess in the family ever since, and in default of daughter or sister of my own, my heart was fain during these long years to cling, with whatever affection it had left, to these girls and to my younger charges.

Mr. Dormer was a good-natured man, absorbed in business. We went on in a quiet, contented way, as a general thing, except when Mr. Dormer's sister came down upon us for one of her semi-annual visits. She would wake us up, scold us, and criticise us, and give us new notions; and then sweep away again; usually carrying Cecile off with her for a month of gay life in some town or summer resort. After that we would once more settle down into quiet. I had seldom had cause to feel any far-reaching anxiety about my dear girls; but on this day I got to thinking rather gravely how terrible it would be if, through any inefficiency of mine, harm or sorrow should come into their young lives.

But what was there particularly to be done? I went back to the house and tried to satisfy myself by working all the evening on a lovely puffed berthe for Cecile, and setting Jo a double lesson in mathematics.

"I don't know," said Cecile, a few days after, tapping the table thoughtfully, with her white fingers, — "I don't know whether to stay at home, lie on the sofa and read that last novel, or whether to go over to Mrs. Dawson's and learn her new pattern. On the whole, I think I will go to Miss Dawson's, and you need not wait lunch for me, Miss Burney."

So she made a packet of her worsteds and huge

crochet-needle, threw on her shawl carelessly, yet so that it seemed to become of itself a classic drapery, put a veil over her head Spanish fashion, and sallied forth, slow and graceful, with

"A color in her cheek and a light within her eye."

My pupils in the school-room up stairs plodded away faithfully at their lessons, till all were finished, and then the boys, with a whoop and hurrah, whistled for the dog, and rushed off on a forest expedition. Jo and I went down to the veranda, — she with her old book of illuminations, I with my sewing; and there we sat in the shadow of the vines enjoying the lovely summer day.

It was an interruption when we heard the gate open, and a footfall on the gravelled walk. But it was Mr. Hunter, and he looked so honestly glad to see us, and carried a jagged parcel so promising of delight to Jo, that I forgave him on the spot for breaking up our little dream of rest.

"What is that? A missal?" he asked, seeing the book Jo held. And then he sat down by her on the step, and looked at the quaint designs in corner and margin, as she turned over leaf after leaf. "See that grave old monk at the door of his cell, looking upwards," said he; "is n't that well done?"

"And there is what he is looking up at," replied Jo; "that little bird's-nest in among the vine-branches, and the bird's mouth wide open singing. I suppose it makes him think of praise."

"Ah, there is Santa Maria," remarked the young man, as she turned another leaf.

"And O, look!" cried Jo, enthusiastically, "see the row of little white lilies all wrought into the hem of her garment. I never noticed that before. Is n't it beautiful?"

"But what is this?" asked Mr. Hunter, as something came fluttering down to the ground from the leaves of the book. He picked it up.

"O," said Jo, looking at it, "that is where I tried to copy a head of St. John. But it is n't good. I made a failure of it."

"It is good," he answered, holding it off for a critical glance. "I might have known you would draw. If you had been a nun, you would have made a missal yourself, I am sure."

"Yes, I should have liked that," she replied, simply, and then, laying the book aside, glanced at the package he had brought.

He opened it, and gave it into her hands. I did not know what he would think of the child, she was so wild with delight over those bits of glass.

"O, here is a cross!" she exclaimed, "right in the centre of this diamond, and it is hardly broken at all. I am so glad! And O, how queer this is, — do look, Miss Burney, — why, it must be the tree in Paradise, there are apples on it, and a serpent climbing up to them! Is n't that odd? And here is this beautiful little lamb! I'll hang that up in Willy's room. And, O Mr. Hunter, what have you brought me? It is — it is the face of a saint, — see what beautifully waving hair, and what loving eyes!"

"That is the head of my figure of St. John," he said, "the first copy in glass was broken on its way from the oven, and I happened to save the head. I am so glad you like it, Miss Josephine, — it seemed as if I had very little to bring you, after all."

Jo laid her treasures one above another beside her, on the corner of the veranda, and pushing back her brown hair from her face, sat looking out-

ward in a sort of dreamlike attitude, that made me wonder what the child was thinking of now. Jo was not pretty; no one had ever called her that; but she was such a brave, earnest, cheery little thing; and life was so fresh to her, that she made me think, more than anything else, of a little brown bird singing the sweetest of songs over every crumb it picks up.

"I know," said Jo, slowly, after this pause, "I know something that I wish you would paint in a little picture by itself, Mr. Hunter. It is a rock down in a corner of the woods, just beyond our garden. The top of it is hollowed out, so it catches the rain like a little cup, and that makes moss grow around it! Then the birds fly down and drink from it. I wish you would paint that in a tiny picture, Mr. Hunter. I never told anybody about it before."

He looked at her wistfully, and I looked at him. Just in that brief moment I seemed to realize that the man before me, though young in years, perhaps, had lived and suffered much. But the next instant I blamed myself for the fancy, he laughed so brightly, and there was such a charm of buoyant enthusiasm about him, as he answered, —

"That is just what I should like to paint. St. Robin's Well, we will call it. Won't you show it to me, Miss Josephine?"

Jo looked up at me.

"Shall we go, Miss Burney? it is only down the garden and over the wall in among the maples."

"You may go, my dear," I said, "and show Mr. Hunter the way. It is a good while since I climbed a wall, and I will sit quietly here till you return."

So the two left me, and walked away together down the winding garden-path. As I watched them, now going out of sight and now reappearing again among the shrubbery, somehow I began to think of Mrs. Browning's poem about the swan's nest, and of the child who sat "alone 'mong the beeches in the meadow," dreaming child-fancies of what it would be to be loved, and saying to herself, that, when the true knight should come, victor over all, —

"Riding on his steed of steeds,
Unto him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds!"

III.

I suppose I had sat there musing for some time, when the sound of the gate aroused me, and there was Cecile coming, queen-like along the walk. She had twined a spray of sweetbrier roses in her hair; it helped to keep her veil on, she said; it certainly touched her calm fair beauty with the charm that such flowers always have.

"Ah, Miss Burney, how comfortable you look!" she said. "See, I have fairly begun my work, the centre square is half done. Is n't that a splendid shade of maize? But you should see Mrs. Dawson's."

I looked and admired, and began to wonder why Jo did not come back.

"Why, there she is!" exclaimed Cecile, with an air of surprise, "coming through the shrubbery; and Mr. Hunter is with her! That is very singular, is n't it, Miss Burney?"

"No," I replied, "they went together to find some place Jo thought would be pretty in a picture, — a rock, I believe."

"A rock?" echoed Cecile, not taking her gaze from the two, who had almost reached us.

"Good afternoon, Miss Dormer," said the artist, pleasantly. "I would shake hands, but for this great clump of moss I am carrying."

"Clump of moss!" uttered Cecile, seeming only able to reiterate.

"Yes," said Jo, "it's to plant down by the rock under our larch-tree. I always wished moss grew there. Do you suppose it will die? And, O Cecile, Mr. Hunter is going to paint a picture for us of the dearest spot down in the woods!"

"Yes," assented Mr. Hunter, as he put down the moss; "your sister has shown me one of the loveliest spots my eyes ever met, Miss Dormer. She has a true heart and an artist's eye."

Cecile smiled politely, and turned to carry her pattern and worsteds into the house. An unlucky sweep of her long dress dislodged the little heap of stained glass lying on the veranda floor, and two or three pieces fell crashing to the ground. Jo started forward with a cry of dismay, and Cecile looked round to see what had happened.

"O, it is the saint's head!" said Jo, mournfully.

"Why, what have I done?" asked Cecile.

"Only broken some old glass," said the painter, with an odd tone in his voice. "Not quite so much pastime as breaking hearts, is it, Miss Dormer?"

I was startled by the look Cecile cast upon him, — an appealing, tender look, — and she seemed moved out of her usual quiet. But he did not see it; he was stooping to help Jo pick up the pieces.

"Never mind," he said; "I'll bring you something better next time."

"O, I don't mind," said Jo, good-naturedly; "it was a bad place to leave them in. I might have thought they would get knocked off."

Cecile quietly went into the house to put away her crochet. She remained in her room a short time, and when she came down to us again, calm and shining, Mr. Hunter had gone.

The next few days passed peacefully by. Mr. Dormer was away from home on a business expedition, so we had the house to ourselves, and made the most of it too, for the weather was not propitious for out-door excursions. Cecile seemed indefatigable at her crochet, and though sometimes when I came into the room the needle would be lying still in her listless fingers, yet afterwards it would fly through the meshes with greater rapidity than ever, and marvellous results in maize, green, and violet were already produced.

I heard Jo and the children recite their lessons, and after that either took work of my own or read aloud for the general benefit, while Cecile crocheted and Jo busied herself over some mysterious drawing, in which at present I could see nothing but a succession of straight lines and arches. She had spoiled two or three sheets of paper in its service, but went on making measurements, and every few moments carefully adding a pencil-mark.

We were left wholly undisturbed by callers. Only once the bell rang, and Cecile looked eagerly up. It was the postman, and he brought her a letter. She opened it without haste, and began to read, letting the envelope fall on the floor. Little Willy Dormer picked it up, and spelled out the postmark with great distinctness, — Brentford. Brentford! I knew there was a certain Colonel Freeing living there, whom Cecile had once easily flirted with, and as easily refused. Could the letter be from him? I watched her a little anxiously, but her face did not change, and when she had

read it all, she crumpled it up and threw it into her work-basket.

"Do sit up straight, Jo," I said, "you are getting round-shouldered."

Jo started into erectness, and looked dreamily her drawing.

"I know who's coming here this evening," said Willy, beginning to grow talkative.

Nobody asked whom he meant, and after a minute's pause he went on.

"Mr. Hunter is coming, because this morning he asked me if the ladies were all at home. And I told him yes."

"Where did you see Mr. Hunter?" I asked, wondering to myself how it is that boys always get everywhere without one's knowing it.

"O, I was down at the factory," said Willy, with a business-like air. "I went to get colored glass like Jo's, to break all up in little bits. I am going to make a kaleidoscope. So Mr. Hunter and me, we got talking."

"You should say Mr. Hunter and I," I answered.

This was all that was said to his communication; in fact, I thought very little of it myself, for boys are always imagining. But when we met at tea, I wondered if Willy's words had had anything to do with Cecile's appearance; she had dressed with such care, and she looked so queenly and full of grace, with an unwonted brightness in her eye and cheek. I glanced at Jo; she had a pleased, pre-occupied look in her earnest brown eyes, which were bent upon her plate. She had not changed her dress of brown serge, and her short dark hair was pushed back plainly and smoothly under her school-girl net. I wondered, as I poured out the tea, what the child could be thinking about. All of a sudden she looked up brightly from the plate she had been studying, and exclaimed, "What pretty china this is, Miss Burney! This is the plate that has an old castle painted on it, and there is such a lovely window that I never noticed before; such a singular, quaint shape. I don't know whether it is proper, but it is lovely."

"Who ever heard of an improper window?" asked Cecile. "Please pass the muffins, Jo, while they are hot."

"O Cecile, how beautiful you look!" said Jo, admiringly, for the first time regarding her sister's toilet.

"Do I?" said Cecile, with a little smile.

After tea we all betook ourselves to the drawing-room, though I was speculating uneasily in my own mind whether Cecile would wish me to go up stairs in case any gentleman should call. I instinctively held some good old-fashioned English notions about young ladies and their chaperons; but Cecile was always allowed so much freedom at her Aunt Wild's, and she was really in some things so much more experienced and self-controlled than I, that I felt something like a nervous hen chaperoning a fair young swan, who was sure to take to the water in spite of me. Still, we had always got along together very amicably, and circumstances generally settled the course of things without vexing or thwarting any one of us.

It happened so this evening, for when Mr. Hunter came he asked for the "ladies." And why not? I was vexed at myself for having been so premature in imagining any approach to one of Cecile's flirtations. She was at the piano when he came in, and he begged her not to leave it. Jo looked up with a friendly glance of welcome, and, as he passed her,

he said, in a low voice, "The picture of St. Robin's Well is-almost done, Miss Josephine. I will bring it to you when it is finished."

"O, thank you!" she said, in her quick, eager way; and then, as he took his station by her sister's side at the piano, after a moment's pause, she bent closely over her drawing again.

How well Cecile sang that night! her very best; her voice was a pure soprano, with far-reaching notes; her music-teacher was an artist, and made her sing better than she knew. Her beautiful white hands wandered over the keys as if akin to the pure cold ivory. She went on singing as she had done before Mr. Hunter came in, snatches of sweet ballads, gay little troubadour songs with a flash of passion in them, finishing with one I had never heard before, and which I dropped my work to listen to.

"My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My b-d is cold upon the wold,
My lamp, you star,

"My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

"I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea,—
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee!"

"O, that is exquisite!" said Mr. Hunter, drawing nearer, as if in a sort of fascination, his eyes fixed upon the beautiful singer. "What is it?" he asked.

"A wandering knight's song, written three hundred years ago," answered Cecile, in a soft monotone almost like sadness.

"Cecile," interrupted Jo, without looking up from her work, "sing that about Ruth and Naomi."

And Cecile sang it. It was grand and pure, and touching beyond compare. Her soul seemed to go forth with the words, making her voice lofty, sustained, and noble; and when she reached and sang that heart-penetrating strain:—

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried —"

Then it seemed as if she herself were pleading through the words of Ruth, and her dewy blue eyes were upturned to meet Mr. Hunter's. I wondered that he did not seem to notice it more, for he only said, gently, —

"Your voice is improved since last year, Miss Dormer; you could not have sung like this then. What a noble recitative it is!"

"It is a pretty piece," said Cecile. The pleading look still brooded in her eyes, but it found no more expression in word or manner, because she had ceased to sing, and it was as if a magic key had locked her nature up again. She replaced her music in the rack, and drew her light shawl up about her graceful shoulders. There was a brief silence in the room, and Mr. Hunter still stood thoughtfully by the piano.

IV.

I have designed a cathedral!" exclaimed Jo, in a clear, triumphant tone, throwing down her pencil.

We all started. I laughed nervously, and Cecile

turned round on the music-stool. Then we drew about the table, to see what the girl meant. So this was why the straight lines and pointed arches had been so carefully jotted down; they had really grown into a harmonious shape.

"Four rows of columns, eight columns in a row, and each row supporting nine arches. That is on quite a grand scale," said Mr. Hunter, with a smile.

"O, don't laugh at it please!" entreated Jo.

"Indeed, I will not!" he replied. "The perspective is not quite perfect, and there are a few other mistakes, which none but an architect could very well avoid, but apart from that it is a very good design. I can see the idea of a beautiful church in it."

Jo's lip quivered; she really seemed to care for his praise. I believe her whole heart had been so wrapped up in her drawing that it had become dear to her, and she could not bear to have it condemned.

"But where in the world are the pews?" asked Cecile, after looking at it a few moments in wild amazement.

"Why, all down there, between the columns. I could not stop to mark them all, but you can imagine them," said Jo, laughingly.

"That's a unique window in the transept," said Mr. Hunter, laying his finger on a point that much resembled the window in the quaint old castle, painted on the China tea-plate. Jo gave me a merry glance.

"Well," said Cecile, slowly, as if considering the matter, "I don't see, Jo, what in the world ever makes you think of such things. I never do!" And our beauty looked with a grave air down at her exquisite white hands.

Mr. Hunter smiled almost imperceptibly. Then he took up Jo's drawing, and made a proposition.

"Miss Jo," he said, "will you let me keep this, in return for something which I am just now reminded lies wrapped in paper, by my hat, in the hall?"

Jo looked up in great curiosity.

"I will get it and see," she said, and started for the hall. I heard the rattle of the paper as she pushed it aside; then there was a little silence; and after a moment more Jo came back in a maze of delight.

"O, look at it, Cecile!" she exclaimed. "Look at it, Miss Burney!"

It was a round piece of stained glass, fitted to hang like a transparency in a window, the outer border of golden brown, the centre a heavenly blue, on which was pictured a cup or goblet, with a hand reaching out above as if in blessing.

Mr. Hunter was pleased with her pleasure, and showed it. The drawing of the church plan went, without remonstrance, into his coat-pocket, and Cecile, retreating from the table, stood by the window looking out at the dark night. She did not play or sing any more; in fact, the evening was ended, and our visitor rose to depart.

Cecile went immediately up to her room, after giving an even-toned good-night, but Jo sat still at the table, her head resting on her two hands, and her eyes fixed upon her present. I put away my work, closed the shutters, and fastened down the windows.

"Come, Jo," I said, then, "early to bed and early to rise, you know, and then you will be fresh to study that hard geometry lesson in the morning."

She looked up at me dreamily.

"Miss Burney, I am nineteen now," she said, "and I am not tired of books and study, for I do love them dearly. But when shall I go out into the world,—when shall I see more of life? It seems so new and wonderful to me; I have never thought much about it before."

"It will come soon enough, dear; God knows it comes soon enough to all of us," I answered, with a sigh in my heart.

"Not that I am impatient," she said again. "I think it would be beautiful to go on studying and dreaming forever, just as I have done lately."

"That's right, dear Jo," I said; "and now come, it is really getting late."

She rose and went, kissing me first, and taking her present with her. From thenceforth it hung in her window at the foot of her bed, where she could see it as soon as she waked in the morning. I sat up an hour later after she had gone, and wrote my monthly letter to the girls' Aunt Wild, giving her as usual some little account of our studies and doings, and casually mentioning Mr. Hunter's calls. I finished and folded the sheet, and then remembered that my envelopes were all gone, so that I must defer sealing it till morning. But, going up stairs, on my way to my room, I saw the light shining from under Cecile's door, and knew that she must be still moving about; so I spoke to her from outside, and asked if she could lend me an envelope. She told me to come in and help myself. On entering, I was surprised to find her sitting quietly by the window, doing nothing at all, and evidently no nearer going to bed than she had been an hour before.

"Why, you will take cold, Cecile," I said; "don't sit up any longer."

She rose at that, and in a thoughtful sort of way began removing her jewelry and the few flowers in her hair. I took one or two envelopes from her writing-desk, and was about going, when she said, as if to detain me, "How different people are from each other, Miss Burney!"

"That is true," I replied, wondering a little.

"For example," she went on, "how different we four people were this evening! Miss Burney, what makes Jo think of so many things? I wish I could, but I cannot, no matter how hard I try. She is so quick and bright. Aunt Wild calls her 'little plain-face'; but I would gladly change faces with her, if I could only think of so many nice things to do and say!"

This was more wonderful than anything yet,—Cecile wishing to change places with Jo!

"By the way, Cecile," I said, with my hand on the door, "you used to see Mr. Hunter at the Lakes last summer. Tell me something about him. He seems to me superior to most young men. Is he really so?"

"Pray excuse me," said Cecile, sleepily, "you are right about not sitting up too late, Miss Burney. I believe I am tired, and I have absolutely nothing to tell you about Mr. Hunter's character."

So I retreated to my own room.

V.

That next week I had a weary, dreary headache; it throbbed painfully in my temples, and beat like a merciless hammer through my brain. Hot weather, low state of the system, nervousness,—these were the causes decided upon by the whole family, and they kindly commanded me to stay in my own

room and rest. So there was an enforced vacation from lessons, and I suppose the boys had a glorious time of it. Mr. Dormer was at home again to take the responsibility of everything, and I thought to myself that if a headache I must have, perhaps this was as good a time as any for it. Cecile and Jo came in every little while to see me, laying soft hands on my brow, keeping the room cool and dark, and every day Jo put fresh flowers where I could look at them whenever my eyes opened. From little things that were said now and then, I knew that Mr. Hunter called two or three times, and it occurred to me to wonder whether he had brought Jo any more pictures, and whether Cecile had sung to him again with that look in her eyes.

It was Friday morning when I first felt quite myself again, so putting on my dress of governess-gray, and feeling very fresh and ready for work, I went down to breakfast. It was pleasant to see all the familiar faces around the table again; even the little boys' welcoming "Good morning, Miss Burney" made me feel glad at heart.

"We must go to work in our geometry with renewed energy, dear Jo," I said, presently, thinking of the days we had missed. Jo glanced at me hastily; she did not answer a word, but blushed like a rose, and then smiled, too, looking down at the table-cloth. Cecile sipped her coffee in unbroken silence. Mr. Dormer's eyes twinkled with fun, and then he laughed outright at my inquiring face.

"You look puzzled, Miss Burney," he said, with a half-smile and half-sigh; "the truth is, I am afraid you have lost a scholar. Our little Jo here has been learning life's greatest lesson in the last few weeks, unknown to me. No more geometry now, eh, Jo?"

I think I looked more confused and amazed than before, I was so slow and unwilling to get at his meaning.

"Well, then, to speak plainly," he said, "the other day young Hunter asked my consent to his trying to win Jo for his bride, and as he seems absolutely in love with the child, and she with him, it became a serious matter; so I made a few proper inquiries, and finding really no excuse for stopping the whole thing, I had to let them settle it their own way last evening. Wonder what my sister Wild will say when she gets the letter I'm going to write her after breakfast!" he added, with a comical face of dismay.

Jo engaged! little school-girl Jo! I got up, and went round to her place and kissed her. But my mind seemed all in a whirl, and somehow I did not dare to look at Cecile.

After breakfast, Jo came to me in my own room, and told me all about it. How suddenly and quickly Love had budded and bloomed into perfect being in that young girl's heart!

"I think I must have loved him from the very first, Miss Burney," she told me ingenuously; "though I never thought about it, I never knew. Only I cared so much when I heard him coming, or even if you mentioned his name, after that day when we went down to the rock in the woods together. I felt then that he was my friend; we thought the same thoughts. But I did not think of love exactly. I could not help liking everything he liked, and it made me happy. Then when he told me what he had asked papa,—that was last Tuesday,—O, you don't know how I felt! Every-

thing seemed so strange and new, it made me tremble. I wanted to tell you all about it so much, but your head ached, and they said you must be kept still. And I did not exactly like to tell Cecile all I felt, because —”

She hesitated, and I looked at her in amazement. What had *she* thought or noticed, that made her unable to tell Cecile?

“I won’t keep anything from you,” she said, after a minute, “though it is a sort of secret. You know he met Cecile at the Lakes last summer, and he thought he had never seen any one so beautiful in the world. You know Cecile flirts, — O, how can she, Miss Burney! — and she sang to him, and walked with him, and let him draw pictures of her face, till he could not think of anything but her, and so one day he almost told her he loved her. I can imagine just how lovely she must have been looking, can’t you? Then she grew so cold, and made him understand plainly that she could never think of him in that way, that she had only valued him as a friend; and after that they hardly spoke to each other. He felt hurt and mortified at first, but after that he did not care at all, and he amused himself by watching how she treated three or four other gentlemen in just the same way before the summer was ended. He is so glad it happened now, because he has me. But you see it makes me not exactly want to talk to Cecile about him; she might laugh at me. She has so many triumphs all the time, she would not know how much I cared for just my one that she threw aside. And she does not really care for pictures either, or any of the things that he does; she seems meant to be just lovely and beautiful. But, O Miss Burney, he says he loves me with my little brown face, more than if I was like a queen. I know he will never love anybody but me, — doesn’t it sound strange to hear me talking this way? But I do know it, and I love him so much I am too happy to speak. What makes me speak? I ought to go away and be still and think.”

So this was my new Jo! just the same bright, sweet self as of old, but no longer my little school-girl; she was suddenly a woman, loving, trusting, her whole soul awake and intense.

How quickly we become accustomed to things! It soon seemed very natural for Mr. Hunter to come and go daily, and for Jo to be always the one to welcome him. Cecile had little to do with them; she occupied herself in all her usual ways, and never spoke of the engagement except in general terms. Perhaps she sat rather oftener alone, perhaps I found her oftener with her hands folded idly, her large blue eyes looking dreamily outward, and a certain gravity in the outline of her beautiful face. But it may be I was fanciful; people like me are apt to be; Cecile called on all her friends as frequently as ever; she worked wonderful things in worsted; she walked and drove with admiring gentlemen; she arrayed herself like the lilies of the field. Indeed, a lady friend said to me one day, “What very good spirits Miss Dormer seems to be in this summer!”

Suddenly her Aunt Wild came. She had written to congratulate Jo, and followed almost immediately after her letter. She had a thousand things to say, to suggest, to advise; but I think neither Jo nor Mr. Hunter listened to a word, they were so taken up with their pictures, and their air-castles, and their hours of happiness. At last Mrs. Wild confided in me.

“You see, Miss Burney,” she began, “if Jo had belonged to me, of course I should have had other plans for her; but as it is, I really think she has done quite well. I suppose he makes two thousand a year from his designs for church windows and things, and then there is the sale of his pictures besides. I shall quite dismiss all care for Jo from my mind. I don’t mind telling you,” she went on, after a pause, “that when you wrote to me some weeks ago, mentioning Mr. Hunter’s calls, I felt worried. I thought it was Cecile, of course, and that would never do. They met at the Lakes last summer, and it was quite a desperate flirtation; but I felt proud of Cecile. She came out of it with flying colors, of course: she knew he was no sort of a match for her. With her beauty and high-bred air she might marry a prince. But I was a little afraid when your letter came, for all that: for the fellow is handsome and talented, though he does live by his wits. But what sort of an artist’s wife would Cecile make? She cares no more for art than you do for a fiddlestick! I intend her to marry Colonel Freeling; he has fallen into an immense fortune since she refused him, and he is as wild about her as ever. So I shall take her to C — with me next week, and you may be prepared to hear of another engagement in the family very soon, Miss Burney.”

She stopped there, breathless and triumphant. I heard her in silence, — it gave me a shocked, sad feeling to hear my dear girls disposed of so.

Cecile packed her great trunk, and went with her Aunt Wild to C —. She busied herself gayly the few days before, with all her little preparations and her new dresses. How lovely she looked when the hour of departure came, with the wild-rose flush in her cheeks, as she walked stately down the garden-path and took her place in the carriage. Mr. Hunter and Jo had somehow mistaken the hour, and were not there to say good-by to her.

“It is no matter,” said she, smiling, “you must make my adieu for me. Good-by, dear little Miss Burney!” She kissed me twice, and then turned her beautiful expectant face towards her aunt, who told the driver to whip up his horses and not miss the train.

It happened as Mrs. Wild had said. Three weeks after she wrote to her brother, to tell him of his daughter’s engagement to Colonel Freeling, and she mentioned what a beautiful engagement-ring Cecile had received from her lover, — a *solitaire* diamond of immense value. As Mr. Dormer read this, and we listened in silence, the thought somehow struck me that Cecile hereafter would be like that diamond, cold, lustrous, dazzlingly beautiful, *solitaire*, but upheld and surrounded with gold.

“I do hope Cecile will be happy!” said Jo, softly. “I suppose Colonel Freeling is the hero she has been waiting for all these years. I am so glad she has found him at last!”

So you see there are two ways of looking at the matter, — and here my story pauses. The sisters are both to be married late in autumn. Cecile is with her aunt in London, preparing an elaborate *trousseau*, while here, at home, Jo and I sit together, working with hands of love upon a simple bridal outfit. But in the evening I sew alone; for then Mr. Hunter comes, and he and Jo of late have been very busy, with heads close together, designing a wonderful new rose-window for the organ-loft of our parish church.

THE WASP WAIST.

MEN are not disposed, for a variety of reasons, to interfere rashly with the notions of women in the matter of dress. The greatest latitude is allowed in shape, and color, and material; and it is only when the male æsthetic sense is too openly outraged that we hear some faint protest against the current fashion. This tolerance is extremely wise. In the first place, women would not alter their ways even if we did complain. Then again, it is only reasonable to conclude that, as the women who set fashion spend by far the larger portion of their lives in studying how to dress themselves, they ought to understand more about it than the exoteric critic who hastily scans his wife's costume as she comes down to dinner. We are of opinion, further, that the masculine mind is incapable of dispassionately judging women's dress. There are men who look upon every tolerably good-looking woman as an angel; and such men, perceiving the majority of their angelic acquaintances dressing in a particular fashion, must needs consider the fashion a remarkably graceful and becoming one.

There are other men who, having been rather hardly entreated by the sex, are disposed to regard women with distrust, if not with some vague notion of a universal revenge; and these find each new fashion only another phase of feminine absurdity and vanity. It is highly desirable, therefore, that women should be allowed (the phrase suggests a possible restriction which, we fear, does not exist) to dress pretty much as they please, and to adorn themselves with such combinations of color, and such forms of costume, as they think most suited to their various requirements.

In one direction, however, every man who has got any sort of influence over the womankind of his family or circle is imperatively bound to interfere. The abomination of tight-lacing must not be allowed to spread amongst us. We are not quite sure that fashion contemplates any immediate return to the wasp waist, but there are rumors abroad which render it necessary that every precaution should be used. It may be that the flinging open of the correspondence-columns of the newspapers in the dull season has had something to do with the reappearance of this bugbear, but it is not the less necessary that such incipient tentatives should be checked at once. Somewhere about two years ago a magazine which is chiefly addressed to girls started, for its own purposes doubtless, this subject, and endeavored to combat the notion that tight-lacing was injurious to the frame. It was suspected at the time that this periodical was nothing more nor less than the organ of the stay-makers, who had been deprived of their means of subsistence by the extinction of crinoline. This underhand effort to resuscitate a pernicious custom provoked a good deal of indignation; and we fancy that it was then abandoned. However, our old foe appears in a new place; and in the sacred columns of the Times, the spectre of tight-lacing is again paraded before us, by one or two correspondents, whose method of logic inclines us to believe that they belong to the sex which is principally interested in the matter. The first point on which these correspondents insist is that a small waist is pleasing to the eye, and the second is that a woman may "cultivate her figure"—such is the gentle euphemism which describes the squeezing in of the ribs—with impunity from physical injury.

It is true enough that a small waist is an additional grace to a figure that is otherwise symmetrical and graceful. No one can deny this fact. But there is no greater blunder than for the "cultivator" to imagine that a small waist, which betrays its artificial origin, can be regarded by men with anything else than derision or compassion. Is it wonder, or pity, or contempt that is the predominant feeling when one observes a wasp-like body tapering down to an abnormally small waist, the waist unnaturally round, the dress obviously strained, the whole body apparently balanced so as to prevent the compressed figure from breaking in two halves? A more absurd spectacle it is impossible to conceive; and it is one which suggests some other reflections, not very flattering to the owner of the insect-waist. We presume that girls make fools of themselves in this way in order to convey to others the notion that they are peculiarly sylph-like and graceful. They wish to appear in the eyes of their male admirers as light, ethereal, angelic creatures, who are scarcely subject to the vulgar necessities of hunger. Unfortunately, the impression conveyed is exactly the reverse. The lover cannot look at his mistress's eyes for thinking of her waist, and wondering how she can smile under her tightly-clasping bars of cane. In spite of himself, he becomes an anatomist. He mentally dissects her. He cannot help thinking of those plates in books of physiology, showing the position of the ribs anterior and posterior to the practice of tight-lacing. While he ought to be looking at her face, he is, in imagination, contemplating her lungs. When she sighs, it is not of her affection he thinks; he is considering the action of her diaphragm. It is impossible for the tenderest and most idealistic of lovers to discern the poetry of a mechanical waist.

As for the injurious effects of the practice, no correspondence in the Times or elsewhere will alter definite scientific facts. We are heartily glad to perceive that the Lancet has engaged in the good work of smiting down these fallacies with the sledge-hammer of its authority. We imagine, however, that the physical injuries produced by tight-lacing must be apparent to every one; and that it is only a piece of hypocrisy on the part of its advocates to say that they know of no cases of such injury.

The Lancet only repeats what ought to be known to every school-girl who studies physiological questions and answers in her classes. For the free motion of the lungs, free motion of the ribs is required. Compress the ribs by tight-lacing, and you would prevent the lungs from obtaining air but for the action of the diaphragm, which involves a method of breathing directly destructive of the harmonious working of the internal system. "Breathing, as it is thus carried on, produces downward pressure instead of lateral expansion, increasing the difficulties under which the digestive organs, compressed out of shape by the constriction of the waist, do their work, and causing displacements and derangements which create perhaps more domestic unhappiness than any other circumstance in life. . . . And we do not hesitate to say that to the practice of tight-lacing is due a very large number of distressing female ailments, over and beyond those derangements of digestion and circulation to which we have already referred."

It may be urged that if women will kill themselves in order to attract admiration and gratify their vanity, they ought to be allowed a martyrdom

which is clearly a pleasure to them. But that is not the point. The results of tight-lacing are not confined to the subject of the experiment. The prevalence of the custom in this age would materially affect the health of the next generation.

The more immediate results are a mass of needless complaints which make a woman an infliction upon her friends as well as a misery to herself. Constant headaches, the querulousness of temper attendant upon restraint and pain, and the thousand ills of indigestion are part of the harvest of evil which follows tight-lacing, and in which many an unhappy husband has been forced to share. For a woman to have constant headaches who has produced them by her own wilful folly might be regarded as a merited punishment, but for the fact that the punishment falls as much upon the husband as upon herself. Probably, however, he reaps a deserved punishment for having been foolish enough to marry a girl given up to tight-lacing, or for having been weak enough to let his wife fall into the habit. Perhaps if it were well understood that our marrying young men—looking forward to their future domestic comfort—were disposed to keep clear of girls devoted to the ruinous practice of tight-lacing, the insect-waist would disappear, and there would be an end to coffin-corsets.

HERR WAGNER'S LAST.

MR. H. F. CHORLEY, for many years the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, writes as follows from Munich:—

"I was present the other evening at a full-dress stage rehearsal of Herr Wagner's '*Das Rheingold*,' the Prologue to his three *Nibelungen* operas. This rehearsal was, in most respects, tantamount to a first performance elsewhere; and was followed during some two and a half of the dreariest hours which I ever endured with an amount of readiness to admire, and patience to listen, creditable to the good faith of all concerned, but therefore none the less amazing.

"The Opera Orchestra in Munich, notoriously superb, had been strengthened for the occasion, and included many harps. By a new arrangement it was sunk out of sight, the traditional foot-lights being also removed. Both innovations seemed to me open to question. The stage was too dark; the accompaniments, at the back of the *parterre*, sounded weak, wiry, and ill-balanced. The harps were no more potent than so many gnats would have been.

"But the world had been promised scenic effects of exquisite fantasy. The opening scene of '*Das Rheingold*' is the bed of the Rhine, where three swimming nymphs of the stream are discovered as wheeling upwards and downwards, in guard of the mysterious golden treasure. As a stage effect, this would be, under the best of conditions, obviously extravagant—need it to be said, impossible? Yet the solution of a similar difficulty was infinitely better effected at the Grand Opéra of Paris, some thirty-five years ago, when Taglioni danced so exquisitely to Adolphe Adam's charming music, in '*La Fille du Danube*.'

"The subsequent scenes, including a final one with a practicable rainbow, low to earth, and intended for persons to mount by way of tableau, were picturesque enough; but by those who recollect analogous displays at Berlin, Paris, and—last, not least—London, it could not be accepted as

either amazing or probable. It is needful to dwell on these facts, because to consider them becomes a just necessity, when a scenic whole, exhibited by one who has more impudently satirized his predecessors than any one pretending to the name of musical artist has done before him,—and who has professed to inaugurate a new era,—is paraded before the public. Herr Wagner's dreams of shows, which were to carry off the ancient legend, monstrous and dull as arranged by him (yet not without a certain amount of grim, old-world poetry in its idea), and music such as he is capable of making, have not—alas the day!—been realized.

"Everybody concerned in the failure of the rehearsal and the postponement of the performance is, of course, to blame, save the arrogant author. But the work in itself, apart from all its trappings and paddings and puffs preliminary, and enthusiasm wrought up to fever-heat by the herd ready to wonder, "with a foolish face of praise," at any long-bearded prophet or sepulchral seer, who is able, by force of brass, to get a hearing and a patron,—what is the work, when it is dispassionately considered? Let it be granted that the '*Nibelungen Lied*' offers matter for three separate and consecutive musical dramas, to be performed on as many successive evenings, after a first or prefatory one has been devoted to '*Das Rheingold*.' This is a concession, on the one hand, tolerably sweeping; while, on the other, such a grant inevitably limits the presentation of the unwieldy marvel.

"'*Das Rheingold*' consists of four scenes,—the first framing three swimming and singing nymphs, who caracole up and down the hill-peaks at the bottom of the Rhine, with painfully acrobatic gestures, to a gibberish of vowel-sounds, recalling similar cries in the '*Faust*' of Berlioz, and—*proh pudor!*—the barking dogs in M. Offenbach's '*Roi Barkouf*!' After this water-music enters the hero, to the following euphonious line:—

"Garstig glatter glitsch'riger Glimmer."

The entire *libretto* is wrought out in language varying between such hideous cacophony as the above and a euphuistic alliteration no less remarkable, the source of the verse considered. The march of the story (which marches not) is no less singular and Wagnerian. The legend is conducted by a series of monologues, with the occasional production of bystanders who have nothing to say and do. There is small apparent reason why (Herr Wagner's courage holding out) it should not have been prolonged for some ten hours and as many scenes more! And '*Das Rheingold*,' be it recollected, is represented as only the first of a series of four Festival Performances!

"Never has partisanship been so unblushing and unscrupulous as on this occasion. Those who refer to the piano-forte score (MM. Schott & Co.) will hear with amazement that persons of no mean authority promised that '*Das Rheingold*' was to reveal an entire change in its master's manner, that the work was of the simplest possible structure, and full of intelligible melody.

"So far from this being the case, all who refuse to surrender themselves to the insanities of the hour must agree that the scanty, and spare, and stale melodic phrases which it contains, foisted on the public by feeble and inflated efforts at orchestral intricacy, are complicated and worked to death with a persistency which, if found in the work of

an old master would call forth an outpouring of the vials of vitriolic sarcasm by these new prophets and their fanatical congregations.

"The opening prelude, however, on a meagre, four-bar phrase may be said to produce a monotonous and flowing water-effect by its repetition and climax. There is a stately entrance for the bass voice at the second scene. The appearance of the Rhine Nymphs is announced by a phrase judiciously borrowed from Mendelssohn's 'Melusine' overture. Later, in the music for the Giants, Meyerbeer's resuscitation of the Nuns in 'Robert,' with its peculiar 9-8 rhythm, has been no less coolly appropriated by the unblushing insulter of Judaism in music.

"The diatonic descending scale which marks the character of one of the giants is noticeable in the dearth of better ideas. On the other hand, chromatic progression ascending and descending becomes most tiresome to the ear, because of its unmeaning triteness. The perpetual use of the *tremolando* to support the recitatives is no less significant of poverty of resource. The vapid and ungraciousness of the declamatory music will make itself most wearily felt by all who remember what Gluck and (perhaps a fairer comparison) Weber could make of their dialogue. I cannot but think that the orchestra is ill handled. As has been formerly observed in Herr Wagner's scores, the stringed quartet is lean, and wants the support of central sound in its tenor portion; even in his use of the harp, our iconoclast is puny and ineffective as compared with Meyerbeer and Berlioz.

"Thus much of personal impressions which are purposely under rather than overstated. Now as to facts. The announcement of the performance, more than once postponed, had drawn together a large and intelligent audience of *dilettanti* artists and critics, some from places as far a-field as London, Paris, and Florence, proud to get admission to the rehearsal, and the majority, at least, disposed to believe and accept whatever the arch-image of modern German opera might vouchsafe to set before them.

"Curious it was to observe how the most fervent of the congregation began to shrink and to look anxiously hither and thither as 'the allegory' at the bottom of the Rhine was unfolded,—nay, should I not rather say, enveloped in fresh mystery? There was a weak attempt at moribund enthusiasm when all was over; but this was as significantly transient as it was weak. Subsequently the faithful have made some attempt to rally in nooks and corners by the declaration, as old as theatrical defeat, that the work had been too hastily produced and unfairly treated. Who does not know such imputations and defences by heart? I recollect an old amateur player belonging to a quartet not unlike that of *Monsieur Pattier*, whimsical described by Paul de Kock, who, when his evening's work was over, took off his spectacles, wiped his forehead, and sadly said, 'Had there not been a cobweb in my violoncello I should have been heard better.'

"Cobweb or no cobweb, however, the end of the whole absurdity was that, subsequent to this rehearsal, the production of 'Das Rheingold' did not take place as advertised. For the utter absence of anything like cordiality at the rehearsal on the part of the audience, 'packed' as it was, some reason must needs be given, and Herr Richter is said to have pleaded for more rehearsal, being sec-

onded by telegraphic instructions to that effect from Herr Wagner. The scenery was not good enough for the music, or the music did not fit the scenery, or the actors failed to act properly (where there is nothing to act), or to sing correctly music (in every scene of which a hundred false notes, more or less, would make not the slightest difference). Thus ran the excuses, after ten weeks' intense and arduous preparation! To this a peremptory refusal was returned by the Court manager of the theatre, Baron von Perfall, and—it may be presumed with the consent of Herr Wagner's 'kingly friend'—Herr Richter was, on the spot, suspended, and, to my certain knowledge, half a dozen *Kapellmeisters*, who had been drawn to Munich by curiosity, were tempted to assume the dangerous responsibility. All save one declined. But matters, as I left them, were at 'a dead lock,' owing to the assumptions of Herr Wagner, who is 'nothing if not' persecuted, or when brewing a storm. That, for the moment, he will make capital out of his last and worst attempt on public credulity may be safely predicated. The end is not yet. Meanwhile, no one need be surprised should the composer recover or regain his Court ascendancy; if the vindication of a cause so utterly worthless as his, and so utterly distasteful to all right-judging people, were to lead to a repetition of those scandals which marked the close of the career of King Louis of Bavaria, who, with all his favoritisms and fopperies in art, proved himself a far wiser and wider patron than his successor has hitherto done by his championship of the trashy productions of the author of 'Das Rheingold.' Never, surely, was there such a storm in a sloop-basin."

FOREIGN NOTES.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co., London, have reprinted "Malbone."

THE Byron controversy has reached Paris, where it threatens to cause as much discussion as in London.

A DIARY kept by a slave girl inside Delhi during the Mutiny is announced by one of the London publishers.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER is said to be contemplating matrimony again. His first wife was a daughter of the pianist Liszt.

MR. CAREW HAZLITT has just edited the complete works of William Browne, the Devonshire poet, in two small quarto volumes.

ONE of the alcoves of the British Museum is filled with different editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," printed in nearly all the known languages of the world.

THE German press is alive with clamors for Goethe's literary remains, which his grandchildren are accused of wantonly and frivolously secreting, against the express wish of the poet himself.

A SOLEMN council held at Baden decided that Mdle. Nilsson might play *Mignon* in her own hair. Acting upon this bold declaration of war against the tyranny of Ary Scheffer, the fair Swede left her brown wig at home.

To the incessant scrubbing bestowed upon M. Carpeaux's group of "La Danse" the ink-stains

have given way. It is amusing to see that the more "proper" of the Parisian papers, such as *L'Univers* and *Le Monde*, regard the throwing of the ink-bottle as a protest against the indelicacy of the group.

THE cuckoo cry that Dr. Livingstone is "all right," and the comfortable idea that he will "turn up" somewhere, have ceased to pacify some of his friends, who suggest that an expedition should set out in search of the great traveller.

DURING her recent stay in Normandy Mlle. Nilsson created a sensation among the citizens of Dieppe and Etretat by readings from the English poets, and especially by her rendering of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

It turns out that the priceless Saxon MS., the gift of Leofric, the first Bishop of Exeter, which was said to have disappeared from the Chapter Library, never was there. It is safe among other MSS. in the Exeter Exchequer Chamber.

THE Emperor has sent to M. Theophile Gautier, in acknowledgment of the verses which that writer extemporized last season at the residence of the Princess Mathilde, a flattering autograph letter, accompanied by two magnificent Sevres vases.

M. EUGÈNE GODARD, the aeronaut, recently made an ascension at Rheims, but in alighting his balloon, the Cité-de-Florence, was caught in a gust of wind, and torn into strips. Fortunately the persons in the car, three in number, were unhurt.

THE *Wheekblad voor Israelieten*, a Dutch Jewish paper, reports that a Jewish lady in her hundredth year recently visited the Amsterdam Exhibition, accompanied by her grandson, who was himself a grandfather. She inspected a sewing-machine and threaded a needle without the aid of spectacles.

At a short distance from Rivadelles, an immense natural grotto, entirely filled with stalactite columns of great beauty, has just been discovered by some English miners. Passages extend in different directions for more than a league. Tourists declare this cavern to be one of the most beautiful in the world.

SPEAKING of the prosperity of this country, the Examiner remarks: "Had Secession succeeded, the Border line would now be bristling with bayonets; and men's thoughts, instead of being fixed on works of peaceful development and progress, would have been concentrated upon systems of strategy, works of fortification, and schemes of vengeance and destruction. What a blessed thing both for America and England it is that most of our noble and right honorable prophets prophesied foolishly."

A NEW poet has turned up in England, — a realistic poet, we should say, judging by the specimens of his verse given in the Athenæum. In a ballad on the battle of Trafalgar occurs this vigorous and racy stanza, the first line of which might have been written by the late Artemus Ward: —

"At 1.15 Lord Nelson fell,
And forty men around him;
A ball from the Redoubtable
Most grievously did wound him;
At half past four o'clock he died,
And Glory came and crowned him."

A GOOD deal has been said touching two precious manuscripts which, in 1589, used to lie on the table of Catherine de' Medici. These

and others were said to have perished. It is now understood that all that Queen's MSS. and books are in the Imperial Library in Paris. The "Abus du Monde" and the "Prophéties des Sibylles" are described as being of great beauty, the latter particularly in its illustrations. The books on magic and astrology — sciences in which Catherine was particularly interested — abound in this collection.

THE remains of the unfortunate Adah Menken were some time ago removed from Pere La Chaise to Mont Parnasse, where the obelisk was raised to her memory. It is now stated that the wrong coffin was disinterred, a second having been placed surreptitiously above hers. An unknown corpse lies therefore under the obelisk, with its ornamental cross and wreath at Mont Parnasse, while poor Menken sleeps unnoticed in her humble grave. Her dying wishes were that it might be marked only by a rude cross, bearing the words "Thou knowest."

A STROKE of apoplexy has just killed Frederick, Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen. Twenty years ago he sold his ancient principality to Prussia for money and the title of "Highness." Childless by a first marriage, he took to wife a daughter of a Franciscan baron (Von Sybourg); but the lady was wife only by right of that *fata morgana* of wedded life, a morganatic marriage, the issue of which inherit neither name nor title of the father. The wife was created Countess von Rothenburg, and was divorced a few years ago. A son by this union (born in 1815) remains Herr Graf, as he was before his father's death. His sire was the last Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen; the son, Count Frederick, when his mother dies, will be the first Count von Rothenburg.

THE Indian papers state that the Maharajah of Travancore is about to perform the ceremony of Thooloparum. The process consists of his Highness being placed in one scale with an equal weight of gold in the other. The gold thus obtained is afterwards distributed among the Brahmins according to each one's privilege, and it is only after the ceremony that his Highness is supposed to be sanctified. There is another ceremony which consists in his Highness passing through the belly of a cow of gold; this is termed Ernigherpum. This it is proposed to celebrate next year. It is feared that these costly ceremonies, combined with the coming Moorajebum, will absorb a good portion of the surplus revenue of the State.

THE Duke of Cambridge, the commander-in-chief of the English army, lately did a brilliant thing. He signified his pleasure that all officers should wear steel scabbards for their swords, and at considerable trouble and expense the whim of his Royal Highness was obeyed. A group of officers, equipped with these new steel scabbards, was formed inside the Chatham redoubt at night, when a supposed enemy threw an electric light upon the work. In an instant each officer stood revealed by a gleam of white light down his side, an easy prey to the enemy's sharpshooters, had the campaign been real instead of mimic. The steel scabbards ordered by his Royal Highness are now to be blackened, also at considerable trouble and expense. So much for meddling with edged tools.

FOR some months past the Saturday Review has been set up in type, the separate letters of which

are joined together with a sort of gum or cement, so that short words and parts of words are lifted from the case by the compositor in one operation, instead of picking up each separate and distinct letter. It is understood that this modern adaptation of the elder Mr. Walter's system of logotypography is not a complete success; the multiplication of the type boxes and difficulty of remembering the places of all the varied combinations of letters rendering the process slow and tedious. Messrs. Spottiswoode, the printers, who make this experiment, have tried many plans for abbreviating time and saving trouble in type-setting, but none of them have as yet superseded the method universally in use from the invention of printing.

In Paris "findings are not keepings," and no less than from eighteen to twenty thousand objects found upon the public way are deposited by the finders at a special dépôt for that purpose in the course of the year. About an equal number of articles left in public vehicles are similarly deposited. These waifs and strays are all stowed away within the prefecture of police, in an immense magazine, which forms a perfect bazaar of odds and ends of the most heterogeneous character, every one numbered, ticketed, classed, and arranged in marvellous order, waiting to be reclaimed by its lawful owner. The room where all the more valuable objects are deposited contains twelve immense presses filled with watches, chains, rouleaux of gold coin, bank-notes, diamonds, and jewelry of every kind, and there are commonly in these presses no less than twelve thousand unclaimed articles. The general dépôt comprises nine large rooms, furnished from top to bottom with shelves, upon which are piled objects of every shape, size, nature, and value, — cashmere shawls and sabots, hand-organs and artificial flowers, kitchen utensils and pocket-books, bunches of keys and currycombs. The number of objects in the dépôt at one time is usually about forty thousand. Ordinarily the number of canes, umbrellas, and parasols is at least fifteen thousand. All articles, if not reclaimed within a year, are handed back to the finders, who are required, however, to keep them two years and a day before they are legally entitled to dispose of them. Although Parisians are perfectly aware of the existence of this depot, comparatively few take the trouble to inquire there for any lost article; every one thinking his property is certain to have fallen into dishonest hands.

The author of "Friends in Council" contributes another collection of short essays to the last number of "Good Words," among which are the following characteristic memoranda: —

"Mushrooms, in their resolute growth, will lift up large slabs of stone, — such is the force of *parvenus* in the vegetable world."

"There is nothing so easily made offensive as good reasoning; and men of clear logical minds, if not gifted at the same time with tact, make more enemies than men with bad hearts and unsound understandings."

"Always win fools first. They talk much; and, what they have once uttered, they will stick to; whereas, there is always time, up to the last moment, to bring before a wise man arguments that may entirely change his opinion."

"No man, or woman, was ever cured of love by discovering the falseness of his or her lover. The liv-

ing together for three long, rainy days in the country has done more to dispel love than all the perfidies in love that have ever been committed."

"There is certain work that had better be done roughly, — indeed, which loses all its best effect, if not done roughly. The wayside crosses and 'Christs' to be seen in Catholic countries would have little interest for us, if they were finished works of art. In their roughness lies their touchiness."

"After all, what attracts us most in animals are their demerits. The fox has ceaseless interest for us, both in fact and in fable, from his wicked versatility of guile; and the cool, demure selfishness of the cat is not without its charm to the lovers of the feline race. Is there anything similar to this feeling in our regard for human beings? I think there is; but then the demerits must not be such as to annoy us much and so to ruffle our tolerance for them."

"One is seldom more impressed, or at least one ought seldom to be more impressed, with the great achievements of man, and what a wonderful creature he is, than after listening to and seeing an opera."

"Think of the exquisite skill of the composer, who has written a separate score for each instrument, and how all these various sounds blend into delicious harmony."

"Observe the skill of the scene-painter, — how nicely he has adapted his work to the distance from which it is to be viewed."

"Give some credit, too, to the poet who has invented the novel or the drama, from which the opera is taken. Nor is the man who has adapted the graceful fiction to meet the necessities of operatic performers to be without his meed of praise."

"Note the mechanical contrivance which is everywhere employed, and how smoothly it all goes."

"Consider the skill with which the building has been formed both with regard to sight and sound."

"Again, observe — and this is sure to have gained your observation — what skill is shown by the actors and actresses. Those thrilling notes have not been produced without immense study, labor, and reflection."

"Lastly, do not fail to take note of the admirable organization which brings all this thought and labor and skill into a mirror, as it were, of representation."

"And yet there are some people who would persuade us that the creatures who have done all this are to perish like the beasts of the field. Humanity is to make continuous progress but the individuals are naught, and will be naught. I cannot believe it."

THE GOOSE GIRL.

A TALE OF THE YEAR 2099.

THE little goose-girl came singi
Along the fields, "Sweet May, oh! the long sweet day."

That was her song.
Bringing about her, floating about, in and out
through the long

Fair tresses of her hair,
Oh! a thousand, thousand idlenesses,
Spreading away on May's breath everywhere.
"Idleness, sweet idleness."

But this was a time,
Two thousand and ninety-nine,
When singing of idleness even in spring,
Or drinking wind-wine,
Or looking up into the blue heaven, was counted a crime.

A time, harsh, not sublime;
One terrible sort of school-hour all the year through,
When every one had to do something, and do it by rule.

Why, even the babies could calculate
Two and two at the least, mentally, without a slate,
Each calling itself an aggregate
Of molecules.

It was always school, schools all over
The world as far as the sky could cover
It, dry land and sea.

High priests said,
"Let matter be Z,
Thoroughly calculated and tried,
To work our problems with, before all eyes;
Anything beside that might prove a dangerous guide.

Xs or Ys, unknown quantities,
We hesitate not at once to designate
Fit only now and forever to be laid aside."

So you see,
Everything was made as plain as could be,
Not the ghost of a doubt even left to roam about free;
Everybody's concern

Being just to learn, learn, learn —
In one way — but only in one way.
Where then did the little goose-girl come from that day?
I don't know.

Though, is n't there hard by
A place tender and sunny,
We can feel slid between
Our seen and unseen,
And whose shadows we trace on the earth's face

Now and then dimly? Well, she
Was as ignorant as she could ignorant be,
And the world was n't school to her

Who came singing,
"Idleness, sweet idleness," up to the very feet
Of the professors' chairs,
And of the thousand and thousand pupils sitting round upon theirs.

Who up all sprang,
At the sound of the words she sang,

With "No, no, no, no; no,
There are no sweets in May,
None in the weary day.

What foolish thing is this, singing of idleness in spring?"

"Oh! sunny spring,"
Still sang the little goose-girl, wondering
As she was passing.

But suddenly stayed for a moment, basking
In the broad light, with wide eyes asking,
What "nay" could mean to the soft, warm day?

And as she stayed,
There strayed our from her
May breaths, wandering all the school over.
But now the hard eyes move her,
And her lips quiver,
As the sweet notes shiver

Between them, and die,
So her singing ceases: she
Looking up crying, "Why,
Is my May not sweet?
Is the wide sky fair?
Are the free winds fleet?
Are the feet of the spring not rare,
That tread flowers out of the soil?
Oh! long hours not for toil,
But for wondering and singing."

"No, no, no, no," these reply,
"Silly fancies of flowers and skies;
All these things we know,
There is nothing to wonder at, sing,
Love or fear.
Is not everything simple and clear,
And common and near us, and weary?
So, pass by idle dreaming,
And you if you would like to know
Being from seeming,
Come into the schools and study."

"Still to sing sometimes when I have the will,
And be idle and ponder,"
Said the goose-girl, "and look up to heaven and wonder."

"What! squander truth's time
In dreams of the unknown sublime?
No." "Then ignorant always," said she,
"I must be"; and went on her way,
"Sweet May, sad May."

Hanging her head,
Till "The mills of the gods grind slowly," she said,

"But they grind exceeding small;
Let be, I will sit by the mills of the gods and watch the slow atoms fall."

So patient and still, through long, patient hours,
As she laid her heart low in the hearts of the flowers;

Through clouds and through shine,
With smiles and with tears,
Through long hours, through sweet years,

Oh! years — for a year was only one school-hour
in Two thousand and ninety-nine.

And see,
Who are these that come creeping
Out from the school? Long ago,
When idlenesses out of her tresses strayed the school over;

Some slept of the learners, some played.
These crept out to wonder and sing,
And look for her yonder,

Away up the hills amongst the gods' mills —
And now

"Is it this way?" they say,
Bowling low;

"Oh! wise, by the heaven in thine eyes,
Teach, we will learn of thee.
Is it No, is it Yes,
Labor or idleness?"

She, answering meekly, "This —
Neither No, nor Yes,
But, come into God and see."

Oh! the deeps we can feel; Oh! the heights we must climb;

Oh! slow gentle hours of the golden time, —
Here, the end of my rhyme.

E. KEARY.

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LOST PRETERITES.

A LIVING language is like a living man. It has its tender infancy, its passionate youth, its careful maturity, its gradual though it may be imperceptible decay, and, finally, its death. After death comes apotheosis, if it has been worthy of such honor,—or burial in the books, which, like the remains or memorials of ancient heroes, become the sacred treasure of newer ages. All languages pass through these epochs in their career. Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin are familiar examples of the death and sanctity of great and mighty tongues that were once living powers to sway the passions and guide the reason of men. In their ashes even yet live the wonted fires that scholars love to rekindle. The languages of modern Europe that have sprung directly from the Latin may all be said to have passed their infancy and youth, and to have reached maturity, if not old age. The Celtic languages—all sprung from an ancient Oriental root, and which include Gaelic, Erse, Manx, Welsh, and Breton—are, in the last stage of vitality, destined to disappear, at no very remote period into the books, which will alone preserve their memory. Were it not for Victor Hugo, and some recent borrowings from the English, it might be said that French had ceased to expand, and had become stereotyped into a form no longer to be modified. Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian hold their own; and that is all that can be said of them. German, and the languages sprung from the same root and stem, contain within themselves such immense resources, and are so continually evolving out of the depths of their inner consciousness such new compounds, if not such new words, as to free them from that reproach of stagnation which may not unjustly be applied to the other great tongues which we have enumerated. But English—which, taken all in all, may be considered by far the richest, though not the most beautiful or the most sonorous, of all the languages spoken in our day—is yet in its vigorous youth, and cannot be accused of exhibiting any symptoms of decay. It is doubtful whether it have yet reached the full maturity of its prime, or whether the mighty nation now existent in America, or the as mighty nation which is destined yet to arise in Australia, will not, as time rolls on, and new wants are created, new circumstances encountered, and new ideas evolved out of the progress of science and civilization, add many thousands of new words to our already copious vocabulary. Other languages are dainty in the materials of their increment; but the English is, like man himself, om-

nivorous. Nothing comes much amiss to its hungry palate. It does not live on air and honey-dew, or even on bread, like more delicate organizations. All nature, all the languages of the earth, administer to its wants. It borrows, it steals, it assimilates what words it pleases from all the points of the compass, and asks no questions of them, but that they shall express thoughts and describe circumstances more tersely and more accurately than any of the old words beside which they are invited to take their places. Greek and Latin are its common food; French has long been its *restaurateur*; Arabia has supplied it with refreshment; Turkey has administered to its needs; Persia has helped it to a *hors d'œuvre* or two; and the once despised, but in many respects beautiful, dialect of its Scottish brother has given it strong and wholesome food in the shape of many poetical words, which it is not likely to part with. But if English is thus perpetually growing and gaining, it is at the same time perpetually losing. Were it not for the noble translation of the Bible, and for Chaucer, Gower, and the poets of the Elizabethan age, it would have lost still more than it has of its early treasures, and would have been Latinized to an extent that would have impaired its vigor, emasculated its passion, and deprived it of that sturdy vernacular which is the richest element in its blood, and best serves to build up its bone and muscle. If few languages now spoken in the world have gained so much as the English from the progress of civilization, it must be admitted, at the same time, that few have lost so much, and lost it without necessity. It has been said that a good carpenter is known as much by the shape as by the quantity of his chips; and the chips that the English tongue has thrown off since the days of *Piers Ploughman* to our own betoken, both by quality and quantity, what a plethora of wealth it possesses, and what a very cunning carpenter Time has proved in working with such abundant materials.

It is one of the current assertions which, once started on high authority are never again or very rarely questioned, that the writings of Chaucer are a "well of pure English undefiled." Chaucer's well, limpid and beautiful as it is, and undefiled as grammarians and critics may please to consider it, is not so much a fountain as a single stream. Chaucer, though so ancient in our eyes, was a neologist in his own day, and strove rather to increase the wealth of the written English, of which he was so great a master, by the introduction of words from the Norman French little understood by the bulk of the people, though familiar enough to the aristoc-

racy, for whom he mainly wrote, than to fix in his pages forever the strong simple words of his native Anglo-Saxon. The stream of English in his writings runs pure and cool; the stream of Norman-French runs pure and bright also; but the two currents that he introduced into his song never thoroughly intermingled in the language and at least nine tenths of the elegant Gallicisms which he employed found no favor with successive writers; and few of them have remained except in the earlier poems of Milton. If we really wish to discover the true well of English undefiled, where the stream runs clear and unmixed, we must look to the author of *Piers Ploughman* rather than to Chaucer. We shall there find a large vocabulary of strong words, such as are plain to all men's comprehension at the present day in the Bible, as well as in the common speech of the peasantry; and above all in that ancient form of the English language which is known as the Scottish dialect.

Since the days of *Piers Ploughman*, a work invaluable to every English philologist, the spoken language of the peasantry has undergone but few changes as regards words, but very many changes as regards terminations and inflections. On the other hand, the language of literature and polite society has undergone changes so vast that uneducated people are scarcely able to understand the phraseology that occurs in the masterpieces of our great authors, or the Sunday sermons of their pastors, delivered, as the saying is, "above their heads," in words that are rarely or never employed in their every-day hearing. Among this class survive large numbers of verbs as well as of inflections that ought never to have been allowed to drop out of literature, and which it only needs the efforts of a few great writers and orators to restore to their original favor.

Among the losses which the English language has undergone are, first, the loss of the plurals in *n* and in *en*, and the substitution of the plural in *s*; secondly, the present participle in *and*, for which we have substituted the nasal and disagreeable *ing*; thirdly, the loss of the French negative *ne*, as in *nill*, for "I will not"; *nould*, for "I would not"; *n'am*, for "I am not"; and of which the sole trace now remaining is "willy-nilly"; and, fourthly, the substitution of the preterite in *d*, as in *loved* and *admir'd*, for the older and much stronger preterite formed by a change in the vowel sound of the infinitive and the present, as in *run*, *ran*; *bite*, *bit*; *speak*, *spoke*; *take*, *took*; and many others that still survive. And not only has the language lost the strong preterite in a great variety of instances where it would have been infinitely better to have retained it, but it has lost many hundred preterites altogether, as well as many whole verbs, which the illiterate sometimes use, but which literature for a hundred and fifty years has either ignored or despised. Of all the nouns that formerly formed their plural in *n*, as the German or Saxon nouns still for the most part do, very few survive, — some in the Bible, some in poetical composition, some in the common conversation of the peasantry, and some, but very few, in polite literature. Among them may be mentioned "oxen," for oxes; "kine," for cows; "shoon," for shoes; "hosen," for stockings; "een," for eyes; "housen," for houses; and the words, as common to the vernacular as to literature, "men," "women," "brethren," and "children." In America, the word "sistern," as a companion to brethren, survives in the conventicle and the meet-

ing-house. "Lamben" and "thumben," for "lambs" and "thumbs," were comparatively euphemistic words; but thumbs and lambs, and every noun which ends with a consonant in the singular, are syllables which set music, and sometimes pronunciation, at defiance. What renders the matter worse is, that the *s* in the French plural, from which this perversion of the English language was adopted, is not sounded, and that the plural is really marked by the change of the definite article, as *le champ*, *les champs*. Thus in borrowing an unpronounced consonant from the French, in order to pronounce it we have adulterated our language with a multitude of sibilants alien to its spirit and original structure. The substitution of *s* for *eth* as the terminal of the present person singular of every verb in the language is an aggravation of the evil. If this change had been repudiated by our forefathers, a grace much needed would have been retained in the language.

Gradually, too, the English language has lost the large number of diminutives which it formerly possessed, and which are still common in the Scottish dialect. The English diminutives in ordinary use in the nursery are many, but are chiefly employed in the pet names of children, as "Willie," for little William; "Annie," for little Ann; and so forth. The diminutives belonging to literature are few; and if we write "darling," for little dear; "lordling," for a small lord; "mannikin," for a very small man; and such words as "gosling," "duckling," "kitten," we have pretty nearly exhausted the list. But formerly almost every monosyllabic noun had its lawful diminutive, as it has to this day in the Scottish dialect, where such words as "housie," "wife," "birdie," "doggie," "bairnie," "mannie," "bookie," "lassie," "lammie," and hundreds of others, are constantly employed. Every Scotsman understands the phrase "a bonnie wee lassiekie," in which there are no less than three diminutives piled one upon the other, to increase the tenderness of an expression which ceased to be English four hundred years ago.

Among other losses, the plural in *en* of the present tenses of all the verbs is greatly to be lamented. We *loven* and we *smilen* would serve many rhythmical needs, and administer to many poetic elegances that the modern forms do not supply.

"The persons plural," observes Ben Jonson in his *English Grammar*, — a work by no means so well known as his poetry, — "keep the termination of the first person singular. In former times, till about the reign of King Henry VIII, they were wont to be formed by adding *en*; thus, 'loven,' 'sayen,' 'complainen.' But now (whatsoever is the cause) it hath quite grown out of use. Albeit (to tell you my opinion) I am persuaded that the lack thereof, well considered, will be found a great blemish to our tongue."

But of all the losses which the language has sustained, not alone for poetry, but for oratory, that of many useful verbs, some of which are still existing in Scottish parlance, and of the ancient preterites and past participles of many old verbs of which the infinitives and present tenses still hold their places, is the most to be deplored. This loss began early; and that the process is still in operation in the present day, is manifest from the fact that many preterites written in the best books and spoken in the best society forty years ago are dropping out of use before our eyes. We constantly find *bid* for *bade*, — "he *bids* me now"; "he *bid* me yester-

day"; *dare* for *durst*, — "I told him I *dare* not do it"; *need* for *needed*, — "it was clear to me a year ago that he *need* not perform his promise"; *eat* for *ate* or *ett*, — "he *eat* his dinner"; *bet* for *betted*, — "he *bet* me a thousand to one." The verbs to *let*, to *cast*, and to *put* seem to have enjoyed no preterite during the last two hundred years in English, though in Scottish literature, both of the past and the present, their preterites are as common as their infinitives and present tenses. *Must*, in English, is equally devoid of the infinitive, the preterite, and the future; while *can* has a preterite, but neither infinitive nor future. For what reasons these and similar losses have occurred in English and in other modern languages it might be interesting to inquire, though it might possibly lead us into metaphysical mazes were we to ask why an Englishman who may say "I can" and "I could," must not say "I will *can*," but must resort to the periphrase of "I will be able," to express power in futurity; or why the sense of present duty and obligation implied in the words "I must" cannot be expressed by the same verb if the duty be bygone or future, as "I *musted*," or "I will *must*," but have to be translated, as it were, into "I was obliged," or "I will be obliged," to do such and such a thing hereafter. These, however, are losses, whatever may be their occult causes, which can never again be supplied, and which at our time of day it is useless to lament.

The loss which most immediately concerns us in this paper is that of the many preterites and past participles of ancient verbs that are still in use, and of many good English verbs in all their tenses which without reason have been left for vernacular use to the north of England and Scotland, and have not been admitted to the honors of modern literature, except in the poems of Robert Burns and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. We shall not attempt to give a complete list of the lost preterites of our noble tongue, — preterites that ought not to be lost, — preterites that are not dead but sleeping, — preterites that only need the fostering care of two or three writers and speakers of genius and influence to be revived, — preterites that formed the bone and pith of the language of our forefathers, and that make the beauty and strength of the Bible in many of its noblest passages, and that particularly commend themselves to us in Shakespeare, — but shall select a number of the most beautiful as well as the most useful, as hints to the writers of the present and the future, — showing them, as it were, a bank on which the wild thyme blows luxuriously, and where the industrious bees of literature can gather stores of honey. Taking them alphabetically, for the sake of convenience and reference, we begin with: —

Aze, to inquire. — This was the original and is the legitimate form of the verb now written and pronounced *ask*, and is not only to be heard in colloquial use all over England, but to be found in our earliest writers, with the inflexions *azed* and *azen*: —

"Envy with heavy harte
Azed after Thrifte."
Vision of Piers Ploughman.

"If he *aze* a fish." — Wickliffe's Bible.

"*Aze* not why." — Chaucer: *The Miller's Tale*.

For the purposes of lyrical poetry and musical composition, the past participle of this verb, if reintroduced into literature, would be a vast improvement upon the harsh sound *asked*, which no vocalist can pronounce without a painful gasp.

Bid, and its derivative *forbid*. — The ancient preterite and past participle of this verb were *bade* and *bidden*, *forbade* and *forbidden*. Both of these inflections are threatened with extinction; — for what offence it is impossible to surmise. Shakespeare says: —

"The very moment that he *bade* me do it."

That our modern writers do not follow the example of Shakespeare, and conform to the rules of good English, may appear from the following examples: —

"The competition is so sharp and general that the leader of to-day can never be sure that he will not be *outbid* to-morrow." — *Quarterly Review*, April, 1868.

"Mr. Charles Dickens has finally *bide* farewell to Philadelphia." — *Times*, March 4, 1868.

"Uncertain even at that epoch (1864) of Austria's fidelity, Prussia *bide* high for German leadership." — *Times*, April 9, 1868.

"He called his servants and *bide* them procure firearms." — *Times*, letter from Dublin, March 2, 1868.

"James the First, besides writing a book against tobacco, *forbid* its use by severe penalties." — *Tobacco*, by D. King, M. D.

Beat, *beaten*. — "The preterite of this verb," says Walker, in his *Pronouncing Dictionary*, is uniformly pronounced by the English like the present tense. "I think," says Dr. Johnson to Horne Tooke, in one of the imaginary conversations of Savage Landor, "that I have somewhere seen the preterite *bate*." "I am afraid," replied Tooke, "of reminding you where you probably met with the word. The Irishman in Fielding's *Tom Jones* says 'he *bate* me.'" Johnson replied, "that he would not hesitate to employ the word in grave composition"; and Tooke acquiesced in the decision, justifying it by a statement of the fact, which, however, he did not prove, "that authors much richer both in thought and expression than any now living or recently deceased have done so." Children, who often make preterites of their own, in this respect acting unconsciously upon the analogies of the language, often say *bett* for *did beat*. And the children, it would appear, are correct, if the following from *Piers Ploughman* be considered good English: —

"He laid on me with rage
And hitte me under the ear;
He buffetted me so about the mouth
That out my teeth he *bette*."

In Ross's *Helenore* — a perfect storehouse of Anglo-Saxon words current in Aberdeenshire, Kincardineshire, the Mearns, and the northeast of Scotland — we find, —

"Baith their hearts *bett* wi' the common stound,
And had nae pain, but pleasure in the wound."

This preterite might well be revived; it is sadly wanted, as witness the following passage from Mr. Diaraeli's *Vivian Grey*: "Never was she so animated; never had she boasted that her pulse *beat* more melodious music; or her lively blood danced a more healthful measure." If "danced" (a preterite), why not *bett*, as *Piers Ploughman* has it? The following recent example of the present for the past participle *beaten*, is wholly unjustifiable: —

"They were stoned, and the horse in their vehicle *beat* severely." — *Temple Bar Magazine*, March, 1869.

Bake, *boke*, *boken*, to *bake*. — Both the preterite and the past participle of this verb are lost to literature, though they survive in the rural dialects of Scotland and the north of England. The language possesses but few trochaic rhymes, and in this respect *boken* might do good service to many a poet

at his wife's end for a rhyme to "broken" and "token."

Betide, betid, from *tide*, to happen. — The preterite is lost. It occurs both in *Piers Ploughman* and in Chaucer: —

"Thee should never have *tidde* so fair a grace." — *Canterbury Tales*.

Blend, blent, to mingle. — The preterite of this verb is very properly preserved by the poets, but seems to have entirely given way in prose and in ordinary speech to "blended." Any reason for the change it is impossible to discover; for if it be correct to say "blended," it would be equally correct to say "spended," "lended," or "rended." This form of the preterite in the verb "to mend" has properly been superseded by "mended," in order to avoid the confusion that would be caused in the use of the verb "to mean," which has its proper preterite in "meant." Byron uses *blent* with fine effect in his noble lines on *The Battle of Waterloo*: —

"Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial *blent*."

Bren or brend, brent or brand, to burn. — This verb is lost, though it might well have been retained in the language. "A *brand* plucked from the burning," is almost its sole remnant.

"Bring in better wood.
And blow it till it *brend*." — *Piers Ploughman*.

Blin, blan, to cease, to stop: —

"And so he did or that they went atwin,
Till he had turned him he could not *blin*."
Chaucer: *The Chanones' Yeman's Tale*.

"Her tears did never *blin*." — Nares: *Romeus and Julietta*.

"One while then the page he went,
Another while he ranne,
Till he 'd o'ertaken King Estmere,
I wis he never *blanne*."
Percy's *Reliques*: *King Estmere*.

Brest, brast, to burst: —

"Have thou my truth, till that mine herte *brest*."
Chaucer: *The Franklin's Tale*.

"The mayor smote Cloudestee with his bill,
His buckler he *brast* in two."

Percy's *Reliques*: *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudestee*.

Busk, busked, to adorn, to dress, to make ready: —

"*Busk ye*, my merry men all,
And John shall go with me."
Percy's *Reliques*: *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*.

"The king's bowmen *busked* them blythe."
Percy's *Reliques*: *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudestee*.

"The noble baron whet his courage hot,
And *busked* him bokkly to the dreadful fight."
Fairfax: *Translation of Tasso*.

"*Busk ye, busk ye*, my bonnie, bonnie bride."
Hamilton: *Braes o' Yarrow*.

"A bonnie bride is spon *buskit*."
Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

Cast, to throw. — This verb in English has lost its preterite *coost*, and its past participle *casten*. Both survive in Scotland and the north of England: —

"They *coost* keivils them amang
Wha should to the greenwood gang."
Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

Bur is employed the preterite in *The Death and Dying Words of Poor Maillie*: —

"As Maillie and her lamb together,
Were as day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she *coost* a blench."

And again, in his immortal song of *Duncan Gray*: —

"Maggie *coost* her head fu' high,
Looked askint and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh."

In the Scottish dialect "to *cast out*" means "to fall out," "to disagree"; and the phrase "they have *casten out*" is of constant occurrence.

Conne or can, to be able. — Neither the infinitive nor the past participle of this verb seems to have been used since the days of Chaucer, who says, "I shall not *conne answer*"; and in the *Romance of the Rose* has "Thou shalt never *conne knowen*."

Cut. — This verb never appears to have had a preterite, though a past participle *ykutt* or *ykutt* is cited in Herbert Coleridge's vocabulary of the *Older Words in the English Language*. Whence or when the word was introduced into English no lexicographer has ever yet been able to determine. It is neither derived from the Anglo-Saxon, the French, the Greek, nor the Latin, and is therefore, by the exhaustive process, supposed by the most recent compilers of dictionaries to have been borrowed from the Celtic. A near approach to it occurs in the French *couteau*, a knife or instrument to cut with; in the Italian *coltello*; and in the English and Scottish *coulter*, the ploughshare, or knife of the plough. It may be that the original word was *kut*, whence *ykutt*, cited by Mr. Coleridge, and that it formed its preterite by *cat* and *cut*. Some little support for this idea may be found in the word *cat* as applied in "cat-o'-nine-tails," a weapon that cuts pretty severely; and in *kit-cat*, as applied to portraits that are not exactly full-length, but cut to three-quarters length, as those painted for the celebrated "Kit-Kat Club."

Clead or clede, clad, to clothe. — The preterite and past participle remain in poetical use as well as in dignified prose, while the infinite and the present and future tenses have been superseded by the much harsher word "clothe."

Clepe, or clept, yclept, to call, to name. — The past participle of this verb remains for the use of bad writers, and sometimes of good writers who compose mock heroics.

"The compaignie of comfort,
Men *cleped* it some tyme." — *Piers Ploughman*.

"Paraventure in thilk large book
Which that men *clepe* the heaven ywritten was
With stars." — Chaucer: *The Man of Lawes' Tale*.

"They *clepe* us drunkards." — Shakespeare: *Hamlet*.

"As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are *cleped*
All by the name of dogs." — Shakespeare: *Macbeth*.

Mr. Halliwell, in his *Archaic Dictionary*, says that the word is still used by boys at play in the eastern counties, who *clepe* or call the sides at a game. Many newspaper writers in the present day, at a loss for a word for *calling* or *naming* an inanimate object, talk of the "christening" of a church, a street, a battle, or any inanimate object. An example occurs in an editorial article of the Times, July 12, 1869, on the removal of the grating from the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons, — "the grate question," as Mr. Lowe *christened* it. In this and other instances the old word *clepe*, in default of call or name, would be an improvement, if it were possible to revive it.

Clem, clain, clammed, to perish of hunger, to starve. — "To starve" originally meant "to die," as we still say of a person that he is "starving with cold." The word has lately come to signify "to

die for want of food," and has produced a very ugly and incorrect hybrid in the word "starvation," said to have been first used by Mr. Dundas, the first Lord Melville, who, as Horace Walpole informs us, received afterwards the nickname of "Starvation Dundas." The word at the time was supposed to be an Americanism. It has unfortunately fixed itself into our literature; but the original and much better word *clem* and its derivatives still hold their ground in Lancashire and the north of England. The word *clem* does not occur in Shakespeare, but both Ben Jonson and Massinger use it:—

"Hard is the choice when the valliant must eat their arms or *clem*." — Ben Jonson: *Every Man out of his Humor*.

"I cannot eat stones and turf. What! will he *clem* me and my followers? Ask him, will he *clem* me?" — Ben Jonson: *The Postaster*.

"My entrails were *clammed* with a perpetual fast." — Massinger: *The Roman Actor*.

"Let us all *clem*," said a speaker at a public meeting at Manchester during the American civil war, "rather than help the cause of slavery." "I would rather *clem* than go to the workhouse," is still a common and honorable expression in Lancashire.

Clip, clap, clippe, to embrace, to fondle. — Before the English language borrowed from the French the word embrace, from *embrasser*, to clasp in the arms, this verb was in constant use. It occurs in *Piers Ploughman* and in Chaucer, and had not fallen out of fashion or favor in the days of Shakespeare:—

"*Clippe* we in covenant, and each of us *clippe* other." — *Piers Ploughman*.

"He kiseth her and *clippeth* her full o't." — Chaucer: *The Merchant's Tale*.

"Worse than Tantalus is her annoy,
To *clip* Elysium and yet lack her joy." — Shakespeare: *Venus and Adonis*.

"Then embraces his son, and then again he worries his daughter with *clipping* her." — Shakespeare: *Winter's Tale*.

"Oh let me *clip* ye in arms as round as when I woo'd!" — Shakespeare: *Coriolanus*.

"The lusty vine, not jealous of the Ivy,
Because she *clips* the elm." — Beaumont and Fletcher.

The preterite, once common, survives to this day in the form of an infinitive and of a noun, but in both too offensive to modesty to be further mentioned.

Crine, crone, crunken, to shrivel from heat, frost, or sickness. — This verb, with all its declensions, has perished, and only survives in its diminutive, to *crinkle*. In this last form it is rather of the Middle Ages than of our own. See the ballad of the "Boy and the Mantle" in Percy's *Reliques*.

Chirm, charm, churm, to sound like the murmur or song of a multiplicity of birds. — Mr. Halliwell, in his *Archaic Dictionary*, defines the word to mean the melancholy undertone of a bird previous to a storm. Nares, in his Glossary, has *charre*, to make a confused noise, a word current in some parts of England. The word is common in Scotland, though almost obsolete in the south:—

"Small birds with *chirming* and with cheeping clanged their song." — Gavin Douglas's translation of the *Æneid*.

"At last the kindly sky began to clear,
The birds to *chirm*, and daylight to appear." — Ross's *Helenore*.

Milton makes Eve speak of the "*charm* of earliest birds," a phrase which has been misinterpreted to mean the charming (in the modern sense) song of the birds, while it really means *chirm* (in the old

English sense), the confused and intermingled song of all the morning birds.

Clout, clouted, to mend, to put a patch upon. — The verb survives in Scotland, but has perished out of modern English literature, although Shakespeare used it:—

"I thought he slept, and put
My *clouted* brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered my steps too loud." — *Cymbeline*.

"Many sentences of one meaning *clouted* up together." — Roger Ascham.

"*Clout* the auld, the new are dear,
My Joe Janet." — Robert Burns.

Daff, daft, to make a fool of, to play the fool. — *Daffe* in Chaucer signifies a fool; and in the Scottish and North English dialect a *daft* man signifies a lunatic, or one who has been befooled. *Daffing* signifies foolish fun or merriment. In the scene between Leonato and Claudio in *Much Ado about Nothing*, when Claudio declines to fight the old man, and says, —

"Away! away! I will not have to do with you,"

Leonato replies, —

"Canst thou so *daff* me? Thou hast killed my child."

Both Mr. Charles Knight and Mr. Howard Stanton, following in the track of other Shakespearean editors, explain *daff* in this passage to mean *doff*, or *put off*. The true meaning is to *befoo*, as the word is used in Chaucer. When, elsewhere, Shakespeare says of Prince Henry, —

"Thou madcap Prince of Wales, that *daffed* the world aside,"

the meaning of the word is the same. The "madcap" did not *daff* the world aside, for in this sense the expression would be pleonastic, but *daffed* or *fooled* or jested it aside, as a madcap would.

Dare, dared or durst, dared. — The tendency of our modern and colloquial English, as well as of our current literature, is to ignore the two preterites and the past participle of this word, and to write and say *dare* where *durst* or *dared* would be more correct. There is also a tendency to omit the *s* in the third person singular of the present tense. The following are examples of each inaccuracy:—

"Neither her maidens nor the priest *dare* speak to her for half an hour" (*durst* speak to her, &c.) — *Hereward the Wake*, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley.

"The Government *dare* [*durst*] not consent to the meeting being held.

No one can feel anything but contempt for a Government which meanly attempts to gain a cheap reputation for firmness by fulminations which it *dare* [*dares*] not carry out; and by prohibiting meetings which it *dare* [*dares*] not prevent." — *Morning Star* on the Hyde Park riots, 1866.

There is no reason why this verb should be deprived of its declensions, and no careful writer ought to fall into the errors just cited.

Deem, doom, deemed, to judge. — This word, which now signifies "to think" rather than "to judge," and which has lost its old preterite *doom*, formerly implied the delivery of a doom, sentence, or judgment. Chaucer calls a judge a *doomsman*; and in the Isle of Man the judge is still called the *dempster* or *deemster*. The day of Doom is the day of Judgment. Chaucer does not use the old preterite *doom*, which seems to have perished before his time; but in the *Franklein's Prologue* uses the substantive *doom* in the sense of an opinion or a private judgment:—

"As to my *doom*, there is more that is here
Of eloquence that shall be thy peer,
If that thou live."

Out of the lost preterite the English writers of three centuries ago formed a new verb, to *doom*, with a regular preterite, *doomed*, — a word which does not merely signify to pass judgment upon, but to pass a severe sentence.

Delve, delve, dolven, to dig, to make a trench or ditch, to bury in the earth. — This verb is still retained in poetical composition, and in the every-day speech of the people in Scotland and some of the northern counties; but the old preterite and past participle are lost. They have found a substitute in the regular declension *delved*. The old preterite seems to have become obsolete at an early period, as appears from the distich of John Ball the priest, the friend and coadjutor of Wat Tyler in the rebellion of 1381: —

"When Adam *delved* and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

Chaucer used the participle, "I would be *dolven* [buried] deep"; and in the *Romance of Merlin*, a man who was to be buried alive is described as to "be *dolven* quick." *Piers Ploughman* has, "They *dolven* with spades and shovels to drive away hunger." Keats, in more modern times employs, *delved*: —

"Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep *delved* earth!"

If he had said deep *dolven* instead of deep *delved*, he would have had high authority, and would have greatly improved the stately march and music of his verse.

Dight, dighted, to prepare, to put in order, to deck, to attire, to wipe away. — This useful word of many meanings is all but obsolete in English literature, but survives in Scottish. The preterite has long been lost, and is not employed in *Piers Ploughman* or in Chaucer. An offshoot of this word in the form of *misdight* (misprepared) occurs in Jack Miller's song, quoted by Stowe in his account of Wat Tyler's rebellion: —

"If might
Go before right,
And will
Before skill,
Then is our mill *misdight*."

Spenser and Milton both attempted to revive *dight*, but with only partial success: —

"Soon after them, all dancing in a row,
The comely virgins came with garlands *dight*."
The Faerie Queene.

"The clouds in thousand liveries *dight*." — *L'Allegro*.

"Storied windows richly *dight*." — *Il Penseroso*.

In Scottish parlance *dight* does constant service. The lassie *dights* her mou' before accepting a kiss, and *dights* her een after she has been weeping. She *dights* herself in her best attire before going to kirk; and the wife *dights* the dinner for her husband: —

"*Dight* your cheeks, and banish care." — Allan Ramsay.

"Let me rax up to *dight* that tear,
And go with me and be my dear."

Burns: *The Jolly Beggars*.

Ding, dang, dong or *dung*, to strike hard, to beat down. — The infinitive and present tense of this verb are still colloquially current, but the preterite and past participle are obsolete, or only survive in the nursery phrase, "*Ding, dong, bell*." In Scotland the verb and all its inflections survive. Burns, in his immortal and often-quoted line, says, "Facts are chieles that winna *ding*." Sir Alexander Boswell has a song entitled "*Jenny dang* the Weaver,"

into the very prosaic form of "*Jenny vanquished the cotton manufacturer*." The past participle occurs in the familiar proverbs quoted by Allan Ramsay, "It's a sair *dung* bairn that manna greet," and "He's sairest paid that's *dung* wi' his ain wand." The modern English preterite *dinged* is still occasionally heard in conversation, though lost to literature, as in such phrases: "Horace? Yes; he was *dinged* into me at school"; and colloquially, "Why do you keep *dinging* that old story into my ears?" The word constantly occurs in serious poetry up to the time of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson: —

"Do-well shall *dyngen* him down,
And destroyen his mighte."

Piers Ploughman.

"The hellish prince, grim Plato with his mace, *ding* down my soul to hell!" — *The Battle of Alcazar*.

Dow, to be able, to thrive: *dought*, was able. — This verb is utterly lost from English literature, but, like many others of its sturdy class, exists in the speech of the English peasantry, and in the speech as well as the literature of Scotland. By a strange neglect, or a stranger ignorance, the makers of dictionaries — from Blount and Philips up to Richardson, Worcester, and Webster — have either omitted all mention of it, or erroneously considered it to be synonymous with, or an orthographical error for, the similar word "*do*," with which it has no connection. "I do-as well as I *dow*" — i. e. "I do as well as I can" — is a common phrase in the north; and the supereminently English but pleonastic inquiry, "How do you do?" which means "How do you *dow*?" — i. e. thrive, prosper, or get on, — has come to be accepted as accurate English, though wholly a mistake of the learned. Even Nares, in his Glossary, has no suspicion of this word, though Halliwell, more acute, gives one of its meanings, "to thrive," "to mend in health"; and Mr. Thomas Wright, in his *Provincial Dictionary*, follows in the same track as regards its use in English literature, though he does not seem to be aware of its commonness in the literature of Scotland. William Hamilton, the Scottish poet, writes to his friend Allan Ramsay: —

"Lang may'st thou live and thrive and *dow*!"

And Burns says to Gavin Hamilton: —

"When I *downa* yoke a naig,
The Lord be thankit, I can beg!"

In his *Epistle to King George III.*, in his eulogy of facts, Burns speaks of them as "chieles that winna *ding*," and adds, "they *downa* be disputed." Ross, in his *Helenore*, has "When he *dow* do naem air," — a phrase that shows the essential difference between the two words.

From this obsolete verb springs the adjective *doughty*, strong, able, — a derivation which up to the present time seems to have escaped all the English lexicographers.

Dread, drad, dradden, to fear greatly. — The modern preterite and past participle *dreaded* have entirely superseded the ancient forms: —

"But what I *drad*, did me, poor wretch, betide."

Robert Greene: 1598.

Dwine, dwined, to pine away, to fall off. — This verb has been superseded by its diminutive, to *dwindle*, which has the same meaning: —

"Thus *dwine*th he till he be dead." — Gower.

"It *dwined* for eld." — Chaucer.

"Bacchus hates repining;"

Fang, fong, fung, to seize, to lay hold of. — Most people remember the old law phrase, "infang thief and outfang thief," the one signifying a thief taken within the jurisdiction of a feudal lord, and the other a thief taken without his jurisdiction. This is the only remnant of this verb that has come down to our time except the substantive *fang*, the large tooth of a beast of prey or of a serpent; the diminutive *fangle*, to take hold of a new fancy or fashion; and the common phrase *new-fangled* : —

"I nold *fang* a farthing" (I would not take a farthing).
Vision of Piers Ploughman.

"He *fong* his foemen by the flank,
And *flang* him on the floor."
Buchan's *Northern Ballads*.

Fare, foor, fore, fure, fared, to travel. — This verb is not wholly obsolete, though its preterite is lost. It has come to signify to eat and drink as well as to travel, and also that which is eaten or drunk. It is doubtful whether our beautiful word "farewell" means "may you travel well through life," or "may you be well treated by the world." A way-faring man is still a common expression. "Auld-farrand," travelling on the old ways, old-fashioned, is intelligible to the people on both sides of the Tweed. The preterite occurs several times in the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*.

"Alexander fell into a fever therewith, so that he *fare* wondrous ille." — MS. Lincoln, quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

"Her errand led her through the glen to *fare*."
Rosa's *Helenore*.

"As o'er the moor they lightly *foor*,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Up the banks they eased their shanks." — Burns.

Fret, fret, fretten, to devour or eat up : —

"Like as it were a moth *fretting* a garment." — Psalm xxxix.
Common Prayer.

"Adam *freet* of that fruit,
And forsook the love of our Lord." — *Piers Ploughman*.

"He (the dragon) has *fretten* of folk more than five hundred."
— *Morte d'Arthur*.

Frush, frusht, frushed, to bruise, disturb, rumple, disarrange. — This good Shakespearian word is fairly admissible into modern dictionaries, in most of which, however, it does not find a place : —

"Stand ! stand, thou Greek ! thou art a goodly mark !
No ! wilt thou not ? I like thy armor well,
I'll *frush* it and unlock the rivets all !"
Shakespeare : *Troilus and Cressida*.

"Hector assailed Achilles and gave him so many strokes that he all to *frusht* and break his helm." — Caxton's *Destruction of Troy*.

"High cedars are *frushed* with tempests." — Hinde : 1606.

Southey uses the substantive : —

"Horrible uproar and *frush* of rocks that meet in battle."

The word well deserves favor and restoration.

Gar, gart, gard, to compel, to force, to make, to cause a thing to be done. — This verb in all its declensions has become obsolete in English literature, where its place has been but feebly supplied by "make" and "made." "I'll make him do it" is neither so strong nor so elegant as the ancient English and modern Scotch, "I'll *gar* him do it : " —

"*Gar* us have meat and drink, and make us chere."
Chaucer : *The Reeve's Tale*.

"*Gar* saddle me my bonnie black,
Gar saddle soon, and make her ready."
Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

"And like the mavis on the bush,
He *gart* the vallas ring." — Percy's *Reliques*.

Get, got, gotten, to attain, to procure, to come into possession of. — The past participle of this verb has lately become obsolete, except in the talk of the uneducated and in Scottish literature. It was common in the last century : —

"We knew we were *gotten* far enough out of their reach." — Defoe : *Robinson Crusoe*.

"Ken ye what Meg o' the mill has *gotten* ?
She 's *gotten* a lout wi' a lump o' siller,
And broken the heart of the barley miller."

Robert Burns.

There is also a marked tendency to the disuse of this inflection in the verb "to forget," and people too commonly say and write "I have 'forgot'" instead of "forgotten."

Glide, glode, glidden, to move away easily and smoothly. — The ancient preterite and past participle have become obsolete, and have been superseded by *glided*, much to the loss of versifiers in search of good rhymes : —

"His good stede he all bestrode,
And forth upon his way he *glode*." — Chaucer.

"He *glode* forth as an adder *glode*." — *Idem*.

"Through Guy's shield it *glode*." — *Guy of Warwick*.

The reason of the substitution of the regular for the irregular preterite may be found in the desire to prevent confusion with the regular preterite of the verb to glow.

Glint, glent, glinted, to shine, to flash, to appear suddenly. — In Sternberg's *Northamptonshire Glossary* the infinitive of this verb as used amongst the peasantry of that part of England is cited as *gline*. *Glint* would be the legitimate preterite if this were correct. In Scottish poetry *glint* is the infinitive, and *glinted* the preterite and past participle. In old English poetry *glent* is the preterite : —

"The sunbeams are *glinting* far over the sea."
Newcastle Garland.

"Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou *glinted* forth
Amid the storm."
Burns : *To a Mountain Daisy*.

"There came a hand withouten rest
Out of the water,
And brandished it.
Anon as a gleam away it *glent*."
Morte d'Arthur.

Go, gaed, gone, to depart. — The ancient and legitimate preterite of this verb has been superseded by the preterite ("went") of the verb to "wend," to turn away. It maintains its ground, however, in Scotland and the northern English counties. Chaucer has "gadling" for a vagabond, a wanderer who goes much about; and the language still retains the word to "gad," to wander or stray about, making short visits : —

"I *gaed* a waef's gate yestreen." — Burns.

Gnaw, gnaw, gnawed, to bite at a hard substance. — The old preterite is lost, doubtless on account of its too great similarity in pronunciation to the more familiar word "knew" : —

"At last in twa the dowie ropes he *gnaw*." — Ross's *Helenore*.

"No sustenance got,
But only at the cauld hills berries *gnaw*." — *Idem*.

Greet, grat, grütten, to weep. — This verb, with all its declensions, has lost its place in English literature, though the word *greet* remains with a different meaning, "to salute." Like other strong Saxon words which modern English has unnecessarily discarded, it is retained in Scotland. It seems

to have been lost even in Chaucer's time, who uses *greet* entirely in the modern sense of "to salute." *Piers Ploughman* has it in the sense of "to lament" or "weep":—

"And then 'gan Gloton to greet,
And greet dool to make."

"It's a sad time," says an old Scottish proverb, "when hens crow and bearded men greet." Another proverb says, "Better bairns should greet than bearded men."

"And sighed and grat, and grat and sighed again."

Ross's *Helenore*.

"Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin'."

Burns: *Duncan Gray*.

"The Edinbro' wells are grutten dry."

Burns: *Elegy on the Year 1788*.

Grab, grub, grabbed, to dig up, to seize. — This verb, in all its inflections, has been wholly relegated to the speech of the vulgar, but, like many other vulgar words, has a highly respectable origin. *Grab*, in its first sense, means to dig a grave or hole; and *grub* means that which is dug up, such as roots for human subsistence, whence its modern and slang signification, "food."

Graith, graithed, to prepare, make ready. — A critic in the *Literary Gazette* of March 30, 1860, called a poet to account for using such an unpermissible word as *grait*, of which he declared his utter ignorance. He might, however, have found it in Chaucer, in Worcester's Dictionary, and in Robert Burns:—

"Her son Galathin
She graithed in attire fine."

Arthur and Merlin.

"Unto the Jewes such a hate had he,
That he bade graith his chair full hostile."

Chaucer: *The Reeve's Tale*.

"Go warn me Perthshire and Angus baith,
And graith my horse."

Song of the Outlaw Murray.

Hend, hent, to take, to hold, to seize, to apprehend:—

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

It is probable that in this well-known passage from the song of Autolycus in the *Winter's Tale*, the preterite *hent* is a misprint for the infinitive *hend*, though it must be admitted that Chaucer uses *hent* both in the present and the past tenses. This is a very unusual defect in an English verb of that early period.

"All be it that it was not our intente,
He should be sauf, but that we sholde him hent."

Chaucer: *The Friar's Tale*.

Shakespeare uses *hent* as a substantive, to signify a purpose, an intention to hold by, in Hamlet's exclamation, when he determines not to kill the king at his prayers:—

"No!
Up, sword! and know thou a more horrid hent!
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage."

Help, holp, holpen, to aid. — The preterite and past participle are fast becoming obsolete:—

"For thou hast holpen me now." — MS. *Cantab*: Halliwell.

"And blind men holpen." — *Piers Ploughman*.

"Building upon the foundation that went before us, and being holpen by their labors." — *The Translators of the Bible to the Reader*: temp. James I.

Hit, het, hitten, to strike, to touch violently with a blow. Both preterite and past participle are

obsolete. *Hitten* survives in the colloquial language of the peasantry:—

"Your honor's *hitten* the nail upon the head." — Ross's *Helenore*.

The Americans, in default of the old preterite *het* occasionally say *hot*, — as, "he *hot* me a heavy blow; he *hot* out right and left."

Hold, held, holden, to have, grasp, or retain in possession. The past participle is obsolete but might be advantageously revived for the sake of the rhyme which it affords to "golden," "embolden," &c.

Keek, keeked, to peep, to look in slyly:—

"The robin came to the wren's nest,
And keeked in and keeked in."

Nursery Rhymes of England.

"This Nicholas sat even gape upright,
As he had keeked on the newe moon."

Chaucer: *The Miller's Tale*.

"Stars, diona keek in
And see me wi' Mary." — Burns.

Kythe, kouth or *couth*, to show, appear, know, make known. — This word has become wholly obsolete in England, but survives in Scotland. The sole remnant of it in English is *uncouth*, originally meaning something unknown, unheard of, strange, and now meaning rough or ungainly. Milton has, —

"Bound on a voyage uncouth,"

meaning unknown. The Scotch have the word *couthie*, familiar, or well known.

"And to the people's eyes all and some
Was couth that a new markisess
He with him brought in such pompe and riches
That never was there seen with manne's eye."

Chaucer: *The Clerk's Tale*.

"Take you sport, and *kythe* you knights." — Sir Ferumbras.

"*Kythe* in your ain colours, that folk may ken you." — Allan Ramsay's *Scottish Proverbs*.

"Their fides blythe, they sweetly *kythe*." — Burns.

List or *lest, lust*, to please. — This word has gradually been dropping out of use, but having been preserved in the Bible, is still occasionally heard. The preterite is lost, though the word itself survives as a substantive, and as the infinitive of another verb, to *lust*, signifying to desire pleasure vehemently:—

"The wind bloweth where it listeth."

The colloquial expression "to *list* for a soldier" seems to come from this root, and means, to please to become, or voluntarily to become a soldier. Chaucer uses *lust* in the sense of joy:—

"Farewell, my life, my *lust*, and my gladness."

The Knight's Tale.

Ligge, ligged, to lie down. — This ancient word is still in common use in Cumberland and Northumberland, and also on the Border counties of Scotland:—

"So that the Holy Ghost
Gloweth but as a glade,
Till that lele love
Ligge on him." — *Piers Ploughman*.

"What hawkes sitten on the perche above!"

What houndes *liggen* on the floor adown!"

Chaucer: *The Knight's Tale*.

"I have *ligged* for a fortnight in London, weak almost to death, and neglected by every one." — G. P. B. James: *Gowrie*; or, *The King's Plot*.

Let, loot, letten, to let, to permit. — This verb has lost all its inflections in literary and colloquial English, but preserves them in the Scottish dialect:—

"But *letten* him lede forth whom hym liked."

"And aye she *lost* the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean." — Sir Walter Scott.

"Ye've *lost* the ponie o'er the dyke." — Burns.

"But dool had not yet *letten* her feel her want."
Ross's *Helenore*.

Leap, lope, lopen, to leap. — At what time this verb followed the analogy of weep, creep, and sleep, and formed its preterite in leapt or lept, does not very clearly appear: —

"And they laughing *lope* to her." — Piers Ploughman.

"Have *lopen* the better." — *Idem*.

"Up he *lope* and the window broke,
And he had thirty foot to fall."
Percy's *Reliques: The Murder of the King of Scots*.

"Tom Rindle *lope* fra the chimley nook."
Waugh's *Lancashire Songs*.

Laugh, lough, leuch. — The ancient preterite and past participle of this verb have been superseded by the modern preterite in *ed*: —

Then *lough* there a lord,
And 'By this light' saide,
'I hold it right and reson.'" — Piers Ploughman.

"He cleped it Valerie and Theophrast,
And *lough* always full fast."
Chaucer: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*.

"When she had read Wise William's letter,
She smiled and she *leuch*." — Motherwell's *Collection*.

"'I think not so,' she halfins said, and *leuch*."
Rose's *Helenore*.
"How graceless Ham *leuch* at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger."
Burns: *The Ordination*.

"An' lika ane *leuch* him to scorn."
Percy's *Reliques: The Auld Guidman*.

Lout, louted, to make an obeisance or a courtesy: —

"And then *louted* adown." — Piers Ploughman.

"'Sir,' quoth the dwarf, and *louted* low."
Percy's *Reliques: Sir Cautline*.

"They *louted* to that ladye."
Percy's *Reliques: On Alliterative Metre*.

"To which image both young and old
Commanded he to *lout*."
Chaucer: *The Monke's Tale*.

"And I am *louted* by a traitor villain."
Shakespeare: *Henry VI. Part I*.

Melt, molt, molten, to liquefy by means of heat. — The preterite is lost, the past participle still preserved in poetry and the Bible.

Mint, minted, to essay, to try, to aim, to attempt, to prove the genuineness of metals before coinage: —

"*Minting's* not making" (attempting's not doing). — Allan Ramsay's *Scottish Proverbs*.

"A *minted* [attempted] excuse."
The Two Lancashire Lovers: 1660.

The word remains in *Mint*, — the Assay Office.

Nake, naked, to denude of covering. — The preterite survives as an adjective; the infinitive is lost: —

"Come, be ready! *nake* your swords.
Think of your wrongs!"
Nares: *Revenge's Tragedy*.

Pight, a word that occurs in Chaucer, is defined by Tyrwhitt as meaning "pitched," rather than the preterite of "put": —

"He *pight* him on the pomel of his head,
That in the place he lay as he were dead."
Chaucer: *The Knight's Tale*.

Stowe, however, at a later period, uses *pight* for "did put": —

"He was brought to the Standard in Cheape, where they strake off his head and *pight* it on a pole, and bare it before them." — Stowe's *Annals: Henry VI*.

Put, pat or pight, pitten or pitten, to place. — The modern verb has lost the preterite and past participle: —

"I there wi' something did forgether,
That *pat* me in an eerie swither."
Burns: *Death and Doctor Hornbook*.

"Ye see how Rob and Jenny's gone sin' they
Ha'e *pitten* o'er their heads the merry day."
Ross's *Helenore*.

"He's *pitten* it to a good purpose, has Brighthouse." — *The Master of Marston*: London, 1864.

Prank, pranked or pranked, to adorn, to embellish, to dress fashionably: —

"Some *prank* their ruffs, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire." — Spenser: *The Faerie Queene*.

"False tales *pranked* in reason's garb." — Milton: *Comus*.

"Most goddess-like *pranked* up."
Shakespeare: *Winter's Tale*.

Quethe or queath, quoth, to say. — The infinitive of this verb is lost, but the preterite *quoth* remains in colloquial use, and in writings that do not aspire to eloquence or dignity, as, "quoth he," "quoth I." *Bequeath*, to say in your will what part of your property your heirs or legatees shall possess, is a remnant of this ancient verb.

Quake, quoke, to tremble with fear: —

"An ugly pit, as deep as any hell,
That to behold therein I *quoke* for fear."
The King's Quair.

"The whole land of Italy trembled and quoke."
Douglas: *Translation of the Æneid*.

Raz, raught, to reach, to stretch: —

"He *raught* to the steere" (he reached to the helm).
Piers Ploughman.

"He start up and would have him *raught*."
Merlin: *Early English Metrical Romances*.

"The villain is o'er-raught of all my money."
Shakespeare: *Comedy of Errors*.

"Their three-mile prayers and half-mile graces,
Their *razing* conscience." — Burns: *Epistle to M'Math*.

"Is this a time to talk o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Raz down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore."
Mickle: *There's nae Luck about the House*.

Reave, reft, take off, take away, whence the old English and Scottish word *reaver* or *reiver*, a thief. — This word survives in bereave and bereft, but is fast becoming obsolete: —

"If he *reaveth* me by might,
He robbeth me by malistrie."
Piers Ploughman.

"Therefore, though no part of his work to *reave* him,
We now for matters more allied must leave him."
Heywood's *Troia Britannia*: 1609.

"To go robbe that ragman,
And *reave* the fruit from him."
Piers Ploughman.

"Means to live by *reaf* of other men's goods." — Hollinshed's *Chronicles*.

Reap, rept, rope, ropen, to cut or help to cut the harvest: —

"*Ropen* and laide away the corne."
Chaucer: *Legende of Good Women*.

"After the oorn is *rept*." — Nares.

Reek, roke, to emit smoke or vapor. — The present tense of this verb survives in solemn and poetical composition in England, but both the present and preterite are in common and colloquial use in Scotland. "Auld *Reekie*" is a popular name for Edinburgh. From the preterite *roke* or *roak* comes the adjective *roaky*, which, by a misprint in *Macbeth*, Act III. Scene ii., appears as *rooky*, and has led all commentators astray as to the true meaning of the passage: —

"Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood."

Rooky or *rooky*, in Jameson's *Scottish Dictionary*, is defined as "dark" or "misty," as in the passage from Hamilton's *Wallace* :—

"A rooky mist fell down at break of day."

Here it is evident that the word is not derived from either "rook" or "crow," and that the true meaning of the passage is to be found in Jameson's definition of a Scottish word that was English in the time of Shakespeare.

Roun, *rouned*, to whisper, to talk privately, to whisper in the ear. — This word is wholly lost, but might have been preserved, if Shakespeare, like modern authors, had been in the habit of correcting his proof-sheets. The word, misprinted *round*, occurs several times in Shakespeare, and has puzzled all the commentators. Mr. Stanton, in a note on the passage where Polonius says to the king in *Hamlet*,—

"Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief—let her be *round* with him,"

says, "Let her be blunt and plain-spoken with him." In another note to the word in *King John*, Act II. Scene ii. —

"Whom seal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, *rouned* in the ear
With that same purpose—charge"—

he explains the true meaning of *rouned* (which should be *rouned*, just as vulgar people sometimes say "drowned" for drowned) as "insinuated," "whispered in the ear." He quotes from the Spanish tragedy the line where the same orthographical error occurs,—

"Forthwith, revenge, she *rouned* them in the ear."

The word appears correctly in all authors previous to Shakespeare :—

"They rose up in rape,
And *rouned* together." — *Piers Ploughman*.

"The steward on his knees sat down
With the emperor for to *roun*,"
Romance of Cœur de Lion.

"But if it like you that I might *roune* in your ear,"
Skelton.

Sag, *sog*, to bend or give way under pressure, to fail :—

"The mind I sway by, and the heart, I fear,
Shall never *sag* with doubt or shake with fear."
Shakespeare: *Macbeth*.

"That it may not *sag* from the intention of the founders." — Fuller's *Worthies*.

From the lost preterite *sog* comes the adjective *soggy*, often used by the Americans to signify wet boggy soil that yields to the foot.

Scathe or *skaith*, to do an injury or damage. — Shakespeare and Milton use the verb :—

"This trick may chance to *scathe* you." — *Romeo and Juliet*.

"*Scathed* the forest oaks." — Milton.

The substantive *scathe* or *skaith*, signifying hurt, damage, and injury, survives in Scottish speech and literature, and is not wholly obsolete in English poetry, though rarely used by modern writers :—

"Oh! if on my bosom lying,
I could work him deadly *scathe*,
In one burst of burning passion,
I would kiss him into death!"
Mackay: *Love in Hate*.

Seethe, *sod*, *sodden*, to boil. — The translators of the Bible have preserved this old English word,

which was in common use before its modern synonyme was borrowed with other culinary phrases from the Norman French :—

"And he said unto his servant, Set on the great pot, and *seethe* the pottage for the sons of the prophet." — 2 Kings iv. 38.

"Go suck the subtle blood o' th' grape
Till the high fever *seeths* your blood to froth."
Shakespeare: *Timon of Athens*.

"*Seethe* stanes in butter, the brew will be good." — Allan Ramsay's *Scottish Proverbs*.

"It is unsavory
Y-sodden or y-baken." — *Piers Ploughman*.

Shape, *shope*, *shopen*, to make, to create, to put into form. — This verb has wholly lost its original meaning in the infinitive and present, in which form it subsists as a regular verb, with its preterite in *d*. Its preterite and past participle have long been obsolete, and do not seem to have been used in English literature after the time of Chaucer :—

"God *shope* the world." — Wickliffe's *Bible*.

"The king and the commune
Shopen laws." — *Piers Ploughman*.

"To which this sempnour *shope* him for to wende."
Chaucer: *The Frere's Tale*.

Shend, *shent*, *shent*, to rebuke, to blame, to shame, or bring to shame :—

"What say you, sir?
I am *shent* for speaking to you."
Shakespeare: *Twelfth Night*.

"He that shames let him be *shent*." — Allan Ramsay.

"All woe-begone was John o' the Scales,
Sce *shent* he could say never a word."
Percy's *Reliques*: *The Heir of Lynne*.

Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*, and Thomson in the *Castle of Indolence*, use this word. According to Dr. Johnson, the last author of note who employed it was Dryden. It survives in Scotland.

Shear, *sheer*, *shore* or *shure*, *shorn*, to cut closely off. — The ancient preterite is obsolete, and has been superseded by the regular form in *ed*. The sea-shore — i. e. the strip of land *sheared*, *shore*, or *shorn* by the action of the waves — is the sole relic of this word in modern parlance.

"Robin *shure* in hairst [harvest],
I *shure* wi' him." — Burns.

"Boston was the Delilah that allured him [Daniel Webster]. Off he broke the withes of gold, till at last she *shore* off his locks, and his strength went from him." — Theodore Parker: *Discourse on the Death of Daniel Webster*.

Shread, *shred*, to cut off the ends, to lop. — The old preterite has long been obsolete, but survives as a noun, *shred*, a thing lopped off or cut off, a remnant :—

"The superfluous and waste sprigs of vines being *shreaded* off."
— Withall's *Dictionary*: 1608.

"A *shredder* of trees." — Narce.

Shrew, *shrow*, *shrown*. — This obsolete word, of which the only current representative is *shrewd*, a perversion of the original meaning, signifies "to curse," and finds a singular synonyme in America. In England a scolding wife is a *shrew*; in America the same disagreeable person is a "*cuss*." Shakespeare applies the word *shrew* to both sexes, just as the Americans do the word *cuss*. "Beshrew me!" the old ejaculation, meant "curse me!" At the present day inferior writers and careless speakers will say, "I have a *shread* suspicion," meaning "a sharp, cunning suspicion." The time at which the word assumed this new meaning in speech or literature is uncertain.

Shrive, shrove, shriven, to confess to the priest. — This verb, in all its inflections, went out when the Reformation came in, and only survives in poetry and romance, and in the word "Shrove-Tuesday."

Slake, slake, slaken, to assuage thirst, to quench a fire. — The preterite and past participle are obsolete.

Sneap, sneb, snub, to check, chide, rebuke angrily, to be sharp to a person, like a cutting wind: —

"An envious *sneaping* frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring."
Shakespeare: *Love's Labor Lost*.

"Do you *sneap* me too, my lord!" — Browne's *Antipodes*.

This word only survives in its past participle *snub*, which has become the infinitive of a verb with the original meaning.

Snow, snaw, snown, to drop partially congealed rain. — The preterite and past participle survive in America, but are considered vulgarisms: —

"Withouten bake meat never was his house,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It *snawe* in his house of meat and drink."
Chaucer: *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*.

"First it blew, and then it *snaw*, and then it *fris* horrid." — Major Downing's *Letters*.

Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, cites the following verbs that make their preterite in *ew*, — viz., blow, grow, throw, crow, know, draw, slay, and *snow*. The last is the only one of the number that now forms its preterite in *ed*, though uneducated people both in Great Britain and America sometimes form the preterites of grow, blow, and know in *ed*, — as when Topsy, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, says "she *growed*." "I *knowed* it," instead of "I *knew* it," is also a common vulgarity.

Stent, stint, stunt, to desist, to cease, to limit, to confine within a certain bound. — This verb is a curious instance of the liberties which Time takes with the old words of a language. The three inflections have each been made to do duty for an infinitive, so that one verb has been virtually converted into three. Chaucer has *stent*, the correct and original form: —

"And of this cry we would they never *stent*."
The Knight's Tale.

The noun *stent*, an allotted portion of work, though obsolete in England, is common in America: —

"Little boys in the country, working against time, with *stents* to do." — Theodore Parker: *Discourse on the Death of Daniel Webster*.

Stint, the ancient preterite, is the modern infinitive, and forms its preterite and past participle regularly in *ed*. *Stunt*, to stint, or stop, or cease in growth, goes through the same inflections. The late Daniel O'Connell called the Duke of Wellington a *stunted* corporal.

Swell, swale, or swell, swollen. — The preterite in *swale* is almost obsolete; that in *swoll* has been newly revived, but scarcely holds its own against *swelled*: —

"An' thought it *swale* so sore about his harte."
Chaucer: *The Wife of Bath's Tale*.

Sweat, swat, to perspire. — This ancient word survives in colloquial, but has been of late years banished from literary, English. The curse pronounced upon Adam, "In the *sweat* of thy face shalt thou eat [or earn] thy bread," would have lost much of its energy in English ears, if the ancient translators had been as mealy-mouthed as the men of the present day, and rendered "sweat" by *perspiration*.

"His fair steed
So *swat* that men might him ring."
Chaucer: *The Rhyme of Sir Topaz*.

"His hackney which that was al pomelee gris,
So *swatte* that it wonder was to see."
The Chanones Yemanne's Tale.

"Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
For which they never toiled nor *sweat*."
Burns: *Epistle to James Smith*.

An anecdote is related by Dean Ramsay, in his interesting book of Scottish wit and humor, of a sturdy old lady who loved hearty vehemence in preaching, that she delighted in one particular minister, because when he preached he was in such grim earnest with his discourse that "he grat and spat and *swat*" over it.

Swink, swank, swonken, to labor over-hard. — This word appears to have been almost obsolete in Shakespeare's time. Some of his contemporaries use it, and Milton tried to revive it: —

"In setting and sowing
Swinken full hard." — *Piers Ploughman*.

"Great boobies and long
That loth were to *swink*." — *Piers Ploughman*.

"For which men *swink* and sweat incessantly."
Spenser: *Faerie Queene*.

"We'll labor and *swinke*,
We'll kiss and we'll drinke."
Beaumont and Fletcher: *The Spanish Curio*.

"For he had *swonken* all the night long."
Chaucer: *The Reeve's Tale*.

Thole, tholed, to suffer, to endure. — This word is in common use throughout Scotland and on the English border, but has long been lost to English literature: —

"Which died and death *tholed*
About mid-day." — *Piers Ploughman*.

"What mischief and malease Christ for man *tholed*."
Chaucer: *Visions*.

"What mickle woe as I with you have *tholed*." — Chaucer.

"She shall the death *thole*." — Gower: *Confessio Amantis*.

"He who *tholes* conquers." — Allan Ramsay's *Scottish Proverbs*.

"Tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun *thole* the factors smash!" — Burns.

Threap, to argue, to complain, to lament: —

"'Tis not for a man with a woman to *threap*."
Percy's *Reliques*: *Tak' thy auld cloak about thee*.

"Some cry upon God, others *threap* that He hath forgotten them." — Bishop Fisher.

"Some heads well learned upon the book,
Would *threap* auld folks the thing mistook." — Burns.

In Grose's *Provincial Glossary* a shopkeeper's phrase is quoted, "This is not *threaping* ware," — i. e. these goods are so superior that they are not to be argued about or cheapened.

Thring, throng, thrung, to press, to jostle, to crowd, whence the modern word to "throng": —

"A thousand of men,
Thrunge together,
Cried upwards to Christ." — *Piers Ploughman*.

The Scottish word *thrang* — i. e. busy with a crowd of customers — is a remnant of this word, in which, as in many others that we have noticed, the original preterite has been made to do duty for the infinitive and the present tense.

Wax, wox, waxed, woxen, wozed, to grow, to increase. — This word, chiefly preserved in the English language by its frequent use in the Old and New Testaments, lost its original preterite and past participle, *wox* and *wozen*, before the translation of the Bible in the reign of James I., at which time the word *wax*, with the regular inflections, was in common use: —

"And when he *woren* was more
In his mother's absence." — *Piers Ploughman*.

"This man *wor* wellnigh wood [mad] for ire."
Chaucer: *The Spurnoure's Tale*.

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and *woar*,
Are founded, flourish, and decay." — Walter Scott.

Wreak, *wreaked* or *wroke*, *wroken*, to avenge. —
This word is still current in connection with the
nouns wrath, vengeance, displeasure, spite, and
others: —

"So *wreake* us, God, of all our foes." — *Sir Bevis of Hampton*.

"T is not my fault, the boar provoked my tongue.
Be *wreaked* on him." — Shakespeare: *Venus and Adonis*.

"And soon in the Gordon's foul heart's blood
He's *wroken* his faire ladye."
Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

"To have *wroken* himself of such wrongs as were due him by
the French king." — *Holinshed's Chronicles*.

The verbs which we have quoted (and we might have very greatly extended the list, if a volume instead of a mere chapter had been at our command) are merely samples of the literary treasures that lie concealed in the speech of the common people of the northern counties, in the old English authors anterior to Shakespeare, and in the Scottish literature of the present day. What should we say if an English nobleman of ancient and illustrious lineage and great wealth had in the cellars and vaults of his castle hundreds of coffers and oaken chests filled to the lid with coins of the purest gold stamped with the image and superscription of bygone kings, if he would never use nor look at any portion of his wealth? What, also, should we say of him if, in want of gold for his daily needs, he persisted in borrowing it from strangers at usurious interest, rather than touch his antique treasures? We should say he was unwise, or at the least eccentric, and that it was questionable whether he deserved to possess the great wealth which he had inherited. Every master of the English tongue, whether he be poet, orator, or great prose writer, is in the position of this supposed nobleman if he will not study the ancient words of the language, and revive to the extent of his ability such among them as he finds to be better adapted to express strong as well as delicate shades of meaning, than the modern words which have usurped their places. To the poets more especially, and, if there be none such left in our day (which we should be very sorry to assert, when certain great names flash upon our memory), to the versifiers, who are not likely ever to fail us as long as there are hopes and fancies in the hearts of young men and women, this is a matter of especial concern. The permissible rhymes of the modern English tongue are not copious in number; and such as exist, if not as well worn as love and dove, breeze and trees, heart and dart, are far too familiar to come upon the ear with any great charm of novelty. The dactylic rhymes are still fewer, as every one who has tried his hand at versification is painfully aware. It is the poet, more than the prose writer, who strengthens as well as beautifies the language which he employs. It is true that language first makes literature; but literature, when once established among a people, reacts upon language and fixes its form, decides what words shall and what words shall not be used in the higher forms of prose and poetical composition. Old English — such as it is found in *Piers Ploughman*, Chaucer, Spenser, and the poets and drama-

tists of the Elizabethan era, and as late as Milton and Dryden — is a passionate rather than an argumentative language; and poets, who ought to be passionate above all else, otherwise they are but mere versifiers, should go back to those ancient sources, if they would be strong without ceasing to be correct and elegant. The words that were good enough for Shakespeare and his contemporaries ought to be good enough for the greatest writers of our day. But Shakespeare himself is becoming obsolete, and needs the aid of a glossary to explain to educated people many excellent words that are quite intelligible to an uneducated ploughman. Is it the fault of Shakespeare or of modern writers that this should be the case? We think the fault is not in Shakespeare, but in ourselves.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN ACKLAND.

A TRUE STORY.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

AMONG Mr. Cartwright's guests was a young lady who had, or was supposed to have, an extraordinary faculty for describing people's characters or sensations, — not by looking at their handwriting, but by holding it in her hand, and thus placing herself (it was averred) in magnetic rapport with the writers. She was a merry, good-natured girl, who did her spiriting gently, without professing much belief in it herself, and always ready to laugh heartily with others at the result whenever (as sometimes happened) it was an unmitigated failure. This evening the experiment had been tried several times with more than usual success; and sundry hypercritical spectators averred that Miss Simpson had made a great many lucky guesses.

"Well, now," said Cartwright, "that is not fair on Miss Simpson. Here is the writing of a person whom nobody present — not even myself — has ever seen. Miss Simpson shall try again with it, and I will bet you all that she guesses right."

He drew a letter from his pocket, and the young lady, after crumpling it for a moment in her hand, said, hesitatingly, —

"This is a woman's writing."

"Right!" said Cartwright.

"A married woman," said Miss Simpson, more boldly.

"Right again. Any children?"

"No."

"Quite right. Married long, eh?"

"About three months, I think."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Cartwright. "It is just three months and nine days."

Mr. Ackland looked up, and looked red, and fidgeted in his chair.

"O Cartwright," cried Judge Griffin, "that won't do. You put her leading questions."

"Well, let her go on by herself," said Cartwright.

He had noticed John Ackland's movements, and was looking hard at his New England guest. Mr. Ackland blushed again, and turned away his face.

"But she is not happy, — no, not at all happy," said Miss Simpson, musingly.

"The devil she's not!" cried Cartwright; "but 't was a love match, was n't it?"

"I think so," replied Miss Simpson, after a pause, and doubtfully.

"My withers are unwrung," said Cartwright,

looking round. "I swear I never saw the lady in my life."

"Does she care more for somebody else already, ma'am, than for her husband?" asked the Judge.

"More, yes," replied Miss Simpson, "much, no. She must be a strange character. Not much feeling for any one, I should say, except for herself. She jilted him."

"Whom?" demanded all the listeners together.

"I don't know. But now I fancy she half regrets him. There is a strange feeling about this letter."

"Pleasant for poor Mordent!" muttered Cartwright.

John Ackland sprang to his feet. He was not red this time, but frightfully pale, and trembling violently.

"The letter! the letter!" he cried, and seized the hand of Miss Simpson. The young lady started at his touch.

"O Mr. Ackland!" she cried, "why did nobody stop me? I never dreamed that it was *you*." But already John Ackland had left the room.

The next day Cartwright sought out his guest (Mr. Ackland had not reappeared in the drawing-room during the rest of that evening), and expressed his regret for the painful incident of the preceding night.

"I had no idea you were even acquainted with Mrs. Mordent," he said.

"But how do *you* happen to be acquainted with her?" asked John Ackland.

"Strictly speaking," he said, "I am not acquainted with her. Mordent and I were schoolfellows at West Point. He wrote to me some time ago informing me of his engagement to Miss Stevens; and, as I anticipated being absent from Virginia about that time, I wanted him and his bride to pass their honeymoon at Glenoak. I also asked him to send me a portrait of the future Mrs. M. I have portraits of all my friends' wives. A fancy of mine. He declined the invitation, but sent me the portrait, accompanied by a pretty little line from the lady herself. That is what I placed in Miss Simpson's hands last night; and I assure you that is all I know of Mrs. Mordent."

John Ackland's impatience to leave Glenoak was now, however, excessive. "Every time," he said to himself, "that I must face again the people in this house is intolerable pain to me."

Cartwright suggested to him that if resolved on so hasty a departure, he need not return to Richmond. "By going across country," he said, "you will save a long day's journey, and catch the Charleston coach at —, which is nearer here than Richmond. I can send your luggage on by the cart this morning, and lend you a horse to ride there this afternoon. We will dine early, and if you start from here on horseback at four o'clock, you will be at — before nightfall, and a good hour before the coach is due there. I will be your guide across the plantation, and put you on your road to —, which you cannot possibly miss. I would gladly accompany you the whole way thither, if I had not some business with my overseer which must be settled to-night. You can leave the horse at —, with the ostler there. I know him, and can trust him to bring it back safely to Glenoak. What say you?"

"That would certainly be my best and pleasantest plan," said Mr. Ackland, "and really I am

much obliged to you for proposing it. But I suppose I ought to go to Richmond about those notes."

"No necessity for that, I think," answered Cartwright. "At least if you are in a hurry. At the next stage after — you will be obliged to stop the greater part of the morning. I know a very respectable banker whose office is close to the hotel where you change horses and dine, — will give you a line to him if you like, and you can change the notes there."

"You are most kind, my dear friend, and I cannot sufficiently thank you. But do you think it would be safe to carry such a large sum in notes so far as —?"

"If you carry them about your person, yes. Luggage sometimes gets mislaid; but you need not be afraid of robbers between here and —. Our roads are not so unsafe as all that, Mr. Ackland, sir. I have travelled all across this country, sir, on horseback, without ever having any misadventure, and once you are out of the plantation you have only a few miles between you and —. By the way, let me lend you my travelling belt."

"Then, indeed," said John Ackland, "if it does not seriously inconvenience you, I shall gladly accept your kind offer. For I confess that even your hospitality —"

"Yes, yes!" said Cartwright, "I understand. And greatly as I regret this departure, I cannot press you to stay. There will be no inconvenience at all, and I will at once give orders about your luggage."

After dinner, when John Ackland and his host were mounting their horses, "We shall have a cool ride, I think," said Cartwright, "and there's plenty of time, so that we can take it easy. I should n't wonder if we put up some game as we go along. We had better take our guns with us."

"I'm not much of a sportsman, I'm afraid," said John Ackland, with his customary blush.

"O," laughed the other, "I dare say you are a better shot than I. You Northerners are such modest gentlemen. Anyhow, there's no harm in having out the guns. You see they are in nobody's way. That's how we sling 'em in our country, rough but handy. Now then."

"Good-by to Glenoak," said John Ackland, rather sadly, looking up at the house and waving his hand. His melancholy had been excessive during the whole day.

"Not good by altogether, I hope," said Cartwright.

And off they started. The result of that ride must be related in another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

It was not yet dark when Cartwright returned alone to Glenoak. He found Judge Griffin, assisted by the betting young gentleman, working his way through a bottle of brandy and a box of cigars in the arbor.

"Well, Cartwright," said the Judge, "I suppose your friend's off, eh?"

"Yes. Poor old Ackland! Good fellow as ever lived. I shall quite miss him."

"Very amiable man," said the Judge.

"Bet you a pony, Cartwright," said the betting young gentleman.

"What on? Here, you black blockhead, bring another bottle of brandy, ice, and soda-water. And look alive, do you hear? 'Gad, sir, I've swallowed

a bushel of dust, and am as dry as mud in a brick-kiln."

"Bet you," resumed the betting young gentleman, "that the Yankee don't reach — to-night. Bet you, anyhow, he'll come to grief."

"What do you mean?" said Cartwright, sharply.

"Well, sir," responded that promising youth, "I reckon you should never have set him on that black mare of yours."

"Pooh," said Cartwright, "the mare's as quiet as a mouse."

"If you know how to ride her; but he don't. Very queer seat, that Yankee. Now she has him to herself, if she puts her head down he'll have no more chance with her, I reckon, than a cat in hell without claws," said the betting young gentleman, apparently much pleased with the originality and elegance of that striking figure of speech.

"I tell you the mare's as quiet as a mouse," growled Cartwright. "Pray do you suppose, my young friend, that your remarkable facility for falling head-foremost off the back of any four-legged animal can be acquired without very pe-cu-liar practice? You've been practising it yourself a good long time, you know."

The betting young gentleman, not finding any sufficiently expressive retort in the ready-made idiom of his native tongue, was carefully preparing one, when the Judge interposed with, —

"Find any game, Cartwright?"

"No," said Cartwright, "not to speak of. I had only one shot, and Ackland none."

"Guessed I heard a gun about an hour ago," said the betting young gentleman.

"Lord bless you and me, Judge," said Cartwright, "if this child here ain't going to die, I *do* believe, of a determination of intelligence to the brain. The peculiar acuteness of his youthful faculties is something quite astonishing."

"Well, I guess I was n't born yesterday," responded the disconcerted subject of this sarcastic compliment, "and when you were as young as I am —"

"I never was as young as you are, sir," said Cartwright.

"Well, never mind that. What did you bag, old boy?"

"Nothing, young reverend."

"Never knew you miss before, Cartwright."

"Well, I don't *often* miss, when the game is as easy — as easy as I mostly find it whenever I have the pleasure of a crack with you, my young friend."

In this sprightly conversation Mr. Philip Cartwright was still exercising his wit and humor, when that "black blockhead," as his master called him, entered the arbor, looking as white as a black man can look, and whispered something to him.

"Returned? Impossible!" cried Cartwright, springing up.

"What's the matter?" cried the two other gentlemen, "Ackland back again?"

"No, but the mare's back again, riderless, covered with foam, and the saddle turned, — the mare I lent him."

"Told you he'd come to grief with her. Should n't wonder if she's broke his neck," exclaimed the betting young gentleman, with joyful exultation.

"Tell Sam to saddle my horse instantly," cried Cartwright. "Not the one I had out to-day, a fresh one."

"Why, where are you going, Cartwright?" asked the Judge, not very well pleased at the prospect of interrupted potations and a dull evening.

"To —, to look for poor Ackland, and at once."

"But it's a good twelve miles' ride."

"Can't help that, Judge. If anything has happened to my poor friend, if the mare has thrown him, he may be in want of assistance. I saw him safe through the plantation. If anything has happened to him, it cannot have been long after I left him, or the mare would hardly have got home by now, even at a gallop.¹ Stay, I'd better take the wagon, I think. If he's hurt, we shall want it. Who will come with me?"

"Not I," said the Judge. "I'm too old. But I tell you what, Cartwright, if you'll order another bottle I'll sit up for you."

"I'll come," said the betting young gentleman.

"Pooh!" cried Cartwright, with ineffable contempt. "You're no use. I must be off." And off he went.

When he returned to Glenoak about three o'clock in the morning, the Judge had kept his word, and was sitting up for him, having nearly finished his second bottle. Cartwright dropped into a chair haggard and exhausted. He had been to — and back, but had discovered nothing, except, indeed, that neither horse nor rider had arrived that evening from Glenoak at the inn at that town, and that the Charleston coach had taken in no passengers at —.

"The whole thing is a mystery," he said. "It fairly beats me."

"And beat you look," said the Judge; "you'd best take a cocktail and go to bed. Found no trace of him on the road?"

"Nothing."

"Nor heard anything of him?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing."

The next morning all the slaves on Mr. Cartwright's estate were assembled and interrogated about the missing gentleman. Judge Griffin himself conducted the inquiry, and very severely he did it. Of course, they all contradicted each other and themselves and floundered about in a fathomless slough of unintelligibility, for, whatever natural intelligence they possessed was extinguished by the terror of the great Judge, or lost in the labyrinths of cross-examination. One old negro in particular, "whose name was Uncle Ned," revealed such a profundity of stupidity, that the Judge said, "Cartwright, that nigger of yours is the stupidest nigger in all niggerdom."

"He is," said Cartwright, "and if the black beast don't mind what he's about, I'll sell him, — whip him first, and sell him afterwards."

"He won't fetch much, I reckon," said the Judge.

"I'll skin him alive and make squash pie of him, and eat him with pepper, and salt, and vinegar," said Cartwright, showing all the teeth in his handsome mouth, and looking very much like a hungry ogre. "I have my eye on him," he added, "and he knows it."

Poor Uncle Ned did indeed appear to have a very lively sense of the uncomfortable honor of having Mr. Cartwright's eye on him. For he trembled violently, and looked like an old black umbrella with all its whalebones working in a high wind.

One thing, however, resulted from this investigation. None of Mr. Cartwright's negroes had seen anything, none of them had heard anything, none

of them knew anything, that could shed the smallest light on the fate of John Ackland.

All Mr. Cartwright's guests were greatly excited about the events of the previous evening, especially the ladies.

"We have done all that can be done for the present, my dear ladies," said Judge Griffin, "but I regret to say that as yet we have no clew to this mystery. By the way, Cartwright, suppose we try Miss Simpson?"

"O, pray, no!" said that young lady; "you know, I have already been so very unlucky about poor Mr. Ackland."

"But you can't hurt his feelings now, my dear, as, unfortunately, he is not here; and really it is just possible that you may be able to suggest something."

"Psha!" cried Cartwright, impatiently; "you don't mean to say you seriously believe in that nonsense, Judge?"

"Nonsense or not, there is no harm in trying," said the Judge, "and you have, doubtless, some letter of Ackland's that will do."

"But," said Miss Simpson, "it ought to be, please, something written very recently, if possible."

"Stay!" exclaimed Cartwright, "I have the very thing. I believe it was the last thing John Ackland wrote in this house. Anyhow, the writing is not a week old."

"What is it?" said the Judge.

"Why, his receipt, to be sure, for the money I paid him the other day."

Mr. Cartwright appeared to regard this document as one of peculiar interest. He insisted on handing it round, and showing it to every one: remarking at the same time that "Ackland wrote a bolder hand than any one could have supposed from the look of the man." The only person to whose hands he did not seem particularly willing to intrust it, was Miss Simpson. All the party, however, were eager for the experiment to begin, and that young lady was much urged to try her magnetic powers on the document.

"Don't crumple it!" cried Cartwright, nervously, as she took up the paper somewhat reluctantly.

Hardly had she touched it, however, before Miss Simpson's whole frame seemed to be convulsed by a sharp spasm.

"Take it away!" she cried, — "take it away! You have put me in rapport with a —"

The rest of this exclamation was inaudible? But Miss Simpson had fainted. It was a long time before she was restored to consciousness; and then she declared that she had no recollection of anything which had passed.

"I tell you what it is," said Philip Cartwright to Judge Griffin that evening, "this is a very serious business; and we ought not to be losing time about it. You must come with me, Judge, to Richmond to-morrow."

"Do you suspect violence or foul play?" said the Judge.

"I don't know," answered Cartwright, "I don't like the look of it. I believe that John Ackland when he left Glenoak had a large sum of money with him. For I had some talk with him about the possibility of changing it at the first stage to Charleston. We ought to lose no time, I think, in setting the police to work."

Cartwright, accompanied by Judge Griffin, went to Richmond the next day. And they did set the

police to work. And the police worked hard for a fortnight, and made a great many inquiries, and suggested a great many ingenious hypotheses, but discovered absolutely nothing.

"All we can do now," said the Judge, "is to send or write to Charleston. But, meanwhile, don't you think we ought to communicate with Mr. Ackland's friends in the North, or relatives, if he has any? Do you know any of them?"

"Yes," said Cartwright, "I had thought of that before. But the painful excitement of our inquiries here during the last few days had put it out of my mind. I am not personally acquainted with any relations of poor Ackland. But I believe he has a cousin at Boston — a Mr. Tom Ackland, a lawyer, I think — and I'll write to him at once. I don't think I can do any more good here, Judge."

"Certainly not," said the Judge; "you've done all that man can do, and more than any man could have done without the wits and energy of Philip Cartwright."

"But I'm quite knocked up," said Cartwright, "and I shall return to Glenoak to-morrow."

Mr. Philip Cartwright, however, did not return to Glenoak quite so soon as he said. For on the evening of that morrow he was still at Richmond, and engaged in the transaction of a very important little piece of business.

CHAPTER IV.

In the City of Richmond, Virginia, United States, and in a back street of a certain quarter of that town which was not very well reputed, there existed a certain gambling-house which was very ill-reputed. As it is fortunately possible for the reader of this veracious history to enter that house without losing either his character or his purse, he is hereby invited to do so, and to grope his way, as best he can, up a dark and greasy staircase till he reaches the third landing, where, in a small room, to which "strangers are not admitted," he will find Mr. Philip S. Cartwright in close conversation with a Mexican gentleman lately arrived in Richmond. This Mexican gentleman is of such modest and retiring habits, that, although he has been resident about three weeks in the capital of Virginia, and is a gentleman of striking appearance and varied accomplishments, he is as yet unknown to any of the inhabitants of that city, with the exception of two or three enterprising spirits who are interested in the fortunes of the establishment which he has honored by selecting as his temporary place of abode. Perhaps, also, the name of this interesting foreigner (which figures on his visiting-cards as Don Ramon Cabrera y Castro) may be not altogether unknown to some professional students of character whose researches are recorded in the secret archives of the Richmond Police. But, if this be so, neither he nor they have as yet taken any steps towards increasing their acquaintance with each other. To the select few who have been privileged to hold unrestricted personal intercourse with Don Ramon during his short residence at Richmond, he is familiarly known as the Don. He is a gentleman of polished manners and polished nails; an epicurean philosopher, who takes the evil with the good of life cheerfully and calmly. By the side of the Don, even the descendant of the Cavaliers looks coarse and underbred.

"I tell you," said Cartwright, "it was all no use. You must get up early if you want to catch a

Yankee napping. He would have nothing to do with it. Said it was n't in his line of business. *Bref*, that cock would n't fight, sir."

"Just so," said the Don, without looking up from the occupation in which he was then absorbed, for he was paring his nails. They were very polished, very pink, and very spiky nails. "You failed, in short, my dear friend."

"Not my fault," replied Cartwright; "I did what I could."

"Of course," said the Don; "and Don Filippo can't do more than a man can do. You did what you could, but you could n't dispose of the notes. Just so. Where are they?"

"Here," said Cartwright, "and you'll find them all right." He pushed a little black box across the table, which seemed to be common property of the two gentlemen, for the Don took a small key from his own pocket, opened the box, and taking from it a bundle of bank-notes, held up one of them against the candle (making a transparency of it), and contemplated it with a tender, musing, and melancholy eye.

"They are beautifully made," he murmured, softly; "just look at the watermark, *mi querido Don Filippo*. A masterpiece of art!"

"Yes," said Cartwright; "they could n't beat that in New York."

"Not in all the world, — not in heaven itself!" sighed the Don, with that subdued voice expressive of sensuous oppression which is inspired by the contemplation of any perfectly beautiful object.

"But I reckon you'd better not drop 'em about Richmond," said Cartwright.

"You think so?" responded the Don, musingly; "you really think so?"

"Our people are too sharp now. They were caught once, but I take it they won't be caught twice."

"Caught once?"

"Out and out. Two years ago. By a Quaker chap travelling down South for the propagation of Christian knowledge, and various little manufactured articles of your sort."

"Then it's no use my staying here?" said the Don.

"Don't think it is," said Cartwright.

"And I think you'd better pay my bill before I leave, my dear friend."

"I'll do what I promised," said Cartwright.

"You really think, then," said the Don, "that there is no opening for investment at Richmond?"

"That's a fact," said Cartwright.

"But you forget," resumed his companion, "that if I did invest any portion of this little capital for the benefit of your city, sir, and if that benevolent speculation unhappily failed, I at least should be spared the pain of contemplating the failure, since I should no longer be in the States."

"It would fail," said Cartwright, "before you could get clear of the States, and the Union has extradition treaties."

"Not with all the world," replied the Don; "not with all America even. Not with Texas, for instance."

"Well, why not try Texas at once? Capital place. Just over the frontier, and just beyond the law."

"I am thinking of it," said the Don. "But there are drawbacks. Judge Lynch, for instance, bowie-knives, and tar-barrels, if a man has the misfortune to lose popularity. Besides 't is a devil of a dis-

tance; and though, of course, you will pay travelling expenses —"

"That's not in the bargain," exclaimed Cartwright, thrusting his hands in his pockets, and walking up and down the room, not very unlike a Bengal tiger in a small cage. "I never agreed to that, Don."

"But you will agree to it, of course. Friends must help each other, specially such intimate friends as you and I. And just now, you know, you are so rich, — at least, so much richer than I."

"I ain't rich," said Cartwright; "and you know it. But I have an idea, Don."

"*Felicitá!*" cried the Don, bowing. "Ideas are valuable properties. Yours especially, my dear friend. Virginia mines; you don't work 'em half enough. I suppose you want a partner. What are the terms?"

"I want you to go down to Charleston."

"It is out of my way."

"Expenses paid."

"And from there to Texas?"

"And from there to Texas."

"Business at Charleston likely to last long?"

"A month at longest. Possibly less."

"Say a month, then. Charleston's a dear city. Month's board, lodging, carriage hire, small pleasures —"

"Paid."

"For a foreign gentleman of distinction. Living twice as dear for foreigners as for natives. Risk paid, too. Risk's everything in the calculation, you know. May be heavy. Have n't heard what it is yet."

"None in the world. But I must think the matter over. Meet me here to-morrow night at the same hour. If we agree as to terms, can you start at once?"

"The sooner the better, my dear friend."

"Then to-morrow night."

"I shall await you here."

"And now," said Cartwright, "to get out of this cursed den without being seen. Don't forget to-morrow night."

So the two gentlemen parted for that evening.

They met again on the following night according to appointment. On each occasion the conversation between them was carried on in Spanish, the only language which Don Ramon spoke fluently. In the interval between their first and second interview, Cartwright was busily engaged all day and a great part of the night, too, in his own room at the hotel, — probably in some occupation of a literary nature; for before he began it he had purchased a great quantity of writing materials, — various kinds of inks various kinds of pens, various kinds of paper, and when he had finished it he left behind him, as he unlocked the door and went out to keep his appointment with Don Ramon, not even a pen or a scrap of paper. The work on which he had been so assiduously employed must have absorbed all these materials, and perhaps spoiled many of them; for in the room, as he left it, there was a strong smell of burnt pens and burnt paper.

On the morrow of that night Don Ramon left Richmond, not by the ordinary conveyance but by a horse and buggy, which he had purchased for the purpose, since, he said, he was travelling for his pleasure. And to a gentleman who could afford to pay for his pleasure, nothing was less pleasant than to be booked from place to place like a parcel. The same day Philip Cartwright returned to Glenoak.

FIRST LOVE.

It is one of the oddest points of difference between man and woman that woman has no First Love. The long alphabet of her affections is without any distinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible gradations from dolls and kittens and pet brothers to the zenith of passion, to descend by the same insensible gradations from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby cats. There is no such event as a first kiss forms in a boy's life to mark for woman the transition from girlhood to the sudden maturity of passion; she has been kissing and purring and fondling and petting from her cradle, and she will pet and fondle and purr and kiss to her grave. Love, in the technical sense of the word, is with her little more than an intensifying of her ordinary life. There is no new picture, but the colors are for the while a little heightened and the tone raised. Presently the vividness of color will fade again, and the cool grays lower the tone, and the passion of life will have died away. But there will be no definite moment at which one could fairly say that love came or went. A girl who is not whispering in a lover's ear will always say frankly enough that she never knew what it was not to be in love. There is one obvious deduction which she forgets to draw, that there never can be a time when she can know what it is to be in love. Here and there, of course, a woman may be colder, or later in development, or more self-conscious, and may divide by more rigidly marked lines the phases of her life. But even then, if she be a woman at all, she can have no first love. Feeling, with woman, has no past, as it has no future. Every phase of her life begins with an act of oblivion. Every love is a first love. "I never loved any one before," is said, and said truly, to a dozen loving ears in succession. "The first thing I should like to meet with in Paradise," said Lady Wortley Montagu, "would be the river Lethe, the stream of Forgetfulness." But woman finds a little rivulet of Lethe at every stage of her heart's career. If she remembers the past at all, it is to offer it up as a burnt sacrifice to the deity of the present. When Cleopatra talked about Cæsar to Mark Antony, she passed, no doubt, her fingers through her lover's hair and wondered how she could ever have doted on such a bald-pated fellow as the Dictator. Had she succeeded in charming Octavius, she would have wondered equally at her infatuation for such a ne'er-do-well as Antony. And so it is no wonder that a woman's first love, even if she realizes it at all, goes down in this general wreck of the past. But in man's life it is a revolution. It is in fact the one thing that makes him man. The world of boyhood is strictly a world of boys. Sisters, cousins, aunts, mothers, are mixed up in the general crowd of barbarians that stand without the playground.

There are few warmer or more poetic affections than the chivalrous friendship of schoolfellows; there is no truer or more genuine worship than a boy's worship of the hero of the scrimmage or the cricket-field. It is a fine world in itself, but it is a wonderfully narrow and restricted world. Not a girl may peep over the palings. Girls can't jump or sag out, or swarm up a tree; they have nothing to talk about as boys talk; they never heard of that glorious swipe of old Brown's; they are awful milk-sops; they cry and "tell mamma"; they are afraid of a governess, and of a cow. It is impossible to

conceive a creature more utterly contemptible in a boy's eyes than a girl of his own age usually is. Then in some fatal moment comes the revolution. The barrier of contempt goes down with a crash. The boy-world disappears. Brown, that god of the playground, is cast to the owls and to the bats. There is a sudden coolness in the friendship that was to last from school to the grave. Paper-chases and the annual match with the "old fellows" cease to be the highest objects of human interest. There is less excitement than there was last year when a great cheer welcomes the news that Mugby has got the Ireland. The boy's life has become muddled and confused. The old existence is sheering off, and the new comes shyly, fitfully. It is only by a sort of compulsion that he will own that he is making all this "fuss" about a girl. For the moment he rebels against the spell of that one little face, the witchery of that one little hand. He lingers on the border of this new country from whence there is no return to the old playing-fields. He is shy, strange to this world of woman, and woman's talk and woman's ways. The surest, steadiest foot on the cricket-ground tumbles over footstools, and tangles itself in colored wools. The sturdiest arm that ever wielded bat trembles at the touch of a tiny finger. The voice that rang out like a trumpet among the tumult of foot-ball hushes and trembles and falters in saying half a dozen commonplace words. The old sense of mastery is gone. He knows that every chit in the nursery has found out his secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes — and a boy's blush is a hot, painful thing — when the sisterly heads bend together and he hears them whispering what a fool he is. Yes, he is a fool, — that is one thing which he feels quite certain about. There is only one other thing he feels even more certain about, — that he is in love, and that love has made him a man.

We are not of course, going to trench on the field of poets and moral preachers, or to expound, like Sir Barnes Newcome, the philosophy of the affections, or to demonstrate with Miss Faithfull and Mrs. Fawcett the great office which First Love fulfils in the economy of man. The only remark we have to make is the very obvious one which moral preachers may be pardoned for forgetting that it is on the whole a wonderfully pleasant thing. If one enters it through Purgatory, it is none the less a Paradise at which one arrives, an Eden with its tree of knowledge and its tree of life. There is none of the distrust, the irony, the low-pitched expectations of after affection; no practical second thoughts; no calculations about wedding-rings and marriage settlements. In its beginning love still hovers in a sort of debatable land between the real and the unreal, with a good deal of the fun and make-believe of boyhood and girlhood about it yet. There is the old school-trick of "secrets," of "mystery," whisperings in corners, stolen glances, dropped gloves, little letters deposited in crafty hiding-places. There is the carrying out of the new ritual of love as love-novels give it to us, the stealing photographs and the kissing locks of hair, and the writing love-poems with a certain weakness in their rhyme, and the watching the light in our mistress's window. It is wonderful with what a rigorous exactitude, with what a grave seriousness, we carry out our part in the pleasant little comedy. But it is no comedy to us while we figure in it. It is the revelation of a new world, a world of light and joy, a world, too, of wonder and enchantment and mys-

tery. "Tout est mystère dans l'amour," we sing with old Fontaine, "ses flèches, son carquois, son flambeau, son enfance," and of these mysteries we are admitted as worshippers.

It is hard not to feel a little flutter of pride at being not quite what other people are, not quite what we ourselves were a month ago. What would others understand of this new love-language that we talk? What of our spasmodic little chatter, broken with passionate ejaculations that have no relation to any subject that could be discussed in earth or heaven, interrupted by silences more eloquent than words? What of those delicious caprices that follow on the sense of power, those bright little quarrels that only exist in the faith that severance is impossible? What of this new love of letter-writing in fingers that once hated a pen? We exult in the thought that St. Valentine's day taxes the energies of the post-office more than any other day in the year. We laugh to think of a great Government department in a flutter because Love says "write," and we have written. What of this new delight in solitude, in "mooning about," as we used to call it in our unregenerate days? Surely, it is something that love conquers boredom, that one is never alone when one can peep at a locket, or spell over again those sweetest and most crossed of letters, or debate whether the object of one's passion looked best in a blue dress or a brown. But all these are the mere outer accidents of life, and it is life itself that is so changed. What a fresh boisterous breeze of life and liberty comes sweeping down on the tranquil little soul whose deepest joys and sorrows have been over her lessons and her doll! All the youth in her veins quickens at the touch. She is a hoyden, a scapegrace in a moment; the governess shrugs her shoulders; mamma begins to think of her "coming out." Then there is the sudden revulsion, the delicious inequalities and inconsistencies of a period of transition, the shyness and stiffness, the silence, the revery. Then at a bound there is the return on pure girlhood, the defiant revolt, the rebellion against this absorption in another. *Odi et amo*, it is the close neighborhood of the two that gives each its charm. She is a flirt, a coquette; for what is coquetry but the half-incredulity of a girl unable to believe in her own happiness, eager to convince herself by any experience of the new strength and attraction that she has gained?

After-life brings deeper, intenser passion, but never sensation so vivid, so rapid, so exquisitely contrasted, never so involuntary. A girl lies passive in the very dreaminess of joy as emotion after emotion sweeps over her, faith and jealousy and bitterness and delight, like the wind sweeping over Æolian chords and wakening music as wild and wayward as the music in her heart. What o her moment of life gives her those "grands ennuis entremêlés de joie" that the old French poetess sung about? —

"Quand je pense avoir plus de douleur,
Sans y penser je me trouve hors de peine;
Puis quand je crois ma joie être certaine,
Et être au haut de mon désiré heur,
Il me remet en mon premier malheur."

Men spend a great deal too much time, says a great philosopher, over love. We share Mr. Mill's opinion, though probably Mr. Mill would hardly share our grounds for it. We don't grudge a moment given to a man's First Love, because a man believes in it. "Credo quia impossibile," — "I be-

lieve just because it is impossible," — replied Terullian to the objector to his faith; and it is a gain to humanity that at the very outset of life one should meet and believe in a thing so impossible as First Love. We are saved, at any rate, from the dreary gospel of Mr. Buckle, from regarding ourselves as machines, and tabulating our lives in averages. So, too, there are days, early days in a man's course, when, sitting alone and looking on a sunset, he feels like a grain of sand at the mercy of winds that blow whence and whither he knows not. First Love at any rate saves us out of thoughts like these by quickening in us pulses of pain and pleasure that will beat on, drive the winds as they list. How much, too, of the reverence, the reserve, the grace and refinement of character, springs out of those days of distant, hushed worship, of all-surrendering, all-daring faith? A mere girl, like a mere daisy, rouses within us thoughts too deep for tears. That first touch of passion gives a beauty of its own to the temper of a man, as it gives it to the face of a woman.

Who has not noted the strange, sweet change that softens the abrupt gesture, and gives music to the hasty speech, in the hoyden when love's finger first touches her? When Pygmalion's statue-bride quickened into human life, she must have felt, one fancies, an inexpressible joy in the sense of the rapture her beauty had created, and could sustain. It is this new sense — this consciousness that, as she simply lives and moves, her grace and power is going out of her to gladden at least one heart of man's — that quickens a girl's face out of the hardness and immobility of earlier years. From mere physical, immobile form, it becomes life and spirit, sensitive to every wave of thought, feeling, reflection. The very wonder of the new world she looks out upon, its interest, its awe, mirror themselves in the quick alternations of enthusiasm, of terror, of tenderness. It is quite as well to get a little beauty into the world, quite as well to preserve a little poetry in man, and while First Love does this we don't mean to surrender it to Mr. Mill. But we freely give up to him its successors. The mere conventional repetition of the real thing, when its first fervor of faith has fled, the repetition of the old love-litanies by lips that have learnt the irony of them, the mechanical performance of the ritual that has become a sham, this is — we agree with Mr. Mill — a sheer waste of human time. When a man has got safely over thirty, and looks back on the number of these performances, their extreme dreariness, and the time they have cost him, he feels a twinge of compunction, and a certain pleasure in the consciousness that he is now at any rate secure till forty. As for women, till they are quickened by the apostleship of the champions of their "rights," they will probably go on thinking these little farces the pleasantest things in life. After all, they are not more ridiculous than the general tenor of their existence, and woman has at any rate more time to waste than man.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MARY ANN.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

THE Mary Ann was a whaling-vessel, well known in the Tasmanian trade. She had always been accounted a lucky ship. When others had returned without oil, or, as the phrase is, "clean," she had been able to pay her men good wages, or rather to give her men considerable sums of money as their

share in the enterprise, for the principle of co-operation, which is now receiving yearly new applications in England, has long been in use among whalers. Men go out on the agreement that they shall receive a particular specified share of the total proceeds. Sometimes they draw nothing at all at the end of their voyage; sometimes each sailor receives as much as a couple of hundred pounds. But the general effect of the system is that the sailors engaged in the trade are rather above the average; that each man looks after his fellows, and does his best to aid the common cause. When they have reached the whaling-ground, there are no idle hands. While one man is specially appointed to keep a lookout, he is assisted by the eyes of every one on deck; and when at last the welcome "There she blows!" is heard, men rush to the boats as readily as schoolboys rush out of school.

The *Mary Ann* had usually been, as I said, a lucky ship, and men would go out in her for a smaller share of the proceeds of the voyage than they would in other vessels. Her crew was usually, therefore, a picked one, and her captain, old Truesalt, as good a whaler as could be met with. And yet the *Mary Ann* was an old, lumbering, clumsy vessel, which ploughed her way through a heavy sea in as awkward a style as any Dutchman ever built. She was of Dutch build. In a gale of wind she had as much notion of riding on the waves as Washington Irving's Tinbrock would have had of dancing a polka. She rolled from side to side until her yards nearly touched the sea, and in her onward course went through the opposing waves instead of over them. When she was young, she had been a Dutch East Indiaman. A curious chapter might be written on the vicissitudes of ships. The *Victory* is to be laid up like an old Greenwich pensioner. The ship in which Captain Cook, now a hundred years ago, made one of his voyages round the world, was employed only a few years ago as a collier between Newcastle and London. One of the dirtiest whalers which I ever saw, and this only some six or seven years ago, was the *Prince Regent*, a vessel which had been the yacht of George IV.; and it would be easy to make out quite a long list of vessels now doing the rougher kind of sea-work, which in their younger days have seen noble service.

The *Mary Ann* had been out for a ten months' cruise on the whaling-ground which lies all round the great Southern Ocean. This time she had been unfortunate, and her crew were returning in disgust for a new supply of provisions and a few weeks' run on shore. They had reached Storm Bay, and expected within a few hours to anchor off Hobart-town. The wind had fallen, and the men were standing lazily about, looking out for any sign of its rising again. At last one of the sailors called attention to the fact that a boat was putting off from the land. In a few minutes, three men could be made out, and before very long the pilot was on board. It requires some experience of the sensation to understand how men who have been cut off from all human intercourse for many months welcome a new face. The pilot in this case was a very good fellow, talkative and good-natured, and ready to answer, to the best of his ability, all the questions which were showered upon him. But the one absorbing piece of news on which he always fell back, when he could get a moment's leisure from answering questions, was that Black Dick had

escaped again, and had gathered round him a gang of the worst bush-rangers which the island had yet seen. Black Dick had robbed the mail. Black Dick had tied a dozen different men to trees; had stopped the coach going to Launceston, and, with the help of his companions, had relieved the passengers of everything which possessed sufficient value in his eyes to be worth taking; had threatened that he would attack a man against whom he had a grudge in the very centre of Hobart-town; had been seen to go down the principal street in open day. With one man to help him, he had gone to a ball up the country, and had made his appearance in the midst of the festivity with a rifle at his shoulder; had then called for silence, a proceeding quite unnecessary; and had, after graciously promising not to harm anybody if they did not stir, sent the hat round, making a collection of involuntary offerings of money, watches, bracelets, brooches, watch-guards, and even rings.

Lastly, the man had gathered together a number of ruffians, almost as bad as himself, and was known to have committed some terrible murders. Parties of police had been out after him for weeks, but they seemed to give him but little trouble. The convict servants scattered throughout the colony were known to give him assistance, and it was not at all unlikely that settlers in remote districts were ready to purchase their own security at the price of conniving at his presence. The government had offered a reward for him dead or alive. It was believed that he would make the attempt from the northern side of the island to escape over to the mainland; extra men had therefore been stationed at every likely spot on the north coast, and every ship leaving the colony was subjected to a stricter search. All these particulars the old pilot related while waiting on the poop of the *Mary Ann* for the approach of the sea-breeze, which, usually setting in about three o'clock in the afternoon, would, in the course of three or four hours, carry them easily to their anchorage.

Meantime, from the opposite side of the bay, a long whale-boat had put to sea, and was rapidly moving in the direction of the ship. The pilot was the first to notice her, and to wonder what she could be. She could not belong to any whaler, because none was in sight. She was not a Hobart-town boat, because she was coming from the opposite direction. Neither could she belong to Port Arthur, because from the convict settlement no boat belonging to the government would be allowed to make its way round, and there were no private boats. The pilot could only think of the boat belonging to the isthmus which separates Tasman's Peninsula from the mainland. At this isthmus, which is a low sandy neck from sea to sea, and only some three hundred yards wide, there were stations near to each other, with guards stationed day and night to prevent the escape of convicts from the peninsula. To help them, there were and are dogs kept at the public expense, and chained, so that it was impossible for a fugitive to make his escape without passing within reach of them. Should the runaway endeavor to swim round, he well knew that the bays were alive with sharks. There was a boat kept on the mainland side of the peninsula, but what could the police force stationed there want so far away? If the boat had been kept on the peninsula side of the isthmus, the pilot would have thought that it contained an escaped party of convicts.

This view of the matter once suggested, made every one on the alert. Ships had been seized before, and the crews either murdered outright, or turned adrift to make their way back as they best could in a boat, or, as happened in the case of the *Lady Hobart*, had been compelled to work the ship under the guidance of the captors. The mate, however, soon made the matter clear. His telescope showed that none of them wore either the bright yellow or the gray clothing in which runaways from Port Arthur would be clothed.

In a few minutes it became evident that the boat was making her way to the ship. As she drew near, she was carefully scanned, in order that some trace of her character might be discovered.

"They are not convicts by their dress," said one.

"Two of them, at least, have blue shirts on like policemen," said a Hobart-town lad.

"Can they be a shipwrecked crew?" asked another.

But before he could be answered, the captain noticed that there were only four men pulling, although eleven were in the boat.

Presently, they saw a white rag hoisted on the top of an oar, and the man who had suggested that they might be a shipwrecked crew gave himself credit for his sagacity.

"If they are shipwrecked men, they pull like landsmen."

"But ships' crews don't all pull like whalers," suggested the pilot.

"And ships' crews that don't belong to whalers don't carry whaling-boats such as that," answered the captain.

Altogether, there were circumstances about the incident which would have created wonder, if not anxiety, at any time; but now, while the ship was lying becalmed, they naturally became an exciting topic.

Soon the boat could be made out clearly, and a fair notion obtained of the men in her. None of them were clothed in the least like convicts. That, at any rate, was clear. Two had blue over-shirts; the rest had nothing particular in their dress to indicate who or what they were. They might be sailors, or they might be ordinary colonial laborers. As the boat drew near, it was seen that they only possessed four oars. Altogether there were eleven men in her. As soon as they got within speaking distance, the captain shouted to ask them who they were, and what they wanted. His suspicions had been aroused, and he was just the man to make a hard fight rather than have his ship taken. But he felt half ashamed of himself as he shouted, because apparently there was only a boat of unarmed men approaching.

"We are the shipwrecked crew of the *Philadelphia*, American whaler," shouted the man steering in the whale-boat.

"That boat never belonged to an American whaler," said the captain to the pilot.

"She is the police-boat; I know her by the red line," interrupted the pilot eagerly.

"Mr. Smith," the captain called quietly to the first mate, "get your anchor on the bulwarks ready to drop over into that boat if there should be any need for it."

Mr. Smith thought the precaution a rather foolish one, but obeyed, as a matter of course.

"Now, boatswain, bring up your lances and harpoons."

When the latter order had been obeyed, it was

evident that it would have been an extremely dangerous thing to make an attack on the *Mary Ann*. The lance, as sharp as a razor, in the hands of a skilful whaler, would be a terrible weapon. But the captain had seen by the faces of the crew that they thought his precautions altogether unnecessary; and as he looked towards the boat, he felt inclined to agree with them. Almost the only circumstance of suspicion was the fact that they were in the police whale-boat.

By this time the boat was within easy speaking distance of the ship, and the men could be readily seen from the deck.

"How do you come by that boat?" asked the pilot.

"The police have lent it to us to go to Hobart-town in. Our own was too much damaged to float any longer."

"But this is not the way to Hobart-town."

"No. We saw you, and thought you would give us a lift when the sea-breeze came up," answered the man at the steering-oar.

The statement might possibly be true, and indeed the whole aspect of affairs looked so ordinary, that no one seemed to think of making any opposition to the approach of the boat. A rope-ladder was thrown over to them, and without more ado they made fast their boat, and followed each other closely on board.

And then there began a short tragedy, which lasted only three minutes. The boat's crew were runaway convicts, who had surprised the police, taken their boat, stolen their clothes, and had planned this attack upon the whaler, with the object of getting away from the island. Each man, at a signal given by a short active man, who acted as their leader, produced a pistol, and, pointing it at the head of the whaler nearest him, intimated, in the plainest possible way, that death would be the doom of any one who should venture to resist. Nevertheless, the captain and two or three others, including the cabin-boy, did resist. A shot was fired at each. The captain was slightly wounded, and the boy overpowered. Two men who resisted were mortally wounded, and then the *Mary Ann* was in the possession of eleven of England's picked scoundrels. Her crew, with the exception of three men, were bound; the old pilot and captain were locked in a cabin, at the door of which a man stood sentry; and the ship's head was turned seaward. The convicts then held a short consultation, and the result was that they ordered four of the crew and the pilot to be brought on deck, to be lowered into the whale-boat by which they had themselves come to the ship, and turned adrift. When this was done, the captain and the remainder of his crew, now reduced to six, were brought together, and informed by Black Dick — for the leader of the ruffians was the notorious bushranger, — that they were going to California, that resistance on the part of anybody would be punished by instant death, but that if these sailors would work willingly, they should be well treated. The same night the ship ran out of Storm Bay, and by daylight was out of sight of land. The poor sailors, who were expecting a run on land after their monotonous voyage, had a three months' journey before them, with the certainty of no pay at the end, and the probability of hard treatment in the mean time.

A week had passed by. The captain's wound almost completely disabled him. He was treated with the utmost harshness by Black Dick, and

would in all probability have been knocked on the head, or thrown overboard, but for the fact that nobody else knew so thoroughly how to work the ship. The mate, a clever Yorkshireman, with very little to say, but that little always to the purpose, acquiesced apparently in what could not be helped. Black Dick even seemed to have taken a liking to him. The Hobart-town lad, who had a good word from every sailor on board, was, however, mortally hated by the convict leader, who resented every time he met him the lad's brave resistance to him on the day of capture. The lad could steer well, was particularly useful aloft, and was altogether much too valuable in helping the lazy rascals who had been deputed to do the work of the men turned adrift, to be murdered outright. Still, he was terribly ill-used. He was called up at all times of the day and night to do the most difficult and dangerous work. If a sail wanted reefing, poor Charley had to go whether the summons were in his watch or not. While everybody else had a certain number of hours' sleep, he was pretty certain to be disturbed in his, and might think himself fortunate if he got half the allotted time. The convicts themselves followed their captain's example, and this the more readily, because they saw that the latter rather liked to see them ill-use the lad.

A fortnight more passed, and the ship had made good progress into the Pacific. She was reaching the latitude of the Fijis. Nothing of importance had occurred on board. Black Dick had chosen to torture poor Charley. One day he had him hoisted with a rope under his arms up to the cross-trees, and kept there until he fainted. At another time, he was sent aloft on a cold night, and kept there, just as he had turned out of his berth, until morning, when he was so cold that it was only with the aid of the mate, who got well cursed for his pains, that the lad reached the deck. Nobody else would have dared to give him a helping hand; but, as I have said, the mate had made himself rather a favorite with Black Dick. He had done what he could for poor Charley, had given him many an encouraging word, had warded off many a blow, but, as he brought the lad down the companion, it seemed that he too was deserting him; for he whispered into his ear, not words of consolation, but a command and a threat: "You must not say anything about our relationship, or I shall let them do what they like with you."

Charley was a distant connection of the mate's wife. What did the mate mean by thus wishing that all connection between them should be unknown?

And the captain all this time, what of him? He was at first gloomy and sulky: the pain from the wound, the loss of his ship, and the ill-treatment he received seemed to leave him time for nothing else than grumbling. He was compelled to assist the mate in taking the ship's latitude and longitude, and Black Dick was cunning enough to watch very jealously that there was no connivance between them which might run them into dangerous waters.

And then, as the days drew on, the captain recovered to some extent his health and spirits. Night after night he saw the convicts take alternate rounds of carousing, until he sometimes believed and almost hoped that they would set the Mary Ann on fire. And then there would return the great hope of freedom; the desire to shake off these scoun-

dreels, and, if possible, bring them to justice. He wished that they might meet with a man-of-war, English, French, or American, he did not care which. If they should board him, he would denounce the men, even though he should be shot that very moment. He hated them for the way they treated poor Charley. He wished that they would all get drunk together, and give him a chance of making off in a boat. But they were much too careful for that, — would not even allow him to be too long with any of his old crew; and the mate, whom he saw necessarily a good deal every day, seemed to have quite gone over to the enemy. He was a rare hand at whale-fishing, but no match at plotting against Black Dick. He had made one or two suggestions to the mate, to seize the ship, to have a boat lowered under some easily feigned pretence, and to get away in the night. But the cold-hearted mate had only shaken his head, and said that it could not be done.

"Wait," he had said; "things may turn out right. Take it easy till they do."

And meantime the mate himself, who seemed the friend of the bushranger, and was believed to be so by all on board except by the ship's carpenter, who had known him from his babyhood, was simply playing his own part. A day or two had convinced him that it was altogether useless to attempt anything like active opposition. It was doubtful whether all the six men who remained of the ship's crew could be trusted, — even if they could, they were quite powerless against the suspicious and well-armed convicts. He knew quite well, from his Van Dieman's Land experience, that these bush-rangers would not hesitate at the murder of them all, if they had anything to gain thereby. Nay, he believed that they would put such a design into execution immediately, but for the necessity they were under of having men to manage the ship. He saw, therefore, that the best course to pursue was to make himself necessary to them. Thus it was that within a week he had convinced Black Dick that they could do nothing without him, and that it was necessary to retain the captain, in order to do some of the calculation required for the navigation.

At last Black Dick told him his plans. They were to go to California, to sell the ship, and make off with the money. The Yorkshireman coolly turned round to the bushranger, looked him steadily in the face, and asked him how much he was to be paid for his trouble.

The bushranger was surprised, and, after a moment's pause, burst into a short laugh. "That's what I call cool"; but he was pleased at the coolness, nevertheless. When he named a sum, the mate stood out for a higher, until at length a bargain was struck.

The bargain having come to the ears of the captain, the latter resolved to denounce the mate as an accomplice whenever he should have the chance. The poor captain was much too simple and straightforward a sailor to make out what was going on in the brain of his mate.

California being the destination, the mate thought it best, after thinking the matter over, to persuade Black Dick that the likeliest way of evading suspicion was to go in with oil. But the Mary Ann was clean. The bushranger pointed out to the mate, when he suggested that they should try to catch a fish or two, that they had been returning to Hobart-town without oil, and naturally asked why they could not go in the same condition into

San Francisco, the capital of California. The mate pointed out that the ship belonged to Hobart-town, that it was natural they should go there, in order to see their friends, and give an account to the owners of the ship; but that in California, the circumstance of a southern ship going so far out of her course would be suspicious. However, the mate did not press his point; he was not very certain that any good end could be gained by it. His moderation and want of eagerness made the bushranger think the more favorably of the plan, and at length determine that the advice should be taken.

When the captain learned that the ship was to be put a little out of her course in order that they might come upon whaling-ground, his spirits improved wonderfully. The old fisher's instinct awakened in him at once.

Everything was got ready for the purposes of the chase. The men were told that their best chance of getting safely into San Francisco was to take with them a cargo which should give them the appearance of having been about a lawful pursuit. I don't know what was in the mate's head at the time he made the suggestion which had been adopted, or whether he had formed any definite plan. I am inclined to think he had not. Possibly he thought that the great point to be aimed at was the gaining of time. He knew that the colonial government would be quite certain to send a man-of-war after them, and that the pursuer would most likely think California was the proposed destination of the runaways. On the other hand, to meet with whales they would have to go somewhat out of the ordinary course to California, because, though landmen are generally unaware of the fact, ships usually keep within very narrow tracks, and very seldom strike out a new course for themselves.

As a set-off to the disadvantage of leaving the ordinary track, the mate considered it probable that on the whaling-ground they might meet with other vessels, by the help of which he might get a chance of sending a message to an English man-of-war.

The captain was in high glee at the prospect of sport. The mate took everything very easily, as everybody thought, and meantime was puzzling his brains as to what course he should adopt to make other people aware of the true state of affairs on board the Mary Ann.

In a few days, the joyful cry was heard announcing that a fish was in sight. A boat was lowered; the captain was placed in it, with an equal number of ex-convicts and ordinary sailors as his crew. The convicts, however, carried pistols; for they were by no means inclined to trust the rest. I need not describe the chase. Melville has done it so well, that it is almost presumption in any one else to attempt it. They were successful. The convicts soon became enamored of its excitement, its fine sport, and the risk. It was as exciting as bushranging, and quite as dangerous. Then, too, they had from one day's work obtained three hundred pounds' worth of oil. A few such days' work, and they would have something to sell when they reached California. The latter was the argument which told most on some of the men; but Black Dick shook his head. He wanted to be in port before it was at all likely that any news of their capture of the vessel had preceded them.

A day or two more of such sport as they had had,

and they could go into California with a good pretence.

The next day, as an observation showing their position had been entered, while the captain was marking their latitude and longitude on the chart, according to the daily custom on board ship, the mate took advantage of the momentary absence of the bushranger—who, although he put more trust in the mate than in anybody else, yet never allowed the observations to be taken, or the entries in the log or on the chart to be entered, out of his presence—to make him notice how near they would be to a certain island, which was then one of the naval stations of Her Majesty in the South Pacific.

The poor lad Charley continued to be ill-treated. Every kind of petty oppression which the ill-will of bad men could suggest was heaped upon him. His life was a long misery. He had insufficient food and insufficient rest; he was rope's-ended without the smallest compunction; he was exposed to all weathers, and was at every ruffian's beck and call.

Next day, another whale was sighted. The boat was lowered, a similar crew placed in her, and the pursuit began. The fish (as the whale—in defiance of naturalists—is called by the sailors) led them a long chase, so long that they lost sight of the ship altogether, and but for the fact that the Mary Ann followed in the direction which they had taken, they would have had great difficulty in finding their way back.

The late return, however, suggested a plan to the mate which he thought might be put into execution. If the captain, when steering the whaler, could again manage to get out of sight of the ship, he might contrive not to be seen again, and to make his way to that island, where, as we have seen, he was pretty sure to find an English man-of-war.

There were many difficulties in the way. The captain was not the man who could readily take a hint; he must be directly communicated with. Accordingly, as the ship's calculations were being made next day, when the mate was asked by the captain to check his working, the former wrote upon the slate: "Lose yourself, and make off for the island." The captain had the sense, after reading the message, to turn the slate, and take the opportunity of afterwards rubbing out the writing without arousing the suspicion of the convict captain, who had been seated at the opposite side of the cabin table while this had been going on.

When the ship's position was marked on the chart, the mate laid his rule quite naturally on the course which would lead from the spot the ship then occupied to the island. "West-by-north exactly," was the involuntary remark of the captain.

That same day the boat was manned again. The crew was composed of three convicts—who, according to custom and for fear of an attack, were armed—and five of the crew of the Mary Ann. Charley was put in, in order to take the place of the harpoon-thrower at the oar, when the whale had been reached.

From the moment they left the ship, the mate determined that he would do his utmost to get the Mary Ann under the notice of the man-of-war on the station. He went below, leaving the bushranger in charge, in order that he might have the sleep to which, in the ordinary routine of the ship's work, he was entitled. Before getting into his berth he gave one more look seaward, and though he could

not by this time see the boat, he saw something else which he thought would favor his purpose. The boat had started to go in a westerly direction, that, of course, being the direction in which the whale had been seen; the mate, however, saw now, what perhaps no one else observed, — certainly none of the convicts, — that the school of whales had turned south, and must have long since caused the men in the boat, which could not be seen from the ship's deck, to alter her course. Ordinarily, the ship, instead of being allowed to follow gently to the west, so as to aid the boat, would have altered her course, and gone where occasional clouds of spray showed that the whales had gone. The mate, however, did not want the ship's course altered, and so went to sleep with a contented mind. Two hours later he came on deck, asked Black Dick — who had constituted himself captain in the mean time — whether anything had been seen of the boat; learned that no one had observed her, but that she was supposed to be but a little way ahead; and then expressed his fear that, from a slight change which had occurred in the wind, the whales might have led the boat in another direction. The bushranger was a little alarmed at the suggestion, because he could not afford to lose the boat's crew, inasmuch as it was almost necessary to have some of the five seamen who were in her to manage the vessel. The day drew to a close, and no signs of the boat were to be seen. A man was sent to the mast-head to keep a lookout, but he could see nothing of her. The mate advised that they should lie to for the night, and keep lights burning at the mast-head. He felt that this could safely be done for his purpose, as he believed the boat to be considerably distant from them. One suggestion was so reasonable that it covered the other. Accordingly, the ship lay to. The crew felt pretty sure that the boat would be with them by morning. Morning came, and there was no sign of her. Black Dick grew anxious; so, too, did the mate. A consultation was held, and it was agreed that the best thing to do was to cruise about during the day, and keep a lookout for the missing boat. The mate took good care that they should make long tacks northward, and very short ones southward. The landsmen were quite unable to see anything suspicious in what was being done; and the sailors were quite content, as they generally are, to trust undoubtingly the management of the ship to their superior officer. Apparently, the ship was making a series of irregular circles round a given point; really, she was making a series of ellipses round a point, which was moving at each ellipse more to the north. Ellipse after ellipse was made, and as the hours passed away, looks more and more anxious were cast round the horizon: still the boat was not to be seen.

LADY PALMERSTON.

AMONG the pictures at Panshanger, the seat of Earl Cowper in Hertfordshire, is one by Sir Joshua Reynolds of more than common excellence, representing two boys seated or half-reclining on the trunk of a felled tree, and a young lady of more tender years with a basket of flowers in her hand. This picture possesses an interest far beyond what it may derive from being one of the last great works of the master; the figures are portraits of William Lamb, second Lord Melbourne, Frederic Lamb, third Lord Melbourne, and Amelia Lamb, Viscountess Palmerston, who died on Saturday

last.* The eldest of those boys grew up to be one of the most remarkable men of the age and the girl one of the most remarkable women; the superiority in each instance being rather gradually and unconsciously arrived at than asserted, rather conceded than compelled. The brother rose to be Prime Minister of England, without commanding eloquence or lofty ambition, lazily and loungingly as it were, by the spontaneous display of fine natural abilities, by frankness, manliness, thorough knowledge of his countrymen, and good sense. The sister became the undisputed leader of English society, equally without apparent effort; without aiming at the fame of a wit, like Madame de Staël, or that of a beauty, like Madame de Récamier, or of that of a party idol, like Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; without once overstepping by a hair's breadth the proper province of her sex; by the unforced development of the most exquisitely feminine qualities, by grace, refinement, sweetness of disposition, womanly sympathies, instinctive insight into character, tact, temper, and — wonderful to relate — heart.

Lady Palmerston, born in 1787, was the daughter of Peniston, first Lord Melbourne. Her mother was the sister of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the father of Lady Noel Byron, and Lady Palmerston was a striking illustration of the maxim that personal, especially mental, gifts and qualities are usually inherited through the mother. Lady Melbourne exercised a marked influence over a large circle of distinguished acquaintance. Lord Byron alludes to her in 1813 as "the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest woman." In 1818 he writes: "The time is past when I could feel for the dead, or I should feel for the death of Lady Melbourne, the best, the kindest, the ablest female I ever knew, old or young."

Lady Palmerston's childhood and girlhood must be supposed to have passed like those of other young ladies of her rank, and her education, except what must have accrued imperceptibly from maternal influences, to be the same. Female education did not then aim at crowding the memory with what is called useful knowledge; its chief objects were grace and accomplishments, and the results were seen in individuality and variety of character, in the freer development of the natural faculties, in greater ease, freshness, and elasticity. Women of quality differed like their handwriting, which is now uniform and generic instead of personal and peculiar. Such, at least, is the broad inference we should draw from the many bright illustrations that have survived to our day, beginning with the one who has given occasion for these remarks. The first event in her life requiring notice was her marriage with Earl Cowper, in 1805. She then immediately took her place in the brilliant galaxy of beautiful and accomplished women of rank who continued to form the chief ornament of the British Court during successive reigns, till they were gradually replaced, not outshone, by a younger, not fairer or more fascinating, race. It was about the period of the Imperial and Royal visits to London, in 1814-15, that these ladies, as if by a common understanding, concentrated their attractions; and it was during these two eventful years, when the metropolis glittered with stars, ribands, and bright eyes, that, conspicuous in her own despite, among the gay and dazzling throng was the charming

* September the 11th.

Lady Cowper, like "grace put in action," whose softness was as seductive as her joyousness:—

"Whose laugh, full of mirth, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rang from her soul."

Yet that throng comprised Sarah, Countess of Jersey, Corisandra, Countess of Tankerville, Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and a long array of formidable competitors. One result or product of this period was the institution of Almack's. On the introduction of quadrilles and waltzes after the peace, grown-up people had to learn their dancing over again, and a high-born party met daily for that purpose at Devonshire House, where it was agreed to establish a series of subscription balls on the cheapest and most restricted plan. Lady Cowper was one of the first six patronesses, and during her long tenure of power (for it was power) in that capacity, her influence was uniformly exerted to modify the exclusiveness of her colleagues.

Her fond admiration for her brother William and the jealous watch which she kept over his reputation to the last leave little doubt that she was no indifferent or unappreciating observer of the ministerial adventures, or misadventures, of her political friends before or after their accession to office in 1830. But what may be called her public life dates from 1839, when she married Lord Palmerston, Lord Cowper having died in 1837. Yet no one would have been more surprised than herself if, at that time, she had been told that she was about to begin a career which, in any sense, could be called public. A celebrated writer (Madame Hahn Hahn) declares her sex incapable of the sustained pursuit of an elevated object for its own sake. "When a woman's heart is touched, when it is moved by love, then the electric spark is communicated and the fire of inspiration flares up; but even then she desires no more than to suffer or die for what she loves. That woman remains to be born who is capable of interesting herself for an abstract idea." Lady Palmerston formed no exception to this theory. The motive power in her case was love of her husband; it was her intense interest in him and in his political fortunes that made her a politician; her source of inspiration was not an abstract idea or principle, but the man. To place him and keep him in what she thought his proper position; to make people see him as she saw him; to bring lukewarm friends, carping rivals, or exasperated adversaries within the genial atmosphere of his conversation; to tone down opposition and conciliate support,—this was thenceforth the fixed purpose and master passion of her life.

If she had deliberately set about the formation of a *salon* for an interested end, the probability is that she would have failed, as so many equally qualified by birth and fortune have failed both before and since, from not understanding the delicate structure of our society, which will neither be led nor forced, professedly and ostensibly. The grand attraction of Holland House, Lansdowne House, and Devonshire House in the olden time was the conviction that these princely residences were open to merit of every sort, that the noble owners had a genuine relish for intellectual eminence, and cordially sympathized with the artists, men of letters, and others of purely personal distinction who were their guests. The attraction of Lady Palmerston's *salon* at its commencement was the mixed, yet select and refined, character of the assemblage, the

result of that exquisite tact and high breeding which secured her the full benefits of exclusiveness without its drawbacks. The diplomatic corps eagerly congregated at the house of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. So did the politicians; the leading members of the fine world were her habitual associates; and the grand difficulty of her self-appointed task lay in recruiting from among the rising celebrities of public life, fashion, or literature. From the time Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister she grew less particular and discriminating, and although the current story of her "gilded cards," which never were gilded, was grossly exaggerated, a limited number of invitations were occasionally distributed with direct reference to votes. But so many were simultaneously distributed from higher motives that the tone and complexion of the company remained substantially unchanged. She had a marked predilection for youth and beauty, along with an equally marked dislike to vulgarity and ungainliness. She would have "those two pretty girls"; and she would not have "that fat woman with her ugly daughters," although the fat woman was the wife of a county member, and the two pretty girls had neither father nor brother in either House. The *élite* of the London world were invariably asked without regard to politics, and the most liberal hospitality was extended to all foreigners of note. Her visiting book was kept as regularly as a merchant's ledger. So long as her health allowed, she made a point of filling up her cards with her own hand, and she knew exactly whom she had invited for each of her alternate nights. She used to say that she rarely gave a large party without its being attended by three or four persons not invited for the night or not invited at all. But not a shade of manner on her part betrayed her recollection of the fact.

"If," she would say, "it amused them to come, they were quite welcome." Indeed, her good nature was inexhaustible, nor was it ever known to give way under any extent of forwardness or tiresomeness. The quintessence of high breeding is never to ruffle, offend, or mortify,—never to cause an unpleasant feeling by a tone, a gesture, or a word; and, instead of interrupting or abruptly quitting wearisome or pushing visitors, she would listen till they ceased of their own accord or were superseded and went away.

There is a prevalent notion that sensibility and impressibility are destroyed or blunted by advancing years. But on a calm analysis of the alleged instances, it will be found that, where fancy and feeling are supposed to have decayed or died out, they never, in point of fact, existed. The flash and exuberance of youthful spirits were mistaken for them. Lady Palmerston never lost her wonderful freshness. Her impressions were as lively, her sympathies as warm, her affections as expansive, when she had passed eighty as when, in opening womanhood, she was pelting flowers or rowing on the lake at Brompton, or playfully proposing to bound over the billiard-table at Petworth. Familiar topics did not weary her, nor strange repel. She felt the same vivid interest in things and people, old and young, as if she was just entering life; and this enviable faculty—be it remembered to her immortal honor—was retained through sixty years of pomps and vanities, of luxury and flattery, of social and political scheming, of alternative elation and despondency, of all that is most factitious, most illusion-destroying, most demoralizing in what

serious people shun, renounce, denounce, and deprecate as "the world."

Is it a boon or a penance to be exempt from the operation of that kindly law of nature, which makes those whose pilgrimage through life has been prolonged beyond the common span comparatively insensible to the gradual dropping-off of their early companions on the way? Lady Palmerston was saddened and depressed by the death of the late Countess of Tankerville, followed by that of another cherished friend, Lady Willoughby, to an extent that caused serious apprehension for her health. The morning of a grand dinner to the Italian Princes at Cambridge House, Lady Tankerville was taken ill and unable to be present. The moment the party broke up Lady Palmerston, without waiting for her carriage, got into a hack cab and hurried off to the bedside of the invalid in Hertford Street. Whoever was fortunate enough to be once received on a cordial footing of intimacy might count securely on her enduring regard and her generous advocacy if required. She was thoroughly enthusiastically loyal, and would tolerate no doubt, suspicion, or depreciation of a friend. She was also placable in the extreme towards *un-friends*, provided they had not been guilty of caballing against Lord Palmerston or transgressed the limits of fair party warfare in assailing him. Then a change came over her; the *patte de velours* shot out its claws, the dove seemed armed with the beak and talons of the hawk. One of the most cutting letters of reproach ever written was addressed by her to the late C. Greville, whom she valued and esteemed, on hearing that he had taken an active and hostile part in the Pacific affair. Her anger was short-lived. She might have taken for her motto "Benefits in marble, injuries in dust." She never forsook a friend and always forgave a foe.

Englishwomen cannot talk politics, properly so called, whatever may be the case with Frenchwomen, whose alleged superiority is open to doubt. The reason has been already indicated. Their views are purely personal; "men, not measures," is their maxim; their thoughts are running on whether a husband, a brother, or a lover is to achieve distinction and have a place. Lady Palmerston never attempted or pretended to understand the bearings of a complicated question. "You must write that down," she would say if a communication struck her, "and I will show it to Lord Palmerston when he comes in; or stay, perhaps he is not gone out."

The bell was rung, the servant was sent with a scrap of paper or a simple message, and the summons was immediately obeyed. Long experience had taught him that her tact, her intuition, were infallible in such matters. The services of the great lady to the great statesman extended far beyond the creation of a *salon*. What superficial observers mistook for indiscretion was eminently useful to him. She always understood full well what she was telling, to whom she was telling it, when and where it would be repeated, and whether the repetition would do harm or good. Instead of the secret that was betrayed, it was the feeler that was put forth; and no one ever knew from or through Lady Palmerston what Lord Palmerston did not wish to be known. His death was a terrible shock, from which she slowly recovered. She afterwards expressed her belief that it had actually prolonged her life. She was haunted by the fear

without his being conscious of the decline. She sat up for him every night when he attended the House of Commons, and she was wearing herself away with anxiety.

She undertook the entire management of the household at Brocket, Cambridge House, and Broadlands, as well as that of her own property; personally inspecting the accounts, leaving nothing to agents, stewards, or head servants, but what fell strictly within their respective departments. The consequence was that she was admirably served, and that an air of ease and comfort pervaded each of her establishments. She kept a journal, which, some time or other, will furnish valuable aids to history.

She had read a good deal in a desultory way, and, when roused to the exertion, could talk on a wide range of subjects with a vigor and accuracy which would have astonished those who had only seen her trifling gracefully with the Cynthia of the minute, the floating rumor or gossip of the hour. She possessed a keen insight into character, and was singularly happy in conveying a trait by an epithet or a graphic sketch by a phrase, letting fall her felicitous touches with an ease and spontaneity that showed her unconscious of the gift.

She was rigidly just in her fixed estimates of character; chary, with rare exceptions, of her preferences; mild, yet firm, in her disapproval; warm, but not extravagant, in her praise. Above all, she never indulged in that false enthusiasm for books, pictures, or persons which so often tries to pass current for the cream of amiability and taste. Her name will live, her memory will endure, indissolubly blended with one of the most brilliant episodes of the social life of England, with many a sweet scene of domestic happiness, with many a glowing image of conjugal and maternal love, with many a delightful hour of "social pleasure, ill exchanged for power," — with all that is winning, high-minded, warm-hearted, — with nothing that is petty, ungenerous, ungraceful, uncharitable, or false. It has been confidently predicted that the days of the *grande dame* of France, the great lady of England, have passed away as out of keeping with the age. It is certainly only by a happy accident that the loss we are now lamenting will be replaced. But should an attempt be made to mount the vacant throne by any duly-qualified aspirant, she will hit upon no surer mode of advancing her pretensions than by promising to tread in the footsteps of her admired, beloved, and universally regretted predecessor.

A MONUMENT TO NOAH.

[Special Report to the London Examiner.]

ON Saturday last (September 11) a large meeting of the inhabitants of Dummheitenburg, in the Duchy of Ohnehosen, was assembled for the purpose of celebrating the completion of a monument to Noah, the hero of the Deluge. We are happy to be able to lay before our readers a report of this interesting ceremony. The people of Ohnehosen are an intelligent and energetic race, and to many of them it has long seemed a scandal and a reproach that no monument should have been erected to commemorate the signal service which Noah rendered to the world. To atone for this neglect, there was formed in 1856 a committee for the purpose of urging the patriotic of all lands to contri-

chitects were invited to send in designs for the proposed memorial. A large sum of money was collected; a suitable design was procured; and the inhabitants of Ohnehosen were congratulating themselves on the success of their efforts, when some unfortunate dispute arose among the subscribers. The work was delayed. The project, besides, was sneered at by surrounding countries, who were apparently envious of the glory which the people of Ohnehosen claimed. The design was cavilled at; and historical purists exclaimed against the notion of representing Noah in a dress he never wore. Indeed, the very existence of Noah became a matter of controversy. Under these circumstances the erection of the memorial languished for a while; and it has only been within the past year or two that the inhabitants of Ohnehosen, feeling that the half-finished monument was a disgrace to the Duchy, set vigorously to work to collect subscriptions and have the erection completed. As already stated, the ceremony of handing over the custody of the monument to the *Stadtohrigkeit* (town-council) of Dummheitenburg took place on Saturday last, when a large number of the populace was assembled. Unfortunately, the proceedings were somewhat retarded by heavy showers of rain, for which the Duchy is rather celebrated.

Herr Bürgermeister Eselskopf congratulated his audience on the fact that at last justice had been done to a great man. They were all sensible of what they owed to Noah. But for his precautions, Ohnehosen would have been at this present moment a howling wilderness. Not only had he stocked the world with inhabitants, but he had also furnished them with beasts of burden wherewith to lighten their labors. In short, Ohnehosen owed everything to Noah, and yet not a single step had been taken to honor his memory. They had statues to poets, and statesmen, and warriors, and philanthropists, but not a stone in commemoration of the father of all these. He rejoiced to know that it had been reserved for Ohnehosen, — and especially his beloved birthplace Dummheitenburg, — to wipe this shame from the forehead of the universe, and on this to him delightful occasion to erect a certainly wanted statue to the never-to-be-sufficiently-honored ancestor of the human race.

Herr Doctor Weissenstrumpfen, author of *Wanderschaften in der Logik*, hoped that the inhabitants of the neighboring Duchy, — whom he did not scruple to stigmatize as a race of Sadducees, — would now cease their envious jibing. That captious and pitiful deprecation of a noble purpose naturally emanated from a people whose history was barren of great names, and who would be incapable of hero-worship if heroes they had. It was notorious, also, that the very writers whose weak and contemptible railery had been so profusely showered over this monument, were themselves natives of Ohnehosen, — renegades whom no ties of country seemed able to bind. But in spite of abuse and opposition the monument to Noah was now a great fact. Perhaps his audience would like him to enter into the question which had been so frequently urged by the unbelieving scribes of the neighboring Duchy, — whether the hero whom they had just honored had done for Ohnehosen as much as history chronicled. He would not, however, waste their time in recounting the deeds of Noah. Far less would he think of replying to those scoffers who had ridiculed the notion of

erecting a statue to a personage whose existence had been declared by sceptics to be mythical. He was a member of the Society of Antiquaries, which had its corresponding members in England, France, Russia, and all parts of the world; and his audience might accept his solemn assurance that there could be no doubt whatever as to the authenticity of these reports on which they founded their right to be present on this occasion.

Herr Baumeister Sackp Feife was proud of the honor which the people of Ohnehosen had done him in commissioning him to design a monument to their common benefactor. He might explain that the monument partook of the character of a baronial tower 220 feet high, and 36 feet square. Above the gateway was the figure of the ark. A spiral staircase led to the severe spacious chambers in which it was purposed to place collections of antediluvian remains. On the summit stood a short pedestal, on which was placed a bronze figure of Noah; at each corner of the pedestal a large and beautiful cabbage, the emblem of Ohnehosen. He would only add that, having lost upwards of £ 3,000 by the contract he would throw himself on the generosity of the honorable citizens of Dummheitenburg.

The Graf von Keinegroschen, as treasurer of the funds of the Committee, begged to say that no one knew how arduous had been the labors of that Committee in getting sufficient money to complete the monument. Every known means of communication had been used. Sunday-school children had been furnished with printed circulars, and had given valuable aid in canvassing for sums not less than threepence. It had been proposed to accept subscriptions of one penny; but, for the honor of Ohnehosen, the project was quashed. The honorable society of waiters, by inviting their members to canvass in the various places of public refreshment, had likewise given notable assistance. The parochial schools had done wonders. The churches, he was sorry to say, would not move in the matter; while the universities kept superciliously aloof. It was better, however, that such a work should be undertaken and completed by the great body of the people; and it was to them that he desired to return the heartfelt thanks of the Committee for their spirit, their noble co-operation.

Several other speeches were delivered, of less importance. The custody of the monument was then formally handed over to the Bürgermeister of Dummheitenburg, and the public proceedings terminated. Afterwards a dinner, given by the Committee, took place in the town-hall, nothing but local wines and dishes being placed on the table. The completion of the statue may be regarded as a great boon to the people of Ohnehosen. It will cause much wrangling to cease, and will greatly relieve the minds of those who first projected the scheme; while it confers upon the Duchy a handsome public ornament, which will soon doubtless prove an attraction to the sight-seers of Europe.

We have only to add to this report a notification of the singular fact that on the very day when the people of Ohnehosen were doing honor to Noah, a number of persons were engaged in celebrating the erection of a statue to Sir William Wallace, at Stirling. There is much comfort in observing that neglected heroes are now beginning to get their due; and we beg to suggest that Brian Boroihme Ossian, and Adam be added to the list of persons "deserving of a statue."

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.*

It is difficult in the brief space of a review to do justice to a man's memory, when he has left behind him a great deal of rather remarkable verse, yet without winning the assured reputation of a poet, and many thoughtful papers on a fairly wide range of subjects, without being much of a *littérateur* or philosopher either. If this is difficult to do at all, it is nearly impossible, while his death is still recent, to do it to the satisfaction of those in whose hearts the personal impress of the writer is yet strong and deep. Clough was one of those men in whom the moral and the intellectual are so finely intermixed as to send to a *maximum* their power of personal impressiveness. In this, though perhaps in little else, he resembled Sterling, like whom also he enjoyed the warm friendship of Mr. Carlyle. But Clough's power of impressing others was so absolute that it could assert itself by reticence as much as by utterance. "I always felt his presence," said one of his friends. His own line

"More and exuberant by turns, a fountain at intervals playing,"

is said to be an exact memorial of what he was to those who were much with him. A calm judgment passed on the sum of such a man's remains, by one who never saw him, must almost inevitably disappoint those who saw and knew, and who remember.

In the arrangement of these volumes there is scarcely anything that does not deserve high praise. A brief memoir is followed by the letters and prose remains, and these make up the first volume; the verse fills the second. The memoir strikes us as uniting completeness with brevity. A man's wife, if she has the gifts of an "honest chronicler" at all, ought to be his best biographer. The *Letters* of Lady Rachel Russell and the *Memoirs* of Mrs. Hutchinson are among the classics of this kind of literature; and the unpretending account of Clough, whether actually written or only inspired and superintended by his widow, shows much of the taste and judgment which in such memorials are imperative. We cannot dismiss it without expressing genuine admiration for two contributions to it, — the first from a younger sister, the close companion of Clough's boyhood; the second from Professor Conington, who (though several years his junior) belonged to the same debating society at Oxford. One of these, describing their early life at Charleston, is a model of clear and graceful narrative, just what a biographical memoir should be; to the other we shall have occasion to recur.

The events of Clough's life are soon told. Born at Liverpool in 1819, he spent his early boyhood at Charleston, to which his father, for business reasons, removed; and in due course he was sent over to school in England, first at Chester, and afterwards at Rugby. A favorite pupil of Arnold's, and an unwearying worker, he went victoriously and blamelessly through Rugby, and won the Balliol scholarship. At Oxford he found the "movement" at its height. Mr. Ward was his great ally. Dr. Newman was still a Fellow of Oriel when Clough (after dropping into a second class in the schools) was elected there in 1842. His failure in the schools was the indication of the commotions and distractions through which his undergraduate mind had passed. For two years, as he himself most

graphically has said, he was "as a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney." He ended in gravitating towards the pole directly opposite to Dr. Newman's. For the rest of his life he remained a conscientious sceptic on religious matters. This state of mind led in 1848 to the resignation, first, of his Tutorship, and then of his Fellowship. During two years he worked, against the grain, in London, as Head of University Hall. Disappointed of the Principalship of the University of Sydney, he went to America, and for many months was happily engaged in writing and pupil-work at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Here he confirmed a close connection with Mr. Emerson, and made many warm friends, among whom perhaps the chief was Mr. C. E. Norton, whose name has since become well known. In 1853 he returned to take an Examiner-ship in the Education Office, married on the income thus obtained, and lived a peaceful life, with a good deal of travelling towards the end in search of health, until his premature death in 1861. Paralysis, of which he died, was hereditary, but the tendency is believed to have been aggravated by the severe strain of his comparatively homeless years at school, and of his Oxford struggles.

Clough's letters are full of interest. They are not models of letter-writing, but he wrote through years of such varied and vivid and recent interest, that they form a collection well worth preserving. He writes from Rome during the siege of 1849; and from America, with Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Ticknor, Prescott, and Theodore Parker, all within easy reach. With Emerson he had been in Paris during the revolution of 1848, and he came back with the repute of a thoroughly *écervelé* republican, so that Mr. Matthew Arnold characteristically addressed a letter to "Citizen Clough, Oriel Lyceum, Oxford." Professor Child was then hard at work on his valuable and scholar-like investigations into Chaucerian scansion; and Clough, whose passion for English hexameters had thrown him much upon metre, writes freely upon that question. At Canterbury, in the last year of his life, he met Mr. Tennyson; he walked with him down "the valley where the waters flow," and writes a letter which makes an extremely interesting commentary on those well-known lines. Throughout the letters there occur short passages of criticism which provoke a regret that he did not more seriously and continuously take up that kind of writing, and leave behind him something more carefully and completely done than the reviews which stand among his prose remains. He writes, for example, thoughtfully and sensibly of Theodore Parker, for whose Unitarian orthodoxy, as a substitute for any other 'doxy, he had "no particular love"; of Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems, valuing the *Scholar Gypsy* above all; of Plutarch, the Dryden translation of whom he revised for an American publisher; of Buckle's *History*, hoping his American friends are not "Buckle-bewitched," like all the world this side the water; and on Crabbe, about whom he truly says that "there is no one more purely English (in the Dutch manner), no one who better represents the general result through the country of the eighteenth century."

It is not, however, as a letter-writer that Clough comes before us in these volumes. His Remains present him as a serious writer and thinker on literature, or on the metaphysico-religious questions of the time, and as a writer of poems. Of his claims in this double capacity we proceed to

* The Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough, with a Selection from his Letters and a Memoir. Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

speak. For his literary work it will be enough to say that he seems never to have warmed to it.

We have before expressed regret that he did not take up literary criticism with seriousness and vigor, for his work as it stands is clearly not his best. The *Development of English Literature from Chaucer to Wordsworth* contains some good things, in particular the just and high estimate of the mental and moral standard of the eighteenth-century literature. But even these are awkwardly expressed, and the general impression left by this, and the paper on "Wordsworth" (contrasting poorly with Professor Shairp's recent review), is thin and unsatisfactory. What his mind *was*, rather than the actual results it left on paper, is the true object of interest in Clough; and this question leads us straight to his attitude as a man of serious reflection. On this point we can fortunately be quite clear; his *Notes on the Religious Tradition* (if nothing else) make it clear; and we cannot think the mental position and experience of such a man just now either insignificant or uninteresting. Clough, then, as the final result of his mental development while at Oxford, renounced Christianity. He renounced, that is to say, its dogmatic and historic claims. Three years after Dr. Newman had resigned his Fellowship on ceasing to be in any possible harmony with the Church of England, Clough resigned his on ceasing to be a Christian. But thenceforward to the end of his life he remained sincerely attached to the moral teaching of Christianity, apart from its external embodiment. Nothing would probably have pained him more than to be deemed on these matters indifferent. This allegiance he designated as a "falling back on the great religious tradition." And the general inheritance of religious tradition, embodied nowhere, but traceable everywhere, — in Menu, Hafiz, Confucius; in Homer and Plato; in Lucretius and Tacitus; in Hume as well as in Butler, — this, and a strict adherence to duty and kindness, supplied him through his later and married life with all he wanted of inner support.

It is, we suppose, a necessary characteristic of certain stages in national, as undoubtedly in individual, life, that this sort of mental attitude towards a great religion should attract a strong sentimental sympathy. That this is so, no one will dispute; and we are far indeed from attempting to gauge the loss or gain implied in its being so. What we are concerned in remarking is this: that Clough presents us with a case where this attitude towards Christianity can be shown to have arisen naturally out of a quality of mind having in it essentially more of weakness than of strength, and not deserving in its essence any special sympathy whatever. Professor Conington, in his interesting reminiscence of Clough, records a debate in the society called the "Decade," the subject being "that the study of philosophy is of more value to the formation of opinion than the study of history." This proposition Clough supported, using an argument that culminated in these words: "What is it to me to know the fact of the battle of Marathon, or the fact of the existence of Cromwell? I have it all within me." "Not," he explained, "that it is of no importance to me that these things were; but it is of no importance that I should know it." Such a proposition might conceivably be maintained from the love of paradox; but Clough was the last man to maintain it for that reason. When laid down

attachment to abstractions for their own sake, an exaggerated belief in the isolated independence of the human mind, and a very incomplete notion of the relations between history and the individual man. That these conditions should lead (as they led Clough) to the analogous conclusion that "a man may know all that is important in Christianity without so much as knowing that Jesus of Nazareth ever existed," was almost inevitable. It was natural, then, that he should break away more and more from any sort of alliance with dogma, and should follow the instinct described in the lines in his *Dipsychus* (lines which he was fond of quoting), —

"It seems His newer Will
We should not think of Him at all, but turn
And of the world that He has given us make
What best we can."

That such intellectual conditions as have been described may have a value in certain fields of philosophical analysis is plain. But we deny that they have in themselves any claim to particular sympathy, or that they are likely to prove "helpful" (as the phrase goes) to the present generation.

Of the poems left by Clough it would be necessary to say something more than we are about to say had not most of them been for several, and some of them for many, years before the public. The *Dipsychus* is new. It is that one of his four long poems which had no place in the earlier volume. At the risk of running counter to a probable majority of its author's admirers, we cannot but regard it as on the whole a failure. Taking up (as its name denotes) the old-world struggle between the lofty, transcendental spirit of unselfish purity, and the opposite impulses of callousness and self-interest, it deals with a trite subject in a style which does not even aim at originality. The Spirit of Evil answers to the name of Mephistopheles, and that in itself (by reason of suggested contrasts) is a pity. A semblance of movement is thrown over the poem by laying the scene at Venice, and by fixing each conflicting dialogue at some new point, — the Piazza, the Lido, the Doge's Palace, St. Mark's. When we have added that the sinister spirit begins his attacks during a period of dejection, while *Dipsychus* is dreamily repeating the words of a powerful but repulsive ode called "Easter Day," with the refrain "Christ is not risen," enough will have been said on a poem to illustrate which nothing would be gained by a series of quotations. We should feel inclined to apply to it a phrase from the lips of *Dipsychus* himself, and to call it a collection "of unripe words and rugged verse." It will meet with a favorable reception from those who value the soul's "tumult rather than its depth"; but no one who reflects on what a poet like Mr. Browning would have made of the same subject will feel disposed to call it anything more than a remarkable *tour de force*.

The *Bothie of Tober na Vuolich* remains unchanged. Say what you will to the hexameters, a pleasanter Long-Vacation pastoral than the *Bothie* never was and never will be written, and every University man who has not read it through is so far a loser. This poem, which was thrown on the world by Clough with a sort of chuckle just after he had resigned his Fellowship, was received in New England with something like enthusiasm. Among ourselves it will always, and deservedly, remain its author's best-known and most popular production. The great reason for this is that it is a poem of the

different classes in society scarcely belongs to the fibre of the pastoral. That is made up of really life-like portraits of the Oxford Tutor and his pupils, and of descriptions of Highland scenery and Highland ways only possible to a man of remarkable power, and earnestly in love with both. The excellent banter on social questions culminates when Hobbes, the enthusiastic Pugin-worshipper of the party, makes his famous proposal for a "Treatise upon the Laws of Architectural Beauty in Application to Women; Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary pendent, Where shall in specimen seen be the scullion's stumpy-columnar (Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most moving of any), Rising to grace of true woman in English the Early and Later," and so forth.

The *Amours de Voyage* is perhaps the cleverest of all the poems. It is a set of hexameter letters (with pretty, though rugged, elegiac reliefs between) describing with a very acute power of observation the growth, in spite of himself, and the ineffectual end, of a travelling attachment formed by a dilettante philosophical tourist. The interest is heightened by the poem having been written at Rome during the siege. This power of observing and recording actual life grew on Clough, and, had he lived longer, it might have prompted a more complete poem than any he has left behind him. At any rate the series of tales called *Mari Magno*, clearly suggested by his fondness for Crabbe, and some of them written very closely after Crabbe's manner, indicate that his tendencies were working in that direction. The *Clergyman's Second Tale* is as finely told as its moral is lofty and powerful. The scene where the penitent husband, meeting in London the woman who had beguiled him from his duty, and whose sinister life has "run full circle," and watching her move away as their sudden interview is broken by some passing stranger, is admirably and most impressively written:—

"He watched them in the gas-lit darkness go,
And a voice said within him, 'Even so';
So midst the gloomy mansions where they dwell
The lost souls walk the flaming streets of hell."

To write on the minor poems would be endless. Those on the inner life all more or less indicate the mental peculiarity of which we have spoken. The poems on "Biblical Subjects," might, we think, just as well have been omitted. But the "Songs in Absence," and several of the reprints from the *Ambarvalia*, are well worth preserving. Among the former, "Out of sight out of mind" is very charming; and of the earlier pieces, *Quæ cursum ventus* and "Through a glass darkly," are relics which no reader will soon forget.

It is not difficult to understand how the author of these Remains should have prompted a poem like *Thyrsis*—worthy companion of *Lycidas* and *Adonais*—in a friend like Mr. Matthew Arnold. It must have been written, however, much as Andrea del Sarto may be supposed to have remembered a friend whose workmanship he could often smile at or regret while he revered and loved his spirit. And that is the sum of the impression left by these volumes. Clough was neither great as a poetical artist nor as a man who could furnish sure guidance to the intellect or aid and support to the spirit. But he unswervingly maintained through life that supreme moral standard which is necessary alike for the man of creed and the man of no creed; and in literature he adhered faithfully to the sound and genuine principles of work on which

alone true literary progress can be based and for want of loyalty to which many men of greater genius than he have failed.

A DOOMED PEOPLE.

FAR away in the Pacific lies a land under a mysterious curse. Once fair to look upon, and fertile enough to support its thousands in comfort, sterility now marks it for its own, and denies the ever-dwindling population aught but the scantiest sustenance.

The island of Rapanui was discovered by Davis; discovered, and that was all. Thirty-six years afterwards, the Dutch admiral, Roggewein, endeavoring to make Davis's Land, found, as he thought, an unknown island, and unaware that it was the very land he sought, named it Easter Island, because he sighted it upon Easter day. While he was looking for an advantageous harbor, his reconnoitring ship was boarded by one of the natives,—a tall, strong, robust fellow, whose naked body was a very network of painted patterns, and whose prepossessing countenance was spoiled by a pair of ears hanging nearly down to his shoulders. This strange visitor astonished his new acquaintances by throwing the wine they proffered into his eyes instead of putting it to its proper use, but was so much at his ease among them that they found it a difficult matter to get rid of him. When the fleet anchored in the bay, thousands of natives crowded the shore, some lighting fires before their idols, at whose feet they had been seen prostrating themselves at sunrise, while others ran to and fro like so many wild creatures.

Some hundred and fifty Dutchmen landed. Finding the curious crowd pressing rather closely around them, these brave Hollanders, although they could not decry a single armed man in the throng, cleared the way with a discharge of musketry; after which the islanders "became more civilized." Loud wailings and distressful cries told that the volley had carried death with it; but even the murder of their brethren failed to rouse the uncivilized natives to retaliate. They hastened to lay peace-offerings in the shape of nuts, sugar-canes, fowls, and roots before their slaughterers, and carrying palm-branches and red and white flags, in token of amity, acted as pioneers for them. Afterwards, in exchange for some beads, looking-glasses, and painted cloth, they supplied the fleet with five hundred live fowls, plenty of white and red roots, plantains and potatoes, respecting the last of which the chronicler of Roggewein's voyage remarks that they taste "almost like bread, and the Indians use them instead thereof."

The same authority describes the people as being very tall, strong, well made, and remarkably swift of foot; resembling one another more in these qualities than in the color of their skins, which varied from white to red, and from brown to black. The women were decorated with a very bright red paint, some of them wearing red and white garments of a soft silky material, and small straw hats; but, as a rule, the ladies were not burdened with more clothing than modesty.

Men and women alike were notable for long hanging ears, from which depended ear-rings with pendants as large as a man's fist. So far as time gave them the opportunity of judging, the Dutch found the islanders of a very unwarlike disposition, and supposed they relied for protection upon their stone

idols, — long-eared giants, — ranged in great numbers along the coast. Several of the natives were observed to be particularly attentive to these grim monsters, and were therefore set down for priests with the greater confidence from the fact of their having shaven crowns, and wearing head-dresses of black and white feathers exactly like the plumage of the stork. The homes of the people were huts from forty to sixty feet long, by six or eight in breadth, formed of poles cemented together with mud, and roofed with palm-leaves. Although a pig seemed to be a familiar animal to the islanders generally, neither pigs nor any other four-footed creatures were seen by the Hollanders during their short stay; but the island was so well wooded and cultivated that they left it unexplored with regret, believing that, if they could have looked for them, they might have found plenty of good things.

The men of the land of dikes are not supposed to be too imaginative, but either Roggwein's followers were exceptions to the rule, or else Easter Island must have gone to the bad at a rapid pace during the succeeding fifty years, for Captain Cook was anything but pleased with it when he visited it in 1774, although he did think he had come to a land of plenty when a couple of natives met the ship half a mile from the shore and flung a bunch of plantains on the deck, — an idea soon dispelled when a landing was effected on the morrow. There was a goodly assemblage awaiting the new-comers, but Roggwein's thousands were represented but by hundreds. After some expressive pantomime on both sides, the natives produced a few potatoes, canes, and plantains, which they were ready to barter for nails, cloths, and the usual articles carried by ships visiting the Pacific islands on trading intent. The Englishmen soon discovered that the Easter Islanders were as expert at thieving and as tricky in their dealings as any people they had yet met. They could scarcely keep their hats upon their heads; and as to effectually guarding their pockets, that was impossible. The things acquired one moment by barter disappeared the next, and sometimes they bought the same things three times over without getting them after all. A very brisk trade was carried on for some time in the potato line, on a plantation close at hand, until the proprietor himself put in an appearance, and stopped further traffic on the part of his light-fingered brethren, by driving them off the land with which they were making so free.

A party despatched to survey the island was aided by a native, whose face was painted white, apparently for the occasion, and who, before starting, fastened a piece of white cloth at the head of a spear, which he carried in advance of the procession. Few signs of fertility gladdened the eyes of the explorers. One portion alone of the island appeared tolerably cultivated, the crops raised consisting of sugar-canes, yams, plantains, and sweet potatoes. Live-stock was scarce, — a few small tame fowls, fewer still wild birds, and some rats, seemingly serving as supplies for the scantily provided tables of the islanders, being all that was seen; while, if there were fish in the sea, they were proof against every effort to lure them out of their element.

Water, even brackish and stinking, was rarely found, and the only well of fresh water was rendered undrinkable to folks at all nice, by reason of the filthy cleanliness of the people, who never went to quench their thirst at the well without also per-

forming their ablutions at the same time by jumping into the middle and giving themselves a thorough washing. Trees were scarcer still than springs; and for lack of wood, vegetable refuse was used to heat the earth-ovens in which the islanders cooked what meat they managed to get, — their only utensils being gourds and cocoa-nut shells, the lucky possessors of the last-named considering themselves rich indeed. No wonder the famous circumnavigator was disgusted with the place, and voted it best avoided, as containing no safe anchorage, no wood, for fuel, nor any fresh water worth taking on board. He estimated the population at this time at seven hundred, two thirds being males, — explaining the sexual discrepancy by supposing that many women might have been restrained from showing themselves: an explanation that somewhat invalidates his rough census. If Roggwein's account was correct, the islanders had not only marvellously decreased in their numbers, but also dwindled very much in stature, for, instead of being a race of giants, there was not a single six-footer among them. In other respects, that is, as regards their peaceable dispositions, agreeable features, and active natures, both Hollander and Englishman are agreed. The latter found the dwelling-places of these amiable savages mere miserable huts, constructed by setting poles upright in the ground, six or eight feet apart, then bending them towards each other, and tying the tops together; the domicile being made comparatively high and broad in the middle, and lowering and narrowing towards each end. Poles laid across, and covered with leaves, formed the roof; while entrance was effected by a low, porch-fashioned doorway, just admitting the householder to pass through on all-fours.

The eastern coast of the island was notable for the number of its giant statues, or rather busts; some standing in groups on platforms of masonry, beautifully joined, but uncemented; others, generally the larger ones, placed singly in the earth. One was found to be twenty-seven feet high, and eight feet across the chest: but this was not the largest, for the shadow of another afforded shade for thirty men. Most noticeable among these mysterious relics of a bygone time, and probably of an extinct race, were three platforms of stone, once supporting half a dozen figures each; two were empty, and the third only boasted two figures. The workmanship of these was very rude, but the features were pretty well formed, except that the ears were long beyond all proportion, — but then so were the ears of the men around, although they were so nicely wrapped up by means of the gristles being removed, that they appeared like small "flatted chitterlings," until they were unfolded, when they measured five inches and a half in length. Cook saw nothing to justify the idea that the statues represented the gods of the land; he took them to be monuments marking the burial-places of certain families or tribes. As regards his unfavorable picture of Easter Island, we must note that a fellow-voyager, who saw with other eyes, describes the country as highly cultivated, and interspersed with evergreen and fruit-bearing shrubs, presenting the most beautiful prospect that fancy could conceive.

The ill-fated Frenchman, La Perouse, who visited Easter Island in 1785, attributes Cook's evil report to his having arrived there after a tedious voyage eaten up with scurvy, and in want of everything. He considered the Easter Islanders numbered at

the least two thousand souls, for while he saw some twelve hundred, his coadjutor, M. De Langle found the interior well peopled, plenty of women and children about, and house-building going on to such an extent as showed the people themselves believed they were increasing and multiplying. Scarcely a tenth part of the land was under cultivation while what was cultivated was fertile enough for La Perouse to be persuaded that three days' labor was sufficient to provide a native with food for twelve months, and that the islanders were quite as well off as their neighbors, except, perhaps, that they suffered more inconvenience from drought, — the bequest of their tree-destroying ancestors; but then they could drink sea-water like the albatross of Cape Horn. Trees they had, however, in the shape of a few paper-mulberry trees, but these they had to shelter from the winds by building walls round them. The captain found no trace of any religious worship among the people at all. Their houses seemed to be in common, and no individual appeared to have the authority of a husband over any one woman; at any rate, he observes, "if women are individual property, their masters are very prodigal of their rights." Some of them lived in subterranean dwellings, and some in houses constructed of rushes on a base of solid lava.

At the southernmost extremity of the island the explorers came upon the crater of an extinct volcano, of eight hundred feet in depth. Father Receveur descended into it, and reported that the marsh was surrounded by fine plantations of mulberries and bananas; and that there had been a considerable falling away of the land on the sea side, causing a great breach in the crater; while the grass on the sides of the cone, the marsh at its base, and the fertility of the adjacent land, told that the volcano had been extinct for a long period. At the bottom of the crater were found some water-swallows, the only birds they saw during their perambulation. La Perouse examined the statuary minutely, and discovered that they were cut out of a friable, light, porous lava. On several of the platform stones were rude sketches of skeletons, and human bones were seen in the neighborhood both of the statues and of sundry pyramids of stones arranged like cannon-balls in a park of artillery. Near one of the figures was found a curious effigy, made of reeds, representing a man ten feet high, with a head of the natural size, a thin body, and proportionable legs; by its side was the figure of a child with arms crossed and legs hanging down. La Perouse was very well satisfied with what he saw of Easter Island and its inhabitants, and did something towards improving the condition of the latter, by leaving them some goats, sheep, and pigs, and planting oranges, lemons, cotton, cabbages, carrots, maize, and anything he thought likely to thrive in the place.

Could La Perouse, whose own fate is a mystery, see Easter Island now, he would scarcely recognize it. The stone monsters still indeed are there, silent remembrancers of the good old times of Rapanui, but Rapanui itself is little better than a great rock. Where pleasant meadows once gladdened the sight, salt marshes mock the eyes of hungry men. Not a tree now exists. Birds, always few, have become such rarities, that a sea-bird's egg is looked upon as a godsend. If the fish have not deserted the coasts, the people cannot catch them; not a boat, raft, or canoe, do they own, for they

have no timber whereof to build them. The pigs and goats have long since vanished; the fowls bid fair soon to become as extinct. The natives themselves have learned industry and honesty from the missionaries, but have small scope for the exercise of either virtue. Within the last few years, their numbers have decreased one half, still the land that once supported three thousand inhabitants refuses a subsistence to eight hundred, and where one is born, three die. War has not desolated the island, fire-water has not decimated its people. Some have been kidnapped, and after a slavery under the Peruvian guano-owners, returned only to introduce disease among their countrymen, who needed no such infliction to thin their numbers. In fact, the race is being swiftly and surely starved off the face of the earth; there is no hope for them in the future, which is dreary and desolate as the island itself. It is a sad thing to contemplate, this inevitable perishing of a patient, harmless people, a people with no enemies, but lacking likewise friends able and willing to rescue them from their deplorable fate. Only one thing can save them, — emigration from the cruel land they call their own.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Queen has presented to the Royal Academy the bust of herself executed by the Princess Louise.

M. EDMOND ABOUT has made an opera libretto out of his "Le Roi des Montagnes," the music to which will be written by M. Léo Delibes.

THE rumor that Mr. Swinburne is engaged on an article on the Byron question for the Fortnightly Review is contradicted in the London Morning Star.

A VERSION of Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" has been produced at Sadler's Wells, London. Even Baxter's Saints' Rest will ultimately be seized upon by the dramatist of the period.

THE Countess de Flandres is engaged in designing some pictures illustrative of the Count de Maistre's work, "Voyage autour de ma Chambre." Royal artistes are abundant nowadays, but this is the first instance of a princess displaying her abilities as an engraver.

SPEAKING of Lady Palmerston's death, the Pall Mall Gazette says: "Society is not generally credited with possession of a heart, but the sorrow with which the intelligence of her death will be received will probably be as sincere as the affectionate regard with which she will long be remembered."

THE *Indépendance Belge* says: For some time different journals have been busying themselves with some pertinacity with the question of the regency, and not only has the Emperor's recovery not put an end to their discussions on this delicate subject, but their polemics assume a sharper and more personal character. The *Opinion Nationale* first raised the question by giving currency to the idea that the dynasty would have a better chance of permanence, in case of need, under the regency of Prince Napoleon than under the Empress. The *Figaro* immediately took the part of the Empress; and now the *Public* takes up the same cause with a bitterness of language and a richness of sarcasm towards Prince Napoleon which manifest considerable irritation in the spheres whence this journal

derives its inspiration, — that is to say, the coterie of which the centre is M. Rouher, who has always enjoyed in a high degree the sympathies of the Empress, and who has in no degree lost the confidence of the sovereign since he has been only President of the Senate. M. Rouher makes no scruple to accuse Prince Napoleon almost directly of a design to lay hands on the crown, under the title of Napoleon IV.

A MAN has been arrested in Paris on the charge of having forged the letters alleged to have been written by Newton and Pascal, the "discovery" of which caused so much sensation a short time back. That the letters were spurious was sufficiently proved by the fact that passages in them are copied from works known to have been written many years after the alleged date. M. Chestes, a member of the Academy of Sciences, who gave sufficient proof of his belief in the genuineness of the documents by giving £ 6,000 for them, has at last been convinced of his error, and has applied for a warrant against the man from whom he obtained them, who turns out to have been a constant student of the handwriting of Pascal and Galileo in the Imperial library.

A UKASE has been issued at St. Petersburg reducing the term of military service from seven years to five in the case of young men under twenty who enter the army as volunteers. A further reduction of a year's service is promised as a reward for good conduct. This regulation is to be followed by another restricting marriages in the army. Hitherto soldiers were encouraged to marry in order to induce them to make the army their home, and their wives and children were maintained by the Government. This practice is now regarded as too expensive and not desirable even from a purely military point of view, as the movement to the troops from place to place has been greatly encumbered by their taking so many women and children with them. It is found that the number of soldiers' marriages has considerably diminished since the introduction four years ago of the present system of short military service. In 1860 four soldiers out of ten were married, whereas the proportion now is four out of seventeen.

THE London Publishers' Circular of September the 15th says:—

"Those curiosities of literature which have their Bluebeard cupboard and special Chamber of Horrors have during the past fortnight taken possession of the public mind with regard to the Byron controversy. Not only do we hear of two or three new volumes,—Mr. Alfred Austin, the author of *The Season*, a satire, announces a *Vindication of Lord Byron*,—but various well-known authors, Mr. Howitt, Mr. Arnold, and Lord Lyndsay, have severally come forward with vindications which must make the ghost of Lord Byron cry out 'Save me from my friends!' For much that these gentlemen do—and the nobleman exceeds both—is to cover his Lordship with the blackest character that any man ever wore, and to urge that because he had, to use his own phrase, 'cracked the ten commandments' in every possible direction, this particular crack did not belong to him. Farther than this Lord Lyndsay has done; he has by an undesigned coincidence proved two several and important incidents in Mrs. Stowe's narrative, and

that Lady Byron, in 1816, writing to the amiable Lady Anne Barnard, author of 'Auld Robin Gray,' was fully persuaded that she held over her husband's head the proof of a crime which could at any time, if made public, vindicate her conduct to the utmost. This is absolutely to prove what has been urged. Moreover, it comes out very strongly in Lord Lyndsay's letter that Messrs. Wharton, and Fords, the solicitors, do hold evidence which does not contradict Mrs. Stowe, and that they, the solicitors, do not and are not empowered to contradict the story; and it is proved in other places that Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr. (now Dr.) Lushington were supplied with proof of a crime which at once turned their advice from that of urging an immediate reconviction to that of saying, in the words of the latter, 'that he could never consistently with his duty to God and man advise a reconciliation.' To sum up in the words of the Saturday Review: 'Dr. Lushington might fairly say that what he was told in 1816 is not the tale which Mrs. Stowe told in 1869.' This is just what Dr. Lushington has not done, therefore Q. E. D.?

"But if anything could prove how unreasoning the public is, and we include America as well as England, it is, the outcry which has arisen from both shores against Mrs. Stowe for doing, as we believe she conceived it to be, an act of duty. The story—a vicious one, if you like—interrupted the English public in discussing a very vicious and, if truth must be said, from what we hear, a very stupid, dull play, *Formosa*. America was doing nobler duty in digesting the boat race; and all honor to her for her excellent report and most fair criticism on that event. All at once this attack on Byron interrupts them, and Britannia and Columbia fall foul of Mrs. Stowe like a couple of fish-fags. The worst blow comes from America, or rather from an American in Paris, who writes a cowardly letter attacking most cruelly and untruly the whole family of the Beechers and the Stowes. We hear privately that this American is a Southerner, and that his name is not too sweet to Northern ears. The initials given us are F. W.—can they belong to Fernando Wood? But what does this gentleman with his English abettors intend to do? All that they have done is to follow out to the letter the instructions of the well-known counsel, 'No case; blackguard the plaintiff's attorney.' Let us presume that all they say is as true as it is false, and that Mrs. Stowe, instead of being a woman of genius, as good and pure as she is earnest and clever, is not to be generally believed; that does not make a particular story false. Disprove *that*, and the whole matter falls, but until you disprove it it stands. In short, to sum up, we must agree, we are afraid, with the Spectator, that the air of surprise and fiery indignation with which they—the press and public—have received the fact that Byron—a bold, bad man, who on his own showing revelled in sin, and who took delight in picturing himself as linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes—should be supposed guilty of one crime which he probably sought out as a curiosity, 'betrays the radically superficial judgment which they'—the public and the press,—entertain of Byron and of sin, and even of life itself. We may here mention that the admirable review of Macmillan's article in the Times, in which Lady Byron and the whole matter were so finely treated, was written by one whose fate is as sad as her genius is brilliant,—by the Hon. Mrs. Norton."

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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OUTSIDERS OF SOCIETY AND THEIR HOMES IN LONDON.

WHENEVER I looked up from my newspaper I met the eye of a middle-aged gentleman who was sitting in the same box, — a box, I should mention, in the coffee-room of an old-fashioned hotel in London, which is partitioned off in primitive style. I say gentleman advisedly, for the stranger had every apparent claim to be so called. For the rest there was little to distinguish him from the crowd of well-dressed and well-mannered persons whom one meets about in public places. He might be a clergyman, or a lawyer, or a doctor, though I should doubt his being an active member of either profession. He gave you the idea of a man retired from any pursuit in which he might have been engaged, and to be occupied rather in killing time than in inviting time to kill him. He had a healthy, happy-looking face, bearing no traces of hard work or deep thought, and his hair was only partially gray. He had a mild eye, and a mild voice, and a mild manner, — I noticed the two latter qualities through his intercourse with the waiter, — and was so suave in his ways as to be polite even to the port that he was drinking after an early dinner. He handled his decanter in a caressing manner such as he might adopt towards a favorite niece, and took up his wine-glass as gently as if it were a child.

Whenever I met his eye I noticed that it gave me a kind of recognizing look, which, however, was not sustained: for, before he had thoroughly attracted my attention he always returned to the illustrated journal before him, as if suddenly determined to master some abstruse subject with a great deal of solution in the way of wood-cuts. His communicative appearance made me think that I had met him before, but it did not occur to me where, so I took no further notice. Presently he spoke, but he only said, —

"I beg your pardon, sir."

There was nothing to beg my pardon about, so I begged his, not to be outdone in gratuitous courtesy. Then he begged mine again, adding, —

"I thought you made a remark, — I did not quite hear."

No, I said; I had not made any remark. Then we both bowed and smiled, and resumed our reading, — the stranger with some little confusion I thought.

After a time he made a remark himself.

"I should not have intruded," said he, "but I thought I had met you before."

I am not one of those persons who think that

every stranger who addresses them in a public-room means to pick their pockets, but I have a proper prejudice against being bored, and in any case I had no resource but to answer as I did, to the effect that I could not recall the when and the where.

"Were you ever in Vancouver's Island?" the stranger asked.

In the cause of truth I was obliged to declare a negative.

"Then it could not have been there," said he, musingly; "but," he added, "you might have known Colonel Jacko, — a relation of mine, — who was governor of the Island. You remind me of him, — that is why I ask."

I did not quite see the connection between knowing a man and bearing a personal resemblance to him, but in disavowing any acquaintance with Colonel Jacko, I did so with all courtesy.

"You have been probably in New Zealand?" pursued the stranger, warming apparently into considerable interest in the question involved, "if so, you must have known Major-General Mango, who commanded there in 18—"

I was obliged to confess my ignorance of the unfortunate colony in question, and of the distinguished officer alluded to.

"I merely asked," continued the stranger with a desponding air, "as he was a relation of mine."

I had nothing to do with his relatives any more than himself, but his manner was so gentle that I could not think it intentionally obtrusive, so I acknowledged the receipt of the information as pleasantly as possible.

"If you had been in India," he pursued, taking it for granted apparently that I was no traveller, "you would probably have met one of my sons. One is in the civil, the other in the military service. Both fine fellows. The elder was political agent at Tulwarpatam at the time when the Rajah was so aggressive, and it was through his influence that his highness was induced to remit the Abkaree duties and give up his claim to the contested Jaghires. The other was through the mutinies, and was wounded both at Delhi and Lucknow, — curious coincidence, was it not?"

I admitted that his sons seemed to have done the State some service, and remarked upon the coincidence as one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence for which it is impossible to account. And that was all I could do towards the conversation, which dropped at this point.

Presently the stranger took his hat, with an undecided but ultimately effectual movement. Then he called the waiter, and had a little conversation with

that functionary about the port, which he said was not quite the same that he used to have in the year 1835. (I strongly suspect, by the way, that he was right in this supposition, as the wine he had been drinking belonged probably to the celebrated vintage of 1869.) At last he made a movement to depart, and ultimately did depart, but only after a great deal of delay; and even when in actual motion across the room he looked back more than once, as if expecting somebody to ask him to remain.

When the waiter came to clear away the abandoned decanter and glass, I asked him if he knew the gentleman who had just gone out.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "we have known the gentleman for some years, though he does not come very often. He lives by himself somewhere in town, and has no relations except some who are abroad. He says he has no friends, too, as he has lost a great deal of money, and cannot keep the society he did. He does not seem to know anybody who comes here, though he talks to some now and then, as he has to you."

I was sorry not to have heard this before, that I might have treated the stranger with a little more attention. For this glimpse I had of him, and the few hints given me by the waiter, were sufficient to assure me that he belonged to a class who are more perhaps to be pitied than the merely poor; that he is in the world, but is not of it, and has a residence, but is without a home; that he is, in fact, an Outsider of Society.

People engaged in active pursuits — whether in spending or making money — are not likely to be troubled by deprivations of the kind referred to. They live among their peers, with whom they have interests in common. They are as important to others, as others are important to them. They are in the stream of pleasure or business as the case may be. There is no danger that they will be forgotten. Their doors are besieged by visitors, drawn by diverse attractions; so that it is necessary to make a vigorous classification of the latter, not only of the usual social character, but distinguishing those who come to oblige the master of the house from those who come to oblige themselves. Their tables are covered with cards and letters, prospectuses, tradesmen's circulars, begging petitions, newspapers they have never ordered, and books that it is thought they may possibly want. Their vote and interest is always being requested for deserving individuals, and their subscriptions for equally deserving institutions. Chance of being forgotten indeed! So long as they can be made useful there is as much chance of the Bank of England being forgotten. Such men may be alone, sometimes, in one sense of the term. That is to say, their relations may be scattered or dead. But that is of very little practical moment in their case. They can always find people prepared to be second fathers or brothers to them, and even second mothers and sisters, it may be. They can always marry, too, and then a home establishes itself as a matter of course.

But there are — who shall say how many? — people living in London who live almost alone; who have no society except of a casual, and what may be called an anonymous kind; and whose homes are merely places where they may obtain shelter and rest. I am not here alluding to the class who are social and domestic outlaws because they are positively poor. There is no anomaly in this condition of life; it is a natural consequence of

having no money. The people I mean have mostly money enough for themselves, but not sufficient to make them important to others, and obtain for them consideration in the world. Sometimes their positions have changed; sometimes things have changed around them and left their positions as they were, the result being much the same. It may be that they are seeking to make a little more money by such employments as agencies, secretaryships, and so forth, — employments the most difficult of all to get, as any man of moderate education and abilities can do the duties, — but most frequently they are content to vegetate upon what they have, and to concentrate themselves upon the attainment of companionship and home. When one of the active men whom I have mentioned goes away from home, the Post Office establishment is ruthlessly disturbed by mandates for the readdressing and forwarding of letters. The migration of one of our passive friends makes no difference to anybody. Except it be an occasional communication from a relation in a distant colony, sent to the care of an agent, he has no letters to trouble him, and if he did not occasionally make a show of existence by asserting himself in pen and ink, he might perish out of the memory of man. To such people the advertising columns of the newspapers must possess peculiar interest; for a large number of the announcements seem expressly intended to meet their requirements, while, on the other hand, an equal number of the specified "Wants" seem to come from their class.

Homes for special purposes appear to be plentiful enough. You cannot take up a newspaper without having your attention called to a dozen or two. Apart from the "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs," — which is an establishment not applying, except by sympathy, to any class of my readers, — we have such charities as the "Convalescent Home," established by the wife of the Premier. In the next column we are sure to be reminded of the "Home for Little Boys," in addition to which has just been appropriately projected a "Home for Little Girls," — not the least desirable object of the two. An individual speculator has also established what he rather invidiously calls an "Epileptic Home for the Sons of Gentlemen," — there being, it is to be presumed, genteel as well as vulgar forms of the malady in question. "Educational Homes" for youth of both sexes abound in newspaper announcements. They may afford very good opportunities for the intended purpose, but I should prefer placing my trust in establishments which are candidly called schools. Not long since I saw an advertisement in a morning paper which ran, as nearly as I can remember, in these terms: —

"A clergyman in a popular parish by the seaside, offers an Educational Home to a few little boys of good principles, the sons of gentlemen. Apply," &c.

Now, without desiring to be harsh to the advertiser, I must take leave to say that the above contains several important errors in taste. It would have been just as well, and a great deal better, perhaps, had the clergyman refrained from mentioning the popularity of his parish, however much the description might be deserved. His specification of little boys "of good principles" suggests a slur upon little boys in general which does not come well from an educator of youth; and one would think that he would be more usefully engaged in taking in hand little boys of bad principles, if any

such exist. But the inference next suggested is even less creditable to the reverend advertiser. It is of no use, it seems, for little boys to have good principles, as far as he is concerned, unless they be the sons of gentlemen. This is sad.

But the mention of homes of a special character — of which there are many more in London than have been enumerated — is only incidental to my present purpose. I especially allude to lonely people who seek society, and to which society, in a certain limited degree, seems continually offering to sell itself. And among lonely people, as far as homes are concerned, must be included "persons engaged in the City," or "engaged during the day," who are frequently appealed to by advertisers. The number of persons — idle or occupied — who want homes seem to be equalled only by the number of persons who are prepared to offer them, with very small pecuniary temptation. I have always thought that a great deal of self-sacrifice must be necessary in the case of the family of a dancing-master who for years past has been advertising his lessons with the addition that "the Misses X—— will officiate as partners." The Misses X—— must surely be tired by this time of dancing with people who drop them directly they are able to dance. But it must be still more sad to take into your family any chance stranger who may seem sufficiently respectable, board him, and lodge him, and promise to be "cheerful" and "musical" for his amusement. But offers of this kind are plentiful enough, and they would not be made were there not a fair supply of people to embrace them.

Looking back at only one daily paper for only a week or ten days may be found a host of advertisements of both classes; and I will first allude to a few of these among the "Wants."

Here is a specimen:—

"Home wanted by a respectable elderly lady — rather invalid, not helpless — in a sociable family; meals with it understood. Children objectionable. Large bedroom (not top) facing east or south indispensable. Aspect important. Forty guineas. Must be west of Holborn: other localities useless. Letters," &c.

It would be difficult to determine the exact state of this respectable elderly lady's health from the above description, there being a rather long range between the affirmative and the suggestions offered by the negative statement; but even though she be in a high state of agility, the conditions are surely rather complex; and there must be families in which forty guineas a year go a great way, if she has any chance of gratifying her wishes.

Another elderly lady is more explicit, if not quite grammatical. She describes herself as "an invalid from rheumatism," and her desire is "to board with a genteel, cheerful family." Here again there must be "no children." She prefers "the neighborhood of St. John's Wood, near the Park, or an equal distance from the West End." Letters must be prepaid.

The following looks like a case in which society is an object:—

"Board and residence wanted, by a widow lady and a young lady, and partial board for a young gentleman, within three miles north of London, near a station. Children objected to. [Poor children!] Three bedrooms indispensable. Preference given to a musical family, where there is a daughter who would be companionable." Terms, it is added, "must be moderate."

The following has not a pleasant sound:—

"Wanted, a comfortable home for a female aged seventy years, where there are no children [children again]. She must be treated with great firmness. Twelve shillings will be paid weekly for board, lodging, and washing. Surrey side preferred," &c.

It is evident that the above offer has not been made by the person for whom the accommodation is sought. But such requirements, including even the "great firmness" doubtless get supplied. One of the numerous advertisers who provide homes for invalid ladies offers, I observe, to give "reference to the relatives of a lady lately deceased," who lived in the house for seven years.

Here is a "home," of remarkable character: it is described as situated in a favorite suburb on the Metropolitan Railway, replete with every beauty and convenience, the details being specially enumerated; and besides the railway, omnibuses pass the door to all parts of town. "The advertiser," it is added, "would prefer one or two City gentlemen of convivial disposition, and to such liberal terms would be offered."

The advertiser has evidently an abstract love for City gentlemen of convivial disposition, since he is prepared to share his home with any one or two of them. And if a City gentleman of convivial disposition could make a vast wilderness dear, — which it is very possible he could do, — one can fancy what a paradise he would make of this Cashmere at Shepherd's Bush. It is not quite clear, indeed, that the advertiser is not prepared to pay instead of being paid by the charming society he seeks, since he says that "to such liberal terms will be offered." It must be a very delightful thing to be a City gentleman of convivial disposition, with the feeling of having unknown friends, which has been said to resemble our ideas of the existence of angels.

Another proffered "home" is described as having, in addition to all domestic comforts, "two pianos, with young and musical society." This may be very pleasant; but I should feel some misgivings at the prospect of making one of a "young and musical society" let loose upon two pianos at the same time. There are different opinions, too, even about the best music, under different conditions. The Irish soldier who was singing the "Last Rose of Summer," perhaps from the bottom of his heart, but certainly at the top of his voice, was told by his English comrade to hold his noise. "And he calls Moore's Melodies a noise," said the musical enthusiast disgusted at the want of taste exhibited by the cold-blooded Saxon.

A cheerful state of existence is suggested by another advertisement of a "home":—

"Partial board is offered to a gentleman by a cheerful, musical, private family. Early breakfast; meat tea. Dinner on Sundays. Gas, piano, croquet. Terms £1 1s. per week. Write," &c.

The board must be partial indeed if that melancholy meal known as a "meat tea" enters into the arrangement. A "meat tea" would in any case mean that you were expected to go without your dinner, since, if you had dined you would not want meat with your bohea. But there is no disguise about the matter here, for you are frankly told that there will be dinner, as distinguished from a meat tea, on Sundays. It is a monstrous, unnatural idea, and the family must be very cheerful, very musical, and very private, I should think, to reconcile most men to such a state of things. Perhaps the piano and

the croquet are intended as a set-off, by suggesting female society of an accomplished kind; and of course there are some girls for whom some men will submit to meat teas; but I have my own opinion as to the chances of either one or the other.

Here is an advertisement of a "home" couched in popular terms. It would be a pity to interfere with the writer's style, so I give it in full, with the omission, of course, of the address:—

"A lady having a larger house than she requires is desirous of increasing her circle by receiving a few gentlemen (who are engaged during the day) as boarders. The society is cheerful and musical. To foreigners anxious to acquire elegant English, this is a good opportunity."

As for the lady having a larger house than she requires, one can fancy that to be the case if she has room for several gentlemen, but how is it that so many persons get into larger houses than they require, and are thereby impelled to offer similar accommodation? It must be confessed, too, that the opportunity for foreigners to acquire elegant English is not very apparent. Are the candidates for residence examined in elegant English before they are admitted into the family? As for the cheerfulness and the music, those are of course matters of taste.

Among other "homes" which we find offered in the same paper is one with a curious recommendation attached. It has "just been vacated," we are told, "by a young gentleman who has successfully passed his examination." If the same advantage can be secured to the incoming tenant the accommodation would be decidedly cheap, for the modest sum of thirteen shillings a week, which is all that is asked. But we are not told what is the nature of the examination,—for the army, the Civil Service, a degree, or what? Perhaps it is only in the "elegant English" intended to qualify the tenant for the higher social sphere of the lady with the partially superfluous house.

Invalid or "mentally afflicted" persons are always in great request among advertisers. Several applications are before me now. One of these comes from "A medical man, residing in a large and well-furnished house in one of the healthiest and most convenient out-districts of London," who "wishes to receive any patient mentally or otherwise afflicted, as a resident; boarding or separate arrangement as desired; a married couple, or two sisters, or friends, not objected to." The contingency of companions in misfortune is a good deal; our medical friend is evidently a far-sighted man. Then we find the wife of a medical man, who is willing to take charge of "an afflicted (not insane) lady, gentleman, or child,—to whom she offers a comfortable home with experienced care." A similar offer is made by the occupant of a farmhouse, but these do not draw the line at insanity, but declare that they have had the care of an insane patient for many years, and can be highly recommended in consequence. Some people indeed are so fond of taking care of insane patients that they would not have a sane one if you made them a present of him.

An illustration of this curious taste came under my notice not long since. A very deserving man called to see a patron of his who had procured him a post of the kind, which he had held for several months. "I am very glad to see you, John," was the greeting, "and hope you are getting on in your employment." "Ah, that indeed I am, sir," was

the answer: "thanks to you, I am most comfortably provided for,—in fact, I was never so happy in my life. How did I get these two black eyes, sir? O, he gave them to me yesterday morning. O, yes, I shall always be grateful,—I never was so happy in my life."

It must be admitted that the majority of the "homes" which people offer one another through the medium of the papers are not exposed to contingencies of this kind; but the said people must surely run the risk of finding themselves ill-assorted in no ordinary degree.

It is not to be supposed indeed that utter strangers would go and live together without some strong inducements; and these inducements are generally money on the one side and society on the other. The people who want the money—through having "larger houses than they require," or other causes, of which any number may be found with great facility,—are less to be pitied than the people who want the society, for the latter must be dismally reduced in this respect before they can be brought to take it on chance. In a "cheerful family, musically inclined," part of the compact of course is that the incomer shall be cheerful if not musical and companionable, at any rate. The requisition sounds awful, but it is one to which hundreds of harmless persons in this metropolis submit rather than be left alone. Many, of course, are induced by considerations of economy; and of those still more unfortunate than the ordinary class, are those of the more helpless, who do not accept a "home," upon independent terms, but obtain it either gratuitously or for some very small payment upon condition of being useful or helping to make things pleasant.

Of these there are large numbers, to judge by the advertisements; and I suspect that they are rather worse off than those who "go out" regularly as governesses and companions, for the latter have at least a chance of lighting upon rich and generous patrons. And here I may mention that a great deal of nonsense is written about governesses,—more, perhaps, than about most other things. Their trade is a bad one, no doubt, because the market is overstocked. But that is no fault of the employers, who cannot be expected to fill their houses with young ladies of varying tastes and tempers, on account of their presumably "superior" education and intelligence. Nor is it to be taken for granted that every governess is of the "superior" kind, and all the people who engage their services, vulgar wretches who delight in inflicting mortification upon their betters. Who has not heard of families of the best breeding and refinement being tortured beyond all endurance by governesses of conspicuous inability to teach, who have let their pupils run wild, and concentrated their attention upon the men of the house, and whose insolent and overbearing ways have made the work of getting rid of them one of no common difficulty? Our novelists have not given us many illustrations of this side of the picture; but you may depend upon it that Becky Sharpes are at least as plentiful as Jane Eyres in real life.

A favorite resort of the homeless are boarding-houses. Of these establishments there are hundreds in London,—from those devoted to the entertainment of minor City clerks, rigorously "engaged during the day," to those which— one is almost led to suppose—nobody under the rank of a baronet is received, and even then not without a

reference as to respectability on the part of a peer. But most of these houses have one or two features in common. There is always a large admixture of people who go there for the sake of society; and of this number a considerable proportion is sure to consist of widows or spinsters of extremely marriageable tendencies. The result is that, unless the residents be very numerous, individual freedom is lost, and, instead of living an independent life, as at an hotel, the members of a "circle" find themselves surrounded by such amenities as may be supposed to belong to a rather large and singularly disunited family.

A great many marriages, however, are made in these establishments, and it is not on record that they turn out otherwise than well. It must be admitted, too, that men go there to find wives as well as women to find husbands, so that the arrangement thus far is fair on both sides. But I have been informed by men who are not among the latter number, that it is found difficult sometimes to get the fact generally understood. The consequent mistakes, of course, lead to confusion, and the result is the occasional retirement of determined bachelors into more private life.

There are "homes" in London where there is not much mention of marriage, except as a reminiscence, and few of their members have the chance even of this melancholy enjoyment. I allude to houses in which, through the exertions principally of benevolent ladies, other ladies, who would probably be equally benevolent were they not less fortunate, have a residence assigned to them upon advantageous terms. That is to say, they live in an establishment where all their wants are supplied upon the payment, by themselves or their friends, of a small contribution towards the necessary outlay, the remainder being covered by subscriptions of a strictly private character. The recipients of this assistance are all gentlewomen, — as is necessary to the state of social equality in which they live, — and their admittance is obtained by favor of the benevolent ladies in question. These ladies are influenced, I suppose, by the introductions brought by the candidates, and considerations of their previous position, — which has in every case been a great deal superior to their present position, as may be supposed. The said "homes" are very few in number, as far as I know, they have no connection with one another, and they are entirely private in their arrangements. The neighbors may happen to know that a certain house in which they find so many ladies living together is not a boarding-house in the ordinary acceptance of the term. But there is nothing to proclaim the fact, and the inmates live in an apparent state of independence equal to that of anybody about them. And they live as contented, I believe, as can be in the case of persons who are not of such social importance as they were, and who have plenty of leisure to talk over the fact. They are all gentlewomen, as I have said, and upon terms of social equality; but it may be supposed that there are differences between them, as there are between people generally in society. You may depend upon it, that the lady who is related to an earl is of opinion that she is a preferable object of consideration to the lady who is related only to a baronet, while the claims of the other ladies to their several degrees of precedence are not unadjusted for want of accurate investigation. A few very likely "give themselves airs" upon this score; while some pride themselves upon

their beauty when young, — none of the ladies are *quite* young now, — and others establish a superiority upon account of their mental gifts. All this imparts a pleasant variety to the conversation, which would otherwise be in danger of falling into monotony. Such at least I suppose to be the case, for I am dealing in generalities, and cannot claim to a knowledge of any one in particular of these ladies' homes. For the rest the occupants are said to pass an easy, agreeable life, more especially those who are not without friends whom they can go to visit, — in which case they are free to have as much amusement as if they lived in houses of their own.

I said something about boarding-houses just now. A great many of the homeless who have not tried these establishments, — or having tried them are unwilling to renew the experiment, — live in furnished lodgings. On the Continent they would probably put up at hotels; but hotels in this country are not adapted for modest requirements, and furnished lodgings take a place which they have not yet learned to occupy.

The mode of life is anomalous. It is neither public nor private. You may be independent in a hotel; you may be independent in your own house; in lodgings you can be independent by no possibility. If you spend rather more money than you would either in a hotel or your own house, you obtain comfort and attention; but the object of most persons who take lodgings is to be rather economical than otherwise, so that the reservation is of very little avail. Lodgings are of two classes, — those that profess to be so, and those that solemnly declare they are not. The former are decidedly preferable, apart from the immorality of encouraging a sham. In the former case, if you occupy — say as a bachelor — only a couple of rooms in town, and the rest of the house is let to other people, you will obtain but precarious attendance from the solitary servant, and the chances are that you will never be able to get a decently cooked meal. The food that they waste in such places by their barbarous mode of dealing with it is sad to think upon. Your only resource is to live out of doors as much as possible, and consider your rooms only as a refuge, — the logical consequence of which is that it is best to abandon them altogether.

But you are better placed even under these conditions than if you go to a house in one of the suburbs — a pretty villa-looking place — knowing nothing about it beyond the information offered by the bill in the window. A not very clean servant opens the door, and does not impress you favorably at first glance. You are hesitating under some discouragement, when the mistress of the house — presenting in her decorated exterior a considerable contrast to the servant — appears upon the scene and reproves the domestic sternly for her neglected appearance, sends her away to restore it, and meantime proceeds to transact business upon her own account. You ask her if she lets apartments. She gives a reproving look, and says "No," ignoring the announcement made by the bill. You mention that you knocked in consequence of seeing that intimation in the window; upon which the lady says, —

"O, is it up? I was not aware. The fact is, I wish to receive a gentleman to occupy part of the house, as it is too large for us," — the old story, — "and my husband being a great deal out, I find it

rather lonely. But my husband is very proud and objects to having strange company."

You remark that you need not have applied in that case, and will go elsewhere. This brings the lady to the point.

"O, I did not mean to say that you could not have any apartments here. I intend to have my own way in that matter,"—this is said in a playful, fluttery manner, with a running laugh. "If you will step in, I will show you the accommodation we have. All I meant to say was that we are not accustomed to let lodgings."

Rather amused than annoyed, you submit to be shown the rooms. They are pretty rooms,—light and cheerful, and ornamental to a fault,—and the garden at the back is alone a relief from the pent-up place you have been occupying in town. So, after a few preliminary negotiations,—conducted on the lady's side in the same playful manner,—you agree to take the place, say for three months. The lady is evidently pleased at your decision, and avails herself of the opportunity for renewing her assurance that the house is not a lodging-house, and that you may expect all the comforts of domestic life.

"There are no other lodgers," she added; then, as if suddenly recollecting, she corrects herself: "That is to say, there is a commercial gentleman who is a great deal away, sleeping here for a night or two,—a friend of my husband's,—and yes, let me see, a medical gentleman to whom we have allowed the partial use of a bedroom to oblige a neighbor just for the present, but I do not count either of them as lodgers."

A commercial gentleman sleeping for a night or two, while he is a great deal away, does not seem an ordinary lodger at any rate; and from the distinction drawn in the case of the medical gentleman, who is only allowed the partial use of a bedroom, you are inclined to think that he is permitted to lie down, but not to go to sleep. However, you make no objection to these anomalies, and take possession of your new abode.

There never was such an imposture, as you find out only next day. The bagman and the medical student—as those gentlemen must be described, if the naked truth be respected—turn out to be regular lodgers, and as thorough nuisances as a couple of noisy men addicted to late hours and exaggerated conviviality can well be. And the woman never mentioned a discharged policeman—her father, I believe—to whom she affords a temporary asylum in the kitchen, in return for intermittent attentions in the way of blacking boots and cleaning knives,—when he happens to be sober. For the rest, there is nobody in the house who can cook even such a simple matter as a mutton-chop without spoiling it; and there seems to be everybody in the house who is determined that your private stores shall not be allowed to spoil for want of eating and drinking. Nothing is safe from the enemy, who combine their forces against you, and they take care that you shall have no protection, for not a lock which can give shelter to any portable article will act after you have been two days in the house. As for your personal effects, they are in equal danger. The average amount of loss in wearing apparel is one shirt and two handkerchiefs a week; and miscellaneous articles are sure to go if they are in the least degree pretty or curious. And the coolest part of the proceeding is, that the mildest complaint on your part brings down a storm upon your devoted

head such as you could not have expected from the playful and fluttering person who had given you such pleasant assurances when you took the rooms. She claims to be a Caesar's wife in point of immunity from suspicion, and asserts the same privilege for everybody in the house. "No gentleman was ever robbed there," she says; and she plainly hints that no gentleman would say he was, even though he said the fact.

This is no exaggerated picture of many suburban lodgings to which outsiders of society are led to resort for want of better accommodation; and a large number of persons who are not outsiders in the sense in which I have employed the term, but who are simply not settled in the metropolis, are exposed to a similar fate. For those who are prepared for an ordeal of another nature, the "cheerful family, musically inclined" offers, one would think, a far preferable alternative. But it is not everybody who is prepared to have society thrust upon him, either in this quiet domestic way or in a large boarding-house, and there ought to be better provision than there is for the floating mass of casual residents in London. In Paris not only are there hotels suited to the requirements of all classes of persons, but the *maisons meublées* are places where they may live almost as independently as in their own houses.

In London, the only realization of the luxury short of an entire house is in what we call "chambers"; and a man's chambers are most certainly his castle, whatever his house may be. That the want is being appreciated, is evident from the rapid extension of the "chambers" system, in the way of the independent suites of rooms known as "flats." But the flats, as now provided in Victoria Street, and elsewhere, cost as much as entire houses, while the latest additions, the Belgrave and Grosvenor mansions, are even more costly, and beyond the reach of the classes to whom I have been referring. The latter would be deeply grateful for accommodation of the kind on a more moderate scale, and the investment of capital in such an object could not fail to be profitable. Besides the desolate people into whose sorrows I have entered, there are in London, it must be remembered, many hundreds of outsiders of society of a different kind, who are outsiders only from that conventional society, in which it takes so much money to "move," and who ought to command greater comfort than they do while they are working their way in professional pursuits. For those actually in want of companionship, I suppose they will always incline to the hotel, or the boarding-house, or the "cheerful family, musically inclined."

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN ACKLAND.

A TRUE STORY.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER V.

MR. CARTWRIGHT had not forgotten, before returning to Glenoak, to write to Mr. Ackland's cousin at Boston, as he had promised Judge Griffin. That letter informed Tom Ackland of his cousin's sudden impatience to leave Glenoak, in consequence of an unfortunate incident having reference to the name of a lady at Boston, with whom the writer believed that Mr. John Ackland had been acquainted previous to her marriage. It narrated the circumstances already known to the reader, of the departure from Glenoak, the mysterious return

of the horse, and the failure of Mr. Cartwright, assisted by his friend, Judge Griffin and by the Richmond police, to discover any tidings of his late guest.

On the evening of his return to Glenoak, Mr. Cartwright was in excellent spirits. He kissed his little daughter with more than usual paternal unction, when she bade him good-night that evening.

He was pleasantly awakened next morning, by a despatch from the inn at the coach's halting town, informing him that Mr. Ackland had just sent to fetch away his luggage which had been lying there, in charge of the landlord, ever since the day on which John Ackland left Glenoak. The landlord had delivered the luggage to Mr. Ackland's messenger, on receipt of an order from Mr. Ackland which the messenger had produced authorizing him to receive it on Mr. Ackland's behalf. This order the landlord now forwarded to Mr. Cartwright, in consequence of the inquiries which that gentleman had been making with reference to Mr. Ackland. The messenger who called for the luggage had informed the landlord that he had come from Petersburg, where Mr. Ackland had been laid up by the effects of a bad accident; from which, however, he was now so far recovered that he intended to leave Petersburg early next morning accompanied by a gentleman with whom he had been staying there, and by whom, at Mr. Ackland's request, this messenger had been sent for the luggage.

Mr. Cartwright lost no time in communicating this good news, both to his friends at Richmond, and to Mr. Ackland's cousin at Boston. In doing so, he observed that he feared Mr. Ackland could not have completely recovered from the effects of his accident — whatever it was — when he signed the order forwarded to Glenoak; for he had noticed that in the signature to this order, the usually bold and firm character of John Ackland's handwriting had become shaky and sprawling, as though he had written from a sick-bed.

Now Tom Ackland was rendered so anxious, that he resolved to leave Boston in search of his cousin; and he certainly would have done so if he had not received on the following day, this letter, written in a strange hand, and dated from Petersburg.

"MY DEAR TOM, — You will be surprised to receive from me, so soon after my last, a letter in a strange hand. And, indeed, I have a long story to tell you in explanation of this fact; but for the sake of my kind amanuensis, as well as for my own sake (for I am still too weak to dictate a long letter), the story must be told briefly." The letter then went on to mention that Mr. John Ackland had left Glenoak sooner than he had intended at the date of his last letter to his cousin, availing himself of Mr. Cartwright's loan of a horse to catch the Charleston coach. How Cartwright had accompanied him through the plantation, and had insisted on taking a couple of guns with them, "though I assured him that I am no sportsman, my dear Tom"; how, in consequence of a shot fired suddenly by Cartwright from his saddle, at a hare, which he missed, the mare on which John Ackland was riding had become rather restive, "making me feel very uncomfortable, my dear Tom"; how, after parting with Cartwright and probably a little more than half-way to his destination, at a place where there were cross-roads, Mr. Ackland had encountered a buggy with two persons in it (an English

gentleman and his servant, as it afterwards turned out), and how this buggy, crossing the road at full speed close in front of his horse, had caused the horse to rear and throw him. He had immediately lost consciousness. Fortunately, the persons in the buggy saw the accident, and hastened to his assistance; the mare in the mean while, having taken to her heels. Finding him insensible and severely injured, they had conveyed him with great care to Petersburg, whither they were going when he met them. There they obtained for him medical assistance. He believed he had been delirious for many days. He could not yet use his right arm, and he still felt a great deal of pain about the head. He was, however, sufficiently recovered to feel able to leave Petersburg, travelling easily and by slow stages. His kind friend Mr. Forbes, the English gentleman who had taken such care of him, was going to meet his yacht at Cape Hatteras, intending to sail to the Havannah, and had kindly offered to take him in the yacht as far as Charleston. John Ackland hoped the sea voyage would do him good. They intended to start immediately, — that evening or early next morning. Tom had better address all letters for the present to the post-office Charleston.

A few lines were added by Mr. Forbes, to whom this letter had been dictated. They described Mr. Ackland's injuries as serious, but not at all dangerous. A bad compound fracture of the right arm, broken in two places. The surgeon had at first feared that amputation might be necessary; but Mr. Forbes was happy to say that the arm had been set, and he trusted Mr. Ackland would eventually recover the use of it. There had been a severe concussion of the brain, but fortunately no fracture of the skull. Mr. Ackland had made good progress during the last week. Mr. Forbes was of opinion that Mr. Ackland was suffering in general health and spirits from the shock of the fall he had had, rather than from any organic injury.

On receipt of this letter, Tom Ackland wrote to his cousin, addressing his letter to the post-office at Charleston, and enclosing a line expressive of his thanks, &c. for Mr. Forbes, to whom he hoped John Ackland would be able to forward it. He also wrote to Mr. Cartwright, thanking that gentleman for his kind interest and exertions, and communicating to him what he had heard of his cousin from Mr. Forbes. When Cartwright mentioned the contents of this letter to Judge Griffin, "I always thought," said the Judge, "that the man would turn up somehow or other. We need not have taken such a deal of trouble about him." All further proceedings with a view to obtaining information about John Ackland were immediately stayed: and Mr. Cartwright made a handsome present to the police of Richmond for their "valuable assistance."

CHAPTER VI.

It was sometime before Tom Ackland heard again from his cousin. When he did hear, John Ackland's letter was written by himself, but was almost illegible. He apologized for this, dwelling on the pain and difficulty with which he wrote at all, even with his left hand. He thought his broken arm must have been very ill set. As for business he had not yet been able to attend to any. He would send Tom's letter to Mr. Forbes. But he really did not know whether it would ever find him. He believed that gentleman must have left the Havannah. As

for himself, he had found the journey by sea to Charleston very fatiguing, and it had done him no good. The whole letter breathed a spirit of profound dejection. It complained much of frequent pain and constant oppression in the head. Life had become an intolerable burden. He, John Ackland, had never wished for a long life, and now desired it less than ever. He was so constantly changing his quarters (not having yet found any situation which did not horribly disagree with him), that Tom had better continue to direct his letters to the post-office.

Some expressions in the letter made Tom Ackland almost fear that John's mind had become affected. He wrote at once imploring his cousin to return to Boston if well enough to travel, and offering, if he were not, to start for Charleston at once in order to be with him.

John Ackland, in his reply, assured his cousin that he felt quite unable to undertake the fatigue of even a much shorter journey than the journey from Charleston to Boston. He begged that Tom would not think of joining him at Charleston. He could not at present bear to see any one. Even half an hour's conversation, especially with any one he knew, excited him almost beyond endurance. He avoided the sight of human faces as much as he could. His only safety was in complete seclusion. Every one was in a conspiracy to distress and injure him. He might tell Tom, in strict confidence, that all the people in Charleston were so afraid of his setting up business in that town, that they were determined to ruin, and even to murder him if they could. There were persons (he had seen them) who followed him about wherever he went, in order to poison the air when he was asleep; but he had been too sharp for them. The letter concluded with some quotations from Rousseau on the subject of suicide. It bore such evident traces of mental derangement, that Tom Ackland resolved to lose no time in going to Charleston. A statement which attracted his attention in the next morning's newspapers, confirmed his worst fears, and greatly increased his anxiety to arrive there.

CHAPTER VII.

At this time, some political friends of Mr. Dobbins, whose opinions had been advocated with great ability in the Richmond Courier on a subject of a question so hotly debated between North and South that it had threatened to break up the Union, invited that gentleman to a public banquet at one of the principal hotels in Richmond. Mr. Cartwright was present at this dinner; so was Judge Griffin; so was Dr. Simpson, the brother of the magnetic young lady; so were others of John Ackland's fellow-guests at Glenoak.

The dinner was a Union dinner, the speeches were Union speeches, the event celebrated was the triumph of Union sentiment in harmony with Southern supremacy. After the great political guns had fired themselves off, the ladies were "admitted from behind the screen," toasts of gallantry and personal compliment were proposed, and the minor orators obtained a hearing. None of these was more valuable than Mr. Cartwright. He rose to propose a toast. The toast was a Union toast, for it united the absent with the present. He would invite the company to drink to the health of "Our absent friends."

At this moment Mr. Cartwright was disagreeably

interrupted by a bustle and buzz of voices among the sable attendants at the door. "Order! order!" cried Judge Griffin, indignantly looking round.

"Please, Massa Judge," cried one burly nigger, bolder than his fellows, "Massa Ackland he be in de next room, and want to speak bery 'tic'lar with Massa Cartwright."

"By Jove, Cartwright! do you hear that?" exclaimed the Judge. "What, Ackland? John Ackland?"

"Yessir. Massa John Ackland he be in a bustin' big hurry, and waitin' to see Massa Cartwright bery 'tic'lar."

"Why not call him in?" suggested the Judge. "Every one will be happy to see him, after all the trouble he has cost some of us."

"No, no," cried Cartwright, much overcome by the surprise. "Gentlemen, I will not detain you longer. To our absent friends! And now," he added, emptying his bumper with an unsteady hand, "I am sure you will all excuse me, since it seems that one of my absent friends is waiting to see me."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Cartwright hurried to the door, and next moment found himself face to face—not with Mr. John, but with Mr. John's cousin Tom, Ackland.

Mr. Tom Ackland introduced himself: "My excuse," said he, "is, that I am only at Richmond for a few hours, on my way to Charleston, and that, accidentally hearing from one of the helps here that you happened to be in the hotel, I was anxious to ask you whether you had lately heard from my cousin, or received any news of him from Charleston?"

"None," said Cartwright. "I trust there is nothing the matter?"

"You have not even seen his name mentioned in the newspapers?"

"No."

"Yet I presume a paragraph I have here from a Boston paper, must also have appeared in the Richmond journals. Pray be so good as to look at it."

The paragraph ran thus:—

"The following has appeared in the Charleston Messenger of October 18th. On the 16th instant, about two hours after sundown, a Spanish gentleman, who happened to be walking towards Charleston along the right bank of Cooper River, was startled by what he believed to be the sound of a human voice speaking in loud tones. The voice apparently proceeded from the same side of the river as that along which he was walking, and not many yards in advance of him. As the night was already dark, he was unable to distinguish any object not immediately before him, and, as he was but imperfectly acquainted with the English tongue, he was also unable to understand what the voice was saying. He was, however, so strongly under the impression that the voice was that of a person addressing a large audience in animated tones, that he fully believed himself to be in the immediate vicinity of a camp-meeting, or other similar assemblage, and was somewhat surprised to perceive no lights along that part of the bank from which the voice apparently proceeded. Whilst he was yet listening to it, the voice suddenly ceased, and was succeeded by the sound of a loud splash, as of some heavy body falling into the water. On hastening

to the spot from which he supposed these sounds to have arisen, he was still more surprised to find it deserted. On examining the ground, however, as well as he could by the light of a few matches which he happened to have with him, he discovered two pieces of property, a hat and a book, but nothing which indicated the owner of them, and no trace of any struggle which could lead him to suppose that their unknown owner had been deprived of them by violence. After shouting in every direction, without obtaining any answer, this gentleman then took possession of the hat and book, and, on returning to Charleston, deposited them, with the foregoing explanation of the manner in which he had discovered them, at the F. Street police-station. From the examination of these objects by the police, it appears that both the book and the hat are inscribed with the name 'John K. Ackland.' The book, as we are informed, is the second volume of a small pocket edition of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and the page is turned down and marked at the following passage: '*Chercher son bien, et fuir son mal, en se qui n'offense point autrui, c'est le droit de la nature. Quand notre vie est un mal pour nous, et n'est un bien pour personne, il est donc permis de s'en délivrer. S'il y a dans le monde une maxime évidente et certaine, je pense que c'est celle-là; et si l'on venait à bout de la renverser, il n'y a point d'action humaine dont on ne pût faire un crime.*' On the margin opposite this passage something is written, but in characters which are quite illegible. The volume apparently belongs to a Boston edition. Inspector Jenks, of the Fifth Ward Police Division, has lost no time in investigating this mysterious occurrence. We understand that the river has been dragged, but without the discovery of any human body. It is to be observed that if a body, falling into the river at the spot indicated by the gentleman by whom the above-mentioned property was deposited at the F. Street station, had floated within an hour after its immersion, it is quite within possibility that it might have been carried out to sea before the following morning, that is to say, supposing it to have fallen into the river at that point, where the current is extremely strong, not later than 10.30 P. M. It is, however, extremely improbable that a human body could have been floated out to sea in this manner without being observed. It is equally improbable that any person could have perished within the neighborhood of Charleston, whether by accident or violence, on the night of the 16th without the disappearance of that person having excited attention in some quarter up to the present moment. Our own impression is that the whole affair has been an ingenious hoax. This impression is, at least, borne out by the fact that the name of Ackland (which certainly is not a Charleston name) is not known at, and does not appear on the books of, any hotel in this city; that the advertisements of the police have, up to the present moment, elicited no claimant for the hat and book now on view in F. Street, and that, from the inquiries hitherto made, it appears that no person in or about Charleston has been missing since the night of the 16th instant. With a view, however, to the possibility of this mysterious Mr. J. K. Ackland ever having existed, except in the imagination of some mischievous wag, Union journals are requested to copy, in order that the friends and relations of the missing gentleman (if there be any) may be made acquainted with the foregoing information."

"Well?" said Tom Ackland, when Cartwright had finished his perusal of this statement.

"Well," answered Cartwright, "I also incline to think it a hoax."

"I wish I could think so too," said Mr. Tom; "but I have many sad reasons to think more seriously of it."

"When do you go on to Charleston?" asked Mr. Cartwright.

"Before daybreak to-morrow."

"Ever been there before?"

"Never."

"Then you must let me come with you. I know something of that city, have friends there, and may be of use."

"Really, my dear sir, I could not possibly think of allowing you to sacrifice —"

"No sacrifice, sir. Nothing I would not do for the sake of your cousin, Mr. Ackland. He was once very useful to me, sir, — very useful and very kind. And no man shall say that Phil Cartwright ever forgot a kindness done him. I can pack up in an hour, and the sooner we start the better."

So Mr. Cartwright accompanied Mr. Tom Ackland to Charleston. And Mr. Tom Ackland was inexpressibly touched by that proof of friendship for his cousin.

CHARLES LAMB IN THE TEMPLE.

THE following charming and characteristic letter of Mary Lamb to a child cannot fail to interest all who cherish the memory of Charles Lamb and his sister. The "little Barbara" (afterwards Mrs. Edwards) to whom it was addressed was the youngest sister of Matilda Betham, a poetess whom Southey valued, and of Sir William Betham, the well-known genealogist and antiquary:—

November 2 1814.

TO MISS BARBARA BETHAM:—

It is very long since I have met with such an agreeable surprise as the sight of your letter, my kind young friend, afforded me. Such a nice letter as it is too. And what a pretty hand you write. I congratulate you on this attainment with great pleasure, because I have so often felt the disadvantage of my own wretched handwriting.

You wish for London news. I rely upon your sister Ann for gratifying you in this respect, yet I have been endeavoring to recollect whom you might have seen here, and what may have happened to them since, and this effort has only brought the image of little Barbara Betham, unconnected with any other person, so strongly before my eyes that I seem as if I had no other subject to write upon. Now I think I see you with your feet propped upon the fender, your two hands spread out upon your knees, — an attitude you always chose when we were in familiar confidential conversation together, — telling me long stories of your own home, where now, you say, you are "moping on with the same thing every day," and which then presented nothing but pleasant recollections to your mind. How well I remember your quiet, steady face bent over your book! One day, conscience-struck at having wasted so much of your precious time in readings, and feeling yourself, as you prettily said, "quite useless to me," you went to my drawers and hunted out some unhemmed pocket-handkerchiefs, and by no means could I prevail upon you to resume your story-books till you had hemmed them all. I remember, too, your teaching my little maid to read,

— your sitting with her a whole evening to console her for the death of her sister; and that she in her turn endeavored to become a comfort to you the next evening when you wept at the sight of Mrs. Holcroft, from whose school you had recently eloped because you were not partial to sitting in the stocks. Those tears, and a few you once dropped when my brother teased you about your supposed fondness for apple-dumplings, were the only interruptions to the calm contentedness of your unclouded brow. We still remain the same as you left us, neither better nor wiser, nor perceptibly older, but three years must have made a great alteration in you. How very much, dear Barbara, I should like to see you!

We still live in Temple Lane, but I am now sitting in a room you never saw; soon after you left us we were distressed by the cries of a cat, which seemed to proceed from the garrets adjoining to ours and only separated from ours by the locked door on the farther side of my brother's bedroom, which you know was the little room at the top of the kitchen stairs. We had the lock forced and let poor puss out from behind a panel of the wainscot, and she lived with us from that time, for we were in gratitude bound to keep her, as she had introduced us to four untenanted, unowned rooms, and by degrees we have taken possession of these unclaimed apartments, — first putting up lines to dry our clothes, then moving my brother's bed into one of these, more commodious than his own room. And last winter my brother being unable to pursue a work he had begun, owing to the kind interruptions of friends who were more at leisure than himself, I persuaded him that he might write at his ease in one of these rooms, as he could not then hear the door knock, or hear himself denied to be at home, which was sure to make him call out and convict the poor maid in a fib. Here, I said, he might be almost really not at home. So I put in an old grate, and made him a fire in the largest of these garrets, and carried in one table and one chair, and bid him write away, and consider himself as much alone as if he were in some lodging on the midst of Salisbury Plain, or any other wide, unfrequented place where he could expect few visitors to break in upon his solitude. I left him quite delighted with his new acquisition, but in a few hours he came down again with a sadly dismal face. He could do nothing, he said, with those bare whitewashed walls before his eyes. He could not write in that dull, unfurnished prison.

The next day, before he came home from his office, I had gathered up various bits of old carpeting to cover the floor; and, to a little break the blank look of the bare walls, I hung up a few old prints that used to ornament the kitchen, and after dinner, with great boast of what an improvement I had made, I took Charles once more into his new study. A week of busy labors followed, in which I think you would not have disliked to have been our assistant. My brother and I almost covered the walls with prints, for which purpose he cut out every print from every book in his old library, coming in every now and then to ask my leave to strip a fresh poor author, — which he might not do, you know, without my permission, as I am elder sister. There was such pasting, such consultation where their portraits, and where a series of pictures from Ovid, Milton, and Shakespeare would show to most advantage, and in what obscure corner authors of humbler note might be allowed to tell their stories. All the books gave

up their stories but one, — a translation from Ariosto, — a delicious set of four-and-twenty prints, and for which I had marked out a conspicuous place; when lo! we found at the moment the scissors were going to work that a part of the poem was printed at the back of every picture. What a cruel disappointment! To conclude this long story about nothing, the poor despised garret is now called the print room, and is become our most favorite sitting-room. Your sister Anne will tell you that your friend Louisa is going to France. Miss Skipper is out of town; Mrs. Reynolds desires to be remembered to you, and so does my neighbor, Mrs. Norris, who was your doctress when you were unwell. Her three little children have grown three big children. The lions still live in Exeter Change. Returning home through the Strand I often hear them roar about twelve o'clock at night. I never hear them without thinking of you, because you seemed so pleased with the sight of them, and said your young companions would stare when you told them you had seen a lion. And now, my dear Barbara, farewell; I have not written such a long letter a long time, but I am very sorry I had nothing amusing to write about. Wishing you may pass happily through the rest of your school days, and every day of your life, I remain your affectionate friend,

M. LAMB.

My brother sends his love to you, with the kind remembrance your letter showed you have of us as I was. He joins with me in respects to your good father and mother. Now you have begun I shall hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you again. I shall always receive a letter from you with very great delight.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MARY ANN.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

THE boat, on leaving the ship, had made off rapidly towards the whales; but she had had a long chase, and the captain had not attempted to shorten it. In the end, they were successful. A whale was harpooned, lanced, and killed, and then for the first time the men became clearly conscious that the ship was not in sight. They concluded, of course, that they had come a long way; but the whalers had been placed in a similar difficulty before, and were certain that the morning would show them the Mary Ann in sight. They had a stock of provisions which would last them three or four days and therefore made themselves as comfortable as they could, keeping watch in turns.

The night passed pleasantly enough. In such latitudes, sleep in the open air is the pleasantest kind of sleep, and but for the slightly cramped positions in which they had to lie, they had little cause to regret that they were not on board ship.

Morning came; but, to their astonishment and disappointment, the ship was not in sight. Still, it was probable that she would cruise about during the day, and before night would sight them. The day passed wearily, all the men keeping an anxious lookout, and none more anxious than the captain. They hoped, he feared, that the Mary Ann would be sighted. As the day wore on, and no signs appeared, the men, and especially the ex-bushrangers, began to be seriously uneasy. The captain was shrewd enough to do nothing to make them less uneasy. At night, he told them that he must take charge of the small cask of water and the

little stock of provisions. "Because," said he, "if the *Mary Ann* is not in sight to-morrow, we must make for land."

The three convicts were suspicious at once. Suspicion is about the only quality which men of this class have in common. Forty soldiers will overawe four thousand convicts. The reason is, that there is not a convict who does not believe that if he were to propound any scheme of resistance to his fellow, the plot would be instantly revealed. The convict suspects everybody; his fellows, perhaps, worse than all others. The instant, therefore, the captain mentioned his proposal, they suspected treachery. In truth, the matter was much more serious to them than to the sailors. If by chance they fell in with an English man-of-war, although at present no one but the captain had the most remote notion that there was any possibility of such an occurrence, and it became known that they were ex-convicts, they would be put in irons, and at once sent back to Van Diemen's Land, where death would be the penalty of their offences. The rest of the boat's crew, however, agreed with the captain. High words ensued. The three convicts were armed, and the five sailors unarmed; but the captain had near him the ship's lances, and the convicts must have felt that a conflict would be a hazardous thing.

Night came, and no sign of the ship. Suspicion was now in every one's breast. There was no sleep that night for any one except poor Charley, who, worn out by the hard work he had had on the first day, and less influenced by suspicion than the rest, slept as soundly as if in his berth.

Morning came, — the second morning, — and no signs were yet visible. The sailors advised that they should make at once for land, but the convicts opposed. Wearily the hours passed away. Half-provisions were served out: the convicts proposed that half even of that amount only should be given to Charley, but the others stood by him.

Night approached, and with the same tale: no ship in sight. Even the convicts began to see that the best thing to do was to make for land. If there were the choice of two deaths, any would be better than starvation. Besides, they might meet with some other ship, or with their own; or even on land they might, and probably would, be perfectly safe. They agreed to take turns in watching during this night, two being always on watch, a convict and a sailor. The rest slept.

When morning came, they were all of one mind: they must now aim at land. The captain *thought* he could hit it. The best thing they could do at any rate was to try; all agreed in that.

So the boat's head was put landwards, and the men pulled with a will. By night, however, they were nearly worn out. They had gone, according to the captain's calculation, about one third of the distance.

The quantity of provisions distributed was reduced again. The reduction told on their labors next day: they dragged wearily at their oars; their strength was failing them for want of food.

The next day and the fifth passed, and on each succeeding one the distance got over was smaller than on the preceding. Some of the men could take very short spells at the oar, — Charley shorter than any of the rest. The captain took his turn, and managed so well that, but for the fact that each one lived in view of the rest, they would have suspected him of having a secret supply of food.

On the night of the fifth day, the convicts made a rush at the food, and a fight took place. No one, however, was wounded severely. The sailors were unwilling to shed blood; the convicts were afraid to make open war. They knew that, without the help of the captain at any rate, they could never hope to reach land. On the morning of the sixth day, one man, a sailor, and Charley were so far useless that they could only lie in the bottom of the boat. Charley was quite senseless, almost lifeless. The convicts would probably have made open war but for the absolute necessity of not losing the captain.

Noon came. Land was sighted, — land, land! Land where water could be had, — land where food might be procured! Frantically they expended their failing strength in endeavors to reach it suddenly. Gradually they could distinguish the low line of green, and beneath it a strip of yellow sand, becoming more and more distinct. No houses could be made out. The men were in raptures; the captain, however, was disappointed, although he did his best not to show his disappointment. What he had looked out most anxiously for was a ship: that he could not see. There was just one hope for him: there might be one on the opposite side of the island.

Then one of the convicts drew his pistol, and swore with a great oath that they should not go a boat's length farther until he knew what was going to be done. "Were they going to split? He was n't going to be sent back to Australia; he might as well fight it out there. If they won, well, they could tell their own tale: they could be a whaler's crew that had lost their ship; and if they lost, they could only be killed."

The other convicts joined with him, and there was every probability of a terrible fight.

The danger was put an end to by a sailor. "He did not want to split. They had all shared alike in the boat, and they might as well keep their tongues still." They were now sufficiently strong to dictate their own terms. The other two sailors at once promised not to mention to any Europeans that they were runaways. Charley was too exhausted to be capable of understanding what was going on. Once or twice the captain had looked anxiously to see whether he still breathed. Extreme exhaustion had followed his hard work and rough usage, and he lay like one dead.

The captain only remained. At first, he would not consent to make any promise. Angry words passed; pistols were cocked; but all were against him. They thought of throwing him overboard, since his knowledge was no longer indispensable. At last, under heavy threats, he consented to be silent so long as he should be on the island they were approaching. No threats could extort any promise beyond that. Perhaps the captain consented the more readily because he saw no sign of European civilization. He was afraid he had missed the island he was aiming at.

By sunset the men were near the shore. Native canoes pulled off in wonder at the visitors arriving in so small a ship. Soon food and water were procured, and the men stood once again on land. The visitors were made to understand that there were white men on the island, though a few miles away. The gentle Polynesians treated the hungry fellows well. Two small huts were set aside for their use. Two days passed, and then all were sufficiently recovered, with the exception of the boy, to prepare for their journey across the island. They

had found a native who could speak a little English; he told them that there were only two or three small vessels at the island, and that the big ships were all at sea. This, of course, was excellent news for the convicts, but dismal enough for the captain.

We may hasten over the journey across the island. The boy Charley was not strong enough to accompany the rest. The old captain determined that he would send help to him as soon as ever he should meet with Europeans.

They reached the small English settlement. There were a few English sailors who had been left on shore in the hospital, a small body of marines, and one or two merchant settlers with their families. They welcomed the shipwrecked crew, as they believed them to be, as Englishmen in such circumstances always do.

A small sandal-wood vessel was going to leave the island in a day or two for Honolulu. The convicts were glad of the chance of going with her, since it would be easy enough probably to find a ship from that port to California, and the Australians believed they would have a good chance of getting a passage to Van Diemen's Land. They accordingly were all ready to take the passage which was offered them.

Charley was left to the care of the Europeans. Before the little vessel weighed anchor, he was sufficiently recovered to have started on his journey across the island: but she had sailed before he reached the settlement. The captain had at first determined to remain behind, on the chance of the arrival of a man-of-war which might go in chase of the Mary Ann.

He concluded it would be better to go with the rest. If he could get a quick sailer at Honolulu, he might still reach California before the Mary Ann, — would be able to give notice to the authorities, and to be prepared to apprehend the run-aways when his own slow-sailing ship arrived. Then, too, if he had remained behind, the convicts would at once have suspected him, and might have persuaded the captain of the little schooner to change his plans.

The little vessel sailed, well stocked with provisions, and the shipwrecked crew especially well fitted out by the kindly hands of their countrymen.

On the same day, the sick boy Charley was brought into the settlement by the men who had been sent over for him. He had not been in the settlement one hour before every one in it knew the character of the men by whom the Mary Ann had been seized, the particulars of her seizure, the real story of the whaling crew, and every particular about the voyage, with the exception of his own ill-treatment.

The reader may judge how much the inhabitants of the little settlement were excited by what the boy had to tell. They had given their hospitality to scoundrels of the worst type. The more fully they learned the details of the capture, of the ill-treatment to which the captain had been subjected, and little by little of his own ill-treatment, the more eagerly they desired to bring the offenders to justice, and to punish the men who had, as they considered, violated their hospitality.

A consultation was held at once. The inhabitants did what Englishmen always do in cases of difficulty, — they called a public meeting. Thirty Europeans were got together, the lieutenant in charge, who was acting-governor, was put in the chair; and then, after the manner of their fathers,

at any time during the last fifteen hundred years, probably longer, if we are to believe Tacitus, they sought wisdom in the multitude of counsellors.

The problem to be solved was, how to catch, first, the boat; secondly, the Mary Ann. Some suggested a search for the man-of-war, which had but recently left the station, to be made by despatching canoes to the islands where she was likeliest to have called. This design, however, had to be abandoned. It was doubtful whether the man-of-war would have called at any of the islands lying near; and, even if she had, much valuable time would be lost, during which both vessels would be making their way to their destinations. The suggestion finally hit upon was to send a small schooner which was in the harbor in pursuit. She was to carry as many men as could be spared from the settlement, so that they might be prepared for a fight with the convicts if they should come up with them. It was soon found that, from the sailors who had been left in hospital, added to more belonging to the schooner, a crew could be obtained of a dozen men. Half a dozen marines volunteered to go likewise. The night was spent in preparations. Provisions were taken on board in quantities sufficiently large to accommodate her large crew. A gun which had been left on shore by a man-of-war was placed on board. The little settlement was alive with preparations during the whole of the following day. In the evening, her crew went on board, taking with them, at his own desire, Charley.

As the land-breeze began to blow, she weighed anchor, and with the good wishes of all commenced the chase.

On board the Sandal-Wood, as the little trader sent in pursuit was called, there was all the excitement of a long chase. Every eye searched the horizon carefully during each successive day, with the view of catching sight of the Mary Ann; and when at the end of the long week she was seen, every one felt as much delight as the hunter feels when he has sighted his prey. The gun had been prepared, so as to be of use if needed in attacking. The decks of the whaler were three or four feet at least higher out of the water than those of the Sandal-wood, so that boarding would be extremely dangerous. It was considered that the best way would be to manœuvre the little vessel, bring the gun to bear, and fire away until the enemy surrendered, and sent their men on board in their own boat. The lieutenant who commanded the little vessel determined that if this failed, he would then risk boarding.

And now, we must transfer ourselves to the Mary Ann. From the day on which the leader of the escaped convicts had concluded that the boat was lost, he began to be suspicious of the mate. The missing boat might have gone to the bottom; but then, on the other hand, she might have met with some other ship, or possibly even have reached land. If she had fallen in with another whaler or merchant-ship, or, as was possible, with a man-of-war, or if she had reached land, one of two things was pretty certain to happen, — either that man-of-war would be quickly in pursuit, or that they would be on their way to intercept them on the American coast. Black Dick examined the mate very closely, and it required all that officer's ability not to show that he knew more of the incident than he chose to tell. Six days had been lost in waiting about in vain endeavors to find the missing

boat. At length, fearful of being intercepted off the Californian coast, the ship's head was turned towards that coast, and the Mary Ann resumed her voyage. But the winds were light, and the heavy, slow-sailing whaler—a capital ship for rough Antarctic seas—made very slow progress over the calm waters, scarcely ruffled by the light breezes of the Pacific.

The bushrangers grew more and more impatient. For three days the ship lay becalmed. In the Atlantic there is always a long swell in the sea, even when in the air the calm is perfect; but in the Pacific the water is absolutely and completely motionless. The calm fretted the men; they chafed under the inaction; they could bear anything but rest. They wanted to travel at the most rapid pace possible to man, and here they were kept idle, motionless. They cursed the calm in language which in the perfect stillness—the stillness which may be felt of a tropical calm—even occasionally appalled themselves. And when the wind did at last come to put an end to this wearisome and anxious suspense, it blew so lightly, and the ship travelled so slowly, that the men's anxiety was scarcely relieved. Their captain, meantime, had been thinking what was best to be done, and had secretly made up his mind that almost their only chance of outstripping the pursuers who were probably after them was to abandon the Mary Ann altogether and gain possession of a vessel which could sail quicker. Hitherto, they had carefully kept out of the way of the few vessels which they had sighted. They determined now to make an attack on the first suitable to their purposes which they should see. Black Dick would add piracy to the list of his qualifications for the hempen cord.

The first vessel sighted after the calm by the Mary Ann was the little Sandal-Wood. She was seen at the stern of the Mary Ann in early morning, and as the day advanced, became more and more distinct. This alone was proof that she was a quicker sailer than the whaler. She was gaining on them greatly. She was a small schooner, very fleet, lightly built, carrying a large spread of sail, and evidently constructed for speed in tropical seas.

The mate, who had learned the plans of the convicts, was in fear. His plan of capture by a man-of-war was at an end; his delays of the Mary Ann were fruitless. The captors of the whaler were going to escape by means of another unpunished piece of villany. As he saw the schooner approaching, he recognized only too well that she was exactly suited to their purpose.

Black Dick called the five convicts around him, and the men arranged for the capture of the vessel. They would make signals to her, man a whale-boat, and, adopting the ruse which they had already found to be successful in the capture of the whaler, take possession of her.

The mate was compelled to admit that it was unlikely there would be more than four or five men on board. But he was puzzled to make out what the schooner was doing. Little details connected with the way in which the ship was managed put him on the alert. Clearly she was well handled. Could there be any hope of—No; she had answered the signals in the usual way.

A slight movement in her sails showed him that she was, for some strange purpose or other going to tack. In truth, she was preparing to tack, in order

that she might come round so as to bring her gun to bear.

Just then the whaler's boat was lowered. The mate, who was, of course, to be left on board the Mary Ann, looking towards the schooner, observed that there had been a change of purpose.

The lieutenant on board the Sandal-Wood had been surprised at the lowering of the whale-boat. Possibly they were out of provisions. But in such cases signals are usually made. Charley suggested to him that they were going to attempt a capture. The lieutenant prepared to receive them. Every man was armed; the marines were sent below. All but four were ordered to hide themselves behind the bulwarks. The four or five left on deck showed no arms, but lounged about lazily after the manner of the men whom they wished to imitate.

As the whale-boat approached, the hopes of the bushrangers ran high. This was exactly the vessel they wanted. A quiet pull to her side, a haul on her deck; at the most, a short, easy fight with unprepared men, throwing one or two overboard, and she would be theirs, and then let English men-of-war do their best.

They were within hailing distance.

"What ship is that?" cried the convict leader.

"The Sandal-Wood."

"Throw us a rope; we are coming on board."

A rope was lowered; the boat made fast alongside. One after another the men swung themselves on board. They stood together for an instant, and Black Dick cried, "Now for it!" and knocked one of the seamen down, while he and the rest produced pistols, and made a rush at the rest.

But at that moment there was another rush. Men armed with the queen's weapons came from under the shelter of the little boat which was placed on deck, from the shelter of the bulwarks, and from the cabin. For an instant there was a panic. The convicts had never thought of the possibility of catching a Tartar. Cutlasses gleamed before them. A short, fierce struggle, one man after another belonging to the boat's crew disabled, a desperate tussle with the convict captain, whose pistol was literally cut out of his hand, and the convicts were overpowered. They were placed in irons, and carefully guarded. We may pass over the scene which took place when the men saw Charley. The leaders of the gang were secured. All that remained to be done was to catch up with the little vessel in which the captain of the whaler and the whale-boat's crew had taken their passage to Honolulu, and then to deliver the whole of the prisoners to the first man-of-war they could find, to be sent back to Van Diemen's Land. In this the Sandal-Wood was fortunate; in two days, she fell in with a man-of-war. Her Majesty's ship had chosen to board the vessel bound for Honolulu, and the captain had, in spite of threats from the men, boldly denounced his three fellow-passengers. He and the rest of the whale-boat's crew were accordingly transferred to the man-of-war, the captain as a free man who had been ill-used; the three convicts as prisoners. She then made a search for the whaler, and came up with her, as we have seen, in charge of a British officer.

The whole of the prisoners were taken off to Australia, where they paid full penalty for their misdeeds. The captain and his crew were again in sole possession of the Mary Ann; and the mate and Charley found themselves on their return to Hobart Town, the heroes of the hour.

THE SERVANT OF FACT AND EXPERIENCE.

AFTER a long course of misunderstandings between mistress and maids, a family woke one cold morning to the uncomfortable consciousness of desertion. At the first dawn of day the servants in pique had taken themselves off in a body, carrying with them nothing of their master's but their services, and without even lighting a fire. There was no possibility of getting immediate help; there was nothing for it but that fingers unused to be soiled should set awkwardly to work with chips and bellows, and raise a tardy flame, and boil unwilling water, and take in bread from the baker, and milk from the milkman, and sit down shivering and disconsolate to an ill-laid breakfast-table. The comment upon all this was natural enough, — "What plagues servants are!" But how unjust! The obvious teaching of the incident should rather have been a wondering thankfulness that such a mode of beginning the day is exceptional. "Not more than others I deserve, and yet since I was born to this hour I have found others to do this work for me." The sight of a blazing fire, throwing a warm shimmer of brightness and polish over everything, of a trimly laid breakfast-table, of hissing urn, delicate rashers, smoking chops, should surely excite perpetual gratitude towards the class who, for a poor consideration of food and wages, renew this daily paradise for us. But nobody says "Thank you," or sees anything but a matter of course in this pleasant magic. We are disposed to think servants an ill-used class. Not only the parlor, not only querulous masters and mistresses, but the press, is against them, and finds its account in ringing the changes on flunkies, menials, servant-girls, and John Thomases, confident in a sure topic, and safe from reprisal. Servitude has no organ; when the pen is wielded by the hand that wields the broom, we shall perhaps hear a different story. At present servants share the fate of lawyers and millers, — as people we cannot do without, and are obliged to trust.

All literature speaks of servants as a deteriorating class. The servants that men praise are among their past experiences; but this rather illustrates a weakness inherent in human nature than an actual fact. People always judge of living classes by bad examples, and of those who preceded them by their most favorable specimens. If we look into contemporary notices of servants a hundred years ago, we find them spoken of as pampered menials, as venal and corrupt wretches. The Day and Edgeworth school laid it down as an indispensable condition of education that the child shall never exchange a word with a servant. All the gossip about servants assumes that they daily get more showy, worthless, idle, grasping, and independent, and yet we believe that in truth there never were better servants than in the England of to-day; that the proportion of honest and efficient servants was never larger. In every calling incompetence is the rule rather than exact efficiency, but servants will match any other class in the amount of effective, creditable, and pattern members. Still, unquestionably, the charge of independence is true. A change has come over the theory of service, — a change, however, inevitable from the refinement or finery of modern manners. The old notion of fidelity implied a condition of things to which nobody would willingly return. It implied companionship and interchange of thought

between master and man, moments and occasions of equality sweetening the habitual attitude of subjection. It implied, too, the promise of a maintenance to the end of life, for it would be monstrous to require the prime of a man's powers and to cast him off in old age; there was also implied the continuance of service when he ceased to be efficient.

Old servants are a class apt to be pleasanter in description than in fact, and very prone to tyrannize, through the weight of custom. Witness Miss Brontë's Tabby, an old body who at eighty was so jealous of relinquishing any part of her work that her fastidious mistress, breaking off in the full flow of inspiration, used surreptitiously to carry off the bowl of potatoes to cut out the specks which the poor creature's weak old eyes had failed to detect; and so exacting of confidence in family matters that, being stone deaf, her mistress used to walk off with her to the heart of the moor, in order that the secrets shouted into her ear might not become common property. A servant once established as indispensable to the well-being of a household becomes a formidable power in it, and aways the head in a way that is often intolerable to everybody else. But in our time of easy change and high wages this peculiar trial is daily growing more a thing of the past, though there are still secluded homes where the threat of departure keeps some nervous temper in a perpetual and most unreasonable fidget of dread. The advertising columns of the Times, with the boasted two years' character, stand now in strange, amusing contrast with Swift's old story of the chamber-maid who said to one of her fellow-servants, "I hear it is all over London already that I am going to leave my Lady." The utmost self-appreciation knows that change makes little commotion with us nowadays. We are not defending the love of change for the sake of change, which is the current complaint; but where there is so little intercourse between the kitchen and the parlor, we scarcely see how attachments can be formed, or how self-interest and even a fancy for amusement may not be motives of action as potent among servants as among ourselves; though in many cases attachments are formed, and certain qualities in the master, absolutely taciturn as he is, do inspire affection. This may be noted most perhaps where a certain amiable helplessness and dependence in domestic life is combined with distinction in the world's eyes.

Wordsworth's servants were attached to him, and proud of his service, though he is little likely to have been familiar. His wife, to be sure, was a pattern, and the house was a scene of the domestic virtues; but we see appreciation of her master in the reply of his cook-maid to the stranger who wished to see Wordsworth's study, — "This is master's library, but he studies in the fields"; and also in the faithful James of Rydal Mount, whose history Crabb Robinson gives us, and who, born in the workhouse, and turned out upon the world at nine years old with two shillings in his pocket, called himself the child of good fortune because he rose to the dignity of being Wordsworth's servant for life and comforter in trouble, — though, it is added, he hardly seemed to know that his master was a poet. He knew him at least as an object of vast respect and prestige. Sidney Smith also kept his servants, but it was his way to talk and joke with everybody about him, and to employ them in a multitude of little services about his person, keep-

ing them merry all the time; a sort of service of which few would grudge to have at least a taste.

But in ordinary households fidelity cannot flourish for want of its natural nourishment, and necessarily changes into mere honesty and good service while it lasts. The servant has a world of which master and mistress know nothing; the interests of master and man are no longer common topics. There may be the best mutual understanding, and the well-being of soul and body may be matter of conscience with the employer, but the separation of kitchen and parlor is more complete now than it ever was before. Servants cannot be absorbed now into the family; they must have an outer life, a sphere among their equals, where connections may be formed and freedom of speech allowed. It is, if we think of it, absurd to forbid a man the power of retort, to compel him to silence under reproof, and yet to expect him to make our interests his main concern; it is idle not to see that he merely reconciles himself to silence and respect as part of his contract, a condition to be submitted to till something better, or at least pleasanter, turns up.

It is astonishing what an amount of self-sacrifice people take for granted as their due from persons of whose private circumstances they know nothing. How coolly some women expect the inmates of their gloomy cellar kitchens to find in their service the highest claim, while at the same time they may never have exchanged a syllable with them that did not relate to their own convenience, and may often have reproved querulously and unjustly without that especial feminine consolation, a word in reply — their say out — being once resorted to by their victim. The support in this case is the liberty of change, — a grievance and a nuisance to the mistress whose experience has all been from bad to worse, but nevertheless not in all respects an evil. It is to be remembered that she is enjoying the youth and vigor of a succession of damsels, none of them likely to be more efficient twenty years hence than they are now.

The accounts we hear of American "helps" naturally make us view with unpleasant forebodings the independence which is the distinctive feature of modern service among ourselves; but the fact of slavery in America has evidently cast a stigma on the relation of which we have not a trace in England. All girls, at least among our lower classes, take to service cheerfully as a start in life, unless they have incapacitated themselves by mill-work or some similar training; and they are certainly more eligible as wives, and sought after by a better class, than those women whose girlhood has been passed in manufacturing or field labor.

And no wonder, for surely nothing can be neater, or a completer thing in its way, than a tidy, efficient maid-servant. We own that, in exalting the merits of this class, we naturally choose a female model. There are, of course, excellent butlers and footmen in livery, but indoor service is so far contrary to manly instincts that in the best of the class, unless they are too busy or too slow to have any spare moments on their hands, there is a propensity to have some private pursuit not quite compatible with perfect utility. If a man escapes the common pitfall of the public-house or the beer-shop, he gossips, or he reads at inconvenient times, or secludes himself with some musical instrument, or he may endeavor to combine with his duties some business on his own account. He undertakes a commission of some sort for his spare moments, or he speculates

with his savings, and you come upon his name in the Gazette. He cannot put all his heart or head into his work. There is a good deal to be said for the Antiquary's view. Without at all disputing woman's powers of command, it cannot be denied that the especial feminine characteristics display themselves in a very amiable light in domestic service. We know the cook only by her dishes; how they linger in the memory everybody who has been a schoolboy knows. And it is not very different with elderly gentlemen either, if we may infer so much from the curious fact that, when a man marries any denizen of his kitchen, it is always his cook. The cook has by prescriptive right a temper; probably her tongue is never under the austere control indispensable in the parlor. It is the waiting-maid who represents the class to ordinary eyes.

We know nothing that conveys an idea of absolute fitness for her work so exactly as a typical neat-handed Phillis; so fit that no one can dream of removing her out of it. Sober, steadfast, demure in air, noiseless, speechless except when spoken to, and then answering in the fewest words and with the distinctest utterance; the manner, perfect in its way, suggesting probably to Mr. Hawthorne his tribute to the demeanor of some of the younger women of our lower classes, in contrast with the ordinary clownishness, — "a manner with its own proper grace, neither affected nor imitative of something higher," a manner natural to a young woman who knows her place and her value, and is intent on putting a certain finish and completeness into all she does; her comeliness set off by a costume whose neat and trim unobtrusiveness makes it one of the prettiest and most appropriate in the world. Such a damsel is indeed a household treasure; no part of her needs another field; nothing is unexpressed; her wits, her memory, her observation, as well as her eyes and fingers, are kept in full exercise by the family exigencies. Where in the world are my spectacles? what have I done with that letter? asks papa. Where have I put my keys, or my gloves? asks mamma. I have lost my brooch, or my bracelet, or my parasol, cry the young ladies. Mary is the universal referee. Mary knows people's ways better than they do themselves, and with unwearied good-nature, and a perception amounting to instinct, brings people and their goods together again. It is bad news when this faultless creature announces her engagement to some young man; we are naturally amazed that so much perfection should throw herself away on such a lout, who, whether on workdays or Sundays, seems so immeasurably below her in refinement. But Mary knows her own interests, as well as her heart, best. She has never forgotten the traditions of her own class; her head has never for an instant been turned by the sight of pleasures and luxuries beyond her reach; while her habits of order, and the consciousness of years of trust not abused, make her the best wife a mechanic can choose.

Mr. Trollope makes his Cabinet Minister of small means testify of his parlor-maid that there is not a more respectable young woman in London, and we are sure every reader's experience can recall similar examples. Some people are so unlucky as to know only the pariahs of the profession, and sometimes it is ill luck; but more commonly a course of bad servants implies something wrong in feeling and management: whether this means a want of sympathy, or an obstinate quarrel with the

age and a determined adherence to obsolete usage, or a tyrannical imposition of will in the mode of doing things as well as in results. For it is part of modern independence — as it has always been human nature — to prefer choosing for one's self the means by which to attain a given end.

We have discussed servants in their useful rather than their ornamental capacity, for a dozen tall fellows hanging about a house for no other purpose than their master's state can scarcely fail to get into mischief; there is little else for them to do; though here the term "menial" has acquired a meaning which its derivation does not justify. "Swift does not seem to have known the meaning of this word," says Johnson. But a retinue of servants are sure to excite so much envy, and to lay themselves open to so much obloquy, that a word expressing (according to one of its alleged derivations) mere numbers, assisted as it is by the sound, has very naturally slid into a term of contempt. Thackeray, in his plea for servants, endeavors to excuse them in small thefts, arguing, which may be true, that pilfering on a small scale does not necessarily develop into wholesale thieving. We remember that his "Jeames," before his rise in the world, presents Mary Anne with his mistress's gold thimble. In the matter of eatables and drinkables and perquisites there may be, to say the least, strong differences of view as to the rights of property, where, as in London, servants are an enormous body banded together to uphold their privileges; but respectable servants, as a class, are scrupulously honest. The virtue inculcated by the Eighth Commandment is enforced by their public opinion with much more formidable penalties than breaches of that which precedes it; and every other form of vice is more common with them than stealing the spoons.

Of the three classes, — the ready, unscrupulous, loquacious servant of comedy; the faithful, blindly devoted follower, to extreme old age, of fiction; and the more calculating Mary or Thomas of fact and veracious history, — commend us to the last for all practical purposes of use and comfort.

REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

SOME years ago Mr. Stopford Brooke, at that time chaplain to the English embassy at Berlin, charmed and instructed the public by the life of his extraordinary and gifted friend Robertson of Brighton. For literary finish and perfection it was a matchless biography, or only to be matched with Dean Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold." Mr. Brooke became the minister of York Street Chapel, and from slender beginnings and a moderate attendance, he has obtained a most legitimate and remarkable success. In the season his chapel presents one of the most vivid spectacles which London can afford, being crowded with the most fashionable and intellectual of audiences. No preacher can succeed better in riveting the attention of an audience. It is easy to be seen that he exercises a peculiar charm over them. The downright earnestness of his manner, the vigor and intensity of his phrases, the poetry, choiceness, and eloquence of his language, the force and originality of his thoughts, mark him out as being the most justly conspicuous of London preachers. Sometimes there is an amount of daring in his speculations, of rhetoric and poetry in his compositions, which would not authorize us in holding him up as a model worthy of general

imitation. He is not a preacher who would be at all comprehensible to that mass of poor people for whom preaching is primarily intended. But as a man with a special vocation, and filling a special nook in this great London, we readily discern that he has a work to do which he does well. We were rather uneasy when we saw the announcement of the volume of his sermons for publication.* In the sermon very much depends on the oratory, and Mr. Brooke has a unique kind of oratory which it would be surpassingly difficult to reproduce on paper. But our fears were utterly groundless. We are glad that these sermons are printed, as affording the perusal and reperusal, which his hearers would greatly desire. The literary charm of the work is very great; there are many sentences, many phrases, which will linger long on the reader's mind; but the chief value of the book will lie in its substantive teaching, and its remarkable powers of stimulating inquiry and thought.

Here is a passage which, whether you regard the diction or the thought, is true and touching, and hits off exactly so much the notion of modernisms. "But we have fallen upon faithless times; and more than the mediæval who saw the glint of the angel's wing in the dazzling of the noonday cloud, more even than the Greek who peopled his woods with deities, we see only in the cloud the storehouse of rain to ripen our corn, and in the woods a cover for our pheasants. Those who see more have small cheerfulness in the sight; neither the nymphs nor the angels haunt the hills to us. We do not hear in the cool of the day the voice of God in the trees of the garden. We gaze with sorrow on a world inanimate, and see in it only the reflection of our own unquiet heart. There is scarcely a universally joyous description of nature in our modern poets. There is scarcely a picture of our great landscape artist which is not tinged with the passion of sorrow or the passion of death. We bring to bear upon the world of Nature, not the spiritual eye, but a disintegrating and petty criticism. We do not let feeling have its way, but talk of harmonies of color and proportion, and hunt after mere surface-beauty. We train the eye and not the heart, and we become victims of the sensualism of the eye, which renders the imagination gross, and of an instability of the eye, which, unable to rest and contemplate, comprehends the soul of nothing which we see. It is our sick craving for excitement, — the superficiality of our worldly life, — which we transfer to our relation to Nature. What wonder if Nature refuses to speak to us, and we ourselves are insensible to the wisdom, life, and spirit of the universe?"

Yet we are bound to say that there is much in this most striking and suggestive volume which will subject the author to much criticism, both clerical and lay.

We give one more example of the vivid illustration which Mr. Brooke can import into sermons such as was scarcely ever imported before. "It was my fortune last year, in going from Porcello to Venice, to be overtaken by one of the whirlwinds which sometimes visit the south. It was a dead calm, but the whole sky, high overhead, was covered with a pall of purple, sombre and smooth, but full of scarlet threads. Across this, from side to side, as if dashed by their invisible armies, flew at every

* Sermons preached in St. James's Chapel, York Street, London, by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M. A., Honorary Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

instant flashes of forked lightning; but so lofty was the storm, — and this gave a hushed terror to the scene, — that no thunder was heard. Beneath this sky the lagoon water was dead purple, and the weedy shoals left naked by the tide dead scarlet. The only motion in the sky was far away to the south, where a palm-tree of pale mist seemed to rise from the water, and to join itself above to a self-enfolding mass of seething cloud. We reached a small island and landed. An instant after, as I stood in the parapet of the fortification, amid the breathless silence, this pillar of cloud, ghostly white, and relieved against the violet darkness of the sky, its edge as clear as if cut by a knife, came rushing forward over the lagoon, driven by the spirit of wind, which, hidden within it, whirled and coiled its column into an endless spiral. The wind was only there, at its very edge there was not a ripple; but as it drew near our island it seemed to be pressed down upon the sea, and, unable to resist the pressure, opened out like a fan in a foam of vapor. Then, with a whirl which made every nerve thrill with excitement, the imprisoned wind leaped forth, the water of the lagoon, beaten flat, was torn away to the depth of half an inch, and as the cloud of spray and wind smote the island, it trembled all over like a ship struck by a great wave. We seemed to be in the very heart of the universe at a moment when the thought of the universe was most sublime.

"The long preparation, and then the close, so unexpected and so magnificent, swept every one completely out of self-consciousness; the Italian soldiers at my side danced upon the parapet and shouted with excitement. For an instant we were living in Nature's being, not in our own isolation.

"It taught me a lesson; it made me feel the meaning of this text: 'Whosoever loseth his life shall find it'; for it is in such scanty minutes that a man becomes possessor of that rare intensity of life which is, when it is pure, so wonderful a thing that it is like a new birth into a new world, in which, though self is lost, the highest individuality is found. I am conscious now, on looking back, though the very self-consciousness involved in analyzing the impression seems to spoil it, that it is in such a moment, when, as it were, you find your individuality outside of you in the being of the universe, that you are most individual, and most able to feel your being, though not to think of it."

We give these brief citations from Mr. Brooke, because the nature of such a work is best ascertained by quotations, and this is hardly the place where we could formally review the book. But we vehemently exhort our readers to procure the work and study it for themselves. These extracts will as little convey a notion of the author's remarkable system as a brick will tell of a house or a finger of a statue.

MALBONE.*

Is not this Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson the same who commanded a negro regiment during the Civil War, and whose narratives of his work and adventures in the Atlantic Monthly attracted general attention by their graphic humor and their picturesque and poetical descriptions? In any case, this bright novelette *Malbone* is worthy of him, if it is not his. It has much freshness and

grace of the kind that it is now perhaps somewhat of a mannerism to call idyllic, a true knowledge of character, great liveliness of delineation, and a very happy humor. As with many of the New England writers, — as with Hawthorne especially, — the reflectiveness and sentiment are a little in excess of the action and the practical interest, giving the tale a somewhat æsthetic and reverish flavor, as if life looked a somewhat far-off thing to the writer, and had been recorded on a retrospect of centuries, or observed from a shadowy and tranquil recess. How strong this peculiarity was in the case of Hawthorne every one has admitted. But it seems to us to belong, more or less, to all the New England literary men, — to Lowell, to Holmes, to Longfellow, to Emerson, and to our present author. It is somewhat strange that the literary type of an eminently practical nation like the Yankees — a nation as yet excelling rather in practical detail than even in broad practical enterprise of the larger kind — should be "so clear, so calm, so still," so like the reflections of life as we see them in an unruffled lake. Yet so it seems to us to be. Except Mrs. Stowe, who has nothing of this peculiarity, we do not remember a single New England author of power and merit who does not produce on the mind the impression of surveying life from a calm, speculative retirement, and of embodying more culture than passion, more reflection than fire or force in his style.

This novelette is certainly a remarkable instance of the same type. The study of character in it is thoughtful and intellectual; the descriptive passages are of the same clear and truthful beauty that we find in Longfellow and Hawthorne; the principal character, from which the story is named, is marked by precisely that type of moral taint to which over-culture and over-refinement is most liable, — such, for instance, as that of which Hawthorne has given us a more elaborate study in the hero of his *Scarlet Letter*; and the humor which is chiefly expressed in the picture of one clever and eccentric character, the old maiden aunt of the piece, is not the sparkling and overflowing fun of a mind full of the odd paradoxes and contrasts of human life, but the subtler and more sifted humor of fantastic conception elaborated by a playful fancy.

Like so many of the finer studies of the New England authors, this little story conveys the notion of a more perfectly refined, and cultivated, and thinner intellectual atmosphere than even the most refined of our English authors breathe. What the explanation of this phenomenon may be we hardly know; but that *Malbone* is a new illustration of this finely and somewhat over delicately wrought texture of the New England literature, there is no question. Take the character, for instance, of Philip Malbone, on the weakness and insincerity of which the little tale turns. His heart, says the author, was "multivalve," — that is, could beat separately and sincerely for a dozen not very absorbing objects, and indulge a real tenderness with relation to each. "When he had once loved a woman, or even fancied that he loved her, he built for her a shrine that was never dismantled, and in which a very little faint incense would sometimes be found burning for years after; he never quite ceased to feel a languid thrill at the mention of her name; he would make even for a past love the most generous sacrifices of time, convenience, truth perhaps, — everything, in short, but the present love. To those who had

* *Malbone*: an Oldport Romance. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1880.

given him all that an undivided heart can give, he would deny nothing but an undivided heart in return. The misfortune was that this was the only thing they cared to possess." And again: "If it was sometimes forced upon him that all this ended in anguish to some of these various charmers, first or last, then there was always in reserve the pleasure of repentance. He was very winning and generous in these repentances, and he enjoyed them so much that they were often repeated."

The study of Philip Malbone is very subtle and skilful. Only, perhaps, the author yields too much to his dislike of this favorite aversion of his, and paints him just at the last (where he denies Malbone even the generosity to have taken upon himself the task of sheltering his victim from the disgrace he had brought upon her) worse than he is or at least much worse than anything for which he has prepared the reader would warrant. That he is selfish enough when he can hide from himself the evil of what he is doing, when he has the plea of a tide of fate to excuse him, is evident; but the impression conveyed is that of a character with sufficient generosity to make a real atonement so far at least as any *single* act, as distinguished from the habitual self-denial of a life, could make it, for evil clearly and unquestionably of his doing. There is just a touch of over-painting in our author's last outburst against Philip Malbone, when he ridicules the notion that Malbone would have married Emilia had she survived the *éclaircissement* with her husband, and been able to procure a divorce from him. If the author has painted this character truly before, he paints it too darkly there.

Emilia is a mere sketch, but a graphic one, but we can hardly say the same for the ideal heroine, Emilia's half-sister, and Philip Malbone's betrothed, Hope. This is one of those ideals which the Americans seem so fond of drawing, and in which, to our apprehension, they always fail, — that character of rich, springy, out-door health, "born to tread upon the forest-floor," with an "inexhaustible freshness of physical organization" that "seemed to open the windows of her soul and make for her a new heaven and earth every day," — a character with mental processes of "peculiar and almost embarrassing directness, as if truth had for the first time found a perfectly translucent medium." "Her girlhood had in it a certain dignity as of a virgin priestess or sibyl," — and so forth. All that seems to us the vaguest abstraction, which brings no individual before the mind, but only one of those haunting ideals which possess strongly the American imagination, though destitute of all living detail. Such a form of words as that about Hope's girlhood having a certain dignity "as of a virgin priestess or sibyl," conveys no notion at all to us of any individual, — our acquaintance not having lain much among virgin priestesses and sibyls. And this is the main defect of the story, that the figure of Hope, which is an essential one to the lifelikeness of the whole, is left entirely in the vague abstraction of this favorite American ideal. Kate, the elegant and limited, the skilful in costumes, the darling of her old aunt, the easy, cheery, sensible, self-reliant, little-expecting Kate, is lifelikeness itself, compared with her ideal cousin; but then her picture is not essential to the story, and that of the ideal cousin is.

Yet, after all, what is to our minds the best figure in this lively and graphic little tale is that of the said Aunt Jane, who is an embodiment of all

the author's peculiarly playful and fantastic humor. Few sketches of character have pleased us more for a long time than this of the whimsical, sensible, life-enjoying invalid, who "kept house from an easy-chair, ruled her dependants with severity tempered by wit, and by the very sweetest voice in which reproof was ever uttered."

Her habit of never praising her servants, "but if they did anything particularly well, rebuking them retrospectively, and asking them why they had never done it well before," does not belong exclusively to her crisp, kindly, and humorous temperament. But her hatred of everything vague and irresolute, her dismay at small difficulties and pleasure in large ones, her decisive rejection of the temptation which had once presented itself to her to become "monotonously" amiable, — her impatience of stupid people, and her fund of grotesque illustration, are traits which blend into a picture of almost unique freshness and pungency. What can be better than this outbreak against her little servant: —

"I am never tired of anything," said Aunt Jane, "except my maid Ruth. And I should not be tired of her, if it had pleased Heaven to endow her with strength of mind to sew on a button. Life is very rich to me. There is always something new in every season; though, to be sure, I cannot think what novelty there is, just now, except a choice variety of spiders. There is a theory that spiders kill flies. *But I never miss a fly*, and there does not seem any natural scourge divinely appointed to kill spiders, except Ruth. Even she does it so feebly that I see them come back and make faces at her. I suppose they are faces; I do not understand their anatomy, but it must be a very unpleasant one."

For humor of the playful, fantastic sort, it would be difficult to match this speech, especially the final objection to the ordinary theory of the spider's mission, that the speaker herself never misses a fly; and the picture of the spider making faces at the inefficient maid, a picture so quickly and conscientiously qualified by the honest confession of ignorance as to whether spiders have faces to make or not. It is impossible to conceive a sketch of more graceful and subtle humor of the grotesquely-meditative kind than that of Aunt Jane.

On the whole, this novelette, though imperfect through the vague ideality of the heroine, and not intense in the interest of its plot, certainly belongs to the higher regions of literature. The descriptions of nature are full of accurate observation and poetical feeling; the characters are most of them real, though slight studies; the purity of the tone is so keenly marked that it suggests throughout the sensation of mountain air; and the humor which lights up the little story is genuine and original.

HYPOCRISY.

THERE is much truth in the old story of the drunken or otherwise immoral clergyman who maintained that his exhortations to the virtues which he did not practise were just as profitable as those of his more righteous brethren. He was like a finger-post; he showed the right way perfectly well, although he did not go along it himself. His case was doubtless an extreme case, and he must have been an impudent, hardened fellow; but he had got hold of a truth. It is no answer, as many people think it is, to a man's exhortations, or arguments, or whatever he puts forth, to bid him look at home, or to charge him with hypocrisy be-

cause his own conduct is not always in exact conformity with his own doctrine. Hypocrisy in the strict sense, conscious and deliberate pretence in matters of devotion or morality, is, we suspect, a much rarer vice than people think. At all events, it is a charge which, as one easy to bring and hard to disprove, ought not to be brought against any man without very strong grounds. Inconsistency, self-delusion, mere irresolution and weakness, the mere imperfection, in short, of human nature, go a long way to account for a great deal which is often roughly set down as hypocrisy.

The clergyman with whose story we started, whatever else he was, was at all events not a hypocrite. His vices were known to himself and to everybody else; they were openly avowed; though he acknowledged the excellence of virtue and recommended it to the practice of others, he made no pretence of practising it himself. Self-delusion in such a case is quite possible, but for hypocrisy there is clearly no room. But suppose that, instead of impudently avowing his vices, he had simply practised them in secret. Suppose that it was suddenly found out that a man who had always preached good morality, and was supposed always to have practised it, was really a drunkard, an adulterer, a gambler, or whatever the vice may be. We suppose that most people would cry out, What a hypocrite that man has been! Yet the chances are very strongly against his being what they mean by a hypocrite. What they mean is that, without any real feeling of virtue and piety, he pretended to virtue and piety simply for the sake of the gain or reputation which they might bring him. One may doubt whether this is necessarily the New Testament sense of the word "hypocrite"; it is certainly not the necessary explanation of such a case as we have supposed.

A hypocrite, in the original sense of the word, is an actor, and it is quite possible that, in its New Testament use, it may often refer to conduct which may be fairly spoken of as acting, but which is certainly not hypocrisy in the vulgar sense. John Wesley bade one of his preachers to preach a certain doctrine. The preacher had his doubts and scruples; he could not say that he fully believed the doctrine. "Preach it till you do believe it," was Wesley's answer. We may be sure that Wesley did not mean to bid any one to act in a dishonest or what is commonly called a hypocritical way. But he certainly required his disciple to act in a highly artificial way; he called upon him to act a part, to be in the strict sense a *ὑποκριτής*. Wesley no doubt looked on believing as wholly a moral and not at all as an intellectual process, and he bade a man to learn to believe rightly by believing rightly, as he would have bidden him to learn to act rightly by acting rightly. Still, he was bidding a man to act as if he believed what as yet he did not believe, — a process which differs only in the motive from the act of him who pretends belief for the sake of gain or reputation. So in many other cases, men throw themselves into artificial states of mind, which are put on, as it were, to order, which often prove only temporary, but which still are put on in good faith. What we call making the best of a bad bargain often takes this form. A man finds himself in a set of circumstances which are not of his own choosing; he is forced to a line of conduct which is distinctly against the grain. He is called on to do something which up to that time has been against his feelings, perhaps against his conscience. In such a case he often tries to persuade himself

that the unavoidable course is not only a righteous, but a pleasant course. He makes an effort and throws himself into the thing; his voice is louder, his arm is more forward, than the arms and the voices of those to whom the course which to him is new is a matter of long habit or of old-standing conviction. The zeal of new converts has a good deal of this element in it; they have consciously to act a part, while those who are before them are acting naturally and unconsciously; they therefore commonly overdo matters. Or a man has to maintain a position about which he has moral doubts. In such a case it commonly happens that he will be more confident and more inclined to talk big than the man who never had any doubts at all. He is trying not only to persuade others, but to persuade himself at the same time. When a man changes his side in politics or religion, we often hear of his loud professions of unalterable faithfulness to the old cause almost up to the moment of his forsaking it for the new. A cry is generally raised against him as if his professions were simply hypocritical, as if he was simply trying to lay suspicion at rest after his own mind is made up and while he is only waiting for a convenient moment to carry out his plan of desertion. And no doubt it often has been so. But it certainly is not so as a matter of course. It is just as likely that he is on the very edge of making up his mind, but that he has not yet made it up. As long as he has not made it up, as long as he has any doubt, as long as the old system has any chance at all with him, he tries to satisfy himself even more than to satisfy others by talking louder than ever on its behalf.

In all these cases a man is certainly acting as a hypocrite in the etymological sense. He is consciously acting a part, a part which is not natural to him, a part which involves some degree of moral or intellectual inconsistency. But it does not at all follow that he is a hypocrite in the worst sense. He is tampering with his conscience, he is trying to guide his conscience in a certain direction, rather than wilfully disobeying his conscience. A hypocrite in the worst sense either wilfully disobeys his conscience or else has stifled the voice of conscience altogether. And it is strange how easy it is for a man to turn his conscience and his belief in a certain way. Take the case of forced conversions, such as we read of in the history of the Mahometan conquests, or in that of the evangelization of Germany and Scandinavia by Christian emperors and kings. It often happened that the man who embraced Mahometanism or Christianity simply to save his life lived ever after as a very good Mahometan or a very good Christian, sometimes even as a zealous champion and missionary of his new faith. Were such men hypocrites? We feel sure that in their later stages they were quite sincere, that they had in a manner worked themselves into a steady belief of what they had at first embraced only under compulsion. But what was their state of mind when they made their first profession? We suspect that in many cases men found it possible to work themselves into a state in which they could profess their new creed without any conscious lying. It was a very strong case of making the best of a bad bargain. Many no doubt relapsed; they either were shamming at the time of their profession, or else the artificial excitement wore off, and they fell back on their former and more natural state of mind. But there are quite cases enough of compulsory converts cleaving steadily to their

new faith to show that the state of mind which we have supposed is not an impossible one.

We may now change the venue from matters of belief to matters of morals, and take the case which we put before of a detected sinner. We have known such cases, and we have known the outcry made, What a hypocrite he is! Now there is really no need to call him anything of the kind. It is very likely that he simply is, what most men are more or less, inconsistent and imperfect. He has a conscience, but he does not always obey it. He knows what is right; he says, if need be he teaches, what is right; but he does not always follow his own precepts. We are not defending him; we are only saying that his fault is a different fault from that of hypocrisy. To have a conscience, but not always to obey it, is, in different degrees, the moral state of the vast mass of mankind. It is the state of all save (we suppose) a few unusually saintly people at one end, and (we suppose) a few desperately wicked ones at the other end.

To be very inconsistent and very imperfect, and to be aware of one's inconsistency and imperfection, whatever it is, is certainly not hypocrisy. Steele was no hypocrite when he wrote the *Christian Hero*. Leading a vicious life, and wishing to cure himself of his vices, he took the somewhat strange means of shaming himself by writing and publishing a book in which he described a model of ideal piety and virtue. Such a course directly drew attention to his vices. But neither would he necessarily have been a hypocrite if he had striven to hide his vices from the world. It is rather hard to say that a man is pretending to be better than he is simply because he does not wish his imperfections to be found out. To take a very strong case, we could never quite join in the outcry against the Papal Legate in Henry the First's time who harangued against the marriage of the clergy in the morning and was caught in a very discreditable position in the evening. We are far from defending him; all we say is that his sin of the evening does not prove his zeal of the morning to have been insincere. Nay, he might possibly have argued, "I acknowledge my transgression and I regret it; I am ever and anon carried away by the strength of my passions; but meanwhile I am zealously serving the Church. But you married priests are always thinking of your wives and children, and do not serve the Church at all." The weaknesses and inconsistencies of men are endless; let them all have their fair share of blame; but let them not be indiscriminately called by a name which does not belong to all of them. A man is guilty of a particular vice who is perhaps an enthusiast against some other vice very likely not worse than his own. Let him have the fair measure of blame for his own errors, but do not let his zeal for virtue in another quarter be set down as insincere. Let him not even be suspected of trying to atone for the vices to which he is inclined by abstaining from those to which he is not inclined. Nay, more, men's minds and consciences are often so strangely twisted, there is such a power of what Mr. Lecky calls "localizing" principles and feelings, that a man will be indignant against this or that form of a particular vice while he practises other forms of it without scruple.

Such a man is flagrantly inconsistent; we should press the point of his inconsistency as a special argument to convince him, but we should not think of charging him with insincerity simply because he is inconsistent and imperfect. We have often

heard, and we have always been pained to hear, really good actions attributed to bad motives simply because the life of the actor was open to objection on other grounds. We will not enter into the theological nature of sin, and the doctrine that he who offends in one point is guilty of all. Such is at least not the doctrine of natural morality, which certainly welcomes whatever is good in any man, even though it may be mixed up with much that is bad.

All the cases which we have mentioned seem to us quite distinct from hypocrisy in the usual sense. In the former class of cases, where a man is certainly acting an artificial, though not necessarily a dishonest, part, the word may be applied in a certain sense. To cases of mere inconsistency and imperfection, however glaring, it should not be applied at all. Strict hypocrisy, the conscious and deliberate pretence to virtues which a man has not and does not care to have, is, we suspect, much rarer than people commonly think.

NED WHISTON'S SWEETHEART.

I. HEARTS AND TARTS.

HAVE you never observed that certain shops seem to have been taken at a long lease by Failure, and underlet to unfortunate speculators, who struggle for a little while to establish a business, and then suddenly vanish? No. 10 Dreary Street, Bedford Square, held this unsatisfactory position in the world of trade. It had been a grocery for three months, when creditors came and removed the stores, leaving nothing behind but a mixed smell of tallow and molasses. A watchmaker had tried to establish himself there, but his strongest magnifying glass, though ever glued to his eye, failed to detect a customer, and no sound was ever heard in his shop but the tic — the tic douloureux — of his merchandise. Of course his affairs were soon wound up. Then a crinoline merchant made an indelicate exhibition of feminine undergarments, without, however, adding to the bustle of the establishment. It was now devoted to refreshment, but stomachic puffs tempted the passers-by as little as the dorsal had done; ginger-beer ruled flat, lemonade was a drag, buns were heavy, and poor Annie Johnstone found the problem of keeping the wolf from the door — the wolf which no king or parliament can extirpate — more difficult to solve daily. She sat behind her little dingy counter writing a letter, with but small chance of a customer coming in to interfere with the work of composition.

"MY DEAR UNCLE WILLIAM, — Papa told me I was never to apply to you, because you had helped him once, and had refused to do so again, and you were displeased because we tried to keep a shop, which indeed has been a very lame attempt, for there is no chance of the shop's keeping us. I disobey him now, because I do not know what else to do. I have not seen or heard of papa for five days, and almost fear that something may have happened to him, though he often has to hide for a little time, because of creditors; for he has not been much more successful in getting to sell coal or wine on commission, or as an agent for insurance companies, than I have been as a confectioner, and he has not brought me any money now for a long time. He hinted to me that he might go abroad, but I hardly think he would have done that without letting me know; and yet he was always so afraid of his letters being stopped, and helping people to trace him,

that he may have done it. If the rent is not paid by Monday, I shall be turned out of the house, and then what am I to do? You see, dear Uncle William, I am obliged to write to you, because I have no one else to ask; and if you will not put me in the way of earning my living somehow, I must positively beg, and that would be even more discreditable than selling, or trying to sell, pastry, would n't it? It really is not my fault; I have tried my best, and dined on stale buns for days and days.

"Your affectionate niece,

"ANNIE JOHNSTONE."

She directed this letter to "William Johnstone, Esq., Joss House Villa, Southend," and laid it on the counter before her just as a customer came in, — a very young man, with very shiny boots and hat, brilliant gloves, and a natty umbrella, who saluted on entering in a manner not customary amongst Englishmen, who generally remain covered in a shop, however attractive the mistress of it may be.

"Good morning, Miss Johnstone," said he, in an embarrassed way: "I have come for my luncheon."

If the youth looked embarrassed, the girl looked vexed. She colored over her forehead, and knit her brows strangely, considering how few customers she had, and how great was her need of them. Her reply, too, was as impolitic as the expression of her countenance, being an intimation that she was afraid she had nothing to offer him.

"O," he replied, "I never eat heavy luncheons; just a basin of soup and a glass of sherry."

"I have no soup, and the sherry is out."

"Well, now I think of it, I am tired of soup; I had sooner have a sandwich and a pint bottle of Bass."

"I cannot give you those either," said she.

"O, well," he persisted, "it's of no consequence. Here is some pastry, and I am very fond of pastry; and that, with a bottle of ginger-beer —"

The girl, who had been constraining herself with difficulty, now broke out, "You can get a good luncheon at a dozen places close by!" she exclaimed with uncalled-for vehemence; "why do you not go to one of them?"

"I — I like this best," he stammered. "Your pastry, though not, perhaps, quite what you might call new, seems to agree with me better; or I mean, you know —"

"You come here out of charity!" cried the girl, bursting into tears. "You think I am poor and want custom, and so you come here and try to eat — stuff; and I am sure you go where you can get proper food afterwards somewhere else. It is not my fault if I can't have things nice!"

"O, for goodness' sake! — O, don't cry! O my pretty, — I mean to say, I don't know what I am saying," cried the youth, in great distress. "Well, if you must have the truth, I do not come here for your stale tarts, but because I fell in love with you through the window one day; and every time I have come here I have fallen more and more in love with you; and if you will not love me back, and promise to marry me, I'll — I don't know what I won't do; there!"

Seeing that his charmer did not give any signs of being further offended, but only left off crying, and looked down in confusion, the youth took courage, dropped his gloves into his hat, and his hat on a little round table, and leaned his elbows on the counter over against Annie, who did not draw back; and thus the young people's heads were not separated by any very cruel distance.

"What nonsense," she murmured.

"It may be nonsense to expect you will ever like me," replied the youth; "but it is serious earnest that I have not been able to get you out of my head all this month, try what I would; and all my friends are wondering what is the matter with me. If I have not the chance of getting you for my wife, I do not care whether I pass my examination or not. That is sense, I hope."

"But you are so young."

"I'll bet I am older than you!"

"O, but that is nothing. And then — you are a gentleman."

"And so are you a lady," said the youth. "O, I learned all about you from your father. I saw him leaving this house one day, and a little while afterwards I met him in a smoking-room, and we happened to get into conversation. He told me how he had lost his property in unfortunate speculations, — on the turf and otherwise, — and how, instead of sitting down helplessly, as so many young ladies who have been brought up in luxury would do, you tried to earn a living so pluckily. And that made me love you still more."

"Did you tell my father you knew the shop, and had seen me?"

"Why, no; I did not like to do that."

"Why? — Ah! I know the reason; he borrowed money of you!" cried Annie, coloring with vexation.

"Only a trifle, — the veriest trifle."

"And I cannot even repay that! You see how hopeless and foolish an engagement between us would be."

"No, I don't."

"I have nothing in the world, and no expectations."

"No more have I!" cried the lad, with exultation. "I have nothing in the world, and I have no expectations. Why, we were ordained for each other."

In the course of further parley, it transpired that the young man's name was Edward Whiston; that he was articled to a solicitor, and had just served his time; also, that he had gained applause in private theatricals, and had an idea that his real vocation was the stage, — an evident resource in case Mr. Johnstone, the father, did not turn up, and Mr. Johnstone, the uncle, refused to receive his niece, a state of affairs which would render an immediate marriage prudent. Annie did not quite see the logic of this, but owned that her distress at seeing Mr. Edward Whiston (well, Ned) come in for a bad lunch every other day, was caused by a peculiar objection to receive charity from him, which would not have occurred to her in the case of any other human being. Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson might have killed themselves with bad pie-crust, and while wondering at their taste, she would have pocketed their shillings with rejoicing.

Finally, it occurred to Ned Whiston to look at his watch, and the position of the hands drew a whistle of dismay from his lips. "Nearly three!" he cried; "and Jenkins is waiting for my return to go and get his dinner." And with a hurried hand-squeeze he took his departure.

Next day at 1.10 he reappeared, followed by a man bearing a tray, which contained oysters, stout, and slices of cold beef.

"Since it hurts your feelings to feed me with your wares, I have brought my own luncheon," said

Ned, when he and Annie were alone again. "There is double what I can eat, I see; will you not help me out with it?"

I had always a better opinion of Ned Whiston for divining that Annie's larder might be understocked, and providing her with a meal in this diplomatic manner; and Annie, who was faint as well as anxious, appreciated it too. It sounds shockingly unromantic to suppose that eating and drinking can have any connection with the affections, yet there seems an incompleteness about either the friendship or the love upon which the digestive organs have not set their seal.

I do not deny that the more ethereal kiss may be the correct *sigillum amoris*, but every corner of the shop was visible from the street, and as for asking her lover into the back-parlor while her father was absent, Annie was far too correct a young lady to think of such a thing, and, indeed, Master Ned had not the impudence to hint at an invitation of the kind being welcome. So they ratified their engagement with oysters and porter seated opposite to each other at a little round marble-topped table; and when the meal was concluded, they felt as if they had been acquainted for months.

On returning so late to the office the day before, Ned Whiston had been subjected to troublesome questioning as to what he had been doing with himself all the time; so he took care to leave early to-day, announcing his intention of returning at the same hour on the morrow.

But on the following morning he was sent off to Chester with certain important deeds. That was on the Thursday, and he did not get back till Saturday night; and as he lived at home, some fifteen miles out of town with observant relatives, he could not get away on the Sunday without exciting awkward curiosity; so that it was not till luncheon-time on Monday that he entered Dreary Street with a throbbing heart. The shutters were up at No. 10. Poor Ned felt for a moment as if his heart and lungs had struck work. Was she dead? No, no, impossible. Her father, perhaps; he had disappeared suddenly, and might have committed suicide. The idea of disturbing a recent sorrow made him drop the bell-handle without ringing, and look round for a likely place for information. There was a brush-shop immediately opposite, and the portly dame who kept it was standing in the doorway, eyeing him with a certain curiosity. She had a good-natured look about her, so he crossed the road, and asked her if she knew what was the matter.

"Lor!" exclaimed the woman; "and I who thought you would perhaps tell me: sure you were a friend or relative, or something, I thought, going there most days the last month and more!" And she seemed quite injured.

"I only went as a — a customer," said Ned; "but I have got to take a sort of interest, and so, seeing the shop shut up —"

"I see, I see; you look quite pale; come in and sit down. Lor! I've been a young girl myself, and I remember hearing how Jim was took when he first heard I had the measles. No, it's nothing of that sort; she went away quite well, as far as I could see, only crying."

"She has gone away, then?"

"Bless you, yes; did n't I say so? A gentleman, not her father, came in a cab at twenty-five minutes past ten yesterday morning, or perhaps it might be a little nearer the half-hour; I saw him, because

my room looks out on the street, and I was before the glass putting on my bonnet for church. My husband used to go to chapel, and, I believe, prefers it now, only I won't put up with nothing so vulgar. What gentle-folks do you see at chapel? I say to him. Why, look at the carriage company as goes to church, compared to —"

"What aged gentleman?" interrupted Ned.

"Well, middle-aged; or, as he was got up youthful, perhaps we might say elderly. A fine man, though, tall and stoutish, with a light-brown wig, and whiskers dyed to match. Wig and dye I know not natural, because of the crow's-feet; no man ever had such crow's-feet as them without a bit of gray. Well, he got out, and went into the house, leaving the cab waiting; and as I felt a sort of interest in that Miss Johnstone, poor thing, her father being such a regular bad un, I waited too, and gave up my church for once; not but what I hold that it brings luck to —"

"Exactly; I agree with you. And how long did the gentleman stop?"

"Till twelve o'clock, keeping the cab waiting; which would have been much cheaper to have paid the first off, and taken another. And then he came out, followed by Miss Johnstone, who had a box, which the cabman took and put on the roof; and a bandbox and umbrella, which she took inside with her. But first she locked the house-door and took the key out, and as she turned to get into the cab, I saw that she was crying."

That was all the information Ned Whiston could get at the time; but when he revisited the spot later in the day, he found a weazened man with a very sour expression on his face coming out of No. 10, and asked him if he knew what had happened.

"Yes," replied the man; "the father's drowned, and the daughter's hooked it, and I am done out of my rent, — that's what has happened."

II. JOSS HOUSE VILLA.

You are probably under the impression that no one has ever yet adopted the Pavilion at Brighton as an architectural model, and if that is the case, I must request you to dispel the false idea, for Joss House Villa, near Southend, was a reproduction in miniature of that remarkable edifice. When Mr. William Johnstone was a young man and a nominal barrister, it was considered that he bore some resemblance in face and figure to the Prince Regent; and, since nature had moulded him after the fashion of the first gentleman in Europe, he considered it his duty to act conformably; so he dressed himself hideously, attended prize-fights and cock-pits, intrigued, played high, got frequently intoxicated, stuffed his head with a prodigious quantity of scented snuff, and imitated his royal prototype in every other way that his constitution and purse would allow. By the time he was thirty, however, both began to give out, so he wisely determined to retire into the country with a rich wife. Dissolute men are very fond of falling back upon the latter plan for retrieving their broken fortunes, but women are not quite so foolish as satirists make out, and do not always fall in with these prudent little arrangements. Mr. Johnstone, however, was more fortunate; the royal resemblance which had been his bane now proved his remedy, and, coupled with an insinuation that perhaps there might be a natural reason for it, proved too much for the loyal heart of a drysalter's widow, who was not, as scandal reported, quite double her second husband's

age, and whose temper was therefore naturally soured by the persistency with which people whom they met on their wedding tour would mistake them for mother and son. After his marriage Mr. Johnstone happily refrained from assimilating his domestic arrangements to those of his royal prototype, but the ruling passion broke out when he came to build a home for himself on a small estate belonging to his wife near the mouth of the Thames, and resulted in the model of the Pavilion alluded to; a style of architecture which suited Mrs. Johnstone also well enough, as, in addition to the associations, more than half the rooms in the building could be used for nothing but the storing up of jams and pickles, the concoction of which articles was the delight of her life.

She managed to preserve herself—whether with sugar or vinegar, I decline to state—for fifteen years after marriage, and then she turned to mould, leaving her husband in a position to set up a grocery, had he been so minded. He was not; neither did he relapse into the sowing of wild-oats, perhaps because his morals had improved, but also because it was doubtful whether the soil would stand a second crop. He visited London only occasionally, and then his flag was pulled down. Hoisting and lowering that flag was his morning and evening amusement. On royal birthdays and coronation days he fired twenty-one small cannon, going from one to another with a red-hot poker, which was quite a sight. Otherwise he vegetated, and differed from a turnip principally in being occasionally bored, and entertaining vague wishes that some eligible woman would look him up and marry him. But the years passed away; George the Fourth became the prey of worms and satirists; a generation sprang up which knew little of that model gentleman, and had the bad taste to dislike that little. Mr. Johnstone could not now have gone about with ten yards of tablecloth round his neck, and coat buttons between his shoulder-blades, without causing the very sheep to baa at him. He modified his apparel, therefore; but his heart clung to the old times, and hugged the old resemblance; so he still had his wig made up in exact imitation of the ex-dandy's hair, still adopted his favorite attitudes, still took scented snuff. With his elder and only brother he had not, of late years, been on good terms. He owed him no grudge for having been born first; he forgave him for selling the small landed estate which had been in the family for a respectable number of years; but when he disgraced the name, by a succession of petty tricks and contrivances for raising a few pounds, and especially when he tried to make a milch cow of him, he quarrelled with him. His enmity dissolved, however, in the news of his death by drowning while crossing over to Jersey, and he hurried to London at once, and brought Annie to his Chinese home with despatch and secrecy. "I am glad to adopt you, my dear," he said; "but I do not want to adopt all your creditors."

It had been a struggle to Mr. Johnstone to break up the ordinary routine of his existence by establishing his niece as mistress of what had now for years been a bachelor home; but it almost always pays to do the right thing, and he was rewarded for his conquest of habit and indolence by being released from the thrall of his housekeeper, a tyrannical, stupid, pilfering, tipling dame, to whom he had not dared to mention his intentions with respect to Annie, which indeed had from the circumstances of

the case been necessarily conceived and executed very suddenly, and upon whom this niece of her master's (term of courtesy) burst therefore like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. As Annie was very young and quiet in manner, Mrs. Gobble hoped at first, indeed, to overawe her, but soon finding that she had met her match, her emotions became too much for her, and, combined perhaps with an injudicious amount of nourishment, brought her gout to such a climax, that she could not even play at doing her work, and had to retire.

Annie's society had one curious effect upon her uncle: it resuscitated all his hankerings after a second marriage. For if he was to have a lady at the head of his house, why, he reasoned with himself, should it not be a wife? So a flirtation which had been budding between Mr. Johnstone and Miss Plumtree, of Southend, for the last three years began to throw out decided shoots. It was not so very absurd. Mr. Johnstone was a little over sixty, and Miss Plumtree was a little over forty. Both were comfortably off, and had calm and sober leanings towards matrimony. Miss Plumtree was not only forty, but fair and fat,—just such a figure as the monarch of Mr. Johnstone's soul would have admired; and this fact tended greatly to feed the mature flame. Then there was increased intimacy, for whereas he had only met her occasionally before his niece came to live with him, he now saw her almost daily, a fervent friendship having sprung up between her and Annie.

They were sitting together now in a willow-pattern summer-house, on the brink of a small pond, the lair of a dragon who was supposed to spout, but who followed the example of many gentlemen who are elected into a certain House for a similar purpose, and did n't. It was in the strawberry season, and a fine dish of the fruit stood on the table between them, with which, needlework, and confidential chat, they were beguiling the morning hours not unpleasantly.

"And so you have never heard of him since?" said Miss Plumtree.

"Never," replied Annie.

"Just like all the men, dear: 'Out of sight, out of mind.'"

"Nay, I do not blame him, poor fellow. I do not see how he could have found me out, if he tried ever so, I left so suddenly, so mysteriously."

"O, well," sighed Miss Plumtree, "if he had been his great-grandfather, he would have discovered you somehow; but young men are not what they were; they are so selfish, so listless, everything is too much trouble to them.—And you never hinted anything about it to your uncle?"

"O, no," said Annie; "besides, he does not take hints: you must speak out plainly if you want him to understand your wishes."

"Hum," said Miss Plumtree.

"And then," continued Annie, "he was so young, and not in a position to marry for ever so long; and the acquaintanceship was so short; and his friends would be sure to disapprove; so that altogether, perhaps, it is better as it is."

"And do you love him still, dear?"

"I think I do; he was kind, you see, when I had no one else, and—"

"There, don't cry, dear. Have a strawberry."

Annie recovered her equilibrium, and turned the subject. "I can't think what has happened to Uncle William," she said; "he does take such a funny interest in how I look all of a sudden. He takes in

a paper with the fashions in it, and stands looking critically at me with his head on one side, and his eyes screwed up, for minutes together; and then he walks round me gravely, as if I were a horse; indeed, I expect him to say, "Come up; tuck, tuck; come over!" every moment, or to look in my mouth. And if my hair is not done, or my dress cut according to the fashion-plates, he scolds me. And then he takes me over to Southend whenever he hears that a packet is coming in, and walks me up and down that long pier. And he is always on the lookout for concerts or entertainments of any kind we can go to. Can you explain it?"

"I think I can give a guess," said Miss Plumtree; "in fact, I expect that my influence may have something to do with it. The plain truth is, my dear, that he wants to get you married."

"No!" cried Annie, with a jump. "But he told me distinctly, when I first came here, that, though I might expect to be provided for in his will, I must not look for any dowry, or even much of a trousseau, in case I were to marry; and that did not look much like great anxiety on the subject."

"No, dear; but his views have undergone a change. The fact is, that he does your humble servant the honor to wish—"

"O, and you will take him, won't you? It will be so nice to call you aunt, and have you living in the house!" cried Annie, enthusiastically.

"Well, dear," continued Miss Plumtree, "it seemed to me that the opportunity was a good one for advancing your interests, so I refused to give him a definite answer while you were unsettled; not but what I would sooner have you for a companion, of course, but it does not do to be selfish; and as your uncle is inclined to be what we may call careful in his money matters, which is often the case with those who have been somewhat extravagant in youth, I thought a little stimulant to his generosity would be beneficial. Hush! here he comes. Can anything be the matter?"

This possibility was suggested by Mr. Johnstone's face and manner, the former being bewildered, the latter hurried and excited, as he came towards them from his Joss House with an open letter in his hand.

Something the matter? Indeed, there was; nothing less than a threat of losing his late wife's property, and being reduced once more to the straits which had driven him into premature matrimony thirty years before. One of those Doctors' Commons grubbers, who live by holding out that they have discovered something to somebody's advantage, — which generally turns out to be a fraudulent mare's nest, but every now and then — just often enough to tempt fresh flocks of gulls — proves to be a discovery of real importance, — had fished up evidence that the late Mrs. Johnstone had by rights only a life-interest in her first husband's property; and having thereupon discovered the person who, under such circumstances, would be the claimant, he had put himself into communication with him. Said claimant proved indeed to be in the legal profession, which was a disappointment for the grubber; but as there was really something in the evidence he had lit upon, his time was not entirely thrown away.

This was the startling information which was conveyed to Mr. Johnstone in the hard, sharp words of a lawyer's letter, and which he now communicated in his distress to Miss Plumtree and Annie. They cheered him with sanguine speeches; and

when he had gathered his wits together, he started for London, to seek an interview with his solicitor.

That acute gentleman informed him that there seemed to be really something in the claim which was set up, but that it would take a deal of legislation to prove it, and, so far as he could see, it was odds on the man in possession eventually winning the day. But still, if an advantageous compromise were to be suggested, it might be as well to take it into consideration.

So Mr. Johnstone took to walking for hours about the garden of Joss House Villa with his eyes bent on his toes, and his hands clasped behind his back, lost in thought, and muttering at intervals, "Advantageous compromise."

He was accustomed to spread a silk pocket-handkerchief over his head after dinner, and take forty winks, — at the rate of one wink to two minutes; but his slumbers now were strangely disturbed. He would turn and mutter, and his mutterings, to the excitement of Annie's curiosity, invariably formed some part of the words "Advantageous compromise!"

III. THE ADVANTAGEOUS COMPROMISE.

Miss Plumtree and Annie Johnstone sat in the same queer summer-house overlooking the dragon in the chickweed, employed in the same description of needlework, the advance of the year being shown by a basket of apricots which stood in the place of the strawberries. Mr. Johnstone sat near them in silent abstraction. At intervals, indeed, he would tilt his chair forward to bring his hand within range of the mellow fruit, of which he was devouring a choleraic quantity; but he seemed to do so mechanically, as if he did not quite know what he was about; and indeed, while his palate was engaged with the apricots, his mind was absorbed in contemplation of his position.

"That fine, that remarkably fine woman," he said to himself, as his eyes rested admiringly on Miss Plumtree, "will not marry me until that girl is off my hands, which is less likely to happen than ever, now that it is doubtful if I can give her, or even leave her a penny. And yet, if these fellows really manage to take away my money, — and there is no knowing what lawyers may not do in that way, — it will be an extra reason why I should marry a woman with a nice competence to make up. I wonder how George the Fourth would have acted under similar circumstances? But *bah!* how could he possibly have been placed in them? When a king has his property taken from him, he does not go to law; he fights, or rather other people fight, which is better still, and settle the matter that way."

His meditations were interrupted by a servant bearing a card, who told him that a gentleman wished to see him.

"Where have you shown him?"

"Into the grand music-hall," replied the girl.

Too much flurried to say a word to either of the ladies, Mr. Johnstone hastened to the grand music-hall, an apartment fifteen feet by thirteen, where he found a young man.

"The — ah! — the claimant, I believe?" said Mr. Johnstone, glancing from his visitor to the card he held in his hand.

"Yes," replied the other. "The course which I have taken, in calling upon you personally, may seem somewhat strange, especially for a lawyer; but there has been some mention of the possibility

of a compromise; and to tell the simple truth, you have been in possession so long, and the information which enables me to contest your rights has come from so disreputable a quarter, that I am rather ashamed of my position, and would prefer settling the matter amicably to commencing a long course of litigation.

"A very professional view of the case, I own, but I beg you to believe that I should have no such scruples if I were acting for a client. It is a delicate matter, however, to make the first approaches towards a compromise in writing, because, if your opponent is unwilling to entertain it, he may take it as an acknowledgment of weakness, and become confirmed in the strength of his case; or he may find a weapon in some sentence of your letter which may be turned against you. So I have determined to sink the lawyer. I am only a very young one, and call upon you personally to talk the matter over quietly, and see if you are inclined to meet me half-way. Of course, you will commit yourself to nothing without consulting your solicitor."

"I am no great friend to litigation myself," said Mr. Johnstone; "and if you can show me that your claim is really a good one, I am ready to listen to what you have to propose."

The young man then commenced translating the case from jargon into English; and when his auditor seemed to have a pretty clear idea of it in all its bearings, he told him that he had sooner the first sketch of a compromise should come from him.

"Are you married?" cried Mr. Johnstone, his eyes brightening with a sudden idea.

"No."

"Then, by George!" slapping his thigh, "why not marry my niece?"

"You do me great honor, I am sure," stammered the young man. "So unexpected! so sudden! No idea of marrying, unless — Besides, I have not the pleasure of knowing the lady; in fact, was not aware you had a niece."

"O, you shall soon know her," cried Mr. Johnstone; "she is in the garden. Come and be introduced." And he led the way towards the summer-house, his visitor following with a face of comic perplexity.

"Marry another; perhaps afterwards to find her, — never!" he said to himself.

"Annie," said Mr. Johnstone, "let me introduce you to — Holloa!"

No wonder he, as well as Miss Plumtree, was astonished, for the stranger cried out; "Annie, my Annie, is it possible!" and rushed forward to seize her hand, which she gave him with a little cry of "Ned!"

"Why, Annie, have you met Mr. Whiston before?"

"Yes, uncle."

"O yes, sir," said Ned Whiston; "and when she disappeared from Dreary Street so mysteriously and suddenly, I was in despair. I have looked for her everywhere; I advertised in the sensation column of the Times, not by name, of course, but so that she might understand."

"We have it sent the second day, and the supplement does not come with it."

Well, I expect that you do not want the whole story over again, so we may omit the rest of the conversation. Everything was arranged satisfactorily. Ned Whiston, who was doing a respectable

and yearly increasing business, married Annie when the peaches came in; a nice sum was paid down on their marriage, and the remainder of the property secured to them on Mr. Johnstone's death, subject to an annuity to be paid to his widow, if he left one.

A month after the young people had been settled in their new home, Mr. Johnstone and Miss Plumtree were quietly tied together; and the first thing the former did, after returning to Joss House Villa, was to walk into the kitchen and put the poker in the fire.

"What are you about, dear?" inquired his bride.

"I am going to fire a wedding salute, — twenty-one guns," replied her husband. And he did.

OXFORD AS IT IS.

To the anxious parent unable to decide whether he is or is not right in committing the plastic material of his son's nature to the all-moulding forces of a university career, and who finally, not without vague misgivings, excited by the remarkable stories that he has heard as to the way in which Oxford has been instrumental in shipwrecking the hopes of many a promising young man, intrusts his charge to the critical influences of academical existence; to all those who know Oxford only as it is depicted in the pages of flimsy novelists and sensational playwrights; to those, in short, who have formed their impressions of the old university town upon the basis of the strength of loose intelligence conveyed to them second or third hand, and who may care about correcting them by reference to the standard of reality and truth, the remarks, which we shall have to make in this paper on the subject of Oxford as it is, will be not merely, considering the fact that the present month witnesses the inauguration of the academical year, seasonable, but, in view of the insight which it is to be hoped we may give them, and the errors which we may tend to remove, profitable and valuable as well. Precisely in proportion as the class from which the colleges of Oxford are annually recruited with undergraduates has increased, will the importance of this theme have increased also, and the circle of interests to which it necessarily appeals have become enlarged. It seems somewhat remarkable that the time which the champions of that sonorous war-cry should have selected for demanding the nationalization of the universities, should be above all others the present, when the ideal condition of things so clamorously and unceasingly shouted for is infinitely nearer attainment than it ever was before. Assuredly if by nationalization is meant a gathering together of the representatives of every grade and order in our social economy, from the highest to the lowest, within our academic walls, nationalization is pre-eminently the feature already existing in the Oxford of to-day.

Happy is the nation which has no history; happy would it be for Oxford, and for those who, for whatever reason, are interested in her, if she had never attracted the attention of the writers of flimsy novels and fashionable romances. By these she has been monstrously caricatured at every turn. She has suffered alike at the hands of friend and foe, and those who would have wished her best have misrepresented her most. We all know the kind of view which authors of this type have delighted to give of the every-day existence of the average un-

dergraduate. As we recall it to our mind there float before us visions of apartments gorgeous with mirrors and luxurious with velvet, replete in every corner with articles of *virtu* from the East and delicate knick-knacks from Turin. The atmosphere is pervaded by a rich fragrance of rare exotics, and there, languidly stretched on a subtly-devised couch, in the very heart of this chamber of Sybaris, this bower of roses, reclines the youthful hero of the spot, the master of the academic revel, wearied by the nightly dissipation of his extravagant career, surrounded by companions encrowned as to their heads with metaphorical laurel-wreaths and figurative roses, sipping the perfect produce of some price-less vintage. Or we may change the scene and contemplate a different feature in the work of these remarkable sketchers of ordinary Oxford life. If one of this order of novelists has desired to introduce us to the night-side of academic usages, he has given us a meretriciously graphic painting of what goes on in these several splendid chambers towards the small hours. He has lifted the curtain, and we have gazed upon a youthful band of academic revellers plunging in each maddest excess which their inflamed imagination could conceive. We have been told of flushed faces and high play; of hair dishevelled, and of prospects ruined; of fearful losings and nefarious winnings. Dark pools of Burgundy have stained the Brussels carpet on the floor: there has been a reckless waste of material, which would have supplied the most elaborate supper; profusion, prodigality, and vice,—this has been the trinity of features held up by these annalists of the impossible to our contemplation. Or supposing the ingenious writer has desired, for some reason or other, to contrast this mode of undergraduate life with another species of existence, and to introduce to us the reading man of the period,—what a dilapidated picture of studious mortality have we not had! Could we conceive of a more emphatic caution to young men in general not to go and do likewise? Morning, noon, and night this creature is perpetually poring in his cloistered cell over dusty old tomes and recondite treatises, which one enthusiastic lady represents him as having “disentombed among the archives of the Bodleian,” it being one of the rules of the Bodleian Library, by the by, that no volume belonging to it shall be removed from the premises. As for his social traits, how should he have any, seeing that his whole existence is passed exclusively in his own room? He is a youthful anchorite,—a complete troglodyte. And what is the pinnacle of ambition which he is allowed to reach? In due time he gains, of course, a double first class,—let us remark, *en passant*, that writers of this order always appear to think that a double first makes a man twice as good a classical scholar as a single first, and that nothing more is wanted to confer the dual honor in question save a knowledge of “Aristotle’s Ethics” and other germane subjects standing towards that displayed by less gifted youths in the relation of five to one. He is waited on in the dingy little attic, already referred to, by the members’ whole tutorial staff of the college—which comprises all the fellows, it being a necessary sequence, in the opinion of these novelists, that the fellow should also be a tutor—one fine morning, who request that henceforward he will become one of themselves, and reap the fruits of the same endowments as those which they enjoy.

Immediately he is caught up, as it were, in a

cloud, and the episode terminates, for the present, with his apotheosis in the common room, there to make Greek puns, and to endeavor to recruit his nerves, shattered by much study, on the celebrated old college port wine. Probably, however, all the port wine which was ever drunk on a “gaudy day” in the most bibulous of Oxford colleges, would not suffice to repair the ravages which a too lavish consumption of the nightly oil in the past has made upon the studious hero; for the author or authoress, as the case may be, by way of pointing out a melancholy moral to all studiously disposed youths, generally kills off the newly made fellow before the curtain falls, and the desperately hard-reading man in the first volume is, in the majority of examples, represented as a corpse in the third. It is only the other day that a novel, in which nearly all these conditions were exactly fulfilled, was written and published, the author being, we believe, or professing to be, a member of one or other of the two great English universities.

Now, stupidly monstrous and unnatural—and we must confess that it was the stupidity of the piece which impressed us infinitely more than a conviction of its tendencies moral or immoral—as Mr. Boucicault’s drama of “Formosa,” which all persons who happen just now to be in London are crowding to see, it is nothing more than a *reductio ad absurdum* of this most vicious habit of misrepresentation of the facts of university life. If Mr. Boucicault has fallen into a few additional absurdities more or less than those ordinarily perpetrated by the writers of such books as “Charlie Villars,” that is simply due to the circumstance that his ignorance has compelled him to draw somewhat more largely upon his imagination. Energetically as Oxford men, young and old, and all who have the interest of Oxford at heart, ought to protest against Mr. Boucicault’s tissue of dramatic monstrosities, as against a series of libels upon the character of undergraduates in general, and the aquatic undergraduates in particular, they are by no means more objectionable than the subtler and less extravagantly glaring misrepresentation which finds favor with fashionable novelists.

Indeed, by reason of this very fact their danger is probably much less. The calumnious caricatures of a playwright, who would wish his audience to believe that the university crew is trained by a prizefighter,—that its members invariably walk about the streets of London in straw hats and white flannels,—that a course of frantic debauchery does not sufficiently interfere with the most rigidly self-denying ordinance of training, to prevent the stroke of the boat doing his work on the day of trial, so as to enable his companions to win the race in admirable style, are not likely to carry with them any large amount of popular conviction. The world has heard too much lately of the abstemious austerity of living to which the selected crews of Harvard and Oxford had to submit before they engaged in the contest of the 27th of last August, to believe that victory on the Thames is compatible with orgies in the Haymarket, and nights spent on the sofas of boudoirs in a cottage *ornée* at Fulham.

It is somewhat surprising, too, that this literary or dramatic passion for investing our academic youth with vices more “splendid” than, as a class, they ever possessed,—for surrounding them with a halo of purely fictitious iniquity,—and for portraying them in the gaudy colors of a perfectly spectral mode of life, should still retain any attrac-

tion whatever. As we have said, within the last few years the pale of Oxford has become extended to an unprecedented degree. Its mysteries have been not indeed violated, — that is not the word, but certainly divulged *sub aulis*. The existence which is passed within those cloistered walls — if there still lingers around it any charm of romance — has ceased to be anything of a secret: *intus et in cute novimus*; the world knows or might know exactly how the mass of our undergraduates live, and that if their existence is not passed Diogenes-like in tubs, college rooms are yet very far from supplying an adequate reproduction of the social usages of the island of Cyrene.

Yet, in spite of all this, it is not so very long ago that "tutors of thirty years' standing" seized their pen and wrote to the papers a series of remarkable epistles conveying the surprising intelligence that the great proportion of our lads at Oxford were proceeding to ruin with the utmost rapidity and the most unswerving certainty, by means of that particular avenue of which a greensward, a betting-ring, and a betting-book are the sure symbols; that not merely were these youngsters in the habit of living at a rate which their allowances and the incomes of their fathers failed altogether to justify, but that it was their systematic practice nightly to lose at cards sums which would make respectable gamblers open their eyes; and that throughout the whole of the racing season study was impossible on the banks of the Isis, because the young gentlemen who ought to be busy with their Latin and Greek, were wholly and solely occupied with making up their books for the great events of the year. Indeed, these tutors, who gave us to understand that they were in possession of the accumulated experience of three decades, vouchsafed us intelligence more alarming even than this. It was no such uncommon thing, they positively assured us, for young men, infants and undergraduates, to be either part or entire owners of race-horses, — a circumstance which they declared was perfectly well known to the college authorities, yet winked at by them. In fact, these gentlemen, with the air of men who had a great public duty to perform, pretty plainly let us understand that to send a lad to Oxford at the present day, was but to put him upon that broad and downward-slanting road which leads to destruction, — simply to cut for him the first turf of what Mr. Boucicault, *à propos* to his new play, calls the "The Railroad to Ruin."

Presently, however, a fact came out which shed a new light upon the alarming communications of these experienced educationalists. That their remarks should not have been allowed to pass unchallenged, was only natural; that the tutors of thirty years' standing should not have turned round, and endeavored to vindicate the veracity of their original strictures upon what, by a monstrous abuse of an ancient and classical tongue, they chose to call "the gambling diathesis," was perhaps equally natural. In the course of so doing, however, they let escape them an admission which enabled people to account for the surprising statements originally made in an altogether new manner. According to their own confession, the erewhile academical authorities had not the slightest personal experience of Oxford at the present day. Tutors, indeed, of thirty years' standing is just what they were not; that was the extent of their seniority probably as graduates, and according to their own account fifteen or twenty years had elapsed since they were

actually engaged in the work of college tuition. They were guilty, in fact, at once of an absurd logical fallacy and a most mischievous moral anachronism. They had proceeded upon the assumption that an order of things which they recollected in their own time to prevail in what were probably only a few isolated instances, must prevail universally in the present day as well, — that the social features of Oxford in this current year of grace must be identical with the social features of the Oxford of the past, — and that undergraduate extravagance must be in general now precisely what in a few particular instances it once was.

It is thirty years since; and it is precisely because the period which these newspaper correspondents now in view bears that remote date, that their remarks upon Oxford were absolutely worthless, and their much-vaunted experience altogether irrelevant and inapplicable.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the magnitude and the importance of the change which has come over the social condition — and it is to the social side of Oxford that we shall entirely confine ourselves here — in the course of the last twenty-five, ten, nay, even five years. Very possibly such beautiful glimpses of studious and simple undergraduate life as Sir John Coleridge has given us may not be perfect specimens of the average existence which these young gentlemen actually lead. If the ideal which Wordsworth proposed and which he immortalized in felicitous diction, "Plain living and high thinking," be not in both its factors fully realized, there is certainly in the Oxford of the present day an infinitely nearer approach to one of them than there ever was. "Plain living" is gaining ground, as a principle of daily conduct, rapidly upon the banks of the Isis. Academic extravagance and the superfluities of academic luxury are fast disappearing, — swiftly ceasing to be salient characteristics of the place and of its inhabitants. It is important for readers of this article to remember that we are speaking from as close, accurate, and as personal a knowledge of the Oxford of the present day, and of the Oxford of ten years since, as it is perhaps possible to possess. But our object in writing is practical: and being such we can have no reason "to extenuate, or ought set down in malice." Let those persons who knew Oxford fifteen years since, or even those who have not been very closely *en rapport* with it during the last four or five years, renew their acquaintance with it now. They will assuredly find that the university revisited is a place wholly changed in a vast multitude of respects from what it once was. Why, for the truth of this remark you need not extend your inquiries beyond the Oxford tradesman. If you put up at the Mitre, as you probably will do, — for amid much alteration the comfort of the Mitre as a hostelry remains unaltered, — the very waiters, who will probably recognize your face, — the hostess of the Mitre is extremely Conservative in the matter of waiters, — will inform you, as they lay your cloth for dinner, or take your orders for breakfast, that things are vastly different from what they once were.

"The University's quite changed, sir," remarks the trusty William; "none of the old lot, sir, up at all: quite a new set of young men"; and William says these last two words in a somewhat contemptuous tone, that contrasts very much with the "gentleman" of the old days. "Can't understand it at all, sir. As for dinners, we don't have one where

we used to have ten. Hunting! there's no hunting at all, sir. Strikes me that all the gentlemen of the sort we used to have must go to Cambridge now. Depend upon it, sir, the University's ruined. What wine will you have, sir?"

And your order given, the faithful William whisks off, leaving you to reflect upon the melancholy fact of the decadence of the academic halls which old association makes you love.

Perhaps you think it well, not that you wish to throw any discredit upon the somewhat sweeping statement, and the Cassandralike vaticination of the head waiter at the Mitre, somewhat to extend the circle of your investigations and to judge for yourself. Or you may choose, for reasons of your own, to interrogate some of the tradesmen whose imposing windows line the High Street. In the spirit of the thing you find that they one and all tally as accurately as possible with William's assurance. *Non sumus quales cramus*, — that is the one unvarying burden of the aggregate of their collected replies. The undergraduate you rapidly discover, *vulgaris species*, is not the money-spending, fast-going, devil-may-care young fellow that he once was. The livery-stable keepers tell you that their occupation is nearly gone. Charles Symonds, — his name has become historical, — shaking his head the while in the Burleigh-like manner peculiar to him so far back as mortal memory can reach, beneath the arched entrance to his stables in Holywell Street, informs you that "Men don't hunt and can't ride as they once did." All of which intelligence, saddening though it is to these gentlemen themselves, must be welcome enough, you reflect, to the parents who send their sons to Oxford, not to learn how to keep up with hounds, but to pass their examinations, imbibe a certain amount of culture in the course of preparation for their degree, live economically, and quit the University out of debt.

Now all these replies, whether from head waiters or from tradesmen, strike you as most significant, and so assuredly they are most significant. The conclusions which they suggest you find entirely corroborated by the result of inquiries and observations elsewhere. Renew your personal acquaintance with the undergraduate tribe, — and as the undergraduate still retains his hospitable instincts, though on a somewhat limited scale, you will have no difficulty in doing this, — and you will speedily and inevitably notice the prevalence of a very different *régime* from that which existed in the days of the Consulship of Plancus. There is no doubt about the youngsters having become ten times more quiet and studious than you knew them once to be. The conviction on their parts that a certain amount of reading really ought to be done before lunch has decidedly gained ground. It is generally acknowledged that unlimited billiards is a bad thing. It is universally admitted that a man ought not to get plucked if he can get through, and that it is well to stretch a point, and not quit the University without having taken honors in at least one of the schools. Hot luncheons, you notice — fearfully seductive allurements to systematic idleness — have almost entirely gone out. As for suppers, those most fatal snares of profuse academic expenditure in the days gone by, are hardly ever heard of. There is no demand for matutinal soda-water, as in the days of Mr. Verdant Green. College quads have ceased to resound with discordant melodies at night. To cut a lecture is quite excep-

tional. As for stealthy expeditions to town, they are very seldom carried out. Van John and Loo, you find, are by no means the institutions that they once were; and as for the "gambling diathesis," about the only noticeable signs of it are quiet whist at fourpenny points. If men get proctorized for appearing after dusk in non-academical costume, they don't turn round and tell that official that if he will call in on them to-morrow he will find some devilled anchovies at lunch, and a hand at *écarte*; they merely apologize, and go home to their colleges trembling and quaking at the thought of the morrow's interview.

No doubt instances occasionally there are when this even tenor of average undergraduate virtue is broken by the revelation of some abnormal undergraduate deflection from the straight path of propriety. Some one or other "runs a mucker," gets into debt, gets rusticated, and finally has to be taken away by the father whom he has almost ruined, and whose heart he has almost broken. But the doctrine of averages is of universal application, and if you would form a fair estimate you must argue from the practices of a majority, not of a distinct minority. Now the picture which we have drawn of the modern undergraduate, of his way of thinking and his way of living, is perfectly accurate. No doubt this young gentleman is occasionally priggish and conceited, full of insufferable airs, and imperatively requiring the wholesome discipline of a punctual course of snubbing. In the main, however, the undergraduate of the present day is a very promising specimen of a healthy young Englishman. He is manly and courageous. Athletic sports flourish with unabated vigor at Oxford, and find with the Oxford undergraduate as much popularity as they ever did. The lad is as good a cricketer as ever, and the art of that fatally long workmanlike stroke, which seems destined to win Oxford an interminable series of victories on the river, has by no means been lost. The only thing is that upon the manly materials and prowess of the Oxford undergraduate have been very generally grafted new habits of economy and study. We absolutely search in vain, in the majority of Oxford colleges, to discover the existence of the rowing rowdy sets which once gave them their tone.

Now how has all this change in the current practices of the University — and a change undoubtedly of great magnitude it is — been accomplished? We believe that there are certain obvious circumstances to which it may be referred. In the first place, within the last few years a very remarkable alteration has taken place in the *personnel* of the undergraduate body. The number of those who are the sons of parents of position and of wealth, are not now, as they once were, in a majority, but in a distinct minority; and it is the majority which will naturally give the tone to the community. The number of open scholarships and the energetic measures which the various college authorities have taken to put down all superfluous expenses — resulting in the most veritable minimizing of the necessary costs of a university career — have placed a university education within the reach of an immense class to whom it was formerly denied. Now we must say frankly that we entertain no particular affection to the unattached student scheme; but we must say, with equal frankness, that there are certain unquestionable benefits which, directly or indirectly, it has been instrumental in producing

It is a manifestation of precisely the same spirit as that which has brought about the measure to which we have alluded that induced, in the first place, the colleges to reduce their tariffs; and it was the rivalry which the unattached scheme has practically constituted which compelled them to reduce these charges still more. To make Oxford perfectly national, all that was required was to make it reasonably economical. This has now been done, and the consequence is that, seeing the number of college scholarships and school exhibitions which have ceased to be close, and invite the most catholic sort of competition, Oxford is accessible to every lad in the land whom it is likely to benefit.

This is saying much, but it is not saying too much. If the necessary social expenses of Oxford have been diminished to a minimum, so, too, have the equally necessary expenses of tuition and education. It must be remembered that the old generation of don, — the old race of college tutor, — who went through their lectures anyhow, and cared nothing how it was conducted, so long as they got it over, has completely died out. That was an order of things under which it was impossible for a student to pass successfully and honorably his examination without securing special private assistance in his studies. Then a private tutor — and the expense which a private tutor involved was heavy — was a necessity. Now we have a new tribe of college fellows and tutors — young men who are up to their work, and who are energetic in their execution of it — who spare no pains so long as their duty is done, and who will devote any time that the industrious undergraduate likes to ask of them to private supervision of his work. College lectures may once have been a sham, they are now a reality. The college tutor may at one time too often have been a man whose main object was to shirk his work: now he is a man whose one object it is to perform that work honestly and efficiently. Parents often ask to know how is it that I have to pay for a private tutor for my son? We will tell them how it is. It is by no means too much to say that the only instances in which, in all the best colleges at Oxford, private tuition is necessary, are those of exceptional and abnormal crassness or unmitigated indolence. If a lad is the victim of the former, he never ought to have been sent to Oxford at all; if of the latter, he has no right to be kept there.

But this is not the only step which the college authorities of Oxford have recently taken towards an economical reform. If they have almost wholly enabled the student to dispense with the necessity of private tuition, they have also enabled him to dispense with the necessity of going outside his college walls for the purchase of certain articles which he could previously only procure at shops.

For the wares of grocery, &c., the colleges have themselves opened their own emporia. That the movement is very much the reverse of popular with the town is scarcely to be wondered at; and we may remark that we are not entirely convinced as to the prudence or necessity of the step. The sole cause which has compelled the tradesmen of Oxford to charge higher prices for their goods than those which the colleges charge under the new order of things, has been the long-credit system. Once have this abolished, and there is not a tradesman in Oxford dealing in such commodities who would not gladly consent to supply undergraduates with the articles that they now purchase of their colleges at precisely the same price. We make these re-

marks because it is of the utmost importance that between the University and the town a good understanding should exist. If, however, by the plan which they have adopted the college authorities should have dealt the first real blow at the long-credit system, they will have been instrumental in conferring a benefit upon all Oxford undergraduates and the parents of all Oxford undergraduates which it is impossible to exaggerate.

We have sufficiently exemplified the change which has taken place at Oxford, and have given what appear to us the main causes of that change. Briefly to summarize, what we have said comes to this: the days of Oxford as an aristocratic institution are over, consequently the vices of Oxford as such have disappeared; hence the alarm which parents are apt to feel at first sending their son "to study learning on the Isis" is mainly groundless. Oxford is rapidly becoming essentially middle-class, — middle-class in all her social ideas, and middle-class in most of her views of life. She possesses, and will henceforward possess, the faults and the excellences of a middle-class institution; and the faults of a middle-class institution are not those on which fashionable writers and ignorant playwrights dwell. We say nothing as to our opinion on the entire desirability of the change: we only chronicle it as a fact. Five years ago a great middle-class college in Oxford, such as that which Queen's for instance, has become, would have been an impossibility. But we have Queen's, and we know that the impossibility is a fact. What the pious Eaglesfield would have said, could he have witnessed the respectable assemblage of middle-class youths who congregate in the hall for their daily dinner is another question. We must accept circumstances as they are; and, from its senior tutor down to its freshest freshman, Queen's is the centre and shrine of everything which is middle-class. Now, we believe that Queen's may be taken as a fair type of the tone which the whole university a few years hence will assume. And yet there are persons who profess surprise that the political opinions of resident Oxford are Liberal.

We should have been glad to have said something on the subject of the intellectual aspect of Oxford, — its features and its pitfalls. But this is scarcely the place. Scepticism, if scepticism there be, is but a transient phase, not a permanent condition, and herein many anxious parents may take refuge. What we have mainly wished to do here, is to point out the absurdity, the misrepresentations of the Oxford of to-day, — to demolish the *idola* which may or must prevail in the popular mind concerning her, and to show the social condition of the University, not as it was, but as it is.

FOREIGN NOTES.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is superintending a cheap edition of his "Life of Cæsar" for general distribution.

THE Belgravia Annual for 1870 will contain a story entitled "Sir Philip's Wooing" by the mysterious Babington White. Madam Braddon also contributes a tale to the same number.

LORD RUSSELL was the last visitor whom Lady Palmerston received at Brocket, and the last person with whom she had lengthened conversations. The visit was proposed by Lord Russell, who desired to

confer with Lady Palmerston as to the memoir from Lord Palmerston's papers on which Sir Henry Bulwer is engaged.

GARIBALDI is preparing a work which will, it is said, throw some light upon many political matters that have been but partly understood. The theme, if not the title, of the book is, "Rome in the Nineteenth Century."

THE burial of Lady Palmerston in Westminster Abbey has been in fulfilment of the condition on which she consented to Lord Palmerston being buried there, viz. that her own remains should be placed by his side.

BULWER'S "Last Days of Pompeii," which has so often furnished the libretto of an opera, is once more put to use by MM. Nuitter and Joncières for the Lyrique. Originally it stood as *La Nydia*, but now it is to be called *Pompéi*.

LA BELLE HÉLÈNE has again been revived in Paris at the Variétés, with M. Dupuis and several members of the original cast. But the new Hélène, Mlle. Aimée, does not please the Parisians. Anything less strong than Schneider is not to their taste.

M. ARMAND, a French savant, has stated to the Academy of Sciences that he has discovered a sure antidote to nicotine in the common watercress. It destroys the poisonous effects of nicotine, and yet does not alter the aroma of tobacco. A solution of watercress may therefore be employed for steeping the leaves of tobacco, and would thus divest them of their noxious properties, and, moreover, a draught of the same will act as a sure antidote to nicotine. In the face of this important discovery, anti-tobacco societies will no longer have any excuse for the affectionate interest they have hitherto displayed in the health of smokers, or for the lavish abuse they have so freely bestowed upon their victims. Instead of tracts, the anti-tobacconists should now distribute watercresses.

THE *Gaulois* gives a detailed account of the Emperor's study at St. Cloud, which is a small room containing a mahogany secretaire, some arm-chairs, and some of Panama straw. The room has but one ornament, and that is a drawing of Gustave Doré, — executed, if my memory serves me, during the visit of that artist to Compiègne, whence he was recalled to Paris by a telegram from Madame Rossini announcing her husband's death. The result of Doré's return to town was the painting, after death, of the mighty composer, which picture is now exhibiting in London. To paint that portrait Doré spent seven hours by the bedside of his late friend and steady admirer. The only works of art, besides the drawing by Doré, in his Majesty's study, are two small pictures of the Empress and of the Prince Imperial, copied from Franck's photographs, and an exquisite portrait of Queen Hortense.

THERE are few persons who have not at some time or other experienced the inconvenience of driving up and down a street on a dark night, with the assistance of a probably stupid and possibly surly coachman, in search of an invisible door-number. A French chemist, struck by the unpleasantness attendant on these nocturnal explorations, has invented a method of rendering the numbers of

houses and names of shops as easily visible by night as by day. It consists in rubbing the figures and letters with a certain phosphoric paste, which, though not discernible in the daylight, will in the dark shine with perfect distinctness. The application would only require renewing about once a month, and involves a very trifling expense. A commission has been appointed to report on the desirability of adopting this proposal. Certainly a row of houses numbered in characters of fire would present a curious and striking *coup d'œil*.

AN enterprising individual at Berlin has submitted the following plan to the authorities: He proposes to board over all the gutters on each side of the streets and this roadway, three or four feet wide, is to be the future velocipede high-road of the city. A thousand tricycles are to be placed on it, each with a practised driver dressed in a neat uniform, who will undertake to conduct one person with letters, parcels, &c. along this road. As velocipedestrians always drive straight room to turn is not required, and when the road is free it will serve as a footpath. A small charge for passengers, parcels, and letters will, it is estimated, give a fair return for the cost of construction. He argues that, besides the general convenience of his plan, it will be a great advantage to Berlin to bridge over the gutters, as they are at present very unsightly, and are liable to be frozen over in winter. Moreover, the establishment of footpaths will facilitate the better regulation of the street traffic, and effect a great saving in the expense now incurred by cleaning the streets. The tricycles are to have a little canopy in winter, an umbrella being a sufficient protection in the summer. The projector calculates that a speed may be attained equal to that of an ordinary carriage at least, and guarantees all possible convenience and safety in the transit.

DANTON, the celebrated caricaturist who died recently at Baden-Baden, had a wonderful power of modelling from memory. After one long look at his subject he could go to his studio and make a bust perfect in its resemblance. Numbers of anecdotes are told of his feats in this way. One day a young man came into his studio and told him he had a sister mortally ill, and that his family wished to have her portrait. They dared not ask her to sit; to do so would have been to awaken her suspicion. In a word, Danton undertook to reproduce her features from memory. The next day the brother informed his sister that he intended to make her a present of a jewel for her next ball. Danton was introduced as the young man from the jeweller's, and while the young lady was looking at the specimens sent the artist made his observations. On going home he produced a bust of striking resemblance. Next year an old man, the father of the brother and sister, came to ask Danton to do the bust of his son, also from memory, for the young man was dead. Danton succeeded as well for the brother as he had for the sister. He was not, however, always so successful. On one occasion a gentleman who could not get his wife to sit asked Danton to take his place on a given day at a given hour, in one of the omnibuses running from the Madeleine to the Bastille, and he would see his wife there, and might observe her attentively. Danton did as directed, executed a splendid bust, sent it to the husband, and received for answer that it was

not in the least like his wife, but was the very image of her maid. Danton had made a mistake in the 'bus. He left a splendid fortune, as the result of his art labors.

THE Daily News is alarmed at the rapid growth of the British national library. Every man living has a pen in his hand; and if only his writing takes the form of a book entered at Stationers' Hall, it will be preserved for ages in the British Museum. Centuries hence the bookworm will find there, illustrated with woodcuts, verbatim reports of the trials of Palmer and Rush, the Mannings, Madeleine Smith, and Mdm. Rachel. Centuries hence also he will find those numerous volumes which it is the fashion for tradesmen to issue, and which are but a sublimated form of trade circular. The wine merchant has a volume on his wines, and the hatter on his hats, and the jeweller on his jewels, and the sewing-machine manufacturer on his sewing-machines, and the lock-maker on his locks, and the bootmaker on his boots, and the cook on his viands. How are we to stow all these away, and at the same time to keep pace with the literature of foreign countries, which is scarcely less productive? We think of our future librarians as of those children renowned in fairy tales, who have impossible tasks appointed them by malicious godmothers,—to collect in a day all the sands of the shore, or to count ere dinner-time all the grains of wheat in the kingdom. There will appear no exaggeration in this to any one who will go to the British Museum and study the catalogue. A man may take a good constitutional walk every day in hunting for half a dozen books in this enormous catalogue, which of itself fills about one thousand volumes. We find historians in our day, like Mr. Carlyle, complaining of the immeasurable amount of rubbish which they have to sift in order to get at a few paltry facts. Must we not pity the historians of the future if they should at any time be so conscientious as to turn over the mountains of waste paper which are now being shot by cartloads into the Museum? Human eyes and human hands cannot possibly work through a century of such agglomeration. The human mind will despair, perhaps, of power to deal with the illimitable mass. May we hope that when things come to such a crisis, human labor of the literary sort may be in part superseded by machinery? Machinery has done wonders, and when we think of what literature is becoming it is certainly to be wished that we could read it by machinery, and by machinery digest it.

THE Times remarks that if, as there is every reason to believe, the Emperor Napoleon is now in full possession of his health and faculties, it must be avowed that his conduct is not easily accounted for. He had given rise to the belief that, impressed with the results of the last general election, he deemed it advisable to introduce most important modifications in his policy, to put an end to personal rule, and to govern in accordance with the will of the nation. His scheme of reform has been brought before the Senate, on the acceptance of which body the Emperor might have relied beforehand as on a matter of course. The new Constitution may be looked upon as already virtually in vigor. The amnesty extended to every class of political opponents, the thorough tolerance not only of a free but even of a licentious press,—every circumstance contributes to foster the general conviction

that the new era has dawned for France; yet the Emperor abides at St. Cloud in apparent inactivity, as if he considered that everything was done, or that there never was anything to be done. A cry has gone forth which could not fail to find an echo in many organs of public opinion. "How long is France to wait for the convocation of the Legislative Body?" The uneasiness arising from the delay has gone so far that some of the members of that body contend the Emperor could not put off the meeting of the Chamber beyond the 26th of next month without a breach of the Imperial Constitution; and they are even contemplating an invasion of their own premises at that epoch, with a view to deliberate with or without the consent of the Executive,—a resolution which might be attended with grave complications. Of course, no one expects that matters will be carried to such extremities. But, admitting that the Emperor's procrastination might be justifiable as a matter of right, it is certainly open to objection on the ground of expediency. There is no end to the unjust and uncharitable constructions that are put on the Emperor's doings. Men assert, not by any means in inaudible murmurs, that the Emperor is bent on revoking his own concessions; that he meditates a new *coup d'état*; that the Legislative Body will not be reassembled either within the legal term or at all; that lists of proscription are already drawn up; that it is with these views that the Emperor has such frequent interviews with M. Pietri, his Prefect of the Police; that it is in pursuit of this object that changes are to be introduced into the command of the Paris army. It is even added that the aggravation of absolute rule at home is to be complicated by preparations for hostility abroad; and that it is with this understanding that Count von Beust, who is now on his holiday travels, and who was falsely reported to have been in Paris and to have seen M. Rouher, has, at all events, come into French territory as far as Strasbourg, where he had an interview with Prince Metternich, his agent at the Court of the Tuileries, to frame a plan of diplomatic campaign to be followed by military operations. To allude to these worse than idle surmises is to put their glaring absurdity into full evidence. They ought, nevertheless, to make the Emperor aware of the in expediency of persevering in an inaction which can give rise to no favorable interpretation.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Star, travelling in North Germany, thus describes a gambling scene at Baden:—

"On my way to Baden I travelled with a lady who was reading a German translation of John Stuart Mill's essay on the 'Subjection of Women.' I was led to observe curiously, since here we have human nature pretty fairly tested in both sexes, how women enter into big battle for money. The unaccustomed are a little excitable over small sums,—they betray their excitement more, and have not our self-flattering slang of an assumed philosophy. Wealthy old ladies, like the famous Countess K—below the Taunus, playing merely for the excitement over the grave of all other passions, are out of the list. I speak of the average of women who come to win, as men do, for the money's sake. They are in the proportion of about one eighth to the men. When they have passed the ordeal of the florins and five-franc pieces, they are pre-eminently concentrated and stoical. Their foreheads are

not so moist; they glance less at the cards or the ball. They do not frown on the board, or smile, or exclaim pettishly in an undertone, or call a friend to remark the extreme singularity, nay, comicality, of a run of persistent ill-luck. Their judgment is faulty, for they double on a loss, and rarely venture to stand more than once on the double of a gain. So they do not break banks. I am noticing their self-command, which is worthy of contemplation.

"Part of it may be ascribed to their greater subordination to their *bien-seances*; it is self-command still. The test is exceedingly trying. I saw it one evening when it was at furnace heat. There came to the roulette table a venerable, stately dame with long locks of iron-gray hair, and firm, handsome features. Previously to sitting down she had a consultation with her son, who resembled her on the ugly side, like the shadow of a hand on the wall. They had evidently come to play for money wanted. She commenced with a cast of five-louis pieces. Probably she preferred the warm game of roulette to *trente et quarante*, from a taste for odd and even, upon which she commenced betting successfully, while her son skirmished on numbers. He soon lost his head. After a fair course of luck, she attacked the black and red, securing herself against zero as well as she could with one louis or two. For a considerable time she had undiminished good fortune, and continued to fold up the influx of mille-franc billets in her vast red morocco pocket-book. I marked the change of the tide on the face of her son. The poor fellow was staring at six of these bank-notes swept into captivity. Six others followed them, and for many times six more. Incapable of hiding the horror of his sensations, he stalked up and down the room, peeping at the game from every point; his head was over everybody's shoulder. You heard the agonized creak of his expressive boots, and knew him behind you. She, meanwhile, remained absolutely impassive: nothing in the eyes, nothing on the skin, betrayed emotion; nothing in the tone of the voice. Half a dozen of our countrymen, surveying the field of battle with that air of respectful disgust peculiar to them when great things are doing upon it, pronounced her, in vernacular slang, an astonishing woman. Whenever her luck swayed back to her, she was meditatively eyed by the rest present. I found the man, her son, with his body projected out of one of the windows, where he nearly lost his balance in the recurrence of a fit of frenzied desire to catch a glimpse of the progress of the duel. She looked on our faces and his with equal composure, and his one would have supposed enough to unnerve a mother. She played for five hours. It was only during the last that her bosom gave now and then a deeper heave, and occasionally the tell-tale thin division of the lips, drawing hard breath in, was seen. The mouth is the gambler's index in women as in men. How much she lost, the red morocco pocket-book did not reveal. It waxed lean. Upon the closing of the bank she rose to look for her son, and discovered the burly creature with difficulty. He plunged into questions, to which she calmly adjourned all answer, and walked forth. This was but one woman, clearly a woman rarely to be matched, but she offered an exhibition of the powers of her sex in various ways. Not knowing her, I am unable to say how she comforted herself after the effort. She had not the appearance of one who would take to the diversion of hysterics and the cordial of despair. I admit that the example

should be followed through before it may be said that in addition to physical endurance and consummate nerve, she has the quality we presume to call manly. But it may truly be said that few men with such a moping, creaking, desperate animal of an offspring hanging on their chances, would have fought the duel out so victorious of aspect. Unlike the Lady Macbeth, familiarly cited as an instance of woman's inevitable tendency to spoil the show, collapse, and finish badly after a mighty effort, she herself did the deed. Grant that she is used to it, the argument is none the weaker on behalf her sex's ability to play most of the games of life on a footing with men."

THE LAST BOAT.

THE last boat out from Margate pier!

Farewell to folly and unreason!

Kind reader, please to drop a tear

And bid adieu to Margate season.

The jetty's left behind, beyond

The scene seems anything but pleasant,

A long farewell to Spiers and Pond,

And fascinating Royal Crescent.

Prone are our castles on the sand,

Knocked over by the sea invading;

Bluff equinoctial gales command

An end of matutinal spading.

The proud proprietors of goats,

And donkey boys, have ceased their rackets,

Grim salts sit straddling on their boats,

And look far bluer than their jackets.

Alone the little schooner lies

With not a cockney left to man it;

In vain the cursing carman cries

For riders round the Isle of Thanet.

Hushed are the revelries of night,—

The song and chorus on the jetty,—

No longer Luna sheds her light

On Harry whispering to Hetty!

No more the antiquaries sob,

For calm of Canterbury's cloister;

Smart maidens vainly offer Cobb

To wash down the neglected oyster.

A sorry change creeps o'er the town,

For all reside, and no one lodges,

And Margate merciless must own

The undivided sway of Hodges.

The last boat out! once welcomed waves

Have turned their backs upon us truly;

The swell most certainly behaves

In manner rough and most unruly.

This husbands' boat, which in the sun

Dear wives excitedly have sighted,

Takes back both wife and little one

To home and Camden Town delighted.

Ah! love, we'll weather out the squall!

Maybe the little ones are weary,

Still home is sweetest after all,

And autumn fires are very cheery.

The last boat out from Margate pier—

When our short holiday is over—

Brings you and me to haven, dear!

And all the little pets to clover!

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A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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ST. PAUL AND PROTESTANTISM.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I.

MONSIEUR RENAN sums up his recent interesting volume on St. Paul by saying: "After having been for three hundred years, thanks to Protestantism, the Christian doctor *par excellence*, Paul is now coming to an end of his reign." All through his book Monsieur Renan is possessed with a sense of this close relationship between St. Paul and Protestantism. Protestantism has made Paul, he says; Pauline doctrine is identified with Protestant doctrine; Paul is a Protestant doctor, and the counterpart of Luther. Monsieur Renan has a strong distaste for Protestantism, and this distaste extends itself, therefore, to the Protestant Paul. The reign of this Protestant is now coming to an end, and such a consummation evidently has Monsieur Renan's approval.

St. Paul is now coming to an end of his reign. Precisely the contrary, I venture to think, is the judgment to which a true criticism of men and of things leads us. The Protestantism which has so used and abused St. Paul is coming to an end; its organizations, strong and active as they look, are touched with the finger of death; its fundamental ideas, sounding forth still every week from thousands of pulpits, have in them no significance and no power for the progressive thought of humanity. But the reign of the real St. Paul is only beginning; his fundamental ideas, disengaged from the elaborate misconceptions with which Protestantism has overlaid them, will have an influence in the future greater than any which they have yet had, — an influence proportioned to their correspondence with a number of the deepest and most permanent facts of human nature itself.

Elsewhere I have pointed out how, for us in this country, Puritanism is the strong and special representative of Protestantism. The Church of England existed before Protestantism, and contains much besides Protestantism; remove the schemes of doctrine, Calvinistic or Arminian, which for Protestantism, merely as such, make the very substance of its religion, and all which is most valuable in the Church of England would still remain. These schemes, or the ideas out of which they spring, show themselves in the Prayer Book; but they are not what gives the Prayer Book its importance and value. But Puritanism exists for the sake of these schemes; its organizations are inventions for enforcing them more purely and thoroughly. Questions of discipline and ceremonies have

always been admitted to be in themselves secondary; it is because that conception of the ways of God to man which Puritanism has formed for itself appears to Puritanism superlatively true and precious, that Independents and Baptists and Methodists in England, and Presbyterians in Scotland, have been impelled to constitute for inculcating it a church-order where it might be less swamped by the additions and ceremonies of men, might be more simply and effectively enounced, and might stand more absolute and central than in the church-order of Anglicans or Roman Catholics. Of that conception the cardinal points are fixed by the terms election and justification. These terms come from the writings of St. Paul, and the scheme which Puritanism has constructed with them professes to be St. Paul's scheme.

The same scheme, or something very like it, has been, and still is, embraced by many adherents of the Churches of England and Rome; but these Churches rest their claims to men's interest and attachment, not on the possession of such a scheme, but on other grounds with which we have for the present nothing to do. Puritanism's very reason for existing depends on the worth of this its vital conception, derived from St. Paul's writings; and when we are told that St. Paul is a Protestant doctor whose reign is ending, a Puritan, keen, pugnacious, and shutting up religion of the heart into theories of the brain about election and justification, we in England, at any rate, can best try the assertion by fixing our eyes on our own Puritans, and comparing their doctrine and their hold on vital truth with St. Paul's.

This we propose now to do; and, indeed, to do it will only be to complete what we have already begun. For already, when we were speaking of Hebraism and Hellenism,* we were led to remark how the over-Hebraizing of Puritanism, and its want of a wide culture, do so narrow its range and impair its vision that even the documents which it thinks all-sufficient, and to the study of which it exclusively rivets itself, it does not rightly understand, but is apt to make of them something quite different from what they really are. In short, no man, we said, who knows nothing else, knows even his Bible. And we showed how readers of the Bible attached to essential words and ideas of the Bible a sense which was not the writer's; and in particular how this had happened with regard to the Pauline doctrine of resurrection. Let us take the present opportunity of going further in the same road; and

* See Culture and Anarchy, p. 176.

instead of lightly disparaging the great name of St. Paul, let us see if the needful thing is not rather to rescue St. Paul and the Bible from the perversions of them by mistaken men.

So long as the well-known habit, on which we have so often enlarged, prevails amongst our countrymen, of holding mechanically their ideas themselves, but making it their chief aim to work with energy and enthusiasm for the organizations which profess those ideas, English Puritanism is not likely to make such a return upon its own thoughts, and upon the elements of its being, as to accomplish for itself an operation of the kind needed; though it has men whose natural faculties, were they but free to use them, would undoubtedly prove equal to the task. The same habit prevents our Puritans from being reached by philosophical works, which exist in sufficient numbers and of which Monsieur Reuss's history of the growth of Christian theology is an admirable specimen, — works where the entire scheme of Pauline doctrine is laid out with careful research and impartial accuracy. To give effect to the predominant points in Paul's teaching, and to exhibit these in so plain and popular a manner as to invite and almost compel all men's comprehension, is not the design of such works; and only by writings with this design in view will English Puritanism be reached. Our one qualification for the business in hand lies in that belief of ours, so much contested by our countrymen, of the primary needfulness of seeing things as they really are, and of the greater importance of ideas than of the machinery which exists for them. If by means of letting our consciousness play upon them freely, and by following the methods of studying and judging thence generated, we are shown that we ought in real truth neither to abase St. Paul and Puritanism together, as Monsieur Renan does, nor to abase St. Paul but exalt Puritanism, nor yet to exalt both Puritanism and St. Paul together, but rather to abase Puritanism and exalt St. Paul, then we cannot but think that even for Puritanism itself, also, it will be the best, however unpalatable, to be shown this. Puritanism certainly wishes well to St. Paul; it cannot wish to compromise him by an unintelligent adhesion to him and a blind adoption of his words, instead of being a true child to him. Yet this is what it has really done. What in St. Paul is secondary and subordinate, Puritanism has made primary and essential; what in St. Paul is figure and belongs to the sphere of feeling, Puritanism has transported into the sphere of intellect and made formula. On the other hand, what is with St. Paul primary, Puritanism has treated as subordinate: and what is with him thesis, and belonging (so far as anything in religion can properly be said thus to belong) to the sphere of intellect, Puritanism has made image and figure.

And first let us premise what we mean in this matter by primary and secondary, essential and subordinate. We mean, so far as the apostle is concerned, a greater or less approach to what really characterizes him and gives his teaching its originality and power. We mean, so far as truth is concerned, a greater or less agreement with facts which can be verified, and a greater or less power of explaining them. What essentially characterizes a religious teacher, and gives him his permanent worth and vitality, is, after all, just the scientific value of his teaching, its correspondence with important facts, and the light it throws on them. Never was the truth of this so apparent as now.

The scientific sense in man never asserted its claims so strongly; the propensity of religion to neglect those claims, and the peril and loss to it from neglecting them, never were so manifest. The license of affirmation about God and his proceedings, in which the religious world indulge, is more and more met by the demand for verification. When Calvinism tells us, "It is agreed between God and the Mediator Jesus Christ, the Son of God, surety for the redeemed, as parties-contractors, that the sins of the redeemed should be imputed to innocent Christ, and he both condemned and put to death for them, upon this very condition, that whosoever heartily consents unto the covenant of reconciliation offered through Christ, shall, by the imputation of his obedience unto them, be justified and holden righteous before God"; — when Calvinism tells us this, is it not talking about God just as if he was a man in the next street, whose proceedings Calvinism intimately knew and could give account of, could verify that account at any moment, and enable us to verify it also? It is true, when the scientific sense in us — the sense which seeks exact knowledge — calls for that verification, Calvinism refers us to St. Paul, from whom it professes to have got this history of what it calls "the covenant of redemption." But this is only pushing the difficulty a stage further back. For if it is St. Paul, and not Calvinism, that professes this exact acquaintance with God and his doings, the scientific sense calls upon St. Paul to produce the facts by which he verifies what he says: and if he cannot produce them, then it treats both St. Paul's assertion, and Calvinism's assertion after him, as of no real consequence.

No one will deny that such is the behavior of science towards religion in our day, though many may deplore it. And it is not that the scientific sense in us denies the rights of the poetic sense, which employs a figured and imaginative language. But the language we have just been quoting is not figurative and poetic language, it is scholastic and scientific language. Assertions in scientific language must stand the tests of scientific examination. Neither is it that the scientific sense in us refuses to admit willingly and reverently the name of God, as a point in which the religious and the scientific sense may meet, as the least inadequate name for that universal order which the intellect feels after as a law, and the heart feels after as a benefit. "We, too," might the men of science with truth say to the men of religion, — "we, too, would gladly say *God*, if only, the moment one says *God*, you would not pester one with your pretensions of knowing all about him." That stream of tendency by which all things strive to fulfil the law of their being, and which, inasmuch as our idea of real welfare resolves itself into this fulfilment of the law of one's being, man rightly deems the fountain of all goodness, and calls by the worthiest and most solemn name he can, which is *God*, science also might willingly own for the fountain of all goodness, and call *God*. But however much more than this the heart may with propriety put into its language respecting *God*, this is as much as science can with strictness put there. Therefore, when the religious world, following its bent of trying to describe what it loves, amplifying and again amplifying its description, and guarding finally this amplified description by the most precise and rigid terms it can find, comes at last, with the best intentions, to the notion of a sort of magnified and non-natural man, who proceeds in

the fashion laid down in the Calvinistic thesis we have quoted, then science strikes in, remarks the difference between this second notion and the notion it originally admitted, and demands to have the new notion verified, as the first can be verified, by facts. But this does not unsettle the first notion, or prevent science from acknowledging the importance and the scientific validity of propositions which are grounded upon the first notion, and shed light over it.

Nevertheless, researches in this sphere are now a good deal eclipsed in popularity by researches in the sphere of physics, and no longer have the vogue which they once had. I have related how an eminent physicist with whose acquaintance I am honored imagines me to have invented the author of the *Sacra Privata*: and that fashionable newspaper, the *Morning Post*, undertaking — as I seemed, it said, very anxious about the matter — to supply information as to who the author really was, laid it down that he was Bishop of Calcutta, and that his ideas and writings, to which I attached so much value, had been among the main provocatives of the Indian mutiny. Therefore it is perhaps expedient to refresh our memory as to these schemes of doctrine, Calvinistic or Arminian, for the upholding of which, as has been said, British Puritanism exists, before we proceed to compare them, for correspondence with facts and for scientific validity, with the teaching of St. Paul.

Calvinism, then, begins by laying down that God from all eternity decreed whatever was to come to pass in time; that by his decree a certain number of angels and men are predestinated, out of God's mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith or good works in them, to everlasting life; and others foreordained, according to the unsearchable counsel of his will, whereby he extends or withholds mercy as he pleases, to everlasting death. God made, however, our first parents, Adam and Eve, upright and able to keep his law, which was written in their hearts; at the same time entering into a contract with them, and with their posterity as represented in them, by which they were assured of everlasting life in return for perfect obedience, and of everlasting death if they should be disobedient. Our first parents, being enticed by Satan, a fallen angel speaking in the form of a serpent, broke this *covenant of works*, as it is called, by eating the forbidden fruit; and hereby they, and their posterity in them and with them, became not only liable to eternal death, but lost also their natural uprightness and all ability to please God; nay, they became by nature enemies to God and to all spiritual good, and inclined only to evil continually. This, says Calvinism, is our original sin; the bitter root of all our actual transgressions, in thought, word, and deed.

Yet, though man has neither power nor inclination to rise out of this wretched fallen state, but is rather disposed to lie insensible in it till he perish, another covenant exists by which his condition is greatly affected. This is the *covenant of redemption*, made and agreed upon, says Calvinism, between God the Father and God the Son in the Council of the Trinity before the world began. The sum of the covenant of redemption is this: God having, by the eternal decree already mentioned, freely chosen to life a certain number of lost mankind, gave them before the world began to God the Son, appointed Redeemer, on condition that if he humbled himself so far as to assume the human nature in union with the divine nature, submit himself to the law as sure-

ty for the elect, and satisfy justice for them by giving obedience in their name, even to suffering the cursed death of the cross, he should ransom and redeem them from sin and death, and purchase for them righteousness and eternal life. The Son of God accepted the condition, or bargain, as Calvinism calls it; and in the fulness of time came, as Jesus Christ, into the world, was born of the Virgin Mary, subjected himself to the law, and completely paid the due ransom on the cross.

God has in his word, the Bible, revealed to man this covenant of grace or redemption. All those whom he has predestinated to life he in his own time effectually calls to be partakers in the release offered. Man is altogether passive in this call, until the Holy Spirit enables him to answer it. The Holy Spirit, the third person in the Trinity, applies to the elect the redemption purchased by Christ, through working faith in them. As soon as the elect have faith in Jesus Christ, that is, as soon as they give their consent heartily and repentantly, in the sense of deserved condemnation, to the covenant of grace, God justifies them by imputing to them that perfect obedience which Christ gave to the law and the satisfaction also which upon the cross Christ gave to justice in their name. They who are thus called and justified are by the same power likewise sanctified; the dominion of carnal lusts being destroyed in them, and the practice of holiness being, in spite of some remnants of corruption, put in their power. Good works, done in obedience to God's moral law, are the fruits and evidences of a true faith; and the persons of the faithful elect being accepted through Christ, their good works also are accepted in him and rewarded. But works done by other and unregenerate men, though they may be things which God commands, cannot please God, and are sinful. The elect can after justification and sanctification no more fall from the state of grace, but shall certainly persevere to the end and be eternally saved; and of this they may, even in the present life, have the certain assurance. Finally, after death, their souls and bodies are joyfully joined together again in the resurrection, and they remain thenceforth forever with Christ in glory; while all the wicked are sent away into hell with Satan, whom they have served.

We have here set down the main doctrines of Calvinistic Puritanism almost entirely in words of its own choosing. It is not necessary to enter into distinctions such as those between sublapsarians, supralapsarians, between Calvinists who believe that God's decree of election and reprobation was passed in foresight of original sin and on account of it, and Calvinists who believe that it was passed absolutely and independently. The important points of Calvinism — original sin, free election, effectual calling, justification through imputed righteousness — are common to both. The passiveness of man, the activity of God, are the great features in this scheme; there is very little of what man does, very much of what God does; and what God does is described with such particularity that the figure we have used of the man in the next street cannot but recur strongly to our minds. The positive Protestantism of Puritanism, with which we are here concerned, as distinguished from the negative Protestantism of the Church of England, has nourished itself with ardor on this scheme of doctrine. It informs and fashions the whole religion of Scotland, established and nonconforming. It is the doctrine which Puritan flocks delight to hear from their

ministers. It was Puritanism's constant reproach against the Church of England, that this essential doctrine was not firmly enough held and set forth by her. At the Hampton Court Conference in 1604, in the committee of divines appointed by the House of Lords in 1641, and again at the Savoy Conference in 1661, the reproach regularly appeared. "Some have defended," is the Puritan complaint, "the whole gross substance of Arminianism, that the act of conversion depends upon the concurrence of man's free will; some do teach and preach that good works are concauses with faith in the act of justification; some have defended universal grace, some have absolutely denied original sin." As Puritanism grew, the Calvinistic scheme of doctrine hardened and became stricter; of the Calvinistic confessions of faith of the sixteenth century, — the Helvetic Confession, the Belgic Confession, the Heidelberg Catechism, — the Calvinism is so moderate as to astonish any one who has been used only to its later developments. Even the much-abused canons of the Synod of Dort no one can read attentively through without finding in parts of them a genuine movement of thought, — sometimes even a philosophic depth, — and a powerful religious feeling. In the documents of the Westminster Assembly, twenty-five years late, this has disappeared; and what we call the British Philistine stands in his religious capacity, sheer and stark, before us. Seriousness is the one merit of these documents, but it is a seriousness too mixed with the alloy of mundane strife and hatred to be called a religious feeling; not a trace of delicacy of perception, or of philosophic thinking; the mere rigidity and contentiousness of the controversialist and political dissenter; a Calvinism exaggerated till it is simply repelling; and to complete the whole, a machinery of covenants, conditions, bargains, and parties-contractors, such as could have proceeded from no one but the born Anglo-Saxon man of business, British or American.

However, a scheme of doctrine is not necessarily false because of the style in which its adherents may have at a particular moment enounced it. From the faults which disfigure the performance of the Westminster divines the profession of faith prefixed to the *Congregational Year-Book* is free. The Congregationalists form one of the two great divisions of English Puritans. "Congregational churches believe," their *Year-Book* tells us, "that the first man disobeyed the divine command, fell from his state of innocence and purity, and involved all his posterity in the consequences of that fall. They believe that all who will be saved were the objects of God's eternal and electing love, and were given by an act of divine sovereignty to the Son of God. They believe that Christ meritoriously obtained eternal redemption for us, and that the Holy Spirit is given in consequence of Christ's mediation."

The essential points of Calvinism are all here. To this profession of faith, annually published in the *Year-Book* of the Independents, subscription is not required; Puritanism thus remaining honorably consistent with the protests which, at the Restoration, it made against the call for subscription. But the authors of the *Year-Book* say with pride, and it is a common boast of the Independent churches, that though they do not require subscription, there is, perhaps, in no religious body, such firm and general agreement in doctrine as among Congregationalists. This is true, and it is even more true of the flocks than of the ministers, of whom the

abler and the younger begin to be lifted by the stream of modern ideas. Still, up to the present time, the Protestantism of one great division of English Puritans is undoubtedly Calvinist, the Baptists holding in general the scheme of Calvinism yet more strictly than the Independents.

The other great division of English Puritanism is formed by the Methodists. Wesleyan Methodism is, as is well known, not Calvinist but Arminian. The Methodist Magazine was called by Wesley the Arminian Magazine, and kept that title all through his life. Arminianism is an attempt made with the best intentions, and with much truth of practical sense, but not in a very profound philosophical spirit, to escape from what perplexes and shocks us in Calvinism. The God of Calvinism is a magnified and non-natural man, who decrees at his mere good pleasure some men to salvation and other men to reprobation; the God of Arminianism is a magnified and non-natural man who foreknows the course of each man's life, and who decrees each of us to salvation or reprobation in accordance with this foreknowledge. But so long as we remain in this anthropomorphic order of ideas the question will always occur: Why did not a being of infinite power and infinite love so make all men as that there should be no cause for this sad foreknowledge and sad decree respecting a number of them? In truth, Calvinism, is both theologically more coherent, and also shows a deeper sense of reality than Arminianism, which, in the practical man's fashion, is apt to scrape the surface of things only. For instance, the Arminian Remonstrants, in their zeal to justify the morality, in a human sense, of God's ways, maintained that he sent his word to one nation rather than another according as he saw that one nation was more worthy than another of such a preference. The Calvinist doctors of the Synod of Dort have no difficulty in showing that Moses and Christ both of them assert, with respect to the Jewish nation, the direct contrary; and not only do they here obtain a theological triumph, but in rebutting the Arminian theory they are in accordance with historical truth and with the real march of human affairs. The Calvinists seize the fact here, while the Arminians miss it. The Calvinist's fault is in his scientific appreciation of the fact; in the reasons he gives for it. God, he says, sends his word to one nation rather than another at his mere good pleasure. Here we have again the magnified and non-natural man, who likes and dislikes, knows and decrees just as a man, only on a scale immensely transcending anything of which we have experience; and whose proceedings we nevertheless describe as if he were in the next street, for people to verify all we say about him.

Arminian Methodism, however, puts aside the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination. The foremost place, which in the Calvinist scheme belongs to the doctrine of predestination, belongs in the Methodist scheme to the doctrine of justification by faith. More and more prominently does modern Methodism elevate this as its essential doctrine; and the era in their founder's life which Methodists select to celebrate is the era of his conversion to it. It is the doctrine of Anselm, adopted and developed by Luther, set forth in the confession of Augsburg, and current all through the popular theology of our day. We shall find it in almost any popular hymn we happen to take, but the following lines of Milton exhibit it classically. By the fall of our first parents, says he, —

"Man, losing all,
To expiate his treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote
He with his whole posterity must die;
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction; death for death."

By Adam's fall, God's justice and mercy were placed in conflict. God could not follow his mercy without violating his justice. Christ by his satisfaction gave the Father the right and power (*nudum jus Patri acquirebat*, said the Arminians) to follow his mercy, and to make with man the covenant of free justification by faith, whereby, if a man has a sure trust and confidence that his sins are forgiven him in virtue of the satisfaction made to God for them by the death of Christ, he is held clear of sin by God, and admitted to salvation. This doctrine, like the Calvinist doctrine of predestination, involves a whole history of God's proceedings, and gives, also, first and almost sole place to what God does, with disregard to what man does. It has thus an essential affinity with Calvinism; indeed, Calvinism is but this doctrine of original sin and justification, plus the doctrine of predestination; nay, the Welsh Methodists, as is well known, have no difficulty in combining the tenet of election with the practices and most of the tenets of Methodism. The word *solifidian* points precisely to that which is common to both Calvinism and Methodism, and which has made both these halves of English Puritanism so popular, — their *sensational* side, as it may be called, their laying all stress on what God wondrously gives and works for us, not on what we bring or do for ourselves. "Plead thou singly," says Wesley, "the blood of the covenant, the ransom paid for thy proud stubborn soul." Wesley's doctrines of conversion, of the new birth, of sanctification, of the direct witness of the Spirit, of assurance, of sinless perfection, — all of them thus correspond with doctrines which we have noticed in Calvinism, and show a common character with them. The instantaneousness Wesley loved to ascribe to conversion and sanctification points all the same way. "God gives in a moment such a faith in the blood of his Son as translates us out of darkness into light, out of sin and fear into holiness and happiness." And again, "Look for sanctification just as you are, as a poor sinner that has nothing to pay, nothing to plead but *Christ died*." This is the side in Wesley's teaching which his followers have above all seized, and which they are eager to hold forth as the essential part of his legacy to them.

It is true that from the same reason which prevents, as we have said, those who know their Bible and nothing else from really knowing even their Bible, Methodists, who for the most part know nothing but Wesley, do not really know even Wesley. It is true that what really characterizes this most interesting and most attractive man, is not his doctrine of justification by faith, or any other of his set doctrines, but is entirely what we may call his *genius for godliness*. Mr. Alexander Knox, in his remarks on his friend's life and character, insists much on an entry in Wesley's Journal in 1767, where he seems impatient at the endless harping on the tenet of justification, and asks "if it is not high time to return to the plain word: 'He that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.'" Mr. Knox is right in thinking that the feeling which made Wesley say this is what gave him his vital worth and character as a man; but it

is not what gives him his character as the teacher of Methodism. Methodism rejects Mr. Knox's version of its founder, and insists on making the article of justification the very corner-stone of the Wesleyan edifice. And the truth undoubtedly is, that not by his assertion of what man brings, but by his assertion of what God gives, by his doctrines of conversion, instantaneous justification and sanctification, assurance, and sinless perfection, does Wesley live and operate in Methodism. "You think I must first be or do thus or thus (for sanctification). Then you are seeking it by works unto this day. If you seek it by faith, you may expect it as you are; then expect it now. It is of importance to observe that there is an inseparable connection between these three points: expect it *by faith*, expect it *as you are*, and expect it *now*. To deny one of them is to deny them all; to allow one is to allow them all." This is the teaching of Wesley, which has made the great Methodist half of English Puritanism what it is, and not his hesitations and recoils at the dangers of his own teaching. No doubt, as the seriousness of Calvinism, its perpetual converseance with deep matters and with the Bible, have given force and fervency to Calvinist Puritans, so the loveliness of Wesley's character, and what we have called his genius for godliness, have sweetened and made amiable numberless lives of Methodist Puritans. But as a religious teacher, Wesley is to be judged by his doctrine; and his doctrine, like the Calvinistic scheme, rests with all its weight on the assertion of certain supposed proceedings on God's part, independent of us, our experience, and our will; and leads its recipients to look, in religion, not so much for an arduous progress on their own part, and the exercise of their activity, as for strokes of magic, and what may be called a sensational character.

In the Heidelberg Catechism, after an answer in which the catechist rehearses the popularly received doctrine of original sin and vicarious satisfaction for it, the catechizer asks the pertinent question: "*Unde id scis?*" — how do you know all that? The Apostle Paul is, as we have already shown, the great authority for it whom formal theology invokes; his name is used by popular theology with the same confidence. I open a modern book of popular religion at the account of a visit paid to a hardened criminal seized with terror the night before his execution. The visitor says: "*I now stand in Paul's place*, and say: In Christ's stead we pray you, be ye reconciled to God. I beg you to accept the pardon of all your sins, which Christ has purchased for you, and which God freely bestows on you for his sake. If you do not understand, I say: God's ways are not as our ways." And the narrative goes on: "That night was spent in singing the praises of the Saviour who had purchased his pardon." Both Calvinism and Methodism appeal to the Bible, and, above all, to St. Paul, for this history they propound of the relations between God and man; but Calvinism relies most, in enforcing it, on man's fears, Methodism on man's hopes. Calvinism insists on man's being under a curse; it then works the sense of sin, misery, and terror in him, and appeals pre-eminently to the desire to flee from the wrath to come. Methodism, too, insists on his being under a curse; but it works most the sense of hope in him, the craving for happiness, and appeals pre-eminently to the desire for eternal bliss. No one, however, will maintain that the particular account of God's proceedings with

man, whereby Methodism and Calvinism operate on these desires, proves itself by internal evidence, and establishes without external aid its own scientific validity. So we may either directly try, as best we can, its scientific validity in itself, or as it professes to have Paul's authority to support it, we may first inquire what is really Paul's account of God's proceedings with man, and whether this tallies with the Puritan account and confirms it. The latter is in every way the safer and the more instructive course to follow. And we will follow Puritanism's example in taking St. Paul's mature and greatest work, the Epistle to the Romans, as the chief place for finding what he really thought on the points in question.

We have already said elsewhere,* indeed, what is very true, and what must never be forgotten, that what St. Paul, a man so separated from us by time, race, training, and circumstances, really thought, we cannot make sure of knowing exactly. All we can do is to get near it, reading him with the sort of critical tact which the study of the human mind and its history, and the acquaintance with many great writers, naturally gives for following the movement of any one single great writer's thought; reading him, also, without preconceived theories to which we want to make his thoughts fit themselves.

It is evident that the English translation of the Epistle to the Romans has been made by men with their heads full of the current doctrines of election and justification we have been noticing; and it has thereby received such a bias, — of which a strong example is the use of the word *atonement* in the eleventh verse of the fifth chapter, — that perhaps it is almost impossible for any one who reads the English translation only, to take into his mind Paul's thought without a coloring from the current doctrines. But besides discarding the English translation, we must bear in mind, if we wish to get as near Paul's real thought as possible, two things which have greatly increased the facilities for misrepresenting him. In the first place, Paul, like the other Bible writers, and like the Semitic race in general, has a much juster sense of the true scope and limits of diction in religious deliverances than we have. He uses within the sphere of religious emotion expressions which, in this sphere, have an eloquence and a propriety, but which are not to be taken out of it and made into formal scientific propositions. We have used the word *Hebraize* for another purpose, — to denote the exclusive attention to the moral side of our nature, to conscience, and to doing rather than knowing; so, to describe the vivid and figured way in which St. Paul, within the sphere of religious emotion, uses words, without carrying them outside it, we will use the word *Orientalize*. When Paul says: "God hath concluded them all in unbelief *that he might* have mercy upon all," he Orientalizes; that is, he does not mean to assert formally that God acted with this set design, but, being full of the happy and divine end to the unbelief spoken of, he, by a vivid and striking figure, represents the unbelief as actually caused with a view to this end. But when the Calvinists of the Synod of Dort, wishing to establish the formal proposition that faith and all saving gifts flow from election and nothing else, quote an expression of Paul's similar to the one we have quoted, "He hath chosen us," they say, not

because we were, but "*that we might* be holy and without blame before him," they go quite wide of the mark, from not perceiving that what the apostle used as a vivid figure of rhetoric, they are using as a formal scientific proposition.

When Paul Orientalizes, the fault is not with him when he is misunderstood, but with the prosaic and unintelligent western readers who have not enough tact for style to comprehend his mode of expression. But he also Judaizes; and here his liability to being misunderstood by us western people is undoubtedly due to a defect in the critical habit of himself and his race. A Jew himself, he uses the Jewish Scriptures in a Jew's arbitrary and uncritical fashion, as if they had a talismanic character; as if for a doctrine, however true in itself, their confirmation was still necessary, and as if this confirmation was to be got from their mere words alone, however detached from the sense of their context, and however violently allegorized or otherwise wrested. To use the Bible in this way, even for purposes of illustration, is often an interruption to the argument, a fault of style; to use it in this way for real proof and confirmation is a fault of reasoning. An example of the first fault may be seen in the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and in the beginning of the third chapter; the apostle's point in either place — his point that faith comes by hearing, and his point that God's oracles were true though the Jews did not believe them — would stand much clearer without their scaffolding of Bible quotation. An instance of the second fault is in the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, where the Biblical argumentation by which the apostle seeks to prove his case is as unsound as his case itself is sound. How far these faults are due to the apostle himself, how far to the requirements of those for whom he wrote, we need not now investigate. It is enough that he undoubtedly uses the letter of Scripture in this arbitrary and Jewish way; and thus Puritanism, which has only itself to blame for misunderstanding him when he Orientalizes, may fairly put upon the apostle himself some of its blame for misunderstanding him when he Judaizes, and for Judaizing so strenuously along with him.

To get, therefore, at what Paul really thought and meant to say, it is necessary for us modern and western people to translate him. And not as Puritanism, which has merely taken his letter and recast it in the formal propositions of a modern scientific treatise; but his letter itself must be recast before it can be properly conveyed by such propositions. And as the order in which, in any series of ideas, the ideas come, is of great importance to the final result, and as Paul, who did not write scientific treatises, but had always religious edification in direct view, never set out his doctrine with a design of exhibiting it as a scientific whole, we must also find out for ourselves the order in which Paul's ideas naturally stand, and the connection between one of them and the other, in order to arrive at the real scheme of his teaching, as compared with the schemes exhibited by Puritanism.

We remarked how what sets the Calvinist in motion seems to be the desire to flee from the wrath to come; and what sets the Methodist in motion, the desire for eternal bliss. What is it which sets Paul in motion? It is the impulse which we have elsewhere noted as the master-impulse of Hebraism, — the desire for righteousness. To the Hebrew, this moral order, or righteousness, was pre-eminent-

* See Culture and Anarchy, p. 178.

ly the universal order, the law of God; and God, the fountain of all goodness, was pre-eminently to him the giver of the moral law. The end and aim of all religion,—access to God,—the sense of harmony with the universal order,—the partaking of the divine nature,—that our faith and hope might be in God,—that we might have life and have it more abundantly,—meant, for the Hebrew, access to the source of the eternal statutes of the moral order in especial, and harmony with it. It was the greatness of the Hebrew race that it felt the authority of this order, its preciousness and its beneficence, so strongly. "The law of thy mouth is better than thousands of gold and silver." It was the greatness of their best individuals that in them this feeling was incessantly urgent to prove itself in the only sure manner,—in action. "Blessed are they who hear the word of God, and keep it." "If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments." "Let no man deceive you, he that doeth righteousness is righteous."

What distinguishes Paul is both his conviction that the commandment is holy, and just, and good; and also his desire to give effect to the commandment, to establish it. It was this which gave him insight to see that there could be no radical difference in respect of salvation and the way to it between Jew and Gentile: "Upon every soul of man that *worketh evil*, whoever he may be, tribulation and anguish; to every one that *worketh good*, glory, honor, and peace!" His piercing practical religious sense, joined to his deep intellectual power, enabled him to discern and follow the range of the commandment, both as to man's actions and as to his heart and thoughts, with extraordinary force and closeness. His religion had, as we shall see, a preponderantly mystic side, and nothing is so natural to the mystic as in rich single words, such as faith, light, love, to sum up and take for granted, without specially enumerating them, all good moral principles and habits; yet nothing is more remarkable in Paul than the frequent, nay, incessant lists, in the most particular detail, of moral habits to be pursued or avoided. Lists of this sort might in a less sincere and profound writer be formal and wearisome; but to no attentive reader of St. Paul will they be wearisome, for in making them he touched the solid ground which was the basis of his religion,—the solid ground of his hearty desire for righteousness and of his thorough conception of it,—and only on such a ground was so strong a superstructure possible. The more one studies these lists, the more does their significance come out. To illustrate this, let any one go through for himself the enumeration, too long to be quoted here, in the four last verses of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, of "things which are not convenient"; or let him merely consider with attention this catalogue, towards the end of the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, of fruits of the Spirit: "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faith, mildness, self-control." The man who wrote with this searching minuteness knew accurately what he meant by sin and righteousness, and did not use these words at random. His diligent comprehensiveness in his plan of duties is only less admirable than his diligent sincerity. The sterner virtues and the gentler, his conscience will not let him rest till he has embraced them all. In his deep resolve "to make out by actual trial what is that good and perfect and acceptable will of God," he goes back upon himself

again and again, he marks a duty at every point of our nature, and at points the most opposite, for fear he should by possibility be leaving behind him some weakness still indulged, some subtle promptings to evil not yet brought into captivity.

It has not been enough remarked how this incomparable honesty and depth in Paul's love of righteousness is probably what chiefly explains his conversion. Most men have the defects, as the saying is, of their qualities: because they are ardent and severe they have no sense for gentleness and sweetness; because they are sweet and gentle they have no sense for severity and ardor. A Puritan is a Puritan, and a man of feeling is a man of feeling. But with Paul the very same fulness of moral nature which made him an ardent Pharisee, "as concerning zeal, persecuting the church, touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless," was so large that it carried him out of Pharisaism and beyond it, when once he found how much needed doing in him which Pharisaism could not do. Every attentive regard of the character of Paul, not only as he was before his conversion but as he appears to us till his end, must have been struck with two things: one, the earnest insistence with which he recommends "bowels of mercies," as he calls them, meekness, humbleness of mind, gentleness, unwearying forbearance, crowned all of them with that emotion of charity "which is the bond of perfectness"; the other, the force with which he dwells on the *solidarity* (to use the modern phrase) of man,—the joint interest, that is, which binds humanity together, the duty of respecting every one's part in it, and of doing justice to his efforts to fulfil that part. Never surely did such a controversialist, such a master of sarcasm and invective, commend, with such manifest sincerity and such persuasive emotion, the qualities of meekness and gentleness! Never surely did a worker, who took with such energy his own line, and who was so born to preponderate and predominate in whatever line he took, insist so often and so admirably that the lines of other workers were just as good as his own! At no time, perhaps, did Paul arrive at practising quite perfectly what he thus preached; but this only sets in stronger light the thorough love of righteousness which made him seek out, and put so prominently forward, and so strive to make himself and others fulfil, parts of righteousness which do not force themselves on the common conscience like the duties of soberness, temperance, and activity, and which were somewhat alien, certainly, to his own particular nature. Therefore we cannot but believe that into this spirit, so possessed with the hunger and thirst for righteousness, and precisely because it was so possessed by it, the characteristic doctrines of Christ which brought a new aliment to feed this hunger and thirst of Christ, whom he had never seen, but who was in every one's words and thoughts,—the Teacher who was meek and lowly in heart, who said men were brothers and must love one another, that the last should often be first, that the exercise of dominion and lordship had nothing in them desirable, and that we must become as little children,—sank down and worked there even before Paul ceased to persecute, and had no small part in getting him ready for the crisis of his conversion.

Such doctrines offered new fields of righteousness to the eyes of this indefatigable explorer of it, and enlarged the domain of duty of which Pharisaism showed him only a portion. Then, after the satisfaction thus given to his desire for a full con-

ception of righteousness, came Christ's injunctions to make clean the inside as well as the outside, to beware of the least leaven of hypocrisy and self-flattery, of saying and not doing;—and, finally, the injunction to feel, after doing all we can, that, as compared with the standard of perfection, we are still unprofitable servants. These teachings were, to a man like Paul, for the practice of righteousness what the others were for the theory,—sympathetic utterances, which made the inmost chords of his being vibrate, and which irresistibly drew him sooner or later towards their utterer. Need it be said that he never forgot them, and that in all his pages they have left their trace? Is it not even affecting to see, how, when he is driven for the very sake of righteousness to put the law of righteousness in the second place, and to seek outside the law itself for a power to fulfil the law, how, I say, he returns again and again to the elucidation of his one sole design in all he is doing; how he labors to prevent all possibility of misunderstanding, and to show that he is only leaving the moral law for a moment in order to establish it forevermore victoriously. "Do I condemn the law?" he keeps saying; "do I forget that the commandment is holy, just, and good? Because we are no longer under the law, are we to sin? Am I seeking to make the course of my life and yours other than a service and an obedience?" This man, out of whom an astounding criticism has deduced Antinomianism, is in truth so possessed with horror of Antinomianism, that he goes to grace for the sole purpose of extirpating it, and even then cannot rest without perpetually telling us why he is gone there. This man, whom Calvin and Luther and their followers have shut up into the two scholastic doctrines of election and justification, would have said, could we hear him, just what he said about circumcision and uncircumcision in his own day: "Election is nothing, and justification is nothing, but the keeping of the commandments of God."

This foremost place which righteousness takes in the order of St. Paul's ideas makes a signal difference between him and Puritanism. Puritanism, as we have said, finds its starting-point either in the desire to flee from eternal wrath or in the desire to obtain eternal bliss. Puritanism has learned from revelation, as it says, a particular history of the first man's fall, of mankind being under a curse, of certain contracts having been passed concerning mankind in the Council of the Trinity, of the substance of those contracts, and of man's position under them. The great concern of Puritanism is with the operation of those contracts on man's condition; its leading thought, if it is a Puritanism of a gloomy turn, is of awe and fear caused by the threatening aspect of man's condition under these contracts; if of a cheerful turn, of gratitude and hope caused by the favorable aspect of it. But in either case, foregone events, the covenant passed, what God has done and does, is the great matter; what there is left for man to do, the human work of righteousness, is secondary, and comes in but to attest and confirm our assurance of what God has done for us. We have seen this in Wesley's words already quoted; the first thing for a man is to be justified and sanctified, and to have the assurance that, without seeking it by works, he is justified and sanctified; then the desire and works of righteousness follow as a proper result of this condition. Still more does Calvinism make man's desire and works of

righteousness mere evidences and benefits of more important things; the desire to work righteousness is among the saving graces applied by the Holy Spirit to the elect, and the last of those graces. *Denique*, says the Synod of Dort, *last of all*, after faith in the promises and after the witness of the Spirit, comes, to establish our assurance, a clear conscience and righteousness. It is manifest how unlike is this order of ideas to Paul's order, who starts with the thought of righteousness, and builds upon that thought his whole system.

But this difference constitutes from the very outset an immense scientific superiority for the scheme of Paul. Hope and fear are elements of human nature like the love of right, but they are far blinder and less scientific elements of it. "The Bible is a divine revelation; the Bible declares certain things; the things it thus declares move our hopes and fears";—this is the line of thought followed by Puritanism. But what science pursues is a more satisfying, rational conception of things than we had before; what fails to give this, what gives the contrary of this, may indeed be of a nature to move hope and fear, but is to science of none the more value on that account. Instead of covering the scientific inadequacy of a conception by the authority of a revelation, science rather proves the authority of a revelation by the scientific adequacy of the conceptions given in it, and limits the sphere of that authority to the sphere of that adequacy. The more an alleged revelation seems to contain precious and striking things, the more will science be inclined to doubt the correctness of any deduction which draws from it, within the sphere of these things, a conception which rationally is not satisfying. That the scheme of Puritanism is rationally so little satisfying inclines science, not to take it on the authority of the Bible, but to doubt whether it is really in the Bible. The first appeal which this scheme, having begun outside the sphere of reality and experience, makes in the sphere of reality and experience,—its first appeal, therefore, to science—the appeal to the witness of human hope and fear, does not much mend matters; for science knows that numberless conceptions not rationally satisfying are yet the ground of hope and fear. Paul does not begin outside the sphere of science; he begins with an appeal to reality and experience. And the appeal here with which he commences has, for science, undoubted force and importance; for he appeals to a rational conception which is a part, and perhaps the chief part, of our experience; the conception of the law of *righteousness*, the very law and ground of human nature, so far as this nature is moral. Things as they truly are—facts—are the object-matter of science; and the moral law in human nature is among the greatest of facts.

If I were not afraid of intruding upon Mr. Ruskin's province, I might point out the witness which etymology itself bears to this law as a prime element and clew in man's constitution. Our word *righteousness* means going straight, going the way we are meant to go; there are languages in which the word *way* or *road* is also the word for right reason and duty; the Greek word for justice and righteousness has for its foundation, probably, the idea of describing a certain line, following a certain necessary orbit. But for these fanciful helps there is no need. When Paul starts with affirming the grandeur and necessity of the law of righteousness, science has no difficulty in going along with him.

When he fixes as man's right aim, "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faith, mildness, self-control," he appeals for witness to the truth of what he says to an experience too intimate to need illustration or argument. The best confirmation of the scientific validity of the importance which Paul thus attaches to the law of righteousness, God's moral law, the law of reason and conscience, is to be found in its agreement with the importance attached to this law by teachers the most unlike him; since in the eye of science an experience gains as much by having universality, as in the eye of religion it seems to gain by having uniqueness. "Would you know," says Epictetus, "the means to perfection which Socrates followed? they were these: in every single matter which came before him he made the rule of reason and conscience his one rule to follow." Such was precisely the aim of Paul also; it is an aim to which science does homage as a satisfying rational conception. And to this aim hope and fear properly attach themselves; for on our following the clew of moral order, or losing it, depend our happiness or misery, — our life or death in the true sense of those words, our harmony with the universal order or our disharmony with it, our partaking, as St. Paul says, of the wrath of God or of the glory of God. So that looking to this clew, and fearing to lose hold on it, we may truly say with the author of the "Imitation": *Omnia vanitas, præter amare Deum, et illi soli servire.*

But to serve God, to follow that central clew in our moral being which unites us to the universal order, is no easy task; and here again we are on the most sure ground of experience and psychology. In some way or other, says Bishop Wilson, every man is conscious of an opposition in him between the flesh and the spirit. *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*, say the thousand times quoted lines of the Roman poet. The philosophical explanation of this conflict does not indeed attribute, like the Manichean fancy, any inherent evil to the flesh and its workings; all the forces and tendencies in us are, like our proper central moral tendency the desire of righteousness, in themselves beneficent; but they require to be harmonized with this tendency, because this aims directly at our total welfare, our harmony with the law of our nature and the law of God, and derives thence a pre-eminence and a right to moderate. But though not evil in themselves, the evil which flows from these workings is undeniable. The lusts of the flesh, the law in our members, *passion*, according to the Greek word used by Paul, *inordinate affection*, according to the admirable rendering of Paul's Greek word in our English Bible, take naturally no account of anything but themselves; this arbitrary and unregulated action of theirs can produce only confusion and misery. The spirit, the law of our mind, takes account of the universal order, the will of God, and is indeed the voice of that order expressing itself in us. Paul talks of a man sowing to his flesh, because each of us has of his own this individual body, this congeries of flesh and bones, blood and nerves, different from that of every one else, and with desires and impulses driving each of us his own separate way; and he says that a man who sows to this sows to a thousand tyrants, and can reap no worthy harvest. But he talks of sowing to the spirit, because there is one central tendency, which for us and for all men is the law of our being; and through reason and righteousness

we move in the universal order and with it. In this conformity to the will of God is our peace and happiness.

But how to find the energy and power to bring all these self-seeking tendencies of the flesh, these multitudinous, swarming, eager, and incessant impulses, into obedience to the central tendency? Mere commanding and forbidding is of no avail, and only irritates opposition in the desires it tries to control. It even enlarges their power, because it makes us feel our impotence; and the confusion caused by their ungoverned working is increased by our being filled with a deepened sense of disharmony, remorse, and dismay. "I was alive without the law once," says Paul; the natural play of all the forces and desires in me went on smoothly enough so long as I did not attempt to introduce order and regulation among them. That natural law of reason and conscience which all men have, was sufficient by itself to produce a consciousness of rebellion and disquietude. Matters became only worse by the exhibition of the Mosaic law, the offspring of a moral sense keener and stricter than that of the mass of mankind. Its very stringency increased the feeling of dismay and helplessness; it set forth the law of righteousness clearly, yet did not supply any sufficient power to keep it. Neither the law of nature nor the law of Moses availed to bind men to righteousness. So we come to the word which is the governing word of the Epistle to the Romans, — the word *all*. As the word *righteousness* is the governing word of St. Paul's entire mind and life, so the word *all* is the governing word of this his chief epistle. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." All do what they would not, and do not what they would; all feel themselves enslaved, impotent, and miserable. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Hitherto, we have followed Paul in the sphere of morals; we have now come with him to the point where he enters the sphere of religion. Religion is that which binds and holds us to the practices of righteousness. We have accompanied Paul, and found him always treading solid ground, till he is brought to straits where a binding and holding power of this kind is necessary. Here is the critical point for the scientific worth of his doctrine. "Now at last," cries Puritanism, "the great apostle is about to become even as one of us; there is no issue for him now, but the issue we have always declared he finds. He has recourse to our theurgy of election, substitution, vicarious satisfaction, and imputed righteousness." We will proceed to show that Paul has recourse to nothing of the kind.

SERVED OUT.

In the year 183— there lived at Bordeaux the last — or one of the last — of a long line of scoundrels who had made that part of France infamous (to our ideas) by a succession of cold-blooded murders, committed under the sanction of what people were pleased to call *the Code of Honor*. This was a certain Comte de V—, a man of great physical strength, imperturbable *sangfroid*, and relentless cruelty. Not a bad sort of companion, as some said, when the fit — the duelling fit — was not on him; but this came on once in about every six months, and then he must have blood, it mattered little whose. He had killed and maimed boys of

sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journalists, advocates, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of quarrel was of no importance; if one did not present itself readily, he made one; always contriving that, according to the *code* aforesaid, he should be the insulted party, thus having the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the small-sword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a wild beast could be permitted to go at large; but we know it to be historically true that such creatures were endured in France; just as we are assured that there were at one time wolves in Yorkshire; only the less noisome vermin had a harder time of it as civilization progressed than was dealt out to the human brute.

The latest exploit of the Comte de V—— previous to the story I am about to tell was to goad a poor young student into a challenge; and when it was represented to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, so that it would be fairer to use pistols, he replied, that "fools sometimes made mistakes with pistols," and the next morning ran him through the lungs. The evil fit was on him; but the blood thus shed quieted him for another half-year, and rather more, for public opinion was unfavorable, and the air of Bordeaux became too warm for him.

But the scandal blew over after a time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was a café by the river-side, where many used to spend their Sunday. Into the little garden of this establishment our wolf swaggered one fine summer afternoon, with the heavy dark look and nervous twitching of the hands which those who were acquainted with him knew well meant mischief. The evil fit was on him; consequently he found himself the centre of a circle which expanded as he went on. This did not displease him. He liked to be feared. He knew he could make a quarrel when he chose, so he looked around for a victim.

At a table almost in the middle of the garden sat a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height, and an expression of countenance which at first struck one as mild and good-humored. He was engaged reading a journal which seemed to interest him, and eating strawberries, an occupation which does not call forth any latent strength of character. Above all, he was profoundly unconscious of the presence of M. le Comte de V——, and continued eating his strawberries and reading his paper as though no wolf were in that pleasant fold.

As the Count approached this table, it became sufficiently well known whom he was about to honor with his insolence; and the circle narrowed again to see the play. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow-creature baited, — especially when we are out of danger ourselves.

The strawberry-eater's costume was not such as was ordinarily worn in France at that time, and he had a curious hat, which — the weather being warm — he had placed on the table by his side. "He is a foreigner," whispered some in the dress-circle. "Perhaps he does not know Monsieur le Comte."

Monsieur le Comte seated himself at the table opposite the unconscious stranger, and called loudly, "Garçon!"

"Garçon," he said, when that functionary appeared, "take me away that nasty thing!" pointing to the hat aforesaid.

Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his journal,

was on the brim of the "nasty thing," which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The garçon was embarrassed.

"Do you hear me?" thundered the Count. "Take me that thing away! No one has a right to place his hat on the table."

"I beg your pardon," said the strawberry-eater, politely, placing the offending article on his head, and drawing his chair a little aside; "I will make room for Monsieur."

The garçon was about to retire well satisfied, when the bully called after him, —

"Have I not commanded you to take that thing which annoys me away?"

"But, Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself."

"What does that matter to me?"

"But, Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

"That I should take the gentleman's hat."

"By no means," observed the stranger, uncovering again. "Be so good as to carry my hat to the lady at the counter; and ask her, on my behalf, to do me the favor to accept charge of it for the present."

"You speak French passably well for a foreigner," said the bully, stretching his arms over the table, and looking his neighbor full in the face, — a titter of contempt going round the circle.

"I am not a foreigner, Monsieur."

"I am sorry for that."

"So am I."

"May one, without indiscretion, inquire why?"

"Certainly. Because, if I were a foreigner, I should be spared the pain of seeing a compatriot behave himself very rudely."

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning, precisely, you."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Count, half turning his back upon him, and facing the lookers-on, as much as to say, "Now observe how I will crush this poor creature."

"Monsieur," replied the strawberry-eater, with perfect politeness in his tone, "I have the honor not to know you."

"Death of my life! I am the Comte de V——."

The strawberry-eater looked up, and the easy, good-natured face was gone. In its place was one with two gray eyes which flashed like fire, and a mouth that set itself very firmly.

"The Comte de V——," he repeated in a low voice.

"Yes, Monsieur. And what have you to say against him?"

"I? O nothing."

"That may be well for you."

"But there are those who say he is a coward."

"That is enough," said the bully, starting to his feet. "Monsieur will find me in two hours at this address," flinging him a card.

"I shall not trouble myself to seek Monsieur le Comte," replied the strawberry-eater, calmly tearing the card in two.

"Then I shall say of Monsieur what he, permitting himself to lie, said just now of me."

"And that is?"

"That he is a coward."

"You may say what you please, Monsieur le Comte. Those who know me would not believe you, and those who do not, — my faith! what care I what they think?"

"And thou — thou art a Frenchman!"

No one but a Frenchman could have thrown so much disdain as he did into the "thou."

The strawberry-eater made no reply, but turned his head and called "Garçon!" The poor trembling creature came up again, wondering what new dilemma was prepared for him, and stood quaking some ten yards off.

"Garçon," said the stranger, "is there a room vacant in the hotel?"

"Without doubt, Monsieur."

"A large one?"

"But certainly. They are all large,—own apartments."

"Then engage the largest for me for to-day, and another — no matter what — for Monsieur le Comte."

"Monsieur, I give my own orders when necessary," said the count, loftily.

"I thought to spare you the trouble. Go, if you please," (this to the waiter,) "and prepare my rooms."

Then the strawberry-eater returned to his strawberries. The bully gnawed his lip. He could not make head or tail of this phlegmatic opponent. The circle grew a little wider, for a horrid idea got abroad, that the count had not found one who was likely to suit him, and that he would have to seek elsewhere what he wanted.

The murmur that went round roused the bully, "Monsieur," he hissed, "has presumed to make use of a word which amongst men of honor —"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Which amongst men of honor —"

"But what can Monsieur le Comte possibly know what is felt amongst men of honor?" asked the other, with a shrug of incredulity.

"Will you fight yourself with me, or will you not?" roared the count, goaded to fury.

"If Monsieur le Comte will give himself the trouble to accompany me to the apartment which, no doubt, is now prepared for me," replied the stranger, rising, "I will satisfy him."

"Good," said the other, kicking down his chair; "I am with you. I waive the usual preliminaries. I only beg to observe that I am without arms; but if you —"

"O, don't trouble yourself on that score," said the stranger, with a grim smile. "If you are not afraid, follow me."

This he said in a voice sufficiently loud for the nearest to hear, and the circle parted right and left, like startled sheep, as the two walked towards the house.

Was there no one to call "police," no one to try and prevent what to all seemed imminent? Not a soul! The dreaded duelist had his evil fit on, and every one breathed freely now that he knew the victim was selected. Moreover, no one supposed it would end there.

The count and his friend (?) were ushered into the apartment prepared for the latter, who, as soon as the garçon had left, took off his coat and waistcoat, and proceeded to move the furniture, so as to leave the room free for what was to follow, — the count standing with folded arms, glaring at him, the while. The decks being cleared for action, the stranger locked the door, placed the key on the mantel-piece behind him, and said, —

"I think you might have helped a little; but never mind. Will you give me your attention for five minutes?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you. I am, as I have told you, a Frenchman, but I was educated in England, at one of her famous public schools. Had I been sent to one of our own Lycées, I should, perhaps, have gained more book-knowledge; but, as it is, I have learned some things which we do not teach, and one of them is, not to take a mean advantage of any man, but to keep my own head with my own hands. Do you understand me, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I cannot flatter myself that I do."

"Ha! Then I must be more explicit. I learned, then, that one who takes advantage of mere brute strength against the weak, or who, practised in any art, compels one unpractised in it to contend with him, is a coward and a knave. Do you follow me now, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I came here, Monsieur —"

"Never mind for what you came; be content with what you will get. For example, — to follow what I was observing, — if a man skilled with the small-sword, for the mere vicious love of quarrelling, goads to madness a boy who has never fenced in his life, and kills him, that man is a murderer; and more, — a cowardly murderer, and a knavish."

"I think I catch your meaning; but if you have pistols here —" foamed the bully.

"I do not come to eat strawberries with pistols in my pocket," replied the other, in the same calm tone he had used throughout. "Allow me to continue. At that school of which I have spoken, and in the society of men who have grown out of it, and others where the same habit of thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty of such cowardice and knavery as I have mentioned, would be justly punished if, some day, he should be paid in his own coin by meeting some one who would take him at the same disadvantage as he placed that poor boy at."

"Our seconds shall fix your own weapons, Monsieur," said the count; "let this farce end."

"Presently. Those gentlemen whose opinions I now venture to express, not having that craze for blood which distinguishes some, — who have not had a similar enlightened education, — would probably think that such a coward and knave as we have been considering would best meet his deserts by receiving a humiliating castigation befitting his knavery and his cowardice."

"Ah! I see; I have a lawyer to deal with," sneered the count.

"Yes. I have studied a little law, but I regret to say I am about to break one of its provisions."

"You will fight me then?"

"Yes. At the school we have been speaking of, I learned, amongst other things, the use of my hands; and, if I mistake not, I am about to give you as sound a thrashing as any bully ever got."

"You would take advantage of your skill in the box?" said the Count, getting a little pale.

"Exactly. Just as you took advantage of your skill in the small-sword with poor young B——."

"But it is degrading — brutal!"

"My dear Monsieur, just consider. You are four inches taller and some thirty to forty kilogrammes heavier than I am. I have seldom seen so fine an outside. If you were to hit me a good swinging blow, it would go hard with me. In the same way, if poor young B—— had got over your guard, it would have gone hard with you. But, then, I shall only black both your eyes, and per-

haps deprive you of a tooth or so, unhappily in front; whereas you killed *him*."

"I will not accept this barbarous encounter."

"You must; I have done talking. Would you like a little brandy before we begin? No? Place yourself on guard, then, if you please. When I have done with you, and you are fit to appear, *then* you shall have your revenge, — even with the small-sword, if you please. At present, bully — coward — knave, take that, and that, and that!"

And the wiry little Anglo-Frank was as good as his word. In less time than it takes to write it the great braggart was rendered unrepresentable for many a long day. *That* number one caused him to see fifty suns beaming in the firmament with his right eye; *that* number two produced a similar phenomenon with his left; *that* number three obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe the ceiling more attentively than he had hitherto done. And when one or two other *thats* had completely cowed him, and he threw open the window and called for help, the strawberry-eater took him by the neck and — well, another and lower part, and flung him out of it on to the flower-bed below.

The strawberry-eater remained a month at Bordeaux to fulfil his promise of giving the Count his revenge. But then, again, the bully met with more than his match. The strawberry-eater had had Angelo for a master as well as Owen Swift, and after a few passes the Count, who was too eager to kill his man, felt an unpleasant sensation in his right shoulder. The seconds interposed, and there was an end of the affair. It was his last duel. Some one produced a sketch of him as he appeared being thrown out of the hotel window, and ridicule — so awful to a Frenchman — rid the country of him. The strawberry-eater was alive when the Battle of the Alma was fought, and is the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them.

WOMEN AND POLITICS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SOMEWHAT more than three hundred years ago, John Knox, who did more than any man to mould the thoughts of his nation, — and indeed of our English Puritans likewise, — was writing a little book on the "Regiment of Women," in which he proved woman, on account of her natural inferiority to man, unfit to rule.

And but the other day, Mr. John Stuart Mill, who has done more than any man to mould the thought of the rising generation of Englishmen, has written a little book in the exactly opposite sense, on "The Subjection of Women," in which he proves woman, on account of her natural equality with man, to be fit to rule.

Truly "the whirligig of Time brings round its revenges." To this point the reason of civilized nations has come, or at least is coming fast, after some fifteen hundred years of unreason, and of a literature of unreason, which discoursed gravely and learnedly of nuns and witches, hysteria and madness, persecution and torture, and, like a madman in his dreams, built up by irrefragable logic a whole inverted pyramid of seeming truth upon a single false premise. To this it has come, after long centuries in which woman was regarded by celibate theologians as the "noxious animal," the temptress, the source of earthly misery, which derived — at least in one case — "femina" from "fe" faith, and

"minus" less, because women had less faith than men; which represented them as of more violent and unbridled animal passions; which explained learnedly why they were more tempted than men to heresy and witchcraft, and more subject (those especially who had beautiful hair) to the attacks of demons; and, in a word, regarded them as a necessary evil, to be tolerated, despised, repressed, and if possible shut up in nunneries.

Of this literature of celibate unreason those who have no time to read for themselves the pages of Sprenger, Nider, or Delrio the Jesuit, may find notices enough in Michelet and in both Mr. Lecky's excellent works. They may find enough of it and to spare, also, in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." He, like Knox and many another scholar of the sixteenth and of the first half of the seventeenth century, was unable to free his brain altogether from the *idola specûs* which haunted the cell of the bookworm. The poor student, knowing nothing of women, save from books or from contact with the most debased, repeated, with the pruriency of a boy, the falsehoods about women which, armed with the authority of learned doctors, had grown reverend and incontestable with age; and even after the Reformation more than one witch-mania proved that the corrupt tree had vitality enough left to bring forth evil fruit.

But the axe had been laid to the root thereof. The later witch-prosecutions were not to be compared for extent and atrocity to the mediæval ones; and first, as it would seem, in France, and gradually in other European countries, the old contempt of women was being replaced by admiration and trust. Such examples as that of Marguerite d'Angoulême did much, especially in the south of France, where science as well as the Bible was opening men's eyes more and more to nature and to fact. Good little Rondelet, or any of his pupils, would have as soon thought of burning a woman for a witch as they would have of immuring her in a nunnery.

In Scotland, John Knox's book came, happily for the nation, too late. The woes of Mary Stuart called out for her a feeling of chivalry which has done much, even to the present day, to elevate the Scotch character. Meanwhile, the same influences which raised the position of women among the Reformed in France raised it likewise in Scotland; and there is no country on earth in which wives and mothers have been more honored, and more justly honored, for two centuries and more. In England, the passionate loyalty with which Elizabeth was regarded, at least during the latter part of her reign, scattered to the winds all John Knox's arguments against the "Regiment of Women"; and a literature sprang up in which woman was set forth no longer as the weakling and the temptress, but as the guide and the inspirer of man. Whatever traces of the old foul leaven may be found in Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, or Ben Jonson, such books as Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lilly's *Euphues*, Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, and last, but not least, Shakespeare's *Plays*, place the conception of woman and of the rights of woman on a vantage-ground from which I believe it can never permanently fall again, — at least until (which God forbid) true manhood has died out of England. To a boy whose notions of his duty to woman had been formed, not on Horace and Juvenal, but on Spenser and Shakespeare, — as I trust they will be some day in every public school, — Mr. John Stuart

Mill's new book would seem little more than a textbook of truths which had been familiar and natural to him ever since he first stood by his mother's knee.

I say this not in depreciation of Mr. Mill's book. I mean it for the very highest praise. M. Agassiz says somewhere that every great scientific truth must go through three stages of public opinion. Men will say of it, first, that it is not true; next, that it is contrary to religion; and lastly, that every one knew it already. The last assertion of the three is often more than half true. In many cases every one ought to have known the truth already, if they had but used their common sense. The great antiquity of the earth is a case in point. Forty years ago it was still untrue; five-and-twenty years ago it was still contrary to religion. Now every child who uses his common sense can see, from looking at the rocks and stones about him, that the earth is many thousand, it may be many hundreds of thousands of years old; and there is no difficulty now in making him convince himself, by his own eyes and his own reason, of the most prodigious facts of the glacial epoch.

And so it ought to be with the truths which Mr. Mill has set forth. If the minds of lads can but be kept clear of Pagan brutalities and mediæval superstitions, and fed instead on the soundest and noblest of our English literature, Mr. Mill's creed about women will, I verily believe, seem to them as one which they have always held by instinct; as a natural deduction from their own intercourse with their mothers, their aunts, their sisters; and thus Mr. Mill's book may achieve the highest triumph of which such a book is capable; namely, that years hence young men will not care to read it, because they take it all for granted.

There are those who for years past have held opinions concerning women identical with those of Mr. Mill. They thought it best, however, to keep them to themselves, trusting to the truth of the old saying, "Run not round after the world. If you stand still long enough, the world will come round to you." And the world seems now to be coming round very fast towards their standing-point; and that not from theory, but from experience. As to the intellectual capacity of girls when competing with boys (and I may add as to the prudence of educating boys and girls together), the experience of those who for twenty years past have kept up mixed schools, in which the farmer's daughter has sat on the same bench with the laborer's son, has been corroborated by all who have tried mixed classes, or have, like the Cambridge local examiners, applied to the powers of girls the same tests as they applied to boys; and still more strikingly by the results of admitting women to the Royal College of Science in Ireland, where young ladies have repeatedly carried off prizes for scientific knowledge against young men who have proved themselves, by subsequent success, in life to have been formidable rivals. On every side the conviction seems growing (a conviction which any man might have arrived at for himself long ago, if he would have taken the trouble to compare the powers of his own daughters with those of his sons), that there is no difference in kind, and probably none in degree, between the intellect of a woman and that of a man; and those who will not as yet assent to this are growing more willing to allow fresh experiments on the question, and to confess that, after all (as Mr. Fitch well says in his report

to the Schools Inquiry Commission), "The true measure of a woman's right is her capacity for receiving it, and not any theories of ours as to what she is fit for, or what use she is likely to make of it."

This is, doubtless, a most important concession. For if it be allowed to be true of woman's capacity for learning, it ought to be — and I believe will be — allowed to be true of all her other capacities whatsoever. From which fresh concession results will follow, startling no doubt to those who fancy that the world always was, and always will be, what it was yesterday and to-day; but results which some who have contemplated them steadily and silently for years past, have learnt to look at not with fear and confusion, but with earnest longing and high hope.

However startling these results may be, it is certain from the books, the names whereof head this article, that some who desire their fulfilment are no mere fanatics or dreamers. They evince, without exception, that moderation which is a proof of true earnestness. Mr. Mill's book it is almost an impertinence in me to praise. I shall not review it in detail. It is known, I presume, to every reader of this Magazine, either by itself or reviews; but let me remind those who only know the book through reviews, that those reviews (however able or fair) are most probably written by men of inferior intellect to Mr. Mill, and by men who have not thought over the subject as long and as deeply as he has done; and that, therefore, if they wish to know what Mr. Mill thinks, it would be wisest for them to read Mr. Mill himself, — a truism which (in these days of second-hand knowledge) will apply to a good many books beside. But if they still fancy that the advocates of "Woman's Rights" in England are of the same temper as certain female clubbists in America, with whose sayings and doings the public has been amused or shocked, then I beg them to peruse the article on the "Social Position of Women," by Mr. Boyd Kinnear; to find any fault with it they can; and after that, to show cause why it should not be reprinted (as it ought to be) in the form of a pamphlet, and circulated among the working-men of Britain, to remind them that their duty toward woman coincides (as do all human duties) with their own palpable interest. I beg also attention to Dr. Hodgson's little book, "Lectures on the Education of Girls, and Employment of Women"; and not only to the text, but to the valuable notes and references which accompany them. Or if any one wish to ascertain the temper, as well as the intellectual calibre of the ladies who are foremost in this movement, let them read, as specimens of two different styles, the Introduction to "Woman's Work and Woman's Culture," by Mrs. Butler, and the article on "Female Suffrage" by Miss Wedgwood, at page 247. I only ask that these two articles should be judged on their own merits, — the fact that they are written by women being ignored meanwhile. After that has been done, it may be but just and right for the man who has read them to ask himself (especially if he has had a mother) whether women who can so think and write have not a right to speak, and a right to be heard when they speak, of a subject with which they must be better acquainted than men, — woman's capacities, and woman's needs?

If any one who has not as yet looked into this "Woman's Question," wishes to know how it has risen to the surface just now, let them consider

these words of Mrs. Butler. They will prove at least, that the movement has not had its origin in the study, but in the market; not from sentimental dreams or abstract theories, but from the necessities of physical fact:—

"The census taken eight years ago gave three and a half millions of women in England working for a subsistence: and of these two and a half millions were unmarried. In the interval between the census of 1851 and that of 1861, the number of self-supporting women had increased by more than half a million. This is significant; and still more striking, I believe, on this point, will be the returns of the next census two years hence."*

Thus a demand for employment has led naturally to a demand for improved education, fitting woman for employment; and that again has led, naturally also, to a demand on the part of many thoughtful women for a share in making those laws and those social regulations which have, while made exclusively by men resulted in leaving women at a disadvantage at every turn. They ask,—and they have surely some cause to ask,—What greater right have men to dictate to women the rules by which they shall live, than women have to dictate to men? All they demand—all, at least, that is demanded in the volumes noticed in this review—is fair play for women,—“A clear stage and no favor.” Let “natural selection,” as Miss Wedgwood well says, decide which is the superior, and in what. Let it by the laws of supply and demand, draft women as well as men into the employments and positions for which they are most fitted by nature. To those who believe that the laws of nature are the laws of God, the *Vox Dei in rebus revelata*; that to obey them is to prove our real faith in God, to interfere with them (as we did in social relations throughout the Middle Ages, and as we did till lately in commercial relations likewise) by arbitrary restrictions is to show that we have no faith in God, and consider ourselves wise enough to set right an ill-made universe,—to them at least this demand must seem both just and modest.

Meanwhile many women, and some men also, think the social status of women is just now in special peril. The late extension of the franchise has admitted to a share in framing our laws many thousands of men of that class which—whatever be their other virtues, and they are many—is most given to spending their wives' earnings in drink, and personally maltreating them; and least likely—to judge from the actions of certain trades—to admit women to free competition for employment. Further extension of the suffrage will, perhaps in a very few years, admit many thousands more. And it is no wonder if refined and educated women, in an age which is disposed to see in the possession of a vote the best means of self-defence, should ask for votes, for the defence, not merely of themselves, but of their lowlier sisters, from the tyranny of men who are as yet—to the shame of the State—most of them altogether uneducated.

As for the reasonableness of such a demand, I can only say,—what has been said elsewhere,—that the present state of things, “in which the franchise is considered as something so important and so sacred that the most virtuous, the most pious, the most learned, the most wealthy, the most benevolent, the most justly powerful woman, is refused it, as something too precious for her; and yet it is in-

trusted, freely and hopefully, to any illiterate, drunken, wife-beating ruffian who can contrive to keep a home over his head,” is equally unjust and absurd.

There may be some sufficient answer to the conclusion which conscience and common sense, left to themselves, would draw from this statement of the case as it now stands: but none has occurred to me which is not contrary to the first principle of a free government.

This I presume to be: that every citizen has a right to share in choosing those who make the laws; in order to prevent, as far as he can, laws being made which are unjust and injurious to him, to his family, or to his class; and that all are to be considered as “active” citizens, save the criminal, the insane, or those unable to support themselves. The best rough test of a man's being able to support himself is, I doubt not, his being able to keep a house over his head, or, at least, a permanent lodging; and that, I presume, will be in a few years the one and universal test of active citizenship, unless we should meanwhile obtain the boon of a compulsory Government education, and an educational franchise founded thereon. But it must be asked,—and answered also,—What is there in such a test, even as it stands now, only partially applied, which is not as fair for women as it is for men? “Is it just that an educated man, who is able independently to earn his own livelihood, should have a vote; but that an equally educated woman, equally able independently to earn her own livelihood, should not? Is it just that a man owning a certain quantity of property should have a vote in respect of that property; but that a woman owning the same quantity of property, and perhaps a hundred or a thousand times more, should have no vote?” What difference, founded on Nature and Fact, exists between the two cases?

If it be said that Nature and Fact (arguments grounded on aught else are to be left to monks and mediæval jurists) prove that women are less able than men to keep a house over their head, or to manage their property, the answer is that Fact is the other way. Women are just as capable as men of managing a large estate, a vast wealth. Mr. Mill gives a fact which surprised even him,—that the best administered Indian States were those governed by women who could neither read nor write and were confined all their lives to the privacy of the harem. And any one who knows the English upper classes must know more than one illustrious instance,—besides that of Miss Burdett Coutts, or the late Dowager Lady Londonderry,—in which a woman has proved herself able to use wealth and power as well or better than most men. The woman at least is not likely by gambling, horse-racing, and profligacy, to bring herself and her class to shame. Women, too, in every town keep shops. Is there the slightest evidence that these shops are not as well managed, and as remunerative, as those kept by men?—unless, indeed, as too often happens, poor Madame has her Mantalini and his vices to support, as well as herself and her children. As for the woman's power of supporting herself and keeping up at least a lodging respectably, can any one have lived past middle age without meeting dozens of single women or widows, of all ranks, who do that and do it better and more easily than men, because they do not, like men, require wine, beer, tobacco, and sundry other luxuries? So wise and thrifty are such women that very many of them are able, out of their own pittance, to support beside themselves

* “Woman's Work and Woman's Culture,” Introduction, p. xv.

others who have no legal claim upon them. Who does not know, if he knows anything of society, the truth of Mrs. Butler's words? — "It is a very generally accepted axiom, and one which it seems has been indorsed by thoughtful men without a sufficiently minute examination into the truth of it, that a man — in the matter of maintenance — means generally a man, a wife, and children: while a woman means herself alone, free of dependence. A closer inquiry into the facts of life would prove that conclusions have been too hastily adopted on the latter head. I believe it may be said with truth that there is scarcely a female teacher in England who is not working for another or others besides herself, — that a very large proportion are urged on of necessity in their work by the dependence on them of whole families, in many cases of their own aged parents, — that many hundreds are keeping broken-down relatives, fathers, and brothers out of the workhouse, and that many are widows supporting their own children. A few examples taken at random from the lists of governesses applying to the Institution in Sackville Street, London, would illustrate this point. And let it be remembered that such cases are the rule; and not the exception. Indeed, if the facts of life were better known, the holowness of this defence of the inequality of payment would become manifest; for it is in theory alone that in families man is the only bread-winner, and it is false to suppose that single women have no obligations to make and to save money as sacred as those which are imposed on a man by marriage; while there is this difference that a man may avoid such obligation if he pleases, by refraining from marriage, while the poverty of parents or the dependence of brothers and sisters are circumstances over which a woman obliged to work for others has no control."*

True: and, alas! too true. But what Mrs. Butler asserts of governesses may be asserted, with equal truth, of hundreds of maiden aunts and maiden sisters who are not engaged in teaching, but who spend their money, their time, their love, their intellect, upon profligate or broken-down relations, or upon their children; and who exhibit through long years of toil, anxiety, self-sacrifice, a courage, a promptitude, a knowledge of business and of human nature, and a simple but lofty standard of duty and righteousness, which if it does not fit them for the franchise, what can?

It may be that such women would not care to use the franchise if they had it. That is their concern, not ours. Voters who do not care to vote may be counted by thousands among men: some of them, perhaps, are wiser than their fellows, and not more foolish, and take that method of showing their wisdom. Be that as it may, we are no more justified in refusing a human being a right, because he may not choose to exercise it, than we are in refusing to pay him his due, because he may probably hoard the money.

The objection that such women are better without a vote, because a vote would interest them in politics, and so interfere with their domestic duties, seems slender enough. What domestic duties have they, of which the State can take cognizance, save their duty to those to whom they may owe money, and their duty to keep the peace? Their other and nobler duties are voluntary and self-imposed; and, most usually, are fulfilled as secretly as possible. The State commits an injustice in debarring a wo-

man from the rights of a citizen because she chooses, over and above them, to perform the good works of a saint.

And, after all, will it be the worse for these women, or for the society in which they live, if they do interest themselves in politics? Might not (as Mr. Boyd Kinnear urges in an article as sober and rational as it is earnest and chivalrous) their purity and earnestness help to make what is now called politics somewhat more pure, somewhat more earnest? Might not the presence of the voting power of a few virtuous, experienced, well-educated women keep candidates, for every shame, from saying and doing things from which they do not shrink, before a crowd of men who are, on the average, neither virtuous, experienced, nor well-educated, by wholesome dread of that most terrible of all earthly punishments, — at least in the eyes of a manly man, — the fine scorn of a noble woman? Might not the intervention of a few women who are living according to the eternal laws of God, help to infuse some slightly stronger tincture of those eternal laws into our legislators and their legislation? What women have done for the social reforms of the last forty years is known, or ought to be known, to all. Might not they have done far more, and might not they do far more hereafter, if they, who generally know far more than men do of human suffering, and of the consequences of human folly, were able to ask for further social reforms, not merely as a boon to be begged from the physically stronger sex, but as their will, which they, as citizens, have a right to see fulfilled, if just and possible? Woman has played for too many centuries the part which Lady Godiva plays in the old legend. It is time that she should not be content with mitigating by her entreaties or her charities the cruelty and greed of men, but exercise her right, as a member of the State, and (as I believe) a member of Christ and a child of God, to forbid them.

As for any specific difference between the intellect of women and that of men, which should preclude the former meddling in politics, I must confess that the subtle distinctions drawn, even by those who uphold the intellectual equality of women, have almost, if not altogether, escaped me. The only important difference, I think, is, that men are generally duller and more conceited than women. The dullness is natural enough, on the broad ground that the males of all animals (being more sensual and selfish) are duller than the females. The conceit is easily accounted for. The English boy is told from childhood, as the negro boy is, that men are superior to women. The negro boy shows his assent to the proposition by beating his mother, the English one by talking down his sisters. That is all.

But if there be no specific intellectual difference (as there is actually none), is there any practical and moral difference? I use the two epithets as synonymous, for practical power may exist without acuteness of intellect; but it cannot exist without sobriety, patience, and courage, and sundry other virtues, which are "moral" in every sense of that word.

I know of no such difference. There are, doubtless, fields of political action more fitted for men than for women; but are there not again fields more fitted for women than for men? — fields in which certain women, at least, have already shown such practical capacity, that they have established not only their own right, but a general right for the able and educated of their sex, to advise officially

* "Woman's Work and Woman's Culture," pp. 58, 59.

about that which they themselves have unofficially mastered. Who will say that Mrs. Fry, or Miss Nightingale, or Miss Burdett Coutts, is not as fit to demand pledges of a candidate at the hustings on important social questions as any male elector; or to give her deliberate opinion thereon, in either House of Parliament, as any average M. P. or peer of the realm? And if it be said that these are only brilliant exceptions, the rejoinder is, What proof have you of that? You cannot pronounce on the powers of the average till you have tried them. These exceptions rather prove the existence of unsuspected and unemployed strength below. If a few persons of genius, in any class, succeed in breaking through the barriers of routine and prejudice, their success shows that they have left behind them many more who would follow in their steps if those barriers were but removed. This has been the case in every forward movement, religious, scientific, or social. A daring spirit here and there has shown his fellow-men what could be known, what could be done; and behold, when once awakened to a sense of their own powers, multitudes have proved themselves as capable, though not as daring, as the leaders of their forlorn hope. Dozens of geologists can now work out problems which would have puzzled Hutton or Werner; dozens of surgeons can perform operations from which John Hunter would have shrunk appalled; and dozens of women, were they allowed, would, I believe, fulfil in political and official posts the hopes which Miss Wedgwood and Mr. Boyd Kinnear entertain.

But, after all, it is hard to say anything on this matter, which has not been said in other words, by Mr. Mill himself, in pages 98-104 of his "Subjection of Women"; or give us more sound and palpable proof of women's political capacity than the paragraph with which he ends his argument:—

"Is it reasonable to think that those who are fit for the greater functions of politics are incapable of qualifying themselves for the less? Is there any reason, in the nature of things, that the wives and sisters of princes should, whenever called on, be found as competent as the princes themselves to their business, but that the wives and sisters of statesmen, and administrators, and directors of companies, and managers of public institutions, should be unable to do what is done by their brothers and husbands? The real reason is plain enough; it is that princesses, being more raised above the generality of men by their rank than placed below them by their sex, have never been taught that it was improper for them to concern themselves with politics, but have been allowed to feel the liberal interest natural to any cultivated human being, in the great transactions which took place around them, and in which they might be called on to take a part. The ladies of reigning families are the only women who are allowed the same range of interests and freedom of development as men; and it is precisely in their case that there is not found to be any inferiority. Exactly where and in proportion as women's capacities for government have been tried, in that proportion have they been found adequate."

Though the demands of women just now are generally urged in the order of—first, employment, then education, and lastly, the franchise, I have dealt principally with the latter, because I sincerely believe that it, and it only, will lead to their obtaining a just measure of the two former. Had I been treating of an ideal, or even a truly civilized

polity, I should have spoken of education first; for education ought to be the necessary and sole qualification for the franchise. But we have not so ordered it in England in the case of men; and in all fairness we ought not to do so in the case of women. We have not so ordered it, and we had no right to order it otherwise than we have done. If we have neglected to give the masses due education, we have no right to withhold the franchise on the strength of that neglect. Like Frankenstein, we may have made our man ill: but we cannot help his being alive; and if he destroys us, it is our own fault.

If any reply, that to add a number of uneducated women-voters to the number of uneducated men-voters will be only to make the danger worse, the answer is: That women will be always less brutal than men, and will exercise on them (unless they are maddened, as in the first French Revolution, by the hunger and misery of their children) the same softening influence in public life which they now exercise in private; and, moreover, that as things stand now, the average woman is more educated, in every sense of the word, than the average man; and that to admit women would be to admit a class of voters superior not inferior, to the average.

Startling as this may sound to some I assert that it is true.

We must recollect that the just complaints of the insufficient education of girls proceed almost entirely from that "lower-upper" class which stocks the professions, including the Press; that this class furnishes only a small portion of the whole number of voters; that the vast majority belong (and will belong still more hereafter) to other classes, of whom we may say, that in all of them the girls are better educated than the boys. They stay longer at school,—sometimes twice as long. They are more open to the purifying and elevating influences of religion. Their brains are neither muddled away with drink and profligacy, nor narrowed by the one absorbing aim of turning a penny into five farthings. They have a far larger share than their brothers of that best of all practical and moral educations, that of family life. Any one who has had experience of the families of farmers and small tradesmen knows how boorish the lads are, beside the intelligence, and often the refinement, of their sisters. The same rule holds (I am told) in the manufacturing districts. Even in the families of employers, the young ladies are, and have been for a generation or two, far more highly cultivated than their brothers, whose intellects are always early absorbed in business, and too often injured by pleasure. The same, I believe, in spite of all that has been written about the frivolity of the girl of the period, holds true of that class which is, by a strange irony, called "the ruling class." I suspect that the average young lady already learns more worth knowing at home than her brother does at the public school. Those, moreover, who complain that girls are trained now too often merely as articles for the so-called "marriage market," must remember this,—that the great majority of those who will have votes will be either widows, who have long passed all that, have had experience, bitter and wholesome, of the realities of life, and have most of them given many pledges to the State in the form of children; or women who, by various circumstances, have been early withdrawn from the competition of this same marriage market and have settled down into nur-

and honorable celibacy, with full time, and generally full inclination, to cultivate and employ their own powers. I know not what society those men may have lived in who are in the habit of sneering at "old maids." My experience has led me to regard them with deep respect, from the servant retired on her little savings to the unmarried sisters of the rich and the powerful, as a class pure, unselfish, thoughtful, useful, often experienced and able; more fit for the franchise, when they are once awakened to their duties as citizens than the average men of the corresponding class. I am aware that such a statement will be met with "laughter, the unripe fruit of wisdom." But that will not affect its truth.

Let me say a few words more on this point. There are those who, while they pity the two millions and a half, or more, of unmarried women earning their own bread, are tempted to do no more than pity them, from the mistaken notion that after all it is their own fault, or at least the fault of nature. They ought (it is fancied) to have been married: or at least they ought to have been good-looking enough and clever enough to be married. They are the exceptions, and for exceptions we cannot legislate. We must take care of the average article, and let the refuse take care of itself. I have but plainly, it may be somewhat coarsely, a belief which I believe many men hold, though they are too manly to express it. But the belief itself is false. It is false even of the lower classes. Among them, the cleverest, the most prudent, the most thoughtful, are those who, either in domestic service or a few—very few, alas!—other callings, attain comfortable and responsible posts which they do not care to leave for any marriage, especially when that marriage puts the savings of their life at the mercy of the husband,—and they see but too many miserable instances of what that implies. The very refinement which they have acquired in domestic service often keeps them from wedlock. "I shall never marry," said an admirable nurse, the daughter of a common agricultural laborer. "After being so many years among gentlefolk, I could not live with a man who was not a scholar, and did not bathe every day."

And if this be true of the lower class, it is still more true of some, at least, of the classes above them. Many a "lady" who remains unmarried does so, not for want of suitors, but simply from nobleness of mind; because others are dependent on her for support; or because she will not degrade herself by marrying for marrying's sake. How often does one see all that can make a woman attractive—talent, wit, education, health, beauty—possessed by one who never will enter holy wedlock. "What a loss," one says, "that such a woman should not have married, if it were but for the sake of the children she might have borne to the State." "Perhaps," answer wise women of the world, "she did not see any one whom she could condescend to marry."

And thus it is that a very large proportion of the spinsters of England, so far from being, as silly boys and wicked old men fancy, the refuse of their sex, are the very *élite* thereof; those who have either sacrificed themselves for their kindred, or have refused to sacrifice themselves to that longing to marry at all risks of which women are so often and so unmanly accused.

Be all this as it may, every man is bound to bear in mind that over this increasing multitude of "spinsters," of women who are either self-support-

ing or desirous of so being, men have, by mere virtue of their sex, absolutely no rights at all. No human being has such a right over them as the husband has (justly or unjustly) over the wife, or the father over the daughter living in his house. They are independent and self-supporting units of the State, owing to it exactly the same allegiance as, and neither more nor less than, men who have attained their majority. They are favored by no privilege, indulgence, or exceptional legislation from the State; and they ask none. They expect no protection from the State save that protection for life and property which every man, even the most valiant, expects, since the carrying of side-arms has gone out of fashion. They prove themselves daily, whenever they have simple fair play, just as capable as men of not being a burden to the State. They are in fact in exactly the same relation to the State as men. Why are similar relations, similar powers, and similar duties not to carry with them similar rights? To this question the common sense and justice of England will have soon to find an answer. I have sufficient faith in that common sense and justice, when once awakened to face any question fairly, to anticipate what that answer will be.

THE TIDAL WAVE.

THE approach of one of the highest Tides which the combined attraction of the sun and moon can possibly raise has made many of us look up our acquaintance with the laws of Tidal Motion. Every one has satisfied himself why the coming spring tide will be higher than usual. We know that the moon will be near the equinoctial when new, and also near her perigee; and that the combination of these circumstances at a season of the year when the tidal wave raised by the sun is unusually high, must necessarily result in causing a very remarkable tide, even though the winds should be unfavorable. For if we do not have a particularly high tide, owing to the influence of the winds being opposed to the progress of the tidal wave, there will be the equally significant phenomenon of a singular withdrawal of the water at the time of low tide. A few years ago, when a very high tide was expected on the shores of France, the winds drove back the sea, and many who had come from far inland to witness the great influx of water returned disappointed. But had they waited for six hours or so, they would have been well rewarded for their journey, since at the time of low tide the water withdrew far within the usual limits, and strange sights were revealed to the wondering fishermen who lived along that shore.

Wrecks of forgotten ships were to be seen half-buried in the ooze and slime of a bottom which had remained sea-covered for centuries. Old anchors were disclosed to view, with the broken cables attached to them, on which the lives of many gallant men had once depended, so that every parted strand seemed the record of a lost life. And crawling things and stranded fish showed how far the great sea had retreated within its ordinary bounds. We may, therefore, expect that results well worth noting will under any circumstances accompany the tidal action of October 6th, on which day the effects of the conjunction of the sun and moon on October 5th will be most strikingly manifested.

But our object at present is less to consider the

effects of the great tidal wave of October 6th, than to dwell upon some interesting effects and peculiarities of tidal motion. When we learn that astronomers for the most part recognize in the tidal wave a cause which will one day reduce the earth's rotation so effectually that instead of twenty-four hours our day will last a lunar month,—while many astronomers believe that the same wave will at a yet more distant day bring the moon into collision with our globe,—it will be seen that the laws of the tides have a comical as well as a local interest. They involve more important considerations than whether the water in the Thames will rise a foot or two higher than usual at Vauxhall Bridge on any particular day. And though many thousands of years must elapse before either of the events looked forward to by astronomers shall have happened, yet we cannot but look with deep interest into the long vista of the coming centuries. To the astronomer, at any rate, the study of what will be, or of what has been, is as interesting even as the study of what is.

But at the very threshold of the inquiry we are met by the question, "Do any of us know the law of the tides?" The reader may be disposed to smile at such a question. Does not every book of geography, every popular treatise on astronomy, teach us all about the tides? Cannot every person of average education and intelligence run through the simple explanation of the tidal wave?

Certainly it is so. Most of us suppose we know in a general way (and that is all that we at present want), how the moon or sun draws a tidal wave after it. The explanation which nine hundred and ninety-nine (at least) out of every thousand would give runs much on this wise: Being nearer to the water immediately under her than to the earth's centre, the moon draws that water somewhat away from the earth; and again, being nearer to the earth's centre than to the water directly beyond, the moon draws the earth away from that water. Thus, underneath the moon a heap of water is raised, and at the directly opposite point a heap of water is left (so to speak). So that were it not for the effects of friction, the water would assume a sort of egg-shaped figure, whose longest diameter would point directly towards the moon.

And not only is this the explanation which is invariably given in popular treatises, but scientific men of the utmost eminence have adopted it, as correctly exhibiting the general facts of the case. Recently, for example, when Mr. Adams had published his proof that the moon's motion is gradually becoming accelerated in a way which the lunar theory cannot account for, M. Delaunay, a leading French astronomer, endeavored to prove that in reality it is the earth's rotation which is diminishing, instead of the moon's motion which is increasing. He thought the tidal wave, continually checked by the earth's friction as it travels against the direction of her rotation, would act as a sort of "break," since its friction must, in turn, check the earth. And in discussing this matter he took, as his fundamental axioms, the law of tidal motion commonly given in our books of geography and astronomy. This presently called up the Astronomer Royal, who gave a very clear and convincing demonstration that there would always be low water under the moon, if there were no friction.

But this is not all, nor is it even the most remarkable part of the case. Eminent as the Astronomer Royal deservedly is, and especially skilful as we

know him to be in questions such as the one we are considering, yet if he were *solus contra mundum*, we might readily believe that there was some flaw in his reasoning since, as every one knows, the most eminent mathematicians have sometimes misconceived the bearings of a perplexing problem.

But, as Mr. Airy himself pointed out, Newton and Laplace were both with him!

How is it that the views of Newton and Laplace, admittedly the very highest authorities which could be quoted, have found no place in our treatises of astronomy? Their views have never been disproved. In fact, as we have seen, one of the most eminent of our mathematicians, in re-examining the question, has come to precisely the same conclusion. Can it be that the explanation actually given is preferred, on account of its greater simplicity? That would be reasonable, if the two explanations were accordant, but they happen unfortunately to be wholly opposed to each other, and therefore one of them must be false. Those who teach us our geography and astronomy ought to look to this.

The worst of it is, that most of the consequences which astronomers ascribe to the action of the tidal wave depend on the choice we make between the rival theories. If the ordinary view is right, the moon's motion is continually being hastened by the attraction of the bulging tidal wave, and this hastening will bring the moon into a smaller and smaller orbit until at last she will be brought into contact with the earth, unless, as Professor Alexander Herschel suggests, she should crumble under the increased effects of the earth's action, and so come to form a ring of fragments around our globe. If, however, the other view is right, the moon's motion will be continually retarded,* her orbit will gradually widen out, and some day, presumably, we shall lose her altogether.

Again, if the views commonly given are just, the earth's friction should cause the tidal wave to lag behind its true place. But if Newton, Laplace, and Airy are right, then, to use the words of the last-named astronomer, "the effect of friction will be to accelerate the time of each individual tide."

We apprehend that there is room for improvement in the current account of the tides. Many eminent men, as Whewell, Lubbock, and Haughton, have discussed in the most elaborate and skilful manner the laws according to which the actual tidal wave travels along the great sea-paths. But as yet no one has tried to reconcile the theory of Newton, which may be called the dynamical theory of the tides, with that commonly given in our books, which may be called the statical theory.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN ACKLAND.

A TRUE STORY.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IX.

ON inquiry at the police station in Charleston, S. C. Mr. Tom Ackland, accompanied by Mr. Cartwright, was shown the hat and book mentioned by the Charleston Messenger. Mr. Tom Ackland rather thought that he had once seen the book in

* The retarding and hastening mentioned in the above paragraph refer to the rate at which the moon completes her revolutions round the earth. As a matter of fact, paradoxical as it sounds, it is a continual process of retarding which eventually hastens the moon's motion. Every check on the moon's motion gives the earth an increased pull on her, and this pull adds more to her velocity than she lost by the check. And vice versa.

the possession of his Cousin John. But of this he could not feel sure. The name, both in the book and in the hat, was printed. The handwriting on the margin of the page opposite the marked passage in the book proved to be quite illegible, but bore a strong resemblance to the sprawling and unsteady characters of the last two letters received by Mr. Tom Ackland from his cousin. Inside the hat they found the mark of a Georgetown maker, partly effaced. The police, after their first inquiries in Charleston, having jumped to the conclusion that they were being hoaxed, had treated the whole affair so carelessly that they had not even attempted to follow up this indication. Cartwright was the first to point it out. In consequence of this discovery, Mr. Tom Ackland immediately proceeded to Georgetown, and had no difficulty in finding there the hatter whose name and address Cartwright had detected inside the hat. On examining the hat, and referring to his books, the hatter identified it as having been sold on the 29th of last September. To whom? He could not say. So many different hats were sold in the course of a day to so many different people. He would ask his young men. One of his young men thought he had sold a hat of that description some time ago, but could not positively say it was on the 29th of September, to a gentleman who had one arm in a sling. Right arm? Could not remember, but thought it was the right arm. Hat was paid for in ready money. Was the gentleman on foot, or in a carriage? Thought he was on foot, but could not remember distinctly.

This was all the information Tom Ackland could obtain at Georgetown. He inquired at all the hotels there, but could not find the name of Ackland inscribed in any of their books. On his return to Charleston, Cartwright told him that his own inquiries at the hotels and boarding-houses in that city had been equally infructuous.

On inquiring at the post-office, they were informed that letters had certainly been received there for John K. Ackland, Esq., and regularly delivered to a gentleman so calling himself, who applied for them daily. What sort of looking gentleman? Very invalid-looking gentleman, always muffled up to the chin in a long cloak, and seemed to suffer from cold even when the weather was oppressively hot.

"Was he at all like this gentleman?" asked Cartwright, pointing to Tom Ackland.

Really could n't recall any resemblance.

Noticed anything else particular about him?

Yes. He carried one arm in a sling and limped slightly.

Anything else?

Yes. Spoke with rather an odd accent.

Yankee accent?

Well, hardly. Could n't well say what it was like. But the gentleman rarely spoke at all, and seemed rather deaf.

Had been for his letters lately?

Not since the 15th of October. There was one letter still lying there to his address. Explanations having been given by the two gentlemen, this letter was eventually, with the sanction of the police officer who accompanied them, handed over to Mr. Tom Ackland, that gentleman having claimed it on behalf of his cousin. It proved to be his own reply to John Ackland's last letter to himself.

Had the gentleman never communicated to the post-office his address in Charleston?

Never.

Tom groaned in the spirit. He could no longer entertain the least doubt that his worst fears had been but too well founded. The absolute and universal ignorance which appeared to prevail at Charleston of the existence of any such person as John Ackland would have been altogether inexplicable if John Ackland's own letters to Tom, alluding to the profound seclusion in which he had been living ever since his arrival in that city, did not partly explain it. No such person having ever been seen or heard of on 'Change, or at any of the banks in Charleston, how had John Ackland been living? Cartwright suggested that it was possible that he might have been living all this while on the money which he himself had paid over to him in notes at Glenoak.

"That is true," thought Tom Ackland; for he remembered that his cousin in his last letter from Glenoak, had stated that the notes were still in his possession. But nothing short of insanity could account for his not having deposited them, since then, at any bank. Unhappily such an hypothesis was by no means improbable. Who was that Spanish gentleman who professed to have discovered the hat and book of John Ackland's on the bank of the river? Could he have been John Ackland's assassin? But if so, why should he have spontaneously attracted attention to the disappearance of his victim, and promoted investigation into the circumstances of it? His story, as reported by the Charleston Messenger, was indeed so extravagant as to justify the opinion expressed by that journal. But Tom Ackland had in his possession letters from his cousin which made the story appear far less improbable to him than it might reasonably appear to any one not acquainted with the state of John Ackland's mind during the last month. It was very unlucky that there was now no possibility of seeing and speaking with that Spanish gentleman. For the gentleman in question, after having postponed his departure in order to aid the inquiries of the police, had left Charleston about two days before Tom Ackland's arrival there, on being assured by the authorities that his presence was not required. And he had left behind him no indication of his present whereabouts.

This was the position of affairs with Mr. Tom Ackland, and his inquiries appeared to have come to a hopeless dead lock, when, late one night, Mr. Cartwright (who had been absent during the whole of the day) burst into his room with the announcement that he had obtained important information about John Ackland.

It had occurred to him, he said, that John Ackland must, from all accounts, have been a confirmed invalid for the last few months. If so, he would probably have sought some country lodging in the neighborhood of Charleston, where the situation was healthiest, without being inconveniently far from town, in case he should require medical assistance. Acting at once on this supposition (which, in order not to excite false hopes, in case it should lead to nothing, he had refrained from communicating to Tom), he had determined to visit all the environs of Charleston. He had that morning selected for his first voyage of discovery a locality only a few miles distant from Charleston, which he knew to be a particularly healthy situation. His inquiries there were not successful, and he was on the point of returning to Charleston, when he fortunately recollected that he had not yet visited a little lodg-

ing-house where he remembered having once taken rooms himself, many years ago, when he was at Charleston with his poor wife, then in very weak health. He was not aware whether that house still existed, but he thought he would try; and he had been rewarded for his pains by learning from its landlady that some time ago a gentleman, who said his name was Ackland, called there, saw the house, and took it for six months. He paid the rent in advance, and had placed his effects in the house. But, to the best of the landlady's belief, he had not once slept at home since he became her tenant. He frequently came there, indeed, during the day, and had sometimes taken his meals there. But on all such occasions it was his habit to lock the door of his room as long as he was in it. Nothing would induce him to touch food in the presence of any one. She had served him his dinner often, but had never seen him eat it. Sometimes he carried part of it away with him; and once he told her that he did this in order to have the food analyzed. He appeared to be under a constant impression that his food was poisoned; and the landlady was of opinion that her lodger was a decided monomaniac, but that he was perfectly harmless. She said he was a very eccentric gentleman, but an excellent tenant. He had been at the house on the morning of the 16th (she remembered the date because of a washing bill which he told her to pay for him on that day, and for which she has not yet been reimbursed). He remained at home during the whole of the day, but locked up his room as usual. About six o'clock in the evening he went out, locking the doors of all the sitting-rooms and bedrooms and taking the key with him. Before leaving the house, he told her that he was likely to be absent for some time, as he was pursued by enemies, and that there would probably be inquiries about him, but she was not to notice them, and on no account to mention his name to any one. "She has never seen him since. But her description of him precisely tallies with that which was given us at the post-office. She is a very old woman, rather blind, rather deaf, and very stupid. I don't think she can either read or write. Most of this information I obtained from the nigger gal who does all the work of the house. She eventually promised to have the locks opened in our presence to-morrow; and I have settled that, if agreeable to you, we will drive over there after breakfast." Thus Cartwright to Tom Ackland.

Poor Tom Ackland was profoundly affected by this fresh evidence of zeal and sympathy on the part of Mr. Cartwright. But Cartwright himself made light of his own efforts. "Pcoh, pooh, my dear sir!" he said, in reply to Tom's repeated expressions of gratitude; "if he was your cousin, was he not also my friend?"

When Tom Ackland entered the first room, from which the lock was removed, in the house to which Cartwright conducted him on the following day, one glance round it told him all, and, with a low moan of pain, he fell upon the bed and sobbed. There, on that bed, was the dressing-gown which poor John Ackland had worn the last evening on which he and Tom had sat together discussing John's plans for the future. There, in the wardrobe, were John Ackland's clothes; there, on the shelf, were John Ackland's books; there, on the table, were John Ackland's papers. And among those papers Tom afterwards found an unfinished letter addressed to himself. It was written in those sprawling, shaky characters which Tom had lately

been learning, sadly, to decipher, and which were so all unlike the once firm and well-formed handwriting of his cousin. "God bless you, dear Tom!" (the letter said.) "My last thought is of you. I have borne it long. I cannot bear it longer. Nobody will miss me but you. And you, if you could see me as I am now, if you could know all that I have been suffering, even you, would surely wish for me that relief from misery which only death can give. They are after me day and night, Tom. They have left me no peace. Mary Mordent is at the bottom of it all. She hides herself. But I know it. I have no heart to post this letter, Tom. I have no strength to finish it. Good by, Tom. Don't fret. Dear, dear Tom, good by."

Tom Ackland returned to Boston with two convictions, one, that his unfortunate cousin had perished by suicide on the night of the 16th of October; the other, that Philip Cartwright was a most unselfish, warm-hearted fellow. The whole story of John Ackland's mysterious disappearance and lamentable death had excited too much curiosity, and been too hotly discussed, both at Richmond and Boston, to be soon forgotten in either of those localities. Serious quarrels had arisen (in Richmond at least), and old acquaintances had become estranged in consequence of the vehemence with which diverse theories were maintained by their respective partisans on the subject of John Ackland's fate. But time went on, and, as time went on, the story became an old story which no one cared to refer to, for fear of being voted a bore. There were not wanting at Richmond, however, some few persons by whose suspicious fancies Philip Cartwright, against all evidence to the contrary, remained uncharitably connected with the mysterious disappearance and subsequent suicide of the Boston merchant, in a manner much less flattering to that gentleman's character than Mr. Tom Ackland's grateful recollection of his friendly exertion at Charleston.

ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

III. THE FIRST AND LAST PERIODS OF ROMAN IMPERIALISM COMPARED.

I HAVE already said that there are two very distinct periods in the imperial history, and that these are divided by a long revolutionary period of transition. The end of the first period I placed at Marcus Aurelius; we may be more precise if we choose and place it at the breaking out of the Marcomannic war. The beginning of the other period may be placed at the accession of Diocletian, when the unity and tranquillity of the Empire were restored and the outlines of the new system of government were sketched. The transition period which intervened is, perhaps, the most melancholy in European history. It presents some of the worst tyrannies, some of the bloodiest revolutions, and some of the most enormous calamities in history. It presents Europe suffering from two plagues at once; the one the plague properly so called; the other, a mutinous, omnipotent, and half-barbaric soldiery.

To this middle period I shall not again call your attention. I propose now to place the first and third periods before you in contrast, in order to make more clear the radical and universal change which had taken place in the interval. In other words, I propose to institute a detailed comparison

between the Empire under Hadrian or the Antonines, and the Empire under Constantine or Theodosius.

First, then, in the early period the Roman world was clearly and broadly separated from the barbaric, but in the latter period the separation has disappeared. In the earlier period certain nations belonged to the one and certain other nations to the other; the nations beyond the frontier were of a different stock from the nations within it. There was a distinction of blood, as well as of place and of institutions. In the latter period the physical boundary remains, and also the distinction of institutions; but the German blood is to be found in the Roman population as much as out of it. Germans are within the Empire, and not only so, but more diffused through the Empire than any other nationality. The Empire had before been a specific substance with a distinct form. It is still a distinct form, but the substance or stuff is no longer distinguishable from that of barbarism. The word Roman has ceased to be a national designation, and has become a legal or technical term. There are Roman citizens still in the eyes of the law, but they are as likely to have the features and habits of barbarians as of those who are not Roman citizens. There is still a Roman army; there are still legions officered still by centurions and tribunes; but the soldiers are now very commonly Goths, Vandals, and Sarmatians. There are still famous Roman generals, as in the days of Scipio and Marius; and famous victories are won, as in old days, over barbarous hordes; but Stilicho was a Vandal and Aëtius a Sarmatian, and their victories were won perhaps with Roman science, but certainly by barbarian hands. Even the forms are in some cases barbarous. Roman soldiers now rushed to the charge with the old German war-cry, called the *barritus*; when Julian became emperor, he was lifted on a shield like a Frankish chief.

Even in the earlier period the word Roman had been stretched considerably beyond its original meaning. There were already multitudes of Roman citizens who had never set foot in Rome. But it was still a name denoting certain nations and excluding others, and it was still justified by the fact that Rome remained the seat of government and the centre of the Empire. It was considered the strangest instance of eccentricity in Tiberius that he retired without necessity from Rome, and deliberately preferred to live elsewhere; a hundred years later the first Antonine lived exclusively, and the second usually, at Rome. But now, not only had the word Roman ceased to be exclusive of any nationality, but it was used to describe an empire of which Rome was not the centre. Diocletian took the government away from Rome, and Constantine provided a worthy seat for it on the Bosphorus. Nor by this change did Rome merely cease to be the sole seat of government; it lost its metropolitan character altogether. The emperors of the West abandoned it as well as those of the East. They preferred to it first Milan and then Ravenna. There are still other claims to the title of Roman, which the earlier Empire had possessed and which the later Empire wanted.

In the times of the Antonines the fact that the Empire had been founded by a conquering nation issuing from Rome, was still conspicuously seen in the distinction between those subjects of the Empire who had the Roman citizenship and those had

not. The distinction was becoming faint, but so long as it was recognized by the law, so long as in the army the legions consisting of Roman citizens were distinct from the allied cohorts and squadrons consisting of those who wanted the citizenship, so long the Empire might still be said, in a sense to be Roman. But during the transition period this distinction also was effaced. When all the freemen of the Empire were placed on an equal footing, and the distinction between legions and allies disappeared in the army, the last visible record of Rome's conquest was obliterated.

We are accustomed to think of that Holy Roman Empire which disappeared from the world within living memory, as having been Roman only in name. The misnomer in that case was certainly more glaring, but it was hardly more real than in the case of the Empire of Constantine. It is true that the Empire of Constantine had arisen out of that of the Antonines without breach of continuity, and that the change had been gradual. Still, it had been a very complete change; one by one most of the Roman characteristics had disappeared. The appropriateness of the title could only be discovered from history. The Empire might be called Roman as Constantine might be called Caesar. But Constantine was as much connected by blood with the old Julian gens of Alba Longa as the vast political system half Oriental, half barbaric, in which so many nations were united, was connected with the drowsy old provincial town on the banks of the Tiber, which Ammianus has described for us.

If the Empire was no longer Roman either by nationality or in the sense of being connected as an appurtenance or dependency with the city of Rome, neither was it Roman in the sense of possessing the political institutions which had originally belonged to Rome. Here the contrast between the age of Constantine and that of the Antonines is particularly marked.

Under the Antonines the Empire retained much of the political character of the old Republic. It was in fact nearer to the Republic than it had been under the first Cæsars. Just at that exceptional period the State was guided by a president for life, nominated by his predecessor from among the most promising men of the age, possessing indeed power limited by nothing but his will, but choosing for the most part to regard his Senate with deference. This Senate was a chosen body of distinguished men selected by the emperor from the whole Empire, and required to take up their residence in Italy. They formed a dignified club at Rome, and gave a powerful expression to the feelings of the upper classes. The old Republic had often witnessed a similar government, when a Dictator had managed the State with the confidence of the aristocratic Senate. The monarchical element was there but in the form least repugnant to Republicanism, for the monarch was not hereditary nor separated by any clear demarcation from his subjects.

In the time of Constantine the government is essentially different, for the Senate as an organ of general aristocratic opinion has practically disappeared, and the life-president has become a sultan. Both these changes were natural, and omens of them had appeared even before the Antonines. The Senate of Nero was almost as insignificant as that of Constantine, and no Sultan could trample on human beings more contemptuously than Caligula. When the earlier emperors were restrained, it was

by their own good sense or virtue; the system was entirely without checks. But what before only the bad emperors had been, every emperor was now, and the Senate was now habitually as insignificant as before a bad emperor had occasionally made it. An Augustus, a Trajan, an Antoninus, had found it politic, and perhaps judged it right, to treat the Senate with great respect, and to secure its co-operation in government.

But the emperors of the later series who answer best to these, and who were the wisest rulers, — Diocletian, Constantine, Valentinian, Theodosius, — steadily disregarded and trampled on the Senate; only a weak Gratian flatters it. Nor has it only lost favor with the emperors; it has suffered a great change of character. In the first place, there is now no longer a single Senate, but two, one at Rome and another at Constantinople; and next, there are now a multitude of senators scattered through the provinces who do not practically attend the meetings of the body at either of the two capitals. These changes were calculated to destroy the influence of the Senate as an organ of public opinion. Its judgment was no longer the solemn decision of a picked body of distinguished men assembled at the centre of government. It was assembled partly at Rome, which was not the seat of government, but a venerated ancient city possessing a circle of very distinguished and extremely indolent, noble families; and partly at Constantinople, which was sometimes nominally the seat of empire, but often only the seat of the Eastern Government. The decisions of these two bodies might be contradictory, nor did they necessarily represent the opinion of the senatorian order which was scattered through the Empire. Thus changed in character, and steadily discouraged by the emperor, the Senate loses almost all its influence. It is preserved as a convenient *nucleus of wealth* for the operations of the tax-gatherer. As a political organ it becomes only once again conspicuous, and that is when the Roman Senate makes its fruitless protest in favor of the ancient gods, and once more sits, as in the old Gallic invasion, to represent a lost cause and to be bearded by victorious invaders. When I say that the Emperor has become a Sultan, I mean, not only that he has assumed Oriental state, and a kind of sacred character as head of the Christian Church, but also that his immeasurable superiority to his subjects is admitted by them in their hearts, that the very conception of liberty has disappeared, and that that period has already begun which only ended with the French Revolution, the period during which government had a supernatural character, and exercised a dazzling or enchanting power over the minds of men. This spell, which the whole seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were uneasily laboring to shake off, was first thrown upon men's minds by Diocletian and Constantine. By these men the deep distinction that had so long existed between the Greeks and Romans on the one hand, and the Orientals on the other, was effaced. They destroyed what we may call the classical view of life, which asserts human free will, and regards government merely as a useful and respectable machinery for economizing power, and introducing order, beauty, and virtue into human affairs. In place of it they introduced the Asiatic view, which rests upon unalterable necessity, and elevates government into a divinity, teaching the subject to endure whatever it may inflict, not only without

resistance, but without even an inward murmur; and, in short, to say to government what religion commands us to say to Providence: "Thy will be done."

With the Oriental theory of government was introduced Oriental cruelty and wastefulness of human life. In the earlier Empire there had been seen cruel emperors, but now cruelty has become part of the system. The history of this time might be written in letters of blood. Executions, tortures, massacres, make the staple of the narrative even in the reigns of good emperors. The great Theodosius massacres thousands of innocent people in a transient fit of passion. Constantine puts to death his wife and son. Valentinian, a brave and able emperor, sheds as much blood as Caracalla, apparently from no bad motive, but only from a kind of mania for severity which has infected government. When the emperor is of weak character, this uniform cruelty is intensified by his fears. Constantius does not appear to have been a monster like Caligula or Nero; he was simply a weak man; yet his tyranny, as described by Ammianus, appears far more tremendous than theirs. Theirs at the utmost is European, his is Asiatic.

It is the redeeming feature of this despotism that the rule of hereditary succession is not habitually practised in it. The ablest generals are still frequently invested with the purple, and there appeared during this period rulers who, in their merciless energy and the vastness of their views, resembled the Czar Peter. But the hereditary principle would occasionally creep in, and when it did so it always inflicted irreparable injury. The evils of hereditary succession can be guarded against when they can be calculated upon. The real burden of government can then be devolved upon ministers. But when the law of birth intrudes itself into an elective monarchy, when a weak man or a child is placed upon a throne which is commonly filled by merit, he is expected to govern personally; no adequate ministerial organization is at hand to screen his deficiencies; and his incompetence tells to its full extent upon his empire. The hereditary principle should be excluded altogether if it is not exclusively adopted. The right of nominating his successor, which was given in the Roman Empire to the emperor, gave him the power of ruining everything by a single act. One corrupt or partial appointment was fatal. The nepotism of Aurelius brought on the dismal revolutionary period; the nepotism of Theodosius brought in the barbarians.

The worst kind of government is that which is regarded by its subjects as divine, and at the same time is really weak. Such was the government of Constantius, of Honorius, of Valentinian III.; imbecile, and at the same time despotic, plaguing the world like an angry deity, and misgoverning it like an ignorant child. But these were exceptional cases. Government during this period was commonly at a higher level. It was Asiatic, but it was commonly able. Compared with Asiatic governments, it was good.

If the emperor was regarded as a divinity, at least he earned his deification for the most part by merit. He was not such a deity as those which Egypt worshipped, a sacred ape or cat, but rather a Hercules or Quirinus, who had risen by superhuman labors to divine honors. But compared with the government of the Antonines, it was barbaric. The Empire has fallen into a lower class of states. Reason and simplicity have disappeared from it.

Subjects have lost all rights, and government all responsibility. The reign of political superstition has set in. Abject fear paralyzes the people, and those that rule are intoxicated with insolence and cruelty. It is an Iron Age.

Government having assumed Godhead, assumes at the same time the appurtenances of it. It is surrounded with "thousands of angels." A principal feature of this age as contrasted with that of the Antonines is the enormous multiplication of offices and officials. In this respect the Empire had from the beginning advanced upon the Republic. I have already shown that the most conspicuous change introduced by the imperial system was the creation of a number of great offices principally of a military character. A kind of martial regularity and strictness of discipline had been given to the State. By the side of the old civic and free organization had been placed a military organization which was despotic. Under the Antonines the two had subsisted together in harmony, and despotism had worn an almost republican dress. But the civic organization had now disappeared entirely, and had been superseded by a bureaucracy framed after the military model. The holders of function, who were originally elected by the people to rule over the people, have now become soldiers, bearing the commission and under the orders of the commander-in-chief. All officials alike bear the name of *militēs*, and their service is called *militia*; even when their functions are purely civil they bear military titles, such as *centurio*, *principarius*. It seemed at the beginning of this period as if the very conception of any power not military had disappeared from the world.

Where is now the toga of Cicero? The Empire had become a camp. But this state of things was not to last. It was indeed destined that all power should assume the military type; civil life was to be reorganized on the model of military life. But the distinction between the civil and the military power was brought back by Constantine soon after it had seemed to be lost. Civil life is merged for a moment in military, and is then again differentiated; but when it reappears, the military stamp is on it. The military title of *prætorian præfect* is given to four men whose functions are purely civil, and who exercise supreme jurisdiction each over a quarter of the Empire. Meanwhile the military functions are committed to new officers called *Duces*, the originals of our modern dukes; a distinctive war-office is created; there is a commander-in-chief of the infantry and a commander of the cavalry. The old *legatus*, such as he is described in the life of Agricola, — a despotic sovereign within his own province, a general and a judge at the same time, — has disappeared. The civil and military professions have been created, and each is elaborately organized; but the civil profession is an offshoot from the military. The Army, as it were, destroyed the State, and then created a new State out of itself.

Upon the system of the Antonines this is, in one sense, a great improvement. Such a vast empire evidently could not be satisfactorily governed without a complicated organization, nor could it be safe from disturbances without a separation of the civil and military governments. The distribution of the Empire into *præfectures*, *vicariates*, *dioceses*; the creation of an army, of public servants embodied and drilled with all the formality of an army; — these were administrative reforms of the first mag-

nitude, and they make the government of Constantine seem a far more finished machine than that of the Antonines. But the well-being of a State does not always increase with the administrative efficiency of its government. An all-powerful government was created; since liberty in that age was out of the question, such a government, had it been wise, might have been the best thing for the State. But it was all-powerful for evil as well as for good, and in the end, after saving the Empire, it ruined it.

I showed in my last lecture that the Empire was essentially weak for want of the first conditions of vigor in a society, — population and industry. It was too weak to bear the ponderous weight of such a government. For, besides the cruelty, this government had all the wastefulness of Oriental rule. The army of officials might be necessary to carry on government, but they ruined the people. Their enormous number of itself entailed ruinous expenses. Moreover, in making ostentation a principle, the government had, as it were, committed itself to extravagance. Extravagance involved oppressive taxation, and the agents of this taxation, the official class, inevitably formed the habit of rapacity. Thus for the tyranny of an emperor, to which in earlier times the people were sometimes exposed, was now substituted the uniform, universal, crushing tyranny of an official class.

Evils seldom come in this world without their compensations. I have been enumerating the symptoms of a long decay, the decay of a world. Steadily downward to a lower level of civilization and of happiness sank the Roman Empire. Its population barbarized by immigrations from beyond the frontier; its old civic freedom disappearing even from memory; its organ of opinion, the Senate, sinking into an insignificant committee of placemen; its emperor putting off the sense of responsibility, and along with it all restraints of human feeling: its administration assuming a military ruthlessness and peremptoriness; its government generally becoming its own triumphant and insolent enemy, — Rome, the representative of European civilization, the inventor of civilized jurisprudence and the inheritor of Greek philosophy, descends to the level of an Asiatic State. She passes through the fire to that military Moloch whose minister she had made herself.

With genius dead, and the intellect fallen into such rudeness that she can scarcely tell us articulately the story of her woes, we see her more than once prostrate before one of those monstrous human idols that are worshipped in Asia, a silly creature educated in insolence and wearing a diadem, cruel and irresistible, deriving all his strength from human weakness, yet exacting copious libations of human blood and the utmost farthing of treasure. But to all these losses there were compensations, and these I proceed to consider. The Asiatic despotism had some points of advantage over the classic. Liberty, which in its old forms had disappeared, began to spring up in new ones. In the first place, at the moment when freemen sank to be slaves, slaves began to turn into freemen. We do not know distinctly the steps of the transformation, but, like all the other changes to which I have called attention, it took place between the age of the Antonines and that of Constantine. A class of agricultural serfs came into existence, attached to the soil and irremovable from the spot on which they lived. They are sometimes called slaves, but they appear to have had

property, and they had rights against their masters and duties to the State. In the decay of population human beings had risen in value. The government wanted recruits for its legions, and began to lay claim to the services of those who before had been the chattels of private citizens. In the decay of industry it was necessary to provide for the cultivation of the soil. One of the peculiarities of this government, in which human free-will was almost suppressed, was its principle of assigning vocations by arbitrary compulsion to whole classes of men. Many governments have assumed the right of pressing people against their will into some vocations, particularly into military service. But in the age of Constantine a principle of forced enlistment is applied to almost all functions.

Men are forced into municipal offices against their will, in some cases they are pressed into trade. It was by another application of the same principle that one class of the population is bound to agricultural labor. The government, as it were, enlists an army of cultivators, whom it controls with as much rigor as its army, properly so called. These cultivators are in the strictest sense servants of the soil. They have a definite function in the community, and for the fulfilment of it they are responsible to the State. The State was no merciful master, but so far as it assumed authority over the serf it rescued him from the authority of his master. As the harshest system is better than individual caprice, we may believe that the lot of the *coloni* was better than that of the agricultural slaves of the earlier time. If so, an improvement is caused by the very principle of decay and dissolution, and the very rottenness of the carcase breeds new life.

At the same time there was spread through society a new principle, which, if it cannot properly be called Liberty, was a most powerful substitute for it. I have said that government had been erected into a divinity, and that the very tradition of liberty was lost. This is true, and yet a certain kind of resistance to government was carried on upon a vast scale, with unalterable resolution and with success. The edict of Diocletian commanding the Christians to sacrifice was resisted throughout the Empire; the resistance was maintained for seven years, until Diocletian's successor succumbed to it. Athanasius resisted Constantine and Constantius successfully. Ambrose not merely resisted, but rebuked and humbled Theodosius. This new spirit had indeed appeared in the Empire before the age of the Antonines. Aurelius had remarked what he called the "obstinacy" of a class of his subjects, but in his time the phenomenon, though striking, was not yet formidable. It became formidable early in the revolutionary period; and at the accession of Diocletian this obstinacy had spread so widely, organized itself so well, and rehearsed its part so carefully, that it proved irresistible.

This obstinacy in the Empire achieved deeds as memorable as had been achieved by liberty in the Republic. Yet it was not liberty. Liberty is a proud spirit; it regards government as a mere instrument of human happiness, and resists it when it becomes evidently prejudicial to happiness. Liberty flashes out against the government that murders innocent men and dishonors women. Liberty is force of character roused by the sense of wrong. It is consistent, indeed, with a sense of duty and a willingness to bear just restraint; uncombined with these it achieves nothing lasting; but it is more often allied with turbulence and impatience

of discipline. Such had been liberty in the old Republic, the rebellion of strong spirits against laws strained too far, self-assertion, sturdiness, combativeness. Such was not the Christian obstinacy. In this when it was genuine there was no rebellion, there was no assertion of right. Those who practised it were not less obedient, but more obedient, than others. They had no turn for liberty; they had no quarrel with the despotism of the *Cæsars*; this they met, not in the spirit of Brutus or Virginius, but with religious resignation. The truth was, they were under two despotisms while others were under only one. They were not satisfied with submitting to the *Cæsar* who assuredly did not "bear the sword in vain"; they endeavored to obey the law of Christ also. They bore the double burden with all patience. Those were not the times for free spirits to flourish in. In the soldier-ridden Empire there was no atmosphere of hope in which a spark of spirit could live or a breath of free heroism be drawn. To this class of simple feelings the Christian obstinacy does not belong. It arose from no impatience of restraint, but from a conflict of laws. The law of Christ carried it over the law of *Cæsar*. The spiritual sovereign prevailed over the temporal. They resisted one master in the interest of another. Their resistance was without the feeling of independence, their rebellion without the wish for freedom; no movement of defiance in their mind, obedience was driven out by obedience and loyalty by loyalty. Therefore, saving the law of Christ, the Christians were the most loyal of the emperor's subjects, and Christianity confirmed as much as controlled despotism. It produced a complete change in the attitude of the people to the emperor. It made their loyalty more intense, but confined it within definite limits. It strengthened in them the feeling of submissive reverence for government as such; it encouraged the disposition of the time to political passiveness. It was intensely conservative, and gave to power with one hand as much as it took away with the other. Constantine, if he was influenced by policy, was influenced by a wise policy when he extended his patronage to the Church. By doing so he may be said to have purchased an indefeasible title by a charter. He gave certain liberties, and he received in return passive obedience. He gained a sanction for the Oriental theory of government; in return he accepted the law of the Church. He became irresponsible with respect to his subjects on condition of becoming responsible to Christ.

The difference, then, between the later series of emperors and the earlier is this. The earlier emperors were nominally Republican magistrates, but practically their power was unlimited. The later emperors were avowedly Oriental despots, but their power had one important and definite limitation. On the other hand, the later emperors had not so much active resistance to fear as the earlier. The spirit of liberty which prompts to active resistance was in the earlier period not quite dead; the spirit of religion and morality which was vigorous in the later period prompted only to passive resistance. The practical result was that the earlier emperors could not venture upon so much cruelty as the later, and the later emperors could not indulge so much caprice as the earlier. In the first century the Romans submitted for years to all the frenzied whims of a lunatic; at last they killed him for his cruelty. The later Romans submitted frequently to much more cruel governments, but they

firmly resisted the virtuous Julian when he tried to change their institutions.*

The position assumed by the Church at this time towards government has determined its attitude throughout modern history. It has often controlled and defied kings, as Ambrose did; but it has always remained cold towards the spirit of liberty. Not that there is anything in Christianity incompatible with liberty, not that zealous champions of liberty may not be, or have not often been, zealous Christians. But Christianity sprang up and shaped its institutions, at a time when liberty was impossible, and when the wisest course for men in existing circumstances was to abandon the dream of it. Therefore, the earliest documents of Christianity, the biographies of its Founder, and the early history of the Church, bear the stamp of political quietism. In all disputes between authority and liberty the traditions of Christianity are on the side of authority. Passive obedience was plausibly preached by the Anglican clergy out of the New Testament; when the opposite party sought Scriptural sanction for the principles of freedom, they were swayed irresistibly back upon the Old Testament, where rebellions and tyrannicides may be found similar to those which fill classical history. The whole modern struggle for liberty has been conducted without help from the authoritative documents of Christianity. Liberty has had to make its appeal to those classical examples and that literature which were superseded by Christianity. In the French Revolution men turned from the New Testament to Plutarch. The former they connected with tyranny; the latter was their text-book of liberty. Plutarch furnished them with the teaching they required for their special purpose, but the New Testament met all their new-born political ardor with a silence broken only here and there by exhortations to submission.

But this, which has been the weakness of Christianity in recent times, was its strength in the first ages of its existence. The spirit of Liberty and the spirit of Nationality were once for all dead; to sit weeping by their grave might for a time be a pious duty, but it could not continue always expedient or profitable. Yet this is the attitude of the age of Trajan. Tacitus makes it his object to nurse the ancient spirit as much as possible. He canonizes the martyrs of the Senate, — Pætus, Rusticus, Helvidius. He studies to feel like a senator, though conscious that the dignity of that name is only traditional. He studies to feel like a Roman, though alien blood is everywhere corrupting the purity of race; but he cannot prevent the corruption of Roman blood, nor check the inundating flood of foreign manners. Plutarch buries himself in the past, and by the power of imagination repeoples with its ancient heroes the depopulated and demoralized Greece into which he was born. In the age of the Antonines, to read of Epaminondas, Dion, Timoleon, might be entertaining and elevating, but it could not be practically useful, for it was neither possible nor desirable to imitate such examples. A literary man, like Plutarch, might not keenly feel the hopeless contrast between the reality and his ideal; but Tacitus, in the Roman senate, feels it, and hence the cynical despair that pervades his works. It was, therefore, the strength of Christianity that it renounced this unprofitable ideal. When

it came forward, in the age of Constantine, to lead the thought of the Empire, it presented a programme in which Liberty and Nationality were omitted. A noble life had before been necessarily a free and public life, but the New Testament shows how virtue may live under the yoke of an absolute government, and in a complete retirement from politics. Patriotism had been the great nurse of morality; the *πολις* had been the centre by which human beings had been held together. Christianity arose from the destruction of a nationality, and showed its power principally in effacing national distinctions, and in uniting first Jew and Gentile, and afterwards Roman and Barbarian. Who can wonder at its success? To a universal empire it offered a universal morality; by limiting despotism it relieved the people, and by sanctioning despotism it compensated the despot.

Thus the age was made somewhat happier by receding further from liberty. Under the Antonines it was fully conscious of its loss, and looked back with regret; but now it had forgotten its loss, had found for itself new objects, and was again looking forward. Tyranny was more cruel, and misery was more wide-spread, than in the days of the Antonines; but it was less felt, because the age had occupations which absorbed it, and was possessed with thoughts which, in a measure, numbed the sense of pain. The political languor of the age of the Antonines was not compensated by any intellectual or speculative activity. The old ideas were still before men's minds, but constantly becoming more obsolete; the old creeds were still officially accepted, but with less and less belief; the old sacrifices were still performed, but with less and less devotion. Seldom, perhaps, has there been a time when ideas had so little power over a highly civilized community. Roman literature was asleep; a movement was taking place in Greek literature, but it was of a popular and superficial kind. The itinerant Sophists, who travelled over the Greek world at this time delivering lectures or discourses, created perhaps something nearer to the popular literature of our own day than was known at any other period of antiquity. But they aim only at amusement, or very moderate edification; and the only one of them who has attained permanent fame, Lucian, exhibits most vividly the spiritual emptiness of the time. His dialogues are a universal satire, — a satire upon what men do, but still more upon what they think, upon what they profess to believe and to venerate. They give a low impression of the philosophy of the age; religious belief, except in the lowest forms of superstition, they represent as absolutely dead. Lucian writes for and of the people; a very different writer, a writer much too noble to be a fair representative of his age, the Emperor Aurelius, still shows us what was going on at the same time in the minds of the most cultivated. The ancient gods have disappeared from his creed, and no new objects of worship have taken their place. Piety remains, and serves to him as a kind of proof of the existence of its objects, but sometimes he feels the proof insufficient. Why should I care to live, he says, in a world void of gods and void of a Providence?

Pass over the revolutionary period, and what a contrast? We find ourselves in an age when ideas, good and bad, have an overmastering influence, and when, in particular, the sense of religion is more universal and more profound than it had ever been in the world before. Thoughts, reasonings,

* At the beginning of the third century the aristocracy of Rome looked on with an enormous patience while a shameless Syrian priest insulted its gods and its religion.

controversies, which in the age of the Antonines had been but languid in the schools, had now made their way into the world, and lived with an intense life. The populace, which in the age of the Antonines lies, as it were, outside the province of history, having neither opinions nor purposes, which counts in politics only as something to be fed and to be amused, as a reason for bringing corn-fleets from Egypt and Africa, and for building amphitheatres, — this populace, now in still greater poverty, and falling into a misery from which no government could any longer relieve it, is filled with vehement opinions, ardent beliefs, disinterested enthusiasm. Under the iron military rule human will and character begins to live again. Violent passions surge again, party divisions reappear, acts of free choice are done, men fight once more for a cause, once more choose leaders and follow them faithfully, and reward them with immortal fame. The trance of human nature is over, men are again busy and at work, in spite of tyranny and misery. The sense of a common interest thrills again through a vast mass, as it had thrilled through the citizens of Rome in old Republican days; but the mass is now composed, not of the citizens of a single city, but of the population of a world-wide empire.

Representatives of many nations appear in the great parliament at Nicæa; the leaders in the party conflict which raged there had their enthusiastic followers in every country in which Roman camps had ever been pitched. For the first time it might be said that the Empire was alive. Up to this time the nations of which it was composed had been held together but by military force. Now for the first time they thought and felt in unison; now they had an organization not imposed from without, but developing from within; now they had a common imperial culture and system of philosophy.

Yet all this vivid activity, which contrasts so strongly with the languor of the age of the Antonines, was compatible with a despotism infinitely more absolute than that of the Antonines. Under the paternal rule of Aurelius the people had remained inert and lifeless; under the afflicting tyranny of Valentinian they lived, willed, and acted with spirit and energy. The explanation of this is that, as I have said, the later despotism was one which secured itself by accepting limitations. Its subjects surrendered finally one half of their liberties on condition of enjoying securely the other half. For a nominal freedom, which was in fact an unlimited slavery, they accepted an undisguised but limited slavery. Human free-will made terms with the victorious power of government, and accepted a fraction, but a secure fraction, of its original possessions. The corporate life of man, which hitherto had been one and undivided, began now to be regarded as twofold. A distinction was introduced like that which we now recognize between political life and social life. In political life despotism reigned with more undisputed title than ever, and was more remorselessly cruel. But from social life despotism was almost expelled; within this not narrow domain a government was set up which, whatever its faults, had influential parliaments and popular magistrates. The distinction was drawn roughly enough, and between the two authorities there was frequent border war; but the distinction was maintained, and was no small compensation to those unfortunate generations, the hard-pressed garrison of the beleaguered citadel of civilization.

It was in this way that a considerable share of

liberty was reconquered in the Roman Empire, that the distinction between political and social life was first established, and that human free-will, expelled from the channels in which it had been accustomed to flow, found for itself a new channel. But what was the force by which this change was effected? It was a force which had seemed almost dead, — the force of Theology. During the revolutionary period the sceptical philosophies lost their influence, and so did that system of moral philosophy which threw man back upon himself. An age of faith set in, an age in which a large class had found a view of the universe which was satisfying and inspiring to them; and in which even those who had not, acknowledged the necessity of finding such a view, and endeavored in various ways to do so. A Theology was the necessity of this age: those who had not got one wished for one; those who rejected the most powerful and satisfying theology had recourse to less satisfying systems, and to spasmodic revivals of systems that were extinct. Outside the Christian Church, as well as within it, Theology was everywhere. In the time of the Antonines the most conspicuous fact, as I have said, is the decline of old beliefs. Doubtless the routine of rustic superstition went on as in earlier times; nor did philosophers speak generally with Lucian's contempt of the ancient gods. Plutarch has an explanation of them which warrants a sort of belief, but this explanation is evidently a concession to conservative feeling. The gods are venerated in the same way as the Senate, that is, for the sake of the past and on the condition of doing nothing. The exceptions to this, such as Apollonius, who had a more positive religious feeling, were in the earlier age only numerous enough to show the possibility of a Pagan revival.

During the revolutionary period this revival took place. The philosophers passed to theology over the bridge of Platonism. The close juxtaposition into which the different systems of religion prevailing in the different parts of the Empire had been brought, revealed certain features common to all. The revivalists fastened upon these common features, and Paganism in its last age returned to what was perhaps its earliest form and became Sun-worship.

This movement was spasmodic. The zeal of Julian, Porphyry, and others of that school, was not inspired by a belief, but by the wish for the belief. The influence moves in the wrong direction; it passes not from the belief to the men, but from the men to the belief. Their religion does not reanimate them, but they reanimate their religion. As a proof, however, of the need felt in that age for a religion, it is all the more striking. It was not by these Neo-Platonists and Neo-Pagans that that revival of human freedom and human activity of which I have spoken was produced, but the revival of Paganism shows more clearly than the introduction of Christianity the steady set of men's minds and feelings in that age towards religion. The picture I have given of the late Empire may suggest to us two among the many causes of this phenomenon.

First, then, the age was religious, because it was an age of servitude. Religious feeling is generally strong in proportion to the sense of weakness and helplessness. It is when man's own resources fail that he looks most anxiously to find a friend in the universe. Religion is man's consolation in the presence of a necessity which he cannot resist, his refuge when he is deserted by his own power, or

energy, or ingenuity. Negroes are religious, the primitive races in the presence of natural phenomena which they could not calculate or resist were intensely religious; women, in their dependence are more religious than men; Orientals under despotic governments are more religious than the nations of the West. On the other hand, a time of great advance in power, whether scientific power over Nature, or the power to avert evils, given by wealth and prosperity, is commonly a time of decline in religious feeling, until man's wants, ever growing with his acquisitions, strike again against the impassable boundary. The age when Europeans became as subject and as helpless as Orientals naturally made them also as religious as Orientals.

Secondly, the Empire was made religious by vast calamities and miseries. It was during the revolutionary period that it took the religious stamp, and that, as I have pointed out, was the age of the Plague and also of unparalleled political disasters. In the presence of such evils, there was no choice but between religion and stoical apathy. The effect of the Plague is visible in the traces at this time of a revival of the worship of Æsculapius. Men cried to any deity that might be able to aid, and renounced the scepticism that left them helpless in their utmost need. And as the weather did not clear, as plague followed plague through nearly a century, and when this evil was removed the *ficus* and the barbarian afflicted society almost as heavily, men must have come to consider existence itself an evil, had not religion held before their eyes a future state. Those whose whole lives were spent in watching decay and dissolution, who were borne upon a steadfast backward current, who were familiar with the dwindling of population, the disappearance of wealth, the fall of noble institutions, the degradation of manners and culture, could not have been reconciled to life by any plain view of things, by any sober calculations. They could only repair such losses and relieve such beggary out of the inexhaustible treasury of hope and faith. It was well that, in their painful search after objects of worship and after supernatural protection, men were not finally driven back upon the outworn imaginations of mythology. Those imaginations had been lovely in their spring-time, in the days of Homer or Æschylus, but it was late autumn with them now; they were wholesome no longer.

There is nothing more pestilential in the social atmosphere than the exhalations of stale poetry. It was also well that they found in the end something better than that Sun-worship which was gradually evolved out of the comparison of religions. This worship, indeed, was far from being utterly hollow or spasmodic, but men could no longer be content with the most dazzling material glory. "Two things fill me with wonder," said Kant, "the starry heaven without, and the moral principle within." It was these two awful things that contended for empire over the hearts of men in the fourth century. The invisible Deity vanquished the visible one. There was superstition on both sides, and a Claudian might fancy that to worship beauty in Proserpina was as ennobling as to worship corruption in the ashes of Peter and Paul. But it was not corruption that was worshipped at the shrines of the martyrs, but a higher thing than beauty, — moral goodness.

It was because in that revolutionary period, that great chasm between the Old World and the New, the depth and breadth of which I hope I have now

made clear to you, the Roman Empire, searching eagerly to find a religion, discovered in its bosom a worship which had the two things which the age demanded, — a supernatural character, and an ideal of moral goodness; and it was in a secondary degree because that ideal was of a type suiting the age, presenting virtue in the social sphere which was still open to it, and not in the political from which it was now excluded; it was for these reasons that when in the later period all the liberty which had still lingered in the age of the Antonines disappeared, when Asiatic Sultanism was set up, and all public functions fell into the hands of military officials, when tyranny was most oppressive and searching, when human life was cramped and stunted to the utmost, the spirit of freedom was able to assert itself in a form hitherto undreamed of, and when expelled from the State to reappear in the Church.

THE SCIENCE OF NAUSCOPIA.

IN March, 1785, there appeared in Paris, a man, by name Bottineau, with a grand discovery. He announced that he had found out means of perceiving the approach or the passage of ships at distances extending as far as even two hundred and fifty leagues. According to his own account, he had accidentally perceived, some twenty years before, being then employed in some civil capacity at the Isle of France, that certain phenomena in the heavens indicated the approach of ships; after an immense number of observations, failures, and uncertainties, he had arrived at a method of reading these indications (of what kind he declined to state), which, though from the nature of the case it was not quite certain, was yet so nearly correct as that, out of one hundred and fifty-five predictions of the arrival of ships, more than half, as he asserted, were absolutely correct, while a large part of the remainder were subsequently proved to be correct so far as the passage of the ships on the days, and at the distances stated, was concerned.

In one of these observations, says the writer of the *Memoires Secrets*, M. Bottineau announced several vessels in succession which, he felt sure, were an English fleet. They equipped a frigate and sent her out to observe. Two days after leaving Port Louis, the frigate actually fell in with the English fleet. "But," the writer continues, "the suspicious thing is, that M. Bottineau, like all charlatans, requires a large sum of money for his secret."

Three months later on, in the same year, we hear more of him. The government, struck by the pretensions of the man, investigated their correspondence with the Isle of France, and discovered that so far back as 1782, the governor of the island had written on the subject, speaking of him as a man who certainly possessed some part of the power which he professed.

M. Bottineau, meantime, was not idle. He published a long letter on his discovery, inviting savans to furnish him with a name.

"In order," he says, "to enable them to do this for me, I must commence by giving some idea of the new science. It consists in perceiving at sea the approach of land, five or six days before it is visible even to the most powerful telescope, — that is, at a distance of two hundred and fifty leagues. Further, the science may be used for the observation of ships from the land, at the same distance, and it furnishes principles for estimating the distance, and

for announcing, therefore, the time of arrival of the ship, or the touching at the harbor. It can also be employed for distinguishing if there are several vessels or only one; if they number, for instance, five or six, or if they form a fleet. It shows the distance between ships invisible to the eye; their rate of speed, their stations, and many other circumstances interesting for war or commerce.

"Marvellous as this science may appear, it requires neither a special organization nor superior talents. All that is wanted is a knowledge of a certain physical phenomenon which circumstances have led me to discover.

"Being in the Isle of France, twenty years ago, and having the sea always before my eyes, I perceived that the arrival of ships was always preceded by a certain phenomenon of nature, and the recurrence of this singularity made me suspect that there might exist a correspondence between the phenomenon in question and the passage of ships. Following up this idea, I succeeded in discovering:—

"1. That this phenomenon was incontestably the result of the passage of a ship.

"2. That it began to manifest itself five or six days before the arrival of the ship.

"3. That certain variations were caused by the rate at which the ship moved.

"4. That other variations were caused by the number of the ships.

"5. That the same principles which showed to the observer on land the approach of ships were applicable to observers at sea.

"6. That the phenomenon, with certain changes, served to point out to one ship the approach of another.

"7. That the different variations were perceived by day or by night, in fair weather and foul.

"After passing twenty years in studying these modifications, I was enabled to classify and arrange them in an infallible manner, and to compose on this subject a set of principles and instructions which, increasing the sphere of human knowledge, must produce a science altogether new, and never before suspected by physicists, and calculated to bring safety to thousands of men."

He got the name he asked for, — a very good name, — *nauscopie* (from *ναῦς* and *σκοπέω*), and thus prepared — what did he do next? From that moment, M. Bottineau and his invention disappear from history; so far, at least, as I have been able to discover. He got no money from the government, *et pour cause*, — the luckless government being then on its last legs. Came the great wave of Revolution, and poor Bottineau's twenty years of patient labor were wasted, — the edifice of so much ingenuity was swept away, and the science of *nauscopie* forever lost to the human race. Nor will it ever be discovered whether the man was a mistaken enthusiast or an impudent impostor, or whether he had really been able to perceive, in that bright Mauritian sky, evidences, by reflection or otherwise, of approaching ships. There is, at least, no doubt that his pretensions were tested by the governor, and that, out of a great many announcements, a large proportion were correct. On the other hand, there was then a large and regular trade between the Isle of France, India, and Europe, and anybody might safely venture to predict the arrival of ships for any day, and generally be right.

He left, however, one disciple, follower, or imitator. Within the last thirty years there used to

hang about the harbor-master's office, in Port Louis, an old Frenchman named Feillaiffé, who made it his business to go down every morning to the harbor, and report the approach of ships before they came within telescopic range. It is said that he was nearly always right, and that in cases where he was apparently wrong, it was afterwards found, as Bottineau boasted, that ships had actually passed.

Feillaiffé first came into notice, in 1810, by going to the governor, then M. Decaen, and informing him that a number of ships, presumably an English fleet, were assembling in the direction of Rodrigues, an island three hundred miles from Mauritius. It is even stated that he gave the number. The governor threatened to send him to prison as an alarmist, unless he held his tongue. But he was perfectly right, the fleet was at the moment actually assembling there, and a few days afterwards arrived off Mauritius.

It does not appear that Feillaiffé ever made much fuss about his powers, or that he tried to make money. Nor did he, on the other hand, ever set forth publicly the nature of the phenomena on which he worked. It is recorded that he had one pupil, a lady, who failed to attain any eminence in the science; perhaps for want of skill in tuition on the part of M. Feillaiffé, perhaps from her own stupidity, or perhaps, as the scoffer pretends, because there was no science at all to teach.

There is absolutely no doubt whatever about the Rodrigues fleet, though it may be explained by supposing that the colonists were in daily expectation of being attacked, and that Rodrigues was the only place where the enemy could possibly rendezvous, there being no harbor in Bourbon, which was, besides, still in French hands.

Another thing is curious, that is, it is difficult to see how Feillaiffé could have learned anything from Bottineau. Twenty-five years elapsed between Bottineau's departure and Feillaiffé's announcement of the Rodrigues fleet. The latter, too, lived to within twenty years of the present time, and must, therefore, have been a tolerably young man in 1810, certainly not old enough to have been a disciple of Bottineau. On the supposition of imposture, therefore, he must have got hold of Bottineau's pamphlet. But, on the other hand, a charlatan generally tries to make money for himself, which Feillaiffé never did.

In either case, the science of *nauscopie*, the beholding of invisible ships far below the horizon, seems hopelessly lost. Like Mr. Weller's prophet, — the red-faced Nixon, — M. Feillaiffé has died and left the business to nobody.

It is a curious paragraph in the history of the eighteenth century. The achievements of science of the following age were heralded by the pretensions of charlatanism in every form. Cagliostro was not alone. It is as if the anticipation of great things to come threw men's heads off their balance. Change was in the air. Poor M. Bottineau, whose solitary trumpet is so ominously drowned by the roll of the drums and the thunder of the cannon, may have been an enthusiast whose brain was turned by an idea likely enough to occur to any man who had witnessed some of the freaks of nature in a "reflective" mood, or he may have been an impostor. Very little heed would be paid to his entreaties for an audience, when Mirabeau was declaiming in the National Assembly, and Paris ringing with the daily slanders of the Queen.

As for M. Feillaiffé, all that can be added about

him is, that Mauritians believe in him even more firmly than they do in Paul and Virginia, though the cenotaphs of this hapless pair still stand a testimony of their fates, and a lasting monument in brick of the fame of St. Pierre. The prophet who told of the English fleet, who can still be remembered by men not yet old, is dear to Creole hearts. And in witness that the narrative lieth not, still stands the signal mountain where the gifted man was wont to take his place, piercing, with more than eagle eye, far beyond the range of the telescope which the English soldier wields now. For him the solid earth was transparent, and the blue sky pictured with the ships that sailed beneath.

PLAYGOING ABROAD.

THEATRES have never enjoyed in England the same unanimous popularity which they have abroad. Middle-aged people can remember the time when by many well-thinking provincials theatres were looked upon as haunts of dissipation, and classed in the same category as gambling-houses and casinos. Of late years things have changed, and although there are still here and there a few rigorists who will uneasily shift the subject when they hear playgoing talked of, yet it has come to be pretty generally admitted that a lad who betrays early predilection for the drama is not of a necessity on the railroad to ruin. Nevertheless, to use a French expression, "le théâtre n'est pas entré dans nos mœurs": the theatre has struck no deep roots among us. If the average audience of a London play-house were polled, it would be found to consist almost entirely of people in easy circumstances, and of clerks, shopboys, and the better kind of mechanics. But the busy million of small trades-folk is very scantily represented, and the laborer—he who has been carrying the hod or plying the trowel all day—is almost altogether absent. The names of the best English actors are household words only among the few, and the names of the best playwrights are but little known beyond the circle of clubs and drawing-rooms. If a daily paper were started in London exclusively devoted to theatrical topics, it is doubtful whether it could muster a couple thousand readers.

Abroad it is all the contrary. There, nobody within the memory of living man has ever been heard to say a word against playgoing. Both in France, Germany, and Italy the theatre has been from time out of mind a recognized and thoroughly popular institution, forming as it were part and parcel of social life, and regarded as an almost indispensable adjunct to the enjoyment of existence. In Paris the theatre is one of the staple subjects of conversation, not only among the well-to-do, but amongst the poor and ignorant. In the workshop, artisans will discuss the rival merits of actors and dramatists with a shrewdness of judgment astonishing to an Englishman. It will not do to give a Parisian servant a ticket for the play, and expect him to go, as an English servant would, simply because the play is a treat and a novelty. Before thanking you the Parisian servant will consult the paper, to see what pieces are on the bill, and he will know at once by the sight of the author's name whether he is likely to amuse himself or not. Rachel once gave her concierge some tickets to see "Phèdre": "Mademoiselle," said the doorkeeper with a tone of slight contempt, "j'attendrai que vous en ayez pour Cinna. Racine n'est pas de mon

goût; c'est trop ampoulé." The criticism had a vein of truth in it, and one would certainly never have heard such an answer from a London footman.

Every class in Paris has its theatre. The Français is for educated connoisseurs. The Gymnase and the new Vaudeville are essentially Imperial and aristocratic. The Variétés and the Palais Royal are the theatres of the Parisian pure, of the man who haunts the boulevards, chattering about everything and laughing at everybody. The Bouffes, the Fantaisies Parisiennes, and the Folies Dramatiques are for rich strangers, Russians, Americans, members of the Jockey Club, and that lively class known as *petits crevés* and *petites crevettes*. The Port St. Martin, Gaîté, Ambigu Comique, and Châtelet are the domain of the people. It is a proof of the deep taste of the French for all that concerns the drama that there are two or three daily papers in Paris which live and thrive altogether upon theatrical intelligence, and that amongst the ordinary evening papers those that pay best are the journals which, like the *Figaro* and *Gaulois*, devote a good third of their space to theatrical news. The smaller papers also, which cost a sou and have a daily circulation of two or three hundred thousand, take good care to give long and careful reports of all the new pieces that are produced, and when the piece is unusually good print the report on their front page in large type extending over four or five columns. But yet greater proof of the French taste for playgoing is shown in the excellence of the provincial theatres. In small towns where one would scarcely have expected that a strolling circus could pay its expenses, one is surprised to find well-appointed theatres giving their two performances a week and filled from stalls to gallery with attentive but by no means indulgent audiences. It would be a mistake to suppose that bad acting will pass more easily on a provincial than a Parisian stage. Very often it is quite the reverse, and if a stranger would convince himself of this, he has only to attend at the first performance of a French country town theatre on the night of the *débuts* at the reopening of the autumn season.

Provincial managers almost always engage an actor subject to the condition that he shall be accepted by the public at his *début*. The *début* is thus a regular examination, and usually a very stiff one. On the first three nights of the theatrical season, which generally opens in October, the country town manager presents his new troupe to the audience, and at the end of the performance comes before the curtain to call out the names of the different actors and actresses one by one. After each name there is a pause, and the audience applaud or hiss as they think fit. If they applaud it is all right, and the engagement is ratified, but if they hiss there is an end of it, and the actor is sent about his business. Sometimes they hiss so furiously that, on thinking of the unhappy comedian who is waiting his verdict trembling and wretched behind the curtain, one marvels that they can be so heartless. But then it must be remembered that the theatre is the one sole amusement of a country town, and that if the troupe be a bad one the whole year's enjoyment of the unlucky provincials is marred. Not many years ago a young man was tried as first tenor at the Bordeaux Theatre, but he failed to satisfy the audience, and at the fall of the curtain there was a terrific uproar. In the midst of it the unfortunate man came forward, very pale, and after confronting the storm of hisses said, imploringly, "Ladies and gentlemen, I see the post of first tenor is above my

strength, but will you give me a few weeks' trial as second tenor? . . . I promise I will do my best." . . . Here he broke down from emotion, and the French always generous gave him three rounds of applause to signify their assent. The young man has since become one of the principal singers of the Grand Opera.

The French public are so difficult to please in the matter of plays and actors that to be a French manager almost invariably leads to becoming a bankrupt. Few managers prosper so as to be able to retire comfortably; for when in France a piece does not succeed thoroughly it falls flat, and all the money lavished upon it is as good as thrown out of the window. There is no keeping a bad piece long on a play-bill, as may often be done in London, thanks to the forbearance of the English papers, which, when once they have condemned a play, trouble themselves no further about it. French journalists are not content to abuse a play once and have done with it; they go on abusing it every day until the whole empire knows that the piece is worthless, and the manager is obliged to withdraw it. There is another great stumbling-block to French managerial enterprise in the *droit des pauvres*, which is a rate of ten per cent on the gross receipts. It was Napoleon I. who first caused this tax to be levied for the benefit of the hospitals, and it has continued to be exacted ever since, notwithstanding that it has done more to fill the Tribunal de Commerce with bankrupts than even bad plays and hostile critics. It should be added, however, that in the case of certain theatres the expenses of the *droit des pauvres* are more than compensated by the subsidies which the State awards. Thus the Grand Opera receives about £30,000 per annum; the Français, £10,000; the Opéra Comique, £8,000; and the Odéon, £6,000.

Crossing the frontier, we find the theatre every whit as popular in Germany as in France, and we notice this more in the chief towns of small principalities than in such large cities as Berlin and Vienna. Whatever advantages some of the little States may derive in the distant future from being annexed by Herr Von Bismarck, they will miss, and probably regret, the liberal patronage which was extended to their theatres by the different dukes, grand dukes, and kings. Some of the theatres in the small German capitals are gems, and we may take as instances those of Hanover, Gotha, and Brunswick. The last named, which can be cited as a model of many others, is supported chiefly by the reigning duke, who is said to spend 150,000 thalers (£22,500) a year on it. It is a beautiful little house, smart with gilding, paint, and red velvet. There are four performances a week, two nights being devoted to opera and two to comedy. The scenery, dresses, and general appointments are very rich, the acting and singing are excellent, and the orchestra is by far superior to anything we have in London, except at the two opera houses. The admission is half a crown to the stalls, the same to the dress circle, and a shilling to the pit; but these prices are only paid by the casual playgoers, the habitual frequenters usually becoming subscribers, and paying 48 thalers a year, that is, £7 4s., for the full possession of a stall or a dress circle fauteuil. For officers the subscription is only half; so that the good Brunswickers may really be said to get their theatre for next to nothing. Both at Brunswick and at Hanover we have seen ladies take their work with

them to the theatre, and stitch quietly at tapestry during the course of the performance. When anything, song or tirade, pleased them particularly well, they looked up from their work with their blue eyes fixed gravely on the stage, and afterwards went on silently with their stitching as if nothing had happened. Between the acts men usually adjourn *en masse* to the refreshment-rooms, but ladies scarcely ever. Perhaps the nature of the refreshments supplied may have something to do with this. Germany is the only country where we have seen men beguile the intervals between the stirring scenes of "Faust" by eating sandwiches made of gruyère cheese or strongly garlicked sausages.

Turning now to Italy, we see playgoing under a new phase. In France playgoing is a recreation, in Germany it is a habit; in Italy, among the upper classes, it seems to be a social necessity. The theatres are at once the clubs and the drawing-rooms of Italy. In all the chief cities of the peninsula, but more especially at Naples and Milan, people pay their visits, transact their business, and make their appointments at the theatre. Italians, as a rule, do not receive much at their homes. It is only at Florence and Genoa that the English customs of dinner-giving and party-giving prevail to any extent. Speaking generally, the life which an Italian leads within doors is untidy and uncomfortable. He has no notion of entertaining visitors, looks upon his house as a shelter against wind and rain, dresses in it, sleeps in it, but goes for his enjoyment elsewhere. At Milan, for instance, every man who has £15 a year to spare takes a stall at the Scala and goes there with unvarying regularity every evening. The ladies have boxes which they furnish as they please, some boxes sporting blue curtains, others red, others yellow; which gives the theatre a gay but somewhat tawdry appearance. If a lady boasts many friends, her box is filled with visitors from the beginning of the performance to the end. Between the acts her liveried footman, or footmen, hand round ices, fruit, and coffee; and at the fall of the curtain she and her guests, ten or a dozen in number, will often sup in the small boudoir which is attached to the box. This is a pleasant way of enjoying the theatre, but for married men whose wives have boxes it is a very expensive one. No wonder that after paying the ice bill, the coffee bill, the supper bill, the upholsterer's bill, and the milliner's bill, which the possession of a box entails, an Italian husband has small appetite for dinner-giving.

The San Carlo at Naples, which the Neapolitans call the theatre of the world, was celebrated until recently for its "bench of critics," the terror of singers. These critics were about twenty in number. They were mostly noblemen and journalists having a thorough knowledge of and a refined taste for music. They occupied the entire first row of orchestra stalls, and exercised an influence over the performers which is best defined in the words of Malibran, who said that she was obliged to drink champagne before venturing to face them. It was after being hissed by the "bench of critics" at the San Carlo that Nourrit, the famous French tenor, committed suicide.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Cosmopolitan says that Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are to receive six thousand dollars for a six weeks' engagement in Boston and New York.

SIDNEY DOBELL, the poet, was lately thrown from his horse and badly hurt.

THE English journals make liberal extracts from Professor Agassiz's address on Humboldt.

MRS. JOHN WOOD has undertaken the management of the St. James's Theatre, London.

KINGLAKE is in the Crimea, collecting materials for the continuation of his History of the War.

THE Pall Mall Gazette is authorized to state that Earl Russell in no way counselled the destruction of Lord Byron's memoir.

MR. JOHN ROBERTSON, who has interested himself greatly in the Byron controversy, declares that Earl Russell has still in his possession a copy of the famous "Byron's Memoirs."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for October devotes nearly thirty pages to a critical examination of Charles Reade's Novels. The writer very justly ranks him with the great masters of fiction.

ECHOES, which was formally called Echoes from the Clubs, has again changed its title, and is now known as The Period, having, as the editor remarks with great freshness, risen from its ashes like the Phoenix. The Period is one of those journals whose normal state is ashes.

THE Japanese novelist Kiong te Bakin has finished a novel which he began nearly forty years ago; but then it is in a hundred and six volumes. The romance readers in Japan will have a "nice book" for the long evenings of several long winters. This work would make an excellent "serial" for some enterprising magazine.

THE Pall Mall Gazette makes an unpleasant discovery for soda-water drinkers. It says that those individuals who delight in soda-water and sherry or soda-water and brandy, and are under the impression that the action of the soda will neutralize the mischief done by the other part of the compound, should know that they lean upon a broken reed, and that in nine cases out of ten soda-water, so called, is simply water saturated with carbonic acid gas. The British Pharmacopoeia requires soda-water to contain fifteen grains of soda to the bottle. This is soda-water. The mixture commonly sold as such does nothing of the kind. Why not call it aerated or gas-water, and we could then ask for, and perhaps obtain, what we want?

THE last number of Once a Week publishes the following sonnet "suggested by 'The True Story of Lady Byron's Life'":—

"And now the veil is lifted from the shrine
Whereon thy heart was offered; all is known;
No idle waiting o'er young hopes o'erthrown;
No craving for the world's vain tears was thine.
Thou knewest of a duty more divine,
And therefore, through the weary years alone,
Sawest with thy grief, which others could not own,
Thy life went on. Oh! noblest of thy line!—
With titles that the world could never sound,—
While the full blaze of that disastrous star
Which rose upon thy bridal shone around,
Thy one poor lamp of love burned faint and far;
But now his splendor passes into shame,
And thy sweet faith is more than all his fame."

A WRITER in The Broadway begins a paper on "Denmark and the Danes" with the following statement: "There is no such place as Denmark. After all that has passed and is passing between Denmark and the rest of Europe, to repudiate the

very existence of such a land seems like a joke. Still, it is a geographical fact that there is no such place. Denmark is a diplomatic or national appellation given to a cluster of territories which are inhabited by, and supposed to belong to, the Danes;—it signifies the land of the Danes, as Dennewerk does the work of the Danes;—but none of his Danish Majesty's numerous dominions are so called, each of them having a distinct and separate name of its own; and only in reference to their common union is that of Denmark applied."

SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
Remembering thee,
That for ages of agony hast endured, and slept,
And wouldst not see.

By the waters of Babylon we stood up and sang,
Considering thee,
That a blast of deliverance in the darkness rang,
To set thee free.

And with trumpets and thunderings and with morn-
ing song
Came up the light;
And thy spirit uplifted thee to forget thy wrong
As day doth night.

And thy sons were dejected not any more, as then
When thou wast shamed;
When thy lovers went heavily without heart, as
men
Whose life was maimed.

In the desolate distances, with a great desire,
For thy love's sake,
With our hearts going back to thee, they were filled
with fire,
Were nigh to break.

It was said to us: "Verily ye are great of heart,
But ye shall bend;
Ye are bondsmen and bondswomen, to be scourged
and smart,
To toil and tend."

And with harrows men harrowed us, and subdued
with spears,
And crushed with shame;
And the summer and winter was, and the length
of years,
And no change came.

By the rivers of Italy, by the sacred streams,
By town, by tower,
There was feasting with revelling, there was sleep
with dreams,
Until thine hour.

And they slept and they rioted on their rose-hung
beds,
With mouths on flame,
And with love-locks vine-chapleted, and with rose-
crowned heads
And robes of shame.

And they knew not their forefathers, nor the hills
and streams
And words of power,
Nor the gods that were good to them, but with songs
and dreams
Filled up their hour.

By the rivers of Italy, by the dry streams' beds,
When thy time came,
There was casting of crowns from them, from their
young men's heads,
The crowns of shame.

By the horn of Eridanus, by the Tiber mouth,
As thy day rose,
They arose up and girded them to the north and
south,
By seas, by snows.

As a water in January the frost confines,
Thy kings bound thee;
As a water in April is, in the new-blown vines,
Thy sons made free.

And thy lovers that looked for thee, and that
mourned from far,
For thy sake dead,
We rejoiced in the light of thee, in the signal star
Above thine head.

In thy grief had we followed thee, in thy passion
loved,
Loved in thy loss;
In thy shame we stood fast to thee, with thy pangs
were moved,
Clung to thy cross.

By the hillside of Calvary we beheld thy blood,
Thy blood-red tears
As a mother's in bitterness, an unebbing flood,
Years upon years.

And the North was Gethsemane, without leaf or
bloom,
A garden sealed;
And the South was Aceldama, for a sanguine fume
Hid all the field.

By the stone of the sepulchre we returned to weep,
From far, from prison;
And the guards by it keeping it we beheld asleep,
But thou wast risen.

And an angel's similitude by the unsealed grave,
And by the stone:
And the voice was angelical, to whose words God
gave
Strength like his own.

"Lo, the grave-clothes of Italy that are folded up
In the grave's gloom!
And the guards as men wrought upon with a
charmed cup,
By the open tomb.

"And her body most beautiful, and her shining head,
These are not here;
For your mother, for Italy, is not surely dead:
Have ye no fear.

"As of old time she spake to you and you hardly
heard,
Hardly took heed,
So now also she saith to you, yet another word,
Who is risen indeed.

"By my saying she saith to you in your ears she
saith,
Who hear these things,
Put no trust in men's royalties, nor in great men's
breath,
Nor words of kings.

"For the life of them vanishes and is no more seen,
Nor no more known;
Nor shall any remember him if a crown hath been,
Or where a throne.

"Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives;
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own
lays down,
He, dying so, lives.

"Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged
world's weight
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's
fate;
How should he die?

"Seeing death has no part in him any more, no
power
Upon his head;
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.

"For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him
crowned,
A deathless face.

"On the mountains of memory, by the world's well-
springs,
In all men's eyes,
Where the light of the life of him is on all past
things,
Death only dies.

"Not the light that was quenched for us, nor the
deeds that were,
Nor the ancient days,
Nor the sorrows not sorrowful, nor the face most
fair
Of perfect praise."

So the angel of Italy's resurrection said,
So yet he saith;
So the son of her suffering, that from breasts nigh
dead
Drew life, not death.

That the pavement of Golgotha should be white as
snow,
Not red, but white;
That the waters of Babylon should no longer flow,
And men see light.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE FIRST AND LAST KISS.

THY lips are quiet and thine eyes are still,
Cold, colorless, and sad thy placid face,
Thy form has only now the statue's grace;
My words wake not thy voice, nor can they fill
Thine eyes with light. Before fate's mighty will
Our wills must bow; yet for a little space
I sit with thee and Death in this lone place,
And hold thy hands that are so white and chill.
I always loved thee, which thou didst not know,
Though well he knew whose wedded love thou wert;
Now thou art dead I may raise up the fold
That hides thy face, and, by thee bending low,
For the first time and last before we part,
Kiss the curved lips, — calm, beautiful, and cold.

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SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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OBERMANN.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE most recent edition of *Obermann* lies before me, the date on its title-page being 1863. It is, I believe, the fourth edition which has been published; the book made its first appearance in 1804; three editions, and not large editions, have sufficed for the demand of sixty years. Yet the book has lived, though with but this obscure life, and is not likely to die. Madame George Sand and Monsieur Sainte-Beuve have spoken in prose much and excellently of the book and its author. It may be in the recollection of some who read this that I have spoken of *Obermann* in verse, if not well, at least abundantly. It is to be wished, however, that *Obermann* should also speak to English readers for himself; and my present design is to take those two or three points where he is most significant and interesting, and to present some of his deliverances on those points in his own words.

It may be convenient, however, that first I should repeat here the short sketch which I have already given elsewhere of the uneventful life of the personage whom we call *Obermann*. His real name is Senancour. In the book which occupies us—a volume of letters of which the writer, calling himself *Obermann*, and writing chiefly from Switzerland, delivers his thoughts about God, nature, and the human soul—it is Senancour himself who speaks under *Obermann's* name. Etienne Pivert de Senancour, a Frenchman, although having in his nature much that we are accustomed to consider as by no means French, was born in 1770, was trained for the priesthood, and passed some time in the seminary of St. Sulpice, broke away from his training and country to live some years in Switzerland, where he married, came back to France in middle life, and followed thenceforward the career of a man of letters, but with hardly any fame or success. His marriage was not a happy one. He died an old man in 1846, desiring that on his grave might be placed these words only: "*Eternité, deviens mon asile.*"

Of the letters of *Obermann*, the writer's profound inwardness, his austere and sad sincerity, and his delicate feeling for nature, are, as I have elsewhere remarked, the distinguishing characteristics. His constant inwardness, his unremitting occupation with that question which haunted St. Bernard, — *Bernarde, ad quid venisti?* — distinguish him from Goethe and Wordsworth, whose study of this question is relieved by the thousand distractions of a poetic interest in nature and in man. His severe sincerity distinguishes him from Rousseau, Chateau-

briand, or Byron, who in their dealing with this question are so often attitudinizing and thinking of the effect of what they say on the public. His exquisite feeling for nature, though always dominated by his inward self-converse and by his melancholy, yet distinguishes him from the men simply absorbed in philosophical or religious concerns, and places him in the rank of men of poetry and imagination. Let me try to show these three main characteristics of Senancour from his own words.

A Frenchman, coming immediately after the eighteenth century and the French Revolution, too clear-headed and austere for any such sentimental Catholic reaction as that with which Chateaubriand cheated himself, and yet, from the very profoundness and meditateness of his nature, religious, Senancour felt to the uttermost the bare and bleak spiritual atmosphere into which he was born. Neither to a German nor to an Englishman, perhaps, would such a sense of absolute religious denudation have then been possible, or such a plainness and even crudity, therefore, in their way of speaking of it. Only to a Frenchman were these possible; but amid wars, bustle, and the glory of the *grande nation* few Frenchmen had meditateness and seriousness enough for them. Senancour was of a character to feel his spiritual position, to feel it without dream or illusion, and to feel, also, that in the absence of any real inward basis life was weariness and vanity, and the ordinary considerations so confidently urged to induce a man to master himself and to be busy in it quite hollow.

"People keep talking," says he, "of doing with energy that which ought to be done; but, amidst all this parade of firmness, tell me, then, what it is that ought to be done. For my part I do not know; and I venture to suspect that a good many others are in the same state of ignorance."

He was born with a passion for order and harmony, and a belief in them; his being so utterly divested of all conventional beliefs, makes this single elementary belief of his the more weighty and impressive.

"May we not say that the tendency to order forms an essential part of our propensities, our *instinct*, just like the tendency to self-preservation, or to the reproduction of the species? Is it nothing, to live with the calm and the security of the just?"

And therefore, he concludes, "inasmuch as man had this feeling of order planted in him, inasmuch as it was in his nature, the right course would have been to try and make every individual man sensible of it and obedient to it." But what has been done?

Since the beginning of the world, instead of having recourse to this innate feeling, the guides of mankind have uniformly sought to control human conduct by means of supernatural hopes, supernatural terrors, thus misleading man's intelligence, and debasing his soul. "*Depuis trente siècles, les résultats sont dignes de la sagesse des moyens.*" What are called the virtues, "are laws of nature as necessary to man as the laws of his bodily senses." Instead of teaching men to feel this, instead of developing in them that sentiment of order and that consciousness of the divine which are the native possession of our race, Paganism and Christianity alike have tampered with man's mind and heart, and wrought confusion in them.

"Conquerors, slaves, poets, pagan priests, and nurses, succeeded in disfiguring the traditions of primitive wisdom by dint of mixing races, destroying memorials, explaining allegories and making nonsense of them, abandoning the profound and true meaning in order to discover in them absurd ideas which might inspire wonder and awe, and personifying abstract beings in order to have plenty of objects of worship. The principle of life—that which was intelligence, light, the eternal—became nothing more than the husband of Juno; harmony, fruitfulness, the bond of all living things, became nothing more than the mistress of Adonis; imperishable wisdom came to be distinguished only through her owl; the great ideas of immortality and retribution consisted in the fear of turning a wheel, and the hope of strolling in a green wood. The indivisible divinity was parcelled into a hierarchical multitude torn by miserable passions; the fruit of the genius of primitive mankind, the emblems of the laws of the universe, had degenerated into superstitious usages which the children in great cities turned into ridicule."

Paul at Athens might have set forth, in words not unlike these, the degradation of the Unknown God; now for the religion of which Paul was a minister:—

"A moral belief was wanted, because pure morality was gone out of men's knowledge; dogmas were wanted, which should be profound and perhaps unfathomable, but not by any means dogmas which should be absurd, because intelligence was spreading more and more. All religions being sunk into degradation, there was needed a religion of majesty, and answering to man's effort to elevate his soul by the idea of a God of all things. There were needed religious rites which should be imposing, not too common, objects of desire, mysterious yet simple; rites which seemed to belong to a higher world, and which yet a man's reason should accept as naturally as his heart. There was needed, in short, what only a great genius could institute, and what I can only catch glimpses of.

"But you have fabricated, patched, experimented, altered; renewed I know not what incoherent multitude of trivial ceremonies and dogmas, more fitted to scandalize the weak than to edify them. This dubious mixture you have joined to a morality sometimes false, often exceedingly noble, and almost always austere; the one single point in which you have shown sagacity. You pass some hundreds of years in arranging all this by inspiration; and your slowly built work, industriously repaired, but with a radical fault in plan, is so made as to last hardly longer than the time during which you have been accomplishing it."

There is a passage to be meditated by the new Ecumenical Council! Not that Senancour has a trace of the Voltairian bitterness against Christianity, or against Catholicism which to him represented Christianity:—

"So far am I from having any prejudice against Christianity, that I deplore, I may say, what the major-

ity of its zealous adherents never themselves think of deploring. I could willingly join them in lamenting the loss of Christianity; but there is this difference between us, that they regret it in the form into which it settled, nay, in the form, even, which it wore a century ago; whereas I cannot consider such a Christianity as that was to be much worthy of regret."

He owns that religion has done much; but "*si la religion a fait des grandes choses, c'est avec des moyens immenses.*" Disposing of such means, it ought to have done much more. Remark, he says, that for the educated class religion is one of the weakest of the motive-powers they live by; and then ask yourself whether it is not absurd that there should be only a tenth part of our race educated. That religion should be of use as some restraint to the ignorant and brutal mass of mankind, shows, he thinks, not so much the beneficence of religion as the state of utter confusion and misery into which mankind has, in spite of religion, drifted:—

"I admit that the laws of civil society prove to be not restraint enough for this multitude to which we give no training, about which we never trouble our heads, which we bring into the world and then leave to the chance of ignorant passions and of habits of low debauchery. This only proves that there is mere wretchedness and confusion under the apparent calm of vast states; that the science of politics, in the true sense of the term, is a stranger to our world, where diplomacy and financial administration produce prosperity to be sung in poems, and win victories to figure in gazettes."

This concern for the state and prospects of what are called the masses is perpetually recurring with Senancour; it came to him from his singular lucidity and plain dealing, for it was no commonplace with his time and contemporaries, as it is with ours. "There are men," he says, and he was one of them, "who cannot be happy except among men who are contented; who feel in their own persons all the enjoyment and suffering they witness, and who cannot be satisfied with themselves except they contribute to the order of the world and to man's welfare." "Arrange one's life how one will," he says in another place, "who can answer for its being any happier so long as it is and must be *sans accord avec les choses et passée au milieu des peuples souffrants?*" This feeling returns again and again:—

"Inequality is in the nature of things; but you have increased it out of all measure, when you ought, on the contrary, to have studied to reduce it. The prodigies of your industry must surely be a baneful work of superfluity, if you have neither time nor faculties for doing so many things which are indispensable. The mass of mankind is brutal, foolish, given over to its passions; *all your ills come from this cause.* Either do not bring men into existence, or, if you do, give them an existence which is human."

But as deep as his sense that the time was out of joint was the feeling of this Havelock that he had no power to set it right. *Vos docteurs ont fleuri mon âme*, he says:—

"Your miseries have worn out my soul; they are intolerable, because they are objectless. Your pleasures are illusory, fugitive; a day suffices for knowing them and abandoning them. I inquired of myself for happiness but with my eyes open; I saw that it was not made for the man who was isolated: I proposed it to those who stood round me; they had not leisure to concern themselves with it. I asked the multitude in its wear and tear of misery and the great of earth under their load of ennui; they answered me: We are wretched to-day, but we shall enjoy ourselves to-morrow. For my part I know that the day which is coming will only tread in the footsteps of the day which is gone before."

But a root of failure, powerlessness, and ennui, there certainly was in the constitution of Senancour's own nature; so that unfavorable as may have been his time we should err in attributing to any outward circumstances the whole of the discouragement by which he is pervaded. He himself knew this well, and he never seeks to hide it from us. "Il y a dans moi un déracinement," says he; "*c'est le désordre des ennemis.*"

"I was born to be not happy. You know those dark days, bordering on the frosts of winter, when mists hang heavily about the very dawn, and day begins only by threatening lines of a lurid light upon the masses of cloud. That glooming veil, those stormy squalls, those uncertain gleams, that whistling of the wind through trees which bend and shiver, those prolonged throes like funeral groans,—you see in them the morning of life; at noon, cooler storms and more steadily persistent; at evening, thicker darkness still, and the day of man is brought to an end."

No representation of Senancour can, however, be complete without some of the gleams which relieved this discouragement. Besides the inwardness, besides the sincerity, besides the renouncement, there was the poetic emotion and the deep feeling for nature.

"And I, too, I have my moments of forgetfulness, of strength, of grandeur; I have desires and yearnings that know no limit. But I behold the monuments of effaced generations; I see the flint wrought by the hand of man, and which will subsist a hundred centuries after him. I renounce the care for that which passes away, and the thought of a present which is already gone. I stand still, and marvel; I listen to what subsists yet, I would fain hear what will go on subsisting; in the movement of the forest, in the murmur of the pines, I seek to catch some of the accents of the eternal tongue."

Nature, and the emotion caused by nature, inspire so many beautiful passages in Obermann's letters that one is embarrassed to make a choice among them. The following, with which we will end our extracts, is a morning and night piece from the north end of the Lake of Neuchâtel, where the river Thièle enters the lake from Biennne, between Saint Blaise and Morat:—

"My window had remained open all night, as is my habit. Towards four o'clock in the morning I was wakened by the dawn, and by the scent of the hay which they had been cutting in the cool early hours by the light of the moon. I expected an ordinary view; but I had a moment of perfect astonishment. The midsummer rains had kept up the waters which the melting snow in the Jura had previously swollen. The space between the lake and the Thièle was almost entirely flooded; the highest spots formed islands of pasture amidst the expanse of waters ruffled with the fresh breeze of morning. The waves of the lake could be made out in the distance, driven by the wind against the half-flooded bank. Some goats and cows, with their herdsman, who made a rustic music with a horn, were passing at the moment over a tongue of land left dry between the flooded plain and the Thièle. Stones set in the parts where it was worst going supported this natural causeway or filled up gaps in it; the pasture to which the docile animals were proceeding was not in sight, and so see their slow and irresolute advance, one would have said they were about to get out into the lake and be lost there. The heights of Anet and the thick woods of Julemont rose out of the waters like a desert island without an inhabitant. The hilly chain of Vuilly edged the lake on the horizon. To the south, this chain stretched away behind the slopes of Montiménil; and farther on than all these objects, sixty leagues

of eternal snows stamped the whole country with the inimitable majesty of those bold lines of nature which give to places sublimity."

He dines at the toll-house by the river-bank, and after passing the afternoon there, goes out again late in the evening:—

"The moon had not yet risen; my path lay beside the green waters of the Thièle. I had taken the key of my lodging that I might come in when I liked without being tied to a particular hour. But feeling inclined to muse, and finding the night so warm that there was no hardship in being all night out of doors, I took the road to Saint Blaise. I left it at a little village called Marin, which has the lake to the south of it. I descended a steep bank, and got upon the shore of the lake where its ripple came up and expired. The air was calm; not a sail was to be seen on the lake. Every one was at rest; some in the forgetfulness of their toils, others in the forgetfulness of their sorrows. The moon rose; I remained there hours. Towards morning, the moon shed over earth and waters the ineffable melancholy of her last gleams. Nature seems unspeakably grand, when, plunged in a long revery, one hears the washing of the waves upon a solitary strand, in the calm of a night still enkindled and luminous with the setting moon.

"Sensibility which no words can express, charm and torment of our vain years! vast [consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable! all-embracing passion, ripened wisdom, delicious self-abandonment,—everything that a mortal heart can contain of life-weariness and yearning, I felt it all, I experienced it all, in this memorable night. I have made an ominous step towards the age of decline; I have swallowed up ten years of life at once. Happy the simple, whose heart is always young!"

There, in one of the hours which were at once the inspiration and the enervation of Senancour's life, we leave him. It is possible that an age, breaking with the past, and inclined to tell it the most naked truths, may take more pleasure than its predecessors in Obermann's bleak frankness, and may even give him a kind of celebrity. Nevertheless, it may be predicted with certainty that his very celebrity, if he gets it, will have, like his life, something maimed, incomplete, and unsuccessful about it; and that his intimate friends will still be but a few, as they have hitherto been. These few will never fail him.

STUBBS'S LUCK.

L

"WHEN are you going down, Stubbs?"

"I don't know; not just yet at any rate, and perhaps not at all."

"Not go down at all! Why, my dear fellow, you could n't spend Christmas in this place; you'd drown yourself in Barnwell Pool."

"I spent last Christmas here, anyhow; and it was not so very stupid after all. I skated down to Ely, and stopped on my way back at that queer inn called *Five miles from—anywhere* at Upware; had some fun in the fen, shooting and so on; and when the frost broke up I got plenty of sculling without being obliged to twist my neck off looking out for muff-boats. Then the billiard-rooms were pretty well deserted, so that I was able to practise on nearly every table, and I improved my game immensely (as you know, old fellow). Besides which, I went to town once or twice, to see a pantomime or so; and, moreover, I did a good stroke of reading."

"Ah! that's the way you get the pull of us, and beat us at billiards as well as 'book-learning.' I can't say, however, that your picture has made me envious."

So talked Laurence Horton and William Stubbs, as they walked arm in arm down Trumpington Street from Unity College, Cambridge, to the railway station. Horton had left his luggage to follow by 'bus, preferring to go afoot for the pleasure of Stubbs's company, and for the circulation of the blood. They went swinging along at a very fair pace; the snow was scrunched noisily beneath their feet; the icicles glittered like barley-sugar in the rays of the wintry sun; the sky was clear and blue above their heads; and they gloried in the freshness of the eager air,—for the date of their walk was many years ago; there were frost and snow at Christmas then; and December and May had not changed months.

Of the two young men, Horton was considerably the taller. He had dark curly hair, friendly looking gray eyes, a pale face, a slight figure, and an air of easy self-possession, which neither rudeness nor haughtiness could easily ruffle. Stubbs's hair was light brown; his eyes were of a soft, deep, melting blue; his face was fresh-colored, and his figure particularly graceful; but he walked with just the slightest approach to a swagger, and his expression, had not the softness of his eyes been remarkable, would have struck a stranger as being full of defiance. The explanation was not difficult. Stubbs was one of those of whom it might have been said, "Hit him hard; he has no friends." Not that he was unpopular in his college; indeed, there was not a greater favorite. It was certainly a very small college, but there was not a man in it who did not know and like Stubbs, who was captain of their boat, their best bowler, their second-best billiard-player, and one of their best scholars. But then these are not generally the friends who can push you on in the world; they are your rivals and opponents, not your patrons and helpers. And Stubbs had become early acquainted with grief. Death had hob-and-nobbed with him when he was but a babe. At eight years of age, he became an only child. At nine Death found him out again; and even strangers were moved to tears as the little chief-mourner, with streaming eyes and a child's frank sobs, his footsteps cumbered by his long black cloak, stumbled weeping towards his father's grave. There was, after this, a respite of six years, during which Death was busy with other prey; and then the devourer returned to his favorite quarry. Mrs. Stubbs was reunited to the Rev. William Stubbs beneath the communion-table of the church he had died in serving; and William Stubbs, junior, was relationless and alone. And the little money which had come to him was just enough, in addition to the exhibition he had won at a public school, to keep him on an equality with his comrades during the usual university career.

Now Horton had heard at odd times scraps of Stubbs's personal history, and it struck a chill to his kindly heart to think that Stubbs should spend in solitary isolation the season which to Laurence was a time of multitudinous merriment and continual gayety. And theirs was no common friendship: they had been together in many a well-contested boat-race, when Stubbs's voice had cheered on the crew, and his "Now for it!" had preceded a spurt which had drawn shrieks of admiration from the red-shirted blue-shirted white-shirted

and striped-shirted demons who ran and leaped and yelled upon the bank. They had ridden side by side and fence for fence when the jumps were stiff and the pace alarming, and each, as he recovered from a stunning fall, had seen the face of the other bending anxiously over him. They had spun, stroke for stroke, down the ice-bound Cam to the island famed for its abundant eels. On Barton Ponds their burnished skates had flashed and whirled and droned in unison as they challenged each other to a trial of skill on inside edge and outside edge, in "circle" and "spread-eagle," and "Dutch-roll," and "flying Mercury," and "bunch of currants." They had played famous matches at billiards; and they had read together the gems of Greek and the flowers of Latin. And so it came into Horton's mind that this man Stubbs was more his brother than his acquaintance; that his father's house had a void which Stubbs could supply; that his own double-bedded room demanded Stubbs to make it symmetrical. As, therefore, the friends were preparing to shake hands and part, says Horton abruptly, "Look here, old fellow; you say you've no engagement for Christmas: come and stay with us,—come to-morrow."

Stubbs looked blank as he answered, "I'd stay with you with pleasure, but—but—"

"Oh!" broke in Horton, "you're afraid my people might object. I can only tell you the governor will be delighted. But I know you're awfully proud, so I'll get you a formal invitation from him. There, the train's just off. Good by, old boy."

II.

As Stubbs walked home to college he began to ponder upon the subject of Christmas. How would he like the Hortons and their fashion of spending Christmas-day? The last time he could recollect spending Christmas-day in a family it had nearly been the death of him. It was a very religious family, and they observed the festal day religiously,—that is to say, they went to church morning and afternoon, and afterwards gave themselves up to such serious eating and drinking that it was clear the seniors must be ill the next day, and the juniors most likely before morning. There was a general interdiction of all amusements except "cross questions and crooked answers, if that—even when it is a game, and not a domestic habit—can be called an amusement (which Stubbs denied). And when Stubbs had inveigled one of the daughters, whilst mamma was out of the room, to play and sing with him a lively song, the other members of the family had looked undigested pudding at him; and mamma, hurrying back at the hateful sounds of joy, had asked, "Whatever is the meaning of this? Isabella playing profane music! Can that be my Isabella?"

And Isabella had answered sulkily, "You ought to know best, mamma; I have n't altered much since you left the room, I imagine."

Then mamma had asked poor Stubbs, "What would your poor mother have said, Mr. Stubbs?"

And Stubbs had replied, "I really can't say for certain; but I think she would have waited until we had quite finished, and then would have said, 'Thank you, dears'; at least that is what she usually said."

So Stubbs had registered a vow in—well, the place where he always registered his vows—that he would never spend another Christmas day with

Isabella's family. From that time to the present, Christmas-day had been to him a day of solitary confinement; he had shut himself up in his own rooms and read hard; he had gone to bed early; and a sense of void had come over him as his sleep went from him at the sound of distant merriment, and the silver voice of laughing maid caused bitter thoughts to the friendless man. He had never owned to anybody how lonely and sad he had been; but now all he had suffered in his loneliness came back to him, and he was glad that Horton had thought of him. It is true that he was unaccustomed to society; that he knew scarcely half a dozen families; and that he heartily disliked "going out"; but he "believed in" Horton (as the saying is), and was convinced that all would be right with the Hortons. It was, therefore, with no small pleasure that he received from Horton the following note:—

"GROVE HOUSE, HIGH BECKHAM, December 22.

"DEAR STUBBS,— The governor, who hopes you will excuse him for not writing in person, bids me to say that he will be really grateful to you if you will condescend to share my double-bedded room during our Christmas vacation, as I am such a bore, and annoy everybody so awfully when I have no suitable companion, that I make the house intolerable. (You will understand that I am writing to dictation and under compulsion.) So I shall expect you by the train which leaves Cambridge at 2 P. M. on the 24th. You must get out at the Reddenham Station, and I will drive over in the pony-chaise to meet you. Mind you come.

"Yours always, LAURENCE HORTON."

If you refer to the guide (not yet published) to country-places which do not exist, you will observe that both Reddenham and High Beckham are in the county of Missex, not far from the river Spree, and that Reddenham Station is between Broxbourne and London. Now not every train stops at Reddenham; Stubbs, therefore, with the usual thoughtfulness which characterizes Cambridge men, intrusted his luggage to a porter, telling the place to which he wished to go, and asking whether there would be any change of carriages. The porter answered "No," and received a shilling for his trouble, or, more correctly speaking, for releasing Stubbs from possible trouble. But Stubbs would have done better to refer to a time-table, or to ask his question of the guard of the train, for at Broxbourne a voice was heard jumbling together (as only railway officials can jumble) the names of certain places, and adjuring passengers who wished to get out at the places (the names of which it was impossible to make out) to descend forthwith and wait for a coming train. Stubbs considered that after his satisfactory interview with the porter he was absolved from all further bother, and travelled on contentedly until the train stopped again.

"Tickets, please," said the collector.

"I want to get out at Reddenham," remarked Stubbs, affably.

"Reddenham! Lord bless you, sir, you've passed it ever so far. This is London, this is. You ought to have changed at Broxbourne. Did n't they holler out?"

"O yes," said Stubbs; "they holler'd out enough to split themselves, but I could n't make out a word they said; and the porter I gave my luggage to at Cambridge assured me I should n't have to change."

"Where did you take your ticket to, sir?"

"To Reddenham."

"Let me look at it, please?— O, all right,— there's one and fourpence to pay."

"Come, that's rather too bad: I'm taken to a place I don't want to go to, and I'm to pay extra for it!"

"I can't help it, sir; you'll have to pay."

"There's your one and fourpence, then; but how am I to get to High Beckham?"

The ticket-collector, having got his money, retired, as people usually do under the circumstances, and muttered something unintelligible; but an antediluvian old lady, taking an interest in Stubbs's youth and soft blue eyes, remarked, "There's a coach from the Black Bull in Aldgate every Saturday at three o'clock."

"Thank you," replied Stubbs; "but I want to be there by six o'clock this evening, and it is only Wednesday."

The old lady had no further suggestion to make; so Stubbs was obliged to take a cab all the way, and, during his drive, had leisure to reflect upon the dismay he must have caused Horton, who he felt sure would have waited for him in the biting frost, and would chaff him terribly upon his usual luck; for "Stubbs's luck" was a by-word at Unity.

III.

A drive of more than an hour and a half (for the roads were slippery, though the horse was "roughed") brought Stubbs to the door of Grove House. It was a house which stood in its own grounds, and entrance was effected through a high wall towards the road, so that Stubbs could not see what the place was like. But a vigorous ring at the bell brought out a ruddy maid, who shrieked out immediately, "O Mister Laurence, here's the missin' gentleman!" And the cry brought Laurence himself to the gate.

"Your usual luck, eh, Stubbs?" said Laurence, shaking his friend by the hand. "I saw you pass in the train, and was n't fool enough to wait; so you need n't apologize.— Come in, old boy, come in; you're just in time: old cook has been ringing the dinner-bell like mad, and the governor has just gone up to his room."

Stubbs's luggage was left in the hall, and himself ushered into the drawing-room. There was no up-stairs drawing-room in cosey Grove House; dining-room and drawing-room were both on one floor, on the same side of the ample hall; and on the opposite side of the hall was the comfortable study, which served on occasion as breakfast-room.

"Come along, old fellow; I'll just introduce you to my sister, and then you can go and wash your hands," cried Laurence, preceding his friend to the drawing-room. "Ellen, this is my friend Stubbs."

The most elegant figure Stubbs had ever seen faced about at these words, and the owner, coming forward from the fireplace, held out her hand without ceremony, and with a frank, beaming smile, saying in a voice which thrilled Stubbs with pleasure, "I'm very glad to see you. Mr. Stubbs. We were quite prepared for some misadventure, for the fame of your ill-luck preceded you."

And now entered Mr. Horton senior, who was Mr. Horton, junior, with the inevitable changes wrought by age; perhaps, also, he had a little

more urbanity in his manner, and a little less self-contentedness in appearance.

"How do you do, Mr. Stubbs?" said he heartily. "I am very glad indeed to see you. Late! O dear, no, not at all; I have only just come in myself. Confound that woman; she'll pull the bell down."

"It is the third time, papa," said Miss Horton, laughing, "and you know cook gets frantic then."

"O well, just take Mr. Stubbs into your room, Laurence. There's hot water, Ellen?"

"Yes, papa. At least it was hot," added Ellen slyly, when cook first began to ring the bell; "I had it taken up at once."

"Come along, Stubbs," cried hungry Laurence; "I'm almost famished"; and in three minutes cook was appeased, the soup was served, and conversation was fitful and monosyllabic. But when the inner man had been glossed with soup, and old Mr. Horton had said, "A glass of wine with you, Mr. Stubbs; I'm very glad you've come," and Laurence and Ellen had "joined them," and Laurence had laughed boisterously at the elaborate bow with which Stubbs (in honor, of course, of Ellen's presence) had responded to Laurence's careless nod, and had been duly reproved by Stubbs (supported by Ellen) for introducing college brusqueness into the family circle, the talking assumed a continuous flow. At length Ellen rose to leave the room, and Stubbs was not a little astonished at the coolness of Laurence, who shouted to his sister, as she went down the hall, "I say, Ellen, I'm going to leave this door open, and you leave the drawing-room door open, and play lots of waltzes, and sing lots of songs: it will be cheerful for Stubbs over his wine."

Stubbs was about to protest; but Laurence said, "Pooh! she likes it; don't you, Ellen?"

And a laughing voice answered, "O, very much. You must let me know when you are stunned, Mr. Stubbs, or I may go on too long,—for sheer pleasure."

Old Mr. Horton chuckled with amusement; and it was plain that the only son reigned lord-paramount over Grove House.

Stubbs had never felt so serenely happy in his life as upon that Christmas Eve, when he sat listening to the sweet, clear notes of Ellen Horton. But compliant Ellen was not tried very long. Laurence soon bade Stubbs to a pipe up stairs (for the double-bedded room was not only a sleeping-chamber, but also a sort of study and divan), leaving old Mr. Horton to his Quarterly and consequent nap, and dispensing with his sister's services in the gracious words, "Shut up now, if you like, Ellen; Stubbs and I are going up stairs to have a pipe."

"Thy servant heareth," replied Ellen with a laugh, but continued to carol for her own entertainment; and it is my private opinion that Stubbs, had he been asked, would rather have gone into the drawing-room to Ellen than have followed Laurence into the atmosphere of tobacco. But he was not asked. He was offered a pipe, and Stubbs had never been known to refuse that offer. When the two friends had imbibed sufficient nicotine, and acquired sufficient disagreeableness of odor, they descended to the drawing-room for a cup of tea. This was followed by a game of chess, another song or two from Ellen, and a display of frightful yawns from Laurence Horton, who, saying he had been chatting all day and was drowsy, demanded

Stubbs's opinion about going to bed. It was past ten; they could have another pipe over the bedroom fire; and it would n't hurt either of them to go to bed early, as they had late hours enough at Unity. Stubbs was also tired, and ready for sleep; so, with a salutation to Ellen, and a smile at old Mr. Horton, who was napping in his chair, they took their candle and retired.

IV.

Stubbs had hardly fallen asleep that night when he awoke with a sound of bell-ringing in his ears. Half-asleep, half-awake, he fancied he could hear the opening and shutting of an outer door, then the whispering of soft voices on the stairs, and the subdued sounds of silver laughter at the entrance to the opposite chamber. But he was soon asleep again, and in the morning had nearly forgotten all about it, when, having interchanged at the breakfast-table "Merry Christmas" with his friends, he observed Laurence's eyes fixed upon a plate, egg-cup, and cup and saucer, which had all of them evidently been already used.

"O, Lucy did n't stay at Mrs. Kershaw's, then?" remarked Laurence.

"No," said Ellen; "Mr. Kershaw brought her home late last night, and she was afraid she would disturb your Highness's rest, for she was merrier than ever."

"I did n't hear anything," said Laurence. "Did you, Stubbs?"

"I've a dim recollection," answered Stubbs, "of hearing something very pleasant, like the tinkle of a silver bell; and though I wished to hear more, I grieve to say that I was too sleepy to—"

"That is fortunate," interrupted Ellen, "or you would have heard something very like the roar of two madcaps. I am sure poor papa must have heard us down stairs."

Papa, trying to look severe, admitted that he did, and that he thought it very unseemly conduct; against which charge Ellen made no further defence than to put her arm round his neck, and kiss his cheek, as she left the room on household affairs.

Laurence and Stubbs strolled out into the garden, for the sun was bright though the frost was keen, to smoke the after-breakfast pipe; and whilst the former went to speak to the gardener, whose cottage stood hard by the garden end, the latter had time to make his observations on the place, and puzzle his brains in guessing who was Lucy. He paced up and down, and round and round, gradually increasing his speed, for it was a snipping air, and he was chafing with the enigma, when, after one of the turns which set his back to the house, he heard a peculiar clatter on the path behind him. It came patter, patter, closer and closer, and it sounded like the tap of a dainty boot lightly struck on the frozen ground. He turned slowly round, and saw an apparition which startled his hat from his head, and his pipe from his mouth. The apparition was young and short, and wore a bonnet of the prevailing mode, but without a veil; so that the delicate skin, just stimulated by the frost, and the smooth black hair, hiding the tops of the ears, and the high, broad forehead, and the deep-blue eyes, and the well-formed nose, and the rich red lips, and the teeth that seemed made for nothing coarser than smiles, and the dimpled chin, and the oval face, were all revealed to the naked eye. The apparition, moreover, held in one hand a black muff, and with the other lifted a black dress, over which was

a hooded gray cloak, so as to show just a few inches of red petticoat and white stockings sprouting out of tiny black kid boots. The latter hand the apparition, having dropped the dress, stretched forth to the grateful Stubbs with modest unconstraint, and just the faintest blush, saying in tones which made his very heart to laugh, "How do you do, Mr. Stubbs? I'm so glad you have come."

Stubbs was disposed to answer that he had never felt so well in his life, barring a slight tremor about the region of the heart and knees; but he resisted, and replied simply, "You are very kind. Yes; I came last evening."

"And you and Laurence were so fatigued that you had gone to bed before I came home: I heard —"

"I assure you I had no notion you were expected, or — or —"

"O, don't say anything polite, please; I was only afraid I disturbed you. But where is Laurence? I want to wish him a 'Merry Christmas.' By the way, I wish you one, Mr. Stubbs. To the gardener's, you say? Let us walk there; I'm so cold. Where is your pipe? You were smoking a pipe when I first saw you."

Stubbs had ignominiously thrust it up his sleeve, and now produced it ruefully.

"Pray, go on," said the apparition; "at least, if it is not out; and if it is, I dare say you have a match. I don't mind it in the least; Laurence has drilled me too well for that."

But who was she? She was not a bit like Laurence, or Ellen, or old Mr. Horton.

"Ah, Lu — glad to see you," said Laurence with a salute, the cold fraternal style of which seemed to solve Stubbs's problem as she sprang forward with a "Merry Christmas, Laurie, dear."

"Same to you, Lu," replied his worship coldly. "So you've made acquaintance with my friend Stubbs."

"Yes; Ellen told me I should find you both in the garden, and as you were not there to introduce me, I — I — no; I declare, I never said who I am. It never struck me you would n't know who I am, Mr. Stubbs. I beg your pardon; I'm —"

"I ought to have known," interrupted Stubbs, "that you are Laurence's sister."

"O, what fun!" said she, laughing: "and I'm not; and yet my name is Lucy Horton. I'm Laurence's first-cousin. My father and mother both died when I was quite a baby, and I have lived here ever since with my uncle, who is my father's brother; and I always call Uncle Horton papa, and he considers me his daughter."

"Well, Lu," resumed Laurence, "have you been to the school this morning?"

"Yes, of course I have; that is why we did n't meet at breakfast, — you know that."

"Look here, Stubbs," said Laurence, smiling; "Lucy goes out at unearthly hours on Sundays and Christmas-day, and all days of that sort, and teaches all the dirty little brats they can bribe to go to the Sunday school."

Lucy looked grave and sad.

"Don't talk of them like that, Laurie," she said gently. "Very few of them are dirty, and nearly all of them are so thankful for every little attention; or if they are not, poor little things, their parents are for them."

Laurence laughed; and "What do you say about it, Stubbs?" he asked.

"I should like to inquire whether it is not — on

the Sabbath, at any rate — breaking the fourth commandment," replied Stubbs, smiling.

Again Lucy looked grave and sad; and "Please don't joke about it, Mr. Stubbs," she said so earnestly, that Stubbs swore inwardly he would lose his right hand first.

And now the Christmas chimes pealed forth, calling Christian men to prayer; and a cheerful party were the Hortons and their guest, as they walked briskly along to the taper-spined, ivy-covered, simple-looking little church, not far from the ice-bound river. There was a cordial greeting for many a friend, a Christmas-box for the blue-nosed sweeper; and Lucy's little pupils, in quaint red cloaks, bobbed generally to the party, and smiled affectionately at the teacher herself. Some of the smaller ones ran confidently up to her, and had a playful pinch of the cheek and a "Merry Christmas, dear," for their pains; whilst the elder ones said, "Servant, miss," not at all with a look of menial subservience, but with glances of love, as of those who frankly acknowledged obligations by no means humiliating. Stubbs experienced an unwanted sensation of peaceful content and devotional gratitude as he sat by Lucy in the ample pew, and as he listened to her voice, and joined his own with unusual fervor, and gladdened his eyes with the holly-twined pillars and the holly-formed letters above the altar, which had been carefully arranged in a segment of a circle, whereof the curve said, "Glory be to God on high," and the straight line: "Peace on earth, good-will towards men."

V.

There was a joyous luncheon soon after church, for two carriages had arrived with welcome visitors. There were Uncle Tom and Aunt Maria, and Sister Mary with her husband James, and others not so closely related, and they all held out their hands to Stubbs, as if they had known him for many a year; and Stubbs felt, more than he had thought he could, that he was a link in the society of kindly men. And after luncheon, the hats sallied forth for a long walk, and the bonnets stayed at home for exercise in the garden, or for womanly converse by the blazing hearth.

After the bracing walk came the Christmas cheer; and happy Stubbs sat next to Lucy. The talk flowed freely on with many an anecdote and many a jest; and when at last the drawing-room was reached, they sat in semicircle round the fire, and spoke of Christmas reminiscences: how one had been there who was now with the dead; how another would be thinking of them in a foreign land; how another was absent by reason of feud; and how good it is that enmities should cease at such a time. Then the strain grew more cheerful; and they conversed of love, and marriage, and children, as they wandered to the scenes of New-Year's Day and the dancing delights of gay Twelfth-night. Each could remember how at such a time symptoms had shown themselves in Jack and Gill which had betrayed their secret to observant folk, and had resulted in a trip by gray-horsed chariot to a fashionable church for change of name. Isabella's mother, Stubbs thought, should have been there to see how a Christmas evening could pass without profane music, and without "cross questions and crooked answers"; for the questions were pleasant and straightforward, and the answers of a similar character. But inexorable time brought round eleven o'clock, and with it came the clatter of hoofs and

the drawing up of carriages at the door. Then the time-honored butler of the house appeared with a two-handled cup upon a silver salver; he placed it upon the table and retired, and Mr. Horton whispered something to Laurence, who laughed aloud, and approaching Stubbs, said, with as much seriousness as he could assume, "I must beg you, old fellow, to shift your quarters, and sit next to me; an ancient ceremony is about to be performed."

So Stubbs, who had been sitting between Ellen and Lucy, reluctantly left his place, and formed one extreme of the semicircle, of which old Mr. Horton formed the other. Then the senior, taking the cup in his hands, turned to Aunt Maria, who was his next neighbor, kissed her affectionately, took a sip, and passed the cup to her; and so it went round with kiss and sip until it came to Laurence, who, having received it from Lucy, and having glanced slyly at Stubbs, whispered to her something which caused her to bite her lip, and look steadfastly at the fire. He then, having handed the cup to Stubbs with the recommendation to "take a good swig, it's rare stuff," walked across and saluted his father, saying, on his return, to Stubbs, "By the way, you might have liked to kiss the governor; I dare say *he* would n't mind."

But old Mr. Horton relieved Stubbs by shaking his fist at Laurence, and shouting, "You're an impudent young puppy, sir. If I were you, I'd kick him, Stubbs." And so with general laughter the guests departed, each having some invitation to impress upon the family, and each taking care to say to Stubbs, "You'll come, of course, Mr. Stubbs; you'll not expect any formal asking?"

VI.

The Christmas vacation was passing joyously with Stubbs: there were skating, sleighing, billiards, dinner-parties, and dances with Ellen and Lucy for frequent partners. They were both beautiful dancers; but there was about Lucy's movements a grace which struck even the most unobservant; she moved with the ease of a gossamer on the gale. Stubbs had been the pupil of both; for he had confessed his inability to waltz. He could shuffle through a quadrille, he had said, and could shamle through a polka, but waltzes and that sort of thing were beyond him. So Ellen and Lucy had taken him in hand; and it must not be considered sheer stupidity on Stubbs's part, if, when Lucy drew her dress aside to more conveniently show him the steps, he was very slow to learn, and required a great deal of that elementary instruction (for she had the prettiest foot and ankle imaginable). Moreover, Lucy skated exquisitely; and, though Laurence was fond of long excursions to distant spots when the river was frozen, Stubbs was more pleased when his friend was lazy, and would stay at home to skate upon the garden-pond; for then Lucy (who, of course, could not go everywhere) would join them, and Stubbs had the privilege of taking off and putting on Lucy's skates. On such an occasion, Lucy had said with a laugh, "Thank you, Mr. Stubbs. Laurence says I ought to give you a copper."

"We always give the lads coppers for putting our skates on," said Laurence.

"But I have no coppers," rejoined Lucy demurely.

"They pay in different coin in Holland," remarked Stubbs tremulously.

"O, do they?" asked Lucy. "Pray, how do they pay?"

"With the lips," answered Stubbs boldly.

"They speak their thanks, I suppose you mean," said Lucy archly.

"No; I do not: they — they — you can read all about it in books on Holland," stammered Stubbs.

"Ah! but this is not Holland, you know: I must take care to have coppers another time"; and away flew Lucy on the outer edge.

And Stubbs said to his own heart, "Here by God's grace, is the one maid for me."

At length the vacation was over, and Cambridge life began again. But Stubbs went back a new man. There was now a name which he blest when he rose in the morning, and when he lay down to rest at night. He had been objectless before, but now he would work with a view to an end. He had supposed he would glide naturally into holy orders; he would now aim to be worthy of his vocation, and of her whose religion was no sham. He would also strive for high honors, that he might have a reasonable chance of clerical preferment. Was it possible that Lucy guessed his feelings? Others certainly had: for once at a dance, as he stood talking to pretty Emily Field, whilst his looks kept wandering to where Lucy was dancing, Emily had said abruptly, "I think Lucy the prettiest girl in the room."

"So do I — by far," poor Stubbs had admitted with more honesty than gallantry; but Emily had only laughed good-naturedly, and said, "It is no use fishing for compliments from you, and I should n't have believed you if you had said anything else," for Emily Field was as candid as she was pretty; and besides, there was some one, as she knew very well, who did not at all agree with Stubbs.

VII.

On flew hours, and days, and weeks, and then the Easter vacation came, and old Mr. Horton gave Stubbs to understand that he and Laurence would be expected together. So he basked once more in Lucy's smiles, which were banished only once through him. It was on Easter Sunday, and Lucy had put on a new bonnet. She had been quizzed about it by Laurence, and had acknowledged that she always made a point of putting on something new on so notable a day, and then, "Have you put on anything new, Mr. Stubbs?" she asked innocently.

"Nothing but a new spirit," answered Stubbs irreverently.

Then the sad, grave look came over Lucy's face, and Stubbs felt stabbed to the heart, for he fancied her eyes grew dim with tears; but she turned her head away hastily, so that he could not see, so hurt was she by the slightest irreverence.

On sped the weeks once more, and the May term brought plenteous leaves to the beautiful limes at the backs of the colleges, and cricket-matches and boat-races. And the Horton family went to Cambridge to see a boat-race, and the Unity boat made a splendid "bump," and Stubbs pulled stroke, and Lucy saw him. And when the Hortons departed, old Mr. Horton said, "Well, Mr. Stubbs, you're one of us now, you know; you must come to us with Laurence for the Long Vacation, if you've no other engagement."

And Stubbs replied, "Upon my word, sir, you are very good, and I wish I could. But you see I

go in for my degree next time, and I am going to read with a private tutor this Long.

"Well, well," said Mr. Horton, "at any rate you can come to us for a week or ten days before you join your reading-party." And so it was arranged.

Now, before the term was over, Laurence Horton and Stubbs had stumbled upon a topic of conversation which will crop up occasionally amongst young men at the universities and elsewhere. It was eyes, — ladies' eyes; and Stubbs had maintained with considerable warmth that Lucy Horton had the most beautiful eyes in the world. Laurence had replied indifferently that it might be so, but that as he had always regarded Lucy as a younger sister, he had taken very little notice of them. They went on to noses, and it appeared that Stubbs had never seen any nose he liked so well as that which stood above the chin of Lucy Horton. Laurence whistled, and proceeded to mouths, when the mouth of Lucy Horton was pronounced by Stubbs the mouth of mouths. Hereupon, Laurence said abruptly, "Stubbs, my boy, you are spoony on Lucy."

This very common but very disagreeable language applied to "the maiden passion for a maid" is usually considered tantamount to a criminal charge, and the person to whom it is addressed is popularly regarded as being "taxed" with an offence, and it was therefore not without a slight blush that Stubbs replied defiantly, "I know I am — what then?"

"O nothing," said Laurence; "I'll give you a testimonial."

And as Laurence was lord-paramount over Grove House, Stubbs should, in Laurence's opinion, have considered the matter settled; but he did not.

"You see, old fellow," said Stubbs anxiously, "I'm doubtful about my circumstances."

"Pooh!" replied Laurence; "you'll get a fellow-ship."

"And if I do," observed Stubbs, "I shall have to give it up when I marry. The only way I can see is this: I believe I shall take a very fair degree, and so I may get a good mastership in a crack school, and take boarders. I confess I don't quite like the notion; but do you think Lucy would object?"

"Object!" echoed Laurence; "it's just what she would like, — a spotless parson and lots of children to look after."

"Ah! but think of the details. Think of little Jones, please, sir, as the housekeeper would say, with the stomach-ache, and little Thompson with the mumps, and all sorts of miserable little Christians with all sorts of horrible complaints."

"My dear boy, it's just what Lucy would be great in; she'd be like a mother to the whole lot."

And so Stubbs determined that he would take the earliest opportunity of finding out how Lucy was minded towards him. It happened, therefore, on a certain evening in early June, when he was paying his short visit at Grove House, he said to Lucy, as they sat in the drawing-room, "I wish you would sing me a favorite song."

"What is it?" asked she.

"*Il segreto per esse felice* —"

"And pray, what does that mean in plain English?" growled old Mr. Horton, who disliked "outlandish" words, as he called them.

"*The receipt for being happy*, dear papa," said Lucy. "I'll sing it with pleasure, Mr. Stubbs, on condition that you afterwards sing *La Donna è mobile*."

"I'll not sing *that*," blurted Stubbs decisively.

"And pray, why not?" growled old Horton again. "What does *that* mean in plain English?"

"*Woman is changeable*, dear papa," answered Lucy. "Why will you not sing it, Mr. Stubbs?"

"I would rather not," said Stubbs a little sulkily. "I will sing *Com'è gentile*, or, *O, summer night* (to give the first words of the English version, Mr. Horton), if that will do."

"O, certainly, Mr. Stubbs; it will do very well," answered Lucy, looking just the least bit in the world annoyed.

The songs were ended, and, the evening being close, every one strolled into the garden for air. There was summer lightning playing about, and Stubbs and Lucy sat watching it after the others had gone indoors again. Stubbs suddenly drew his chair near Lucy's, and said with some confusion, "Do you know why I asked you to sing that particular song?"

"O, was not that a beautiful flash?" asked Lucy evasively.

"I think I know 'the receipt for being happy,'" continued Stubbs moving his chair still nearer to Lucy's.

"There's another beautiful flash," was Lucy's only remark; and Stubbs asked somewhat angrily, "Can you guess why I would not sing that *woman is changeable*?"

"Because you are wilful, sir," answered Lucy archly.

"Indeed," said Stubbs, "that is not the reason. Have you read the German poems I gave you?"

"Some of them; and I think them charming."

"Do you recollect *The Three Students*?"

"O yes; it is beautiful, — so simple, and so pathetic."

"Did you see," Stubbs went on, "some pencil-marks against the words spoken by the third student? Did you notice that I had translated them to the best of my ability: *Thee I loved from the first, thee I love to-day; and I'll love thee when all things have passed away*? And did you know, Lucy, it was you that I meant?"

Lucy turned away her head and said nothing, but slid her fingers into Stubbs's hand.

What scene the sheet-lightning afterwards illuminated was witnessed by the stars alone; and they winked upon it after their fashion.

The consequence was that next morning Stubbs was closeted some time with old Mr. Horton, and came from the interview with a smile of triumph.

VIII.

The reading-party broke up at the beginning of October, and each member of it went whither he listed until the day arrived when he must return to college. What need to mention that Stubbs went to Grove House? There was all he prized on earth; and there he was proud to confess to himself that "Stubbs's luck" was not so bad after all.

At last the cruel day arrived when he and Laurence must return to college. And once more time flew, and Christmas was drawing near again.

But Stubbs was not destined to pass it at High Beckham. The mathematical examination was coming on in January; and mathematics and "rheumatics" were almost equally disabling to Stubbs. Fears were expressed even by his private tutor that he would not manage to "pass"; and if he failed to "pass," he could not try for classical honors. Great, therefore, was the consternation

at Grove House. All his future depended upon his "passing": a "pluck" looked like utter ruin for him. Every effort, therefore, must be made; nothing must occur to disturb his mind. It was proposed, then, by old Mr. Horton, seconded by Laurence, supported by Ellen, and acquiesced in by conscientious Lucy, that correspondence between her and Stubbs should cease till the dreadful examination was over. She should indulge him with one long letter on Christmas-day, and, with that exception, he must try to forget that pens, ink, and paper were used for anything but mathematics.

So Stubbs stayed "up" another Christmas whilst Laurence went home to High Beckham: for Stubbs was Laurence's senior by a year. But Stubbs and I were in the same year; so we dined together on Christmas-day, and made moan together over our fate, and read together until the awful morning broke when the doors of the Senate-house, at 9 A. M., opened wide, and swallowed us up.

Upon leaving the Senate-house, on the last day of the examination, Stubbs rushed like a madman to college, called at his tutor's obtained his *exeat*, or "leave to go away," and then flew to his rooms to strip off his cap and gown. To his astonishment the outer door was open. It must be that his bed-maker was putting things to rights. He hastily opened the inner door, and by the dim firelight saw a sombre figure seated in his chair. The figure turned its head round, — it was Laurence Horton.

"Horton!" cried Stubbs in amazement.

"Stubbs, old boy!" said Laurence in a low voice; and as he rose from the chair, and stood by the fire Stubbs saw with a shudder that he was dressed in black.

"Stubbs, old boy, I've some very bad news," said Horton sadly.

The other turned pale and trembled, but said not a word.

"It's about Lucy, Stubbs. Do you think you can bear it?"

Stubbs simply nodded, sank into a chair, folded his arms upon the table, and buried his face in them.

Horton laid a hand gently on Stubbs's shoulder, bent down, and whispered.

There was a silence for the space of ten minutes whilst Horton stood with his hands before his face, and Stubbs gave no outward sign of consciousness, save a heaving motion of the back and shoulders.

At length, Stubbs looked up an older man and said softly, "When — when — when —" He could not complete the sentence.

"This morning at six," said Laurence, knowing what the question should have been.

There was another long silence, and then Stubbs said faintly, "I shall go at once; there is time to catch the train. Are you coming?"

Laurence nodded. A fly was brought, and the two friends went away together. As they travelled in the train Stubbs commanded himself sufficiently to ask for an account of what had befallen Lucy, and why they had not sent for him. She had been on the ice Laurence said, on Christmas-day, after she had written her last letter to Stubbs; the ice had given way, and before she could be got out she had been thoroughly drenched. No bad effects showed themselves immediately, but when a day had passed she became alarmingly ill. She grew better, and then worse, and that morning she had

sunk rapidly. "And why we did not let you know anything about it," said Laurence, in conclusion, "you will learn best when you reach home. We had no fear at first, and at last we had good reason for silence."

Ellen would fain have accompanied Stubbs into the chamber of death, but he begged that he might enter alone; so his grief was hidden from mortal eye. Clapsed in one hand of the dead was a prayer-book which he had given her, and in the other was a paper, on which was written in pencil, "Good by, dearest Willie, till we meet again. It was at my request that you were told nothing: it could have done me no good, and it would have injured you. Forgive me if it seems unkind; I could not be unkind to you. Papa promised you should take this from my own hand."

So there was bitter mourning in Grove House, and the hearts of the red-cloaked pupils were heavy.

Stubbs "passed," but his performance in the classical examination was not equal to expectation. The examiners, of course, could not know that over all the papers they set hovered a sweet little face, and that all the words were turned to "Lucy." They put his name low down in the list; and his comrades talked of "Stubbs's luck."

But Stubbs cared little where the examiners put him. He had made up his mind for a different life from that which Lucy would have shared with him. He was only one-and-twenty, and Mr. Horton's influence was sufficient to procure him a cadetship. So he departed for active life in India. He devoted himself to the practice of the sabre, and his swordsmanship was a matter of talk. In many a dangerous affair, with the once ruddy face begrimed with powder, and the soft blue eyes darting out fierce fire, he had plied his sword to terrible purpose, as he charged with his troop of irregular horse. And when Indian hate — whether called forth by greased cartridges, or long-borne tyranny, or natural malignity — broke out in open mutiny and murder, Stubbs and his troop did good service. Their Bhakke tunics, scarlet sashes, and picturesque turbans were regarded by the rebels as the outward garb of avenging furies. And thus it happened that on a day Stubbs came upon a party of rebel horse, commanded by the notorious Rumber Singh, who was commonly called from his bravery, "The Lion."

"Remember, lads, the Lion is mine," cried Stubbs, as they galloped down upon the enemy; and in a few seconds he and the Lion were hand to hand. Then Stubbs's swordsmanship stood him in good stead, for he had no mean antagonist opposed to him.

"That was well meant," said Stubbs, coolly, as he parried a vicious cut; but the Lion only grinned with rage.

At it again they went, cutting and thrusting, and wheeling their well-trained horses. At last, the Lion left an opening, Stubbs gave point, and the Lion fell. A loud cheer rose from Stubbs's men, but at that very moment a ping was heard, and Stubbs's saddle was emptied of its rider.

Over the Hortons' pew, in High Beckham Church, is a marble slab with this inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of WILLIAM STUBBS, late Captain S — Irregular Horse, who fell gallantly fighting against the Indian Mutineers, January 7, 1858." And under a glass cover in Laurence Hor-

ton's study at Grove House lies a little prayer-book, wrapped in a piece of paper. Pencil-marks are still faintly visible upon the paper, on which, as well as on the prayer-book, are stains as of blood; for Stubbs had carried prayer-book and paper close to his heart; and the Hortons had regarded Stubbs as their relation.

THE COUNT DE BUFFON.

A MODERN English author has said of Buffon that he is the Bewick of the civilized world. The compliment is one only from the British point of view. Though it be true enough that as Bewick is the darling faunist of the British Islands, so Buffon is of the whole civilized world, yet Bewick cannot take amongst the learned physiologists of his native country the rank assigned to Buffon amongst those of the world at large. A more accurate similitude, not for analogy of genius, but certainly for coextensiveness of fame, would be that of the Defoe of France. No genius, however, needs less than that of Buffon the relief of contrast. No author ever created for himself an individuality more completely, yet more unselfishly distinct. His aim was self-proposed; he founded systems of which later science has confirmed the truth, and he fell of his own accord into a series of magnificent errors, of which any one would have immortalized a smaller man. His style was not of that kind which hides a secret from the admiring disciple. His followers took freely of his spirit in proportion to their zeal, and of some it has been said triumphantly that they have composed whole chapters in the style of Buffon. But Buffon has a far more solid claim to glory than can be founded upon any amount of mere abstract fame. His reputation is unequivocally pure. A vague notion of something good is attached to his name in even the most prejudiced and ignorant minds, just as to that of Volney clings a taint of evil even amongst those who have only read of him as the friend of Franklin, or as the fearless reprover of the Consul Bonaparte.

Georges-Louis Leclerc, afterwards Count de Buffon, was born at Montbard, in Burgundy, the 7th September, 1707. Though an aristocrat by birth, his title of count was of subsequent creation. His father, lord of the manor of Buffon-par-Montbard, and a distinguished member of the Parliament of Dijon, detected early the latent genius of the young Leclerc, and observing him to be invariably persistent in pursuits of his own selection, at length remitted him from all constraint, and lived to witness the complete justification of his keen though daring foresight.

On leaving college the first use he made of his liberty was to travel in the south of France, and afterwards in Southern Italy. From thence he turned northwards, and arrived in England in his two-and-twentieth year, with no distinct object, as he states himself, than that of observing and noting the institutions of an independent people. England was at that time in a state of social isolation from the rest of Europe. Foreigners went there to enjoy originality in poetry, in the drama, and in romance, and to study liberty, philosophy, and political economy. Frenchmen went especially to observe the growth of popular power, to brood over the progress of popular emancipation, and darkly to examine subjects which were some years later to be openly resumed at home by turbulent and menacing debaters.

Wide of any such design was the ambition of the young Leclerc. Without any more definite aim than that of acquiring the language, he set himself with zeal to study English. The first book which fell into his hands, in London — and on this Jules Jaïn remarks with admiration how hazard favors genius — was Hales's statics of vegetables. The perusal, re-perusal, and ultimately the complete and accurate translation of this work, created in his mind a tendency which was never afterwards diverted. His next study was Newton's system of fluxions, of which he also completed an elaborate translation, and to the influence of which he dates his subsequent preference for geometry and the natural sciences.

On his return to France he repaired to Angiers, with the intention of completing his studies in the received academical order, but there, falling in with Landreville, he yielded to the temptation of reading exclusively with that most skilful mathematician, and in later life he cites him as his authority for the adoption of particular theorems. But his stay at Angiers was suddenly cut short by an occurrence, which he ever afterwards regarded as a lasting motive for serious and remorseful penitence. Having accepted a challenge, resulting from a quarrel at the close of a convivial evening, he met his opponent, and severely wounded him. In vain his friends insisted on the laws of an inexorable code. "The dilemma," he said, "would have vanished with the first effort of a godlike nature. My adversary would have known me to be honorable had I kissed his cheek; but now I have cut him with my sword, and he cannot know that I am not a craven or a bully."

From Angiers he went to Paris, from whence he was summoned home to attend his mother, who died shortly after his arrival. Her loss was deeply felt by the young Leclerc. Endowed with mental gifts of the highest order, she had ever inspired him with that respectful love which outlasts the most affectionate remembrance of mere parental tenderness. He spoke of her through life in tones of the highest admiration, and usually added, with the sublime naïveté which was natural to his character, and which was the constant delight of his friends, "You know it is through the mother that qualities of mind and heart are transmitted to children."

During the year which followed his mother's death his father married again, and a suit ensued, which ended in a complete rearrangement of the family affairs. There had been some disorder. The estate of Buffon had been sold; moneys embarked in speculation were not forthcoming for division, and it appeared that when the surviving children had obtained their due, the father had overdrawn his share. Georges-Louis was now of an age to take legal possession of his private fortune, which was considerably larger than that of his only surviving brother, the Abbé de Rivet, having been augmented by a handsome legacy under the will of his godfather's widow. His course was clear to his conscience, and he adopted it without hesitation.

He repurchased the estate of Buffon, took his father and stepmother to live with him in the château, and it was there the children of the second marriage were born and educated. His own time he spent partly in Paris, and partly with his father at the chateau. In Paris he devoted himself to literature and science; in the country to experiments

and practical observations. His rank and education entitled him to move in the most courted circles, and possessing ample means, and a commanding person enhanced by a natural reserve calculated possibly to pique the inquisitive, he speedily found himself caressed and solicited by the most distinguished ampbtryons of the capital. But though keenly alive to the worldly advantage of connection, and by no means averse to fashion he remained master of his will through all temptation, and resisted sternly the encroachments of dissipation, in whatever shape presented. We are informed by Flourens, the most matter-of-fact of his biographers, that he had given his writing-desk a standing appointment for five o'clock each morning, and that he punctually and religiously kept it, in spite of late evenings and undigested suppers. His first avowed publication, a geometrical treatise, presented to the Academy of Sciences in 1737, procured him the honor of membership elect in that learned institution. Two years later he published his translation of Hales's statics preceded by a brilliant preface, which being of a nature generally appreciable first brought him into public notice. In 1740 he published his translation of Newton's fluxions, preceded also by a preface, no less remarkable in style and substance and no less admired than the first. Other treatises followed, chiefly original, and all on scientific subjects. He was now in his thirty-second year, had passed in the Academy of Sciences from the class of mechanics to that of botany, and from the rank of deputy to that of associate. His reputation was established both in science and letters, but, so far, only in his native country. His leaning for the mathematics became more and more apparent, and there appeared every likelihood of his taking final rank amongst the profound and inaccessible few, when a simple circumstance revealed his true vocation, effacing the narrow professor's chair which blocked his prospect, and unrolling the vast perspective of his now inevitable mission.

In the year following that in which appeared the translation of Newton's fluxions, the Academy received unexpected tidings of the death of Dufay, the intendant of the king's garden. The intendency of the king's garden was the post of all others most suited to the tastes and genius of Leclerc. He had been even mentioned as eminently eligible to succeed to it, although from the age and inclination of the immediate occupant, the succession was regarded as remote. It was, moreover, a post much coveted, and dependent on a patronage not always employed in favor of the fittest candidate. It appeared, however, that, by a codicil to his will, Dufay had recommended Leclerc to the king as the most competent person whom his majesty could appoint to succeed him.

The king — Louis XV. — did honor to the recommendation of his departed servant, and De Buffon — as he was already styled, by courtesy, from the name of his estate — took immediate possession of his new and important stewardship. In a letter, written previously to his nomination, after expressing fear on the ground of his comparative youth and his inexperience, he modestly enumerates what he considers his qualifications for the office. What is needed, he says, is a young man capable of supporting fatigue, who understand plants, and who does not fear the sun. But once at his post, these unassuming pretensions fell instantly to the place assigned them by their subordinate im-

portance. It was no longer a question of braving the weather, or of merely understanding plants, or tracing plans. The king's garden was a creation craving rescue, an embryo lost for need of heat. Not an outline had been produced in the system of De Buffon's predecessor, which contained an appropriate thought. Not a sketch existed that revealed a seizable design. All was poverty of conception, all confusion of material. A low-roofed tenement contained two heaps of doubtful curiosities, three worm-gnawed skeletons composed the museum of anatomy; the herbarium was without plants, the parterre left to hazard; trees choked up the scanty nursery, and fallow plots lay thirsting by neglected wells.

The king's garden was nevertheless an old foundation, and established for scientific ends. Conscientious professors had from time to time revived its torpid animation, and one illustrious name, anterior to Buffon, is gratefully remembered as its constant friend; but distractions civil and political, fanatical commotions and exhausting wars, took precedence of peaceful science, and it is perhaps remarkable that, with lukewarm patrons and mercenary friends, so unattractive an institution should have survived popular indifference.

De Buffon paused for an instant, overwhelmed with the vast proportions of a twofold project. He then formed the resolution, first of reproducing the entire visible creation in the miniature dimensions of the king's garden, and secondly, of becoming the historian of nature. His first care was to examine, sort, and cull. He then proceeded to survey and adapt his territory. New plans were traced and forthwith executed. Old sites were levelled, old boundaries removed. Fresh ground was purchased and annexed. Constructions without apparent object perplexed the curious, or provoked scornful whispers. Why build a terrace to overlook these hopeless wastes? To what end these galleries, of which a single cabinet would more than contain the whole possessions of the museum? To such inquiries De Buffon answered in the vindicating language of success. His eloquent appeal for aid had captivated the learned and convinced the rich. Each courier came laden with fresh accessions to the museum, the library, and the garden. Far from being too vast, the galleries were speedily unable to contain the rich collections that encumbered the floors and obstructed the passages. New buildings were then erected on more extensive plans, accommodation was provided for visitors and strangers, a staff was engaged for superintendence and exhibition, and the institution became, what it has ever since remained a public and venerated monument.

De Buffon now began to feel the need of organized co-operation. The first coadjutor who joined him permanently was Daubenton, a man of great learning, and profoundly scientific. To him was confided the arrangement of the museum, and the classification of the specimens. It was Daubenton who first expounded natural history to the students of all classes who came from the different seminaries to frequent the new Lyceum.

Things were now established on a solid basis. The public applauded loudly, and it was clear that the king's garden was a national success. Enough had been done to assure its future progress under vigilant and enlightened management, and De Buffon turned his thoughts to his second and more adventurous undertaking. After securing the services of additional and able substitutes, and imparting

a last and long-felt impulsion to the home administration, he left Paris to return only at determined intervals, and withdrew to Montbard, to mature his grand design in silence and seclusion. Ten years elapsed, and in the eleventh he quitted his laborious solitude, and returned for a moment to his friends. Congratulated on his healthful mien, he replied, "But there is health in happiness, and there is happiness in an elevated aim." He added, later, "With patience and method, one becomes each day sensible of progress, and of the increasing force of one's intelligence."

Meanwhile, this progress, this increasing force of intelligence, had produced the three first volumes of the "Natural History." They appeared in 1749. The first contained the "Theory of the Earth," and the "System of the Formation of the Planets"; the second, the "General History of Animals," and the "History of Man considered separately"; the third was a description of the king's museum, by Daubenton, but it contained also that admirable chapter on the "Varieties of the Human Species," in which De Buffon, for the first time, laid down foundations for the natural history of man. Man had been studied previously in his individual existence only. Buffon is the first physician who ranks him as a genus, and his researches are still the adopted groundwork of the prevailing theories.

The apparition of this work, so unforeseen, and so unlike in flight to the timid hoverings of the previous speculators, divided the public between surprise and admiration, and Buffon's fame, confined hitherto to France by the barriers of language, passed rapidly through the medium of translations, and escorted mostly by approving comments, into all the capitals of Europe.

At about this period, or a little later, a celestial dream came suddenly to divert the current of his high preoccupations. In a convent at Montbard, her eyes turned thoughtfully from the outer world, a specimen of the genus angel attracted the attention of the great naturalist, in the person of a young novice. Twice he had seen her, without uncontrollable emotion, in the presence of his friend, her father, the Chevalier de St. Belin. The third time, seen alone, or only in the charge of the monastic chaperon, her remembrance was fatal to his studious concentration. In vain he quoted Ovid, and betook himself to write; from out his troop of porpoises a mermaid looked at him; and from the depths of his tertiary formations he found himself reascending to the seventh heaven. He was nevertheless a great philosopher, and forty-five years old. From one so self-possessed and so devoted to science, it was lawful to anticipate an heroic and exemplary decision. A sacrifice was even due to public expectation. His conduct, on the contrary, was that of the most simple of mortals, and though generous and disinterested, was extremely rational. He first allowed himself to become seriously in love with Mademoiselle de St. Belin, and then took his dog and walking-stick, and went over to see her father. The chevalier delicately objected that his daughter was dowress; her monastic portion of six thousand pounds, Tours currency,—equal in sterling to two hundred and forty pounds,—was only to be obtained on the hard but needful condition of renouncing her claim on the family succession. This difficulty De Buffon immediately met by volunteering to settle on Mademoiselle de St. Belin, out of his own fortune, by way of pin-money, an annuity for life of a thousand crowns French, or

£120 sterling, and the marriage was then and there agreed on finally, as far as regarded the paternal consent. On being consulted by her father, the young lady expressed the most unfeigned surprise. She had had no presentiment of her suitor's preference. She had, moreover, been strangely allured of late by the peaceful prospect of a cloistered life, and had half resolved within herself to pass from the noviciate to the veil. She was, nevertheless, conscious of being greatly honored by the love of so distinguished a man, and she undertook to love him in return with all her affection.

During the year which followed his marriage, whilst absorbed with his manuscripts at Montbard, Buffon unexpectedly received news of his being unanimously elected a member of the Academy of France. The announcement was the more acceptable to him from the circumstance that certain Doctors of the Sorbonne had openly suspected him of materialism. One had gone so far as to declare his conclusions contrary to revelation, and to recommend his philosophy to, at least, the mute censure of the Index Expurgatory. The papal commissioners had, however, taken quite a contrary view. The Pope himself, in an ex-official interview with the Duke of Nivernais, then ambassador of France at Rome, had even spoken of Buffon's works in terms of high commendation.

Pending the probation Buffon writes on the subject to a friend with his own truly childlike and native guilelessness: "I do hope my works will not be consigned to the Index. I have done my utmost to write clear of the Church, and I have made all possible concessions. I dread these nasty theological disputes more than all the criticisms of geometricians and philosophers. But see how valuable the delay is. We are almost out of their reach; the third edition is going off as rapidly as the second and the first."

In the August of 1753 he pronounced before the Academy, on the occasion of his reception, his famous essay on style: "The only works," he observes, "which are destined to pass to posterity are those which are really well written. The knowledge, the learning, the truth they may contain, are readily transplantable, but the style is the author himself, and remains immutable; and if the style of a truthful treatise be sublime and irreproachable, it will be admired throughout all ages, and secure to the author his entire fame." The first address of a newly elected member of the Academy is usually a graceful and skilfully disguised acknowledgment of the honor conferred on him by the election, but in the case of the essay on style, as Flourens remarks, the compliments are exclusively for the author. In all probability it did not occur to Buffon's simple mind that he was describing to his new colleagues a talent which he certainly knew himself to possess in a more eminent degree than they.

From 1753 to 1765 appeared the twelve volumes of the "History of the Quadrupeds." They contain those brilliant and attractive descriptions which, to employ the author's own words, as above quoted, "will be admired by all ages, and secure him his entire fame." Each volume, as it appeared, produced a fresh outburst of enthusiasm. The public, amazed to find instructive entertainment in subjects hitherto brought before it only in arid and technical treatises, became gradually conscious of an unsuspected passion for the things of nature, and this passion, once effectually roused, assumed in the

popular mind the incontestable pre-eminence it has ever since maintained.

Buffon was materially aided in the anatomical and descriptive details of his history by Gueneau, Daubenton, Sonnini, and, above all, by the Abbé de Bexon. The latter, a young man of remarkable talent and of the most laborious application, prepared for him the groundwork of some of his most able chapters.

De Bexon at first fell somewhat short of the high standard proposed by Buffon, which was "*de ne jamais s'arrêter qu'à la plus noble expression*"; but by persevering efforts he approached at last to the perfection of his great model, and it appears, from manuscripts which are still preserved in the Museum, that in the history of the aquatic birds, the much admired description of the swan is almost exclusively from the pen of De Bexon. Buffon never failed to acknowledge, in handsome terms, the services of his working colleagues, and he was far above the affectation of being independent of extraneous aid. He was at the same time incapable of anything like unfairness or cupidity, and it is therefore only fair to suppose that he made the abbé some special compensation, in lieu of a share of the splendid service of china, representing the swan in all its attitudes, presented to Buffon by Prince Henry of Prussia, to mark his admiration of the chapter on that noble bird.

When complimented by his friends on his habits of diligence, he was accustomed to reply that his love of labor was inspired, and in part artificial; and it would be certainly difficult to select a spot more calculated than the study at Montbard to stimulate the particular ambition of a writer on nature, or even to exalt the charms of toil in general. Montbard was commanded by the ruins of an old castle, in former times the stronghold of the Dukes of Burgundy. From this castle the view extended over tracts of vine and pasture lands to hills of wood that mingled with the horizons of the Brenne. Few inland sites presented a landscape so varied and imposing. This castle, with the grounds surrounding it, Buffon had purchased from the province, and, turning architect for the occasion, had converted the one and the other into a vast and appropriate observatory. In the courtyards, the ample offices became laboratories for practical experiments. Simple enclosures in the park were allotted to wild animals of peaceful natures. Three lions inhabited a costly den constructed with the materials of a demolished keep. Other lodges contained bears, hyenas, ounces, and creatures of many kinds, sent from all parts for studious and prolonged inspection by the great naturalist. Buffon's invariable rule was, wherever possible, to examine for himself before attempting to describe; and we have, on behalf of the fidelity of his descriptions, the high testimony of Cuvier, who considers him more accurate than even Linnaeus, notwithstanding his constant and disdainful rejection of technical facilities. A striking illustration of his desire to see and judge for himself in all matters which concerned his profession, occurs in the well-remembered instance of the so-called wild man of the woods. This poor outcast had lived for fifteen years on roots and insects in the abandoned solitudes of America, and was then being exhibited in Europe as an aboriginal savage. Buffon had him conveyed to Montbard, where, during two entire months, he entertained, consoled, and questioned him, and it was mainly from his observations on this semi-human

specimen, that he sketched his humbling portrait of humanity in a natural and uncultured state.

But to return to the study at Montbard. From the residence at the foot of the acclivity rose a series of gardens, terraced round and peaked from the exterior, and winding to the summit by a single path. Up this path, punctually at five each morning, Buffon proceeded to a mysterious gateway, opening on a flight of steps. Locking the gate behind him, he ascended the flight of steps, and crossed into an avenue of chestnut trees, leading to an aerial building, forty feet above the terraced gardens, and inaccessible to the profane. Here, in a paved apartment, oak-panelled, and furnished with extreme simplicity, the historian of nature passed, as he informs us, the sweetest hours of his existence. Here, face to face with his subject, presented ever under its wealthiest and grandest aspect, his eye met nothing to circumscribe the unsummoned images which, one by one, he arrested and immortalized. It was here, as lord of this beauteous and limitless creation, he surely felt within him the divine being he paints to his disclaiming brethren, "whose head regards the heavens, and presents an august face, on which is imprinted the character of its dignity; . . . whose majestic port, whose assured and certain step announce his rank and his nobility."

Alone in his study he allowed nothing to interrupt him during the hours of composition. His secretary, surrounded by manuscripts, sat silently waiting his orders in an adjoining cabinet. The first sketches were copied by him on loose sheets, and then immediately revised by Buffon. The revised sheets were next recopied, and then revised again, after which they were laid aside, to be finally revised and finished after an interval sufficiently long to disconnect them from any local or momentary impressions. At the hour of dinner he quitted the study, and seldom returned to it till the following morning. At table he laid aside the philosopher, and became the soul and genius of a gladsome group. He led the talk, enjoyed his own jokes, and assented, without always listening, to the views of every one. His appetite was immense, and his digestion equal to it. He partook of each dish with enviable enjoyment, and described himself to his friends as a vast and conscientious consumer of organic molecules.

His employment after dinner was usually of an active kind, and consisted chiefly of scientific or agricultural experiments. As a rule his afternoons, and sometimes his evenings, were spent at Buffon, where he had established a forge, for the sole purpose of testing the system which he afterwards propounded under the title of the period of fusion, or the first of the seven epochs of the terrestrial globe. It was here he completed those long and costly essays on the cooling of incandescent masses, which served as the base to his bold and startling conclusions. He caused iron, zinc, pewter, antimony, sandstone, and marble to be melted, and from the time consumed in the refrigeration of these substances, he deduced his data for computing the consolidation of the primeval lava. In these practical operations there was often difficulty in assigning an average to the duration of particular heats, from the discouraging and apparently unaccountable variations in identical experiments, and Buffon relates with delight that, on one occasion, when, watch in hand and disappointment in his face, he stood noting the retarded cooling of a slab of steel

a boy from the forge informed him, with all the confidence of professional experience, that the ball of stuff would get cold ever so much quicker if he would only dip it into a bucket of water.

In the spring of 1772, profiting by a pause in his literary labors, Buffon returned to Paris, and resumed in person the direction of the king's garden. The time was come when his talent for organization could be employed to the most lasting advantage. The vital movement had been steadily progressive, and the institution had outgrown its scope. A new constitution was imminent, and the presiding presence became indispensable. From this period dates the veritable development of the king's garden. Assured of the royal favor, and safe in popular esteem, Buffon found himself unlimited in means and uncontrolled in scheme. He purchased houses, land, collections. He pulled down, rebuilt, enlarged, reorganized. The king threw open to him the public treasury, and his signature passed current for uncounted sums. Of this princely credit Buffon made ample and unshrinking use, but at the same time he guarded vigilantly against unpractical and visionary projects. He was averse to needless prodigality, and a letter exists, by which, in terms not admitting of reply, he declines the proffered services of an architect of the period, whose plans he deemed to have been conceived with undue profuseness. An inquest, provoked some years later by his own act, declared his administration in all respects commendable, and his expenditure, above all, judicious. The king at the same time approved his redistribution of the classes, and his appointment of the supplementary professorships.

At about this date, a public homage was rendered him such as had never before, in France, been offered to any great man during his lifetime. His statue was erected at the cost of the state, and inaugurated with national solemnities. It was placed, where it still remains, in the scene of his devoted labors, and underneath was engraved the magnificent inscription:—

“MAJESTATI NATURE PAR INGENIUM.”

So signal a distinction was not of a nature to remain an event of mere local celebrity, and whilst acclaimed in France with undisputed approval, it was tastefully recognized as a merited and appropriate honor by the academies of London, Edinburgh, Berlin, Petersburg, Rome, Florence, Bologna, Philadelphia, Boston, and Geneva.

To this high testimony Louis XV. recorded unsolicited adhesion by a voluntary exercise of the royal prerogative. He erected into an hereditary comté, or earldom, the manor of Buffon-par-Montbard, and the fatal title of count became thenceforth the privilege forever of Buffon and his male successors. The letters patent bear date in 1773, and state expressly that a new dignity is created in favor of a titular of distinguished merit, “in order thereby to excite in other breasts the noble emulation which produces honorable and great qualities.”

Meanwhile the king's garden had undergone complete transformation. A spacious amphitheatre had been opened for the convenience of public instruction. The school of botany had been refounded, receptacles had been provided for the plants of all climates, and a vast accession made to the scientific treasures of the museum. Rich presents continued to arrive from all points of the globe; associations vied with each other in the choiceness of specimens,

destined to fix the attention of “the great painter of nature”; and such indeed was the fascination of his influence, that not only were the collections enriched by the contributions of missionaries concealed in China at the risk of their lives, but cases addressed to Buffon, and seized at sea by buccanniers and pirates, were respected from the address they bore, and forwarded unopened to their sacred destination.

Buffon was now engaged upon the “History of the Minerals,” a subject grateful to his genius, as enforcing the profoundest contemplation, and leading necessarily to extended views. It reconducted him, he writes, after thirty years of meditation, to the scene of his early labors in the interior of the earth. His later thoughts upon the same subject, matured by long reflection and refined by incessant testing, express the impartial judgment of a mind applied with unswerving probity to the research of truth. The “History of the Minerals,” which appeared as a supplement to his other works, contained also the “Epochs of Nature,” which Flourens describes as “the most profound and perfect of the works of Buffon: a sort of divination vouchsafed to the old age of a sincere philosopher.” At the appearance of this last volume the enthusiasm became general. All Europe applauded simultaneously. Kings mingled their congratulations with those of poets and philosophers. Voltaire recalled his satire, and blushed; whilst from Russia rose a shout of exultation, as Catherine read aloud to her assembled court, that the North was the scene of Nature's virgin struggles, the birthplace and cradle of her first and grandest productions.

The Empress Catherine had been no inactive or indifferent spectator of the progress of the Parisian museum. She had contributed handsomely both to the mineral and zoological departments, and she had already initiated at St. Petersburg a rival institution. She aspired longingly, for her own empire, to the enduring distinctions of science and letters, and she envied France far less her martial heroes than her Voltaires, her Diderots, and d'Alemberts. Her coaxing invitation to Buffon, to pass over into that North, which his genius had divined and his authority justified, her caressing promise to guard him folded in the sables of Siberia, are models of queenly condescension and conscious deference to intellectual worth. The letter came accompanied by a present of furs of the intrinsic value of a thousand pounds sterling. Buffon felt half disposed to go, but, on reflection, he considers himself too old,—he was then in his seventy-fifth year,—and he decides on sending his son instead. The empress accepts the substitution, but only on condition that the son bring with him his father's bust; and she again accompanies her letter with a costly gift, consisting this time of native silver from the Oural Mountains.

The young Buffon, then an officer in the Guards, was received with all honor at the Court of St. Petersburg. The empress herself took from him his father's bust and conveyed it to its destination at the Hermitage, where with her own hands she placed on its head a crown of laurels. On his return to France, after a visit to the King of Prussia at Potsdam, he found his father engaged upon a further supplementary volume of the “Natural History,” and from that time until almost the moment of his death, the veteran continued to write on with undimmed and unabated ardor. On his eightieth birthday he exclaimed to his old and attached friend, the Father Ignatius, “I have passed fifty

years of my life at the writing-desk ; I have had a safe existence. I pray that my son may be constantly occupied with a great subject."

The few anxieties of his life had sole reference to the future of his only son. One cross had occurred which he was unable entirely to forget. During the one only serious malady of his life, which attacked him in his sixty-fourth year, and which well-nigh terminated fatally, the Count d'Angeviller, then tutor to the dauphin, made use of his credit at court to secure in his own behalf the reversion of the intendency of the king's garden. For some time the arrangement was kept secret, but it transpired on Buffon's recovery, and was taken much amiss by the public, who well knew that it was the dearest wish of the old naturalist's heart to be succeeded in his office by his son. Buffon himself made no complaint, but was unable to disguise his disappointment. Some years later, by means of a delicate negotiation, he privately offered the count a large sum of money to renounce his right. But it was then too late. D'Angeviller, uneasy in his mind, and possibly foreboding annoyance, had dexterously effaced his personality by effecting a commutation with his brother, for the reversion of a seigneurial patronage. This latter complication had wearied his protectress at court, Madame de Pompadour, and he shrunk from returning singly to the charge. The intrigue, however, profited but little to the two d'Angevillers. During the sixteen years that remained of Buffon's existence, the king's garden was a subject ever avoided in their presence, or only mentioned with constraint. It was even sometimes the signal for a concerted silence, and though the brother entitled in due time succeeded to the intendency, he resigned it at the expiration of his second year of office. The Count d'Angeviller had at that time left the country, having fallen into irremediable pecuniary difficulties.

It was from this forced disruption of his plans that Buffon consented to his son's entering the army, the more so that he suspected him, in resigning himself to a life of science, to have less consulted his tastes than his filial affection. Some short time later, aware that age was rapidly gaining on him, and anxious to witness his son's establishment, he sanctioned his marriage with a young lady of rank and fortune, although he had scarcely yet attained his twenty-first year. The marriage was ill-fated, and circumstances ensued which led first to a rupture of the union and ultimately a judicial separation. The wrong done was on the part of the lady. The young officer stands blameless, and a letter from the old count paints touchingly his upright joy when able conscientiously to acquit his son of any part conducive to the disaster. Subsequent events gave ample corroboration to the contemporaneous testimony. The facts are now notorious which connect the "bru" of Buffon with a certain high scandal in the House of Orleans. But the old man had been then for some years dead, and the son, profiting by a new law for the re-establishment of divorce, had repaired his fortunes by a happy and most appropriate remarriage. His second wife was the daughter of his father's old and loved associate, Daubenton. This lady survived her husband for nearly sixty years.

During the period of his son's first chagrin the count persuaded him to travel, in order to beguile the memories of an importunate and oppressive past ; but after three months' absence he recalled him suddenly, desiring, as he writes, to embrace

him on his eighty-first birthday. This was in September. In the December following it became evident that his end was near. A painful illness, which had for some time past been intermittent, took a permanent and decided form. Expressions reached him of the deepest solicitude from quarters humble and exalted, near and far. He was compelled to feel that all men loved him. Having made his will, and dictated a long list of directions for the improvement of the king's garden, he one morning called his friends around him, and addressed to each of them an affectionate farewell. He then enjoined on his old friend, the Father Ignatius, the accomplishment of certain last wishes respecting his son, and charged him to convey his remains to Montbard, to be interred without pomp between those of his wife and father. He died at his official residence in the king's garden, the 14th April, 1788.

The moment of his death was opportune. Not only did he escape the painful knowledge of facts made public at a later period, to the great discredit of his daughter-in-law, but also the immediate contact of those dire influences so soon to pervade all classes, and confound in indiscriminate retribution both the just and the unjust. Had he lived a few years longer, he would, perhaps, with other good men, have ended his days upon the scaffold. It is true he was beloved, but he possessed a privilege and lordly wealth. It is true he had earned one-half of his riches by the sweat of his brain, but the other was the gift of fortune and the right of birth. It is true he remitted both suit and service to his nine-score retainers, nor ever accepted a day's labor from a villain without ample compensation ; but he was a feudal seigneur, and had the right to exact *obéissance*, and to impose the *corvée*. He was, moreover, an hereditary count by a recent Act of the abhorred prerogative, and there can be no doubt that this one circumstance was the real condemnation of his son and successor, although, perhaps from an involuntary respect for the father's title, recourse was had to a pretext, in order to bring the son within the bloody scope of the proscription.

The fate of the young count is too well known to justify more than a succinct narration. During a certain time he was able, without any sacrifice of principle, to subscribe to all the exigencies of the Assembly. He was devoted to Neckar, and sincerely convinced of the necessity for real reform. At one moment he was even the object of popular enthusiasm. An ovation was offered him at Bordeaux, and he was created general of the first federation formed by the four departments composing ancient Burgundy. He was suspected, nevertheless, and his movements watched with jealousy. A delegation called on him to renounce the name of Buffon, which was open to democratic criticism, as a territorial denomination. At this he burst into tears, and declared his father's name was the pearl of his patrimony, and the last of his possessions he would voluntarily abandon. He wrote afterwards to the president of the Assembly, confirming his refusal, and urging that the name of Buffon was an appropriate souvenir in a public assembly, where Franklin's portrait was designedly selected to characterize the spirit of the national membership. The Assembly thereupon ceased to importune him on the subject of his name, but a blood-red mark was scored against it in the secret register. On the reorganization of the army, in

1790, he had been elected colonel of a regiment of infantry, but his heart sickening at the spectacle daily forced on him by the excesses of the mob in power, he had privately left the regiment, and retired to the château of Brienne. This was the opportunity that had been long sought. His name was immediately placed on the list of officers who had deserted their corps, and a warrant was issued to arrest him. Forewarned in time, he was able to remove to Paris, where he lived for some months in concealment, awaiting the occasion to escape to Brussels. Denounced by an English domestic, he was arrested one morning, and conducted to the prison of the Luxembourg. Arraigned soon after on a charge of treason, he disdainfully refused to answer the accusation, and was forthwith condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal. At the foot of the scaffold he confided to the priest a note in pencil, together with a jewelled watch, having a miniature of his father on the inner case. These he charged him to convey to his young wife, at that time a prisoner at Dijon. He then mounted the platform, and signalled to the spectators that he desired to speak. In an instant there was breathless silence. He was himself a popular favorite, and he bore a name which endeared him to the whole nation. His firmness and self-possession were apparent in his mien and posture, and, being known to be eloquent, it was hoped he was about to launch at the republic one of those deadly satires, so much to the taste of the fickle multitude. But the emotion was far deeper, and the effect more lasting, when, after gazing an instant on the expectant crowd, the young count, unrepentantly and without effort, addressed to them these simple and affecting words: "Citoyens, je me nomme Buffon."

The writings of Buffon are pronounced by the ablest judges to be models of noble diction. His style has been often imitated, and, in two instances, with an approach to resemblance. In the majority of imitations the most praiseworthy efforts do little more than betray the artifice of their origin. The nice point is missed which renders unobvious the alliance of contrasting elements, and the effect becomes obtrusive, or the model caricatured. Buffon's simplicity is continually majestic; his grandeur lucid and accessible. It has been said he sacrificed to style, but the charge has been reduced to this: that he narrated for the charm of narrating well. Had he narrated indifferently, or dryly recorded facts, no doubt the absorbing interest of his narrative would have assured it independent life, but to him it was impossible to be conventionally prosaic; he knew of no facts not susceptible of the adornment of imagery, no substance not reducible to a form of beauty. It appears, moreover, by letters and manuscripts not accessible to the earlier critics, that both in his own and coadjutors' composition, he constantly rejected style when indulged in at the expense of clearness. "Sabrons la tirade," was his reluctant but irrevocable sentence, as, with averted eyes and longing heart, he blotted out some image or expression, brilliant and energetic, but tending to obscure the sense, or involve the language of the text. Voltaire's critique was addressed exclusively to the matter treated, which, from him, was a tacit approval of the form of treating; for Voltaire, who deemed all rival glory as so much taken from his own, would have been the first to detect, and the very last to screen, a vice of style. He had ridiculed the theory of the shells discovered

on the naked summits of the Alps, suggesting that they had been shaken from the clothes of pilgrims journeying to Rome. Buffon's reply was tardy, but unanswerable, and Voltaire discreetly shelved the question with an evasive compliment. He was not going, he said, to quarrel with a man like Buffon, "pour des coquilles."

All critics, however, agree in ranking Buffon amongst the first and highest writers of his age. The talent for descriptive painting had never before attained such a degree of truthful perfection. Philosophy and natural history became then first and thenceforth united in eternal and indissoluble bonds. Later observers, beyond all doubt, have redressed many grave errors, and brought light to bear in larger cubes on mysteries imperfectly explained; but all have worked in trenches first opened by their glorious precursor, and all regard him justly as designer of the boundless plan, which so many great men, his successors, have since defined and illustrated. The ideas of Buffon have now been amply tested, and in the main sanctioned by the involuntary assent of all subsequent geologists. The "revolutions" of Cuvier are but the reproduction of the "ages" of Buffon in a more elaborate and perfect form; and though it is not probable that any system of geology will be ever more than a proposition awaiting demonstration, it is certain that the "Epochs of Nature" will remain the groundwork of succeeding speculations, however changed in form or strengthened by the observations of experience. Within certain limits as to the laws of movement and the duration of given periods, the works of Buffon have been to all other naturalists what Johnson's dictionary has been to all subsequent lexicographers.

But another merit attaches to the works of Buffon; one quite independent of their classical value, and one appreciable alike by the scientific and the unlearned; it was they that first, as it were, set the fashion of the love of nature, and inspired all classes with a passion for natural history. It was Buffon's unaided genius that lent to the study of natural history the charm it now possesses. The Swede Linnaeus could not do it. His works attract the learned, but they affright the simple. Cuvier could not do it; the admiration he inspires is not unmixed with awe. Lacépède could not have done it; he continues worthily the works of Buffon; but where Buffon ends and Lacépède begins, the reader feels that kind of ungrateful discontent experienced by those who pass suddenly from Hume to Smollett, in one of the most absorbing periods of the history of England. Buffon was unique in genius, and unsurpassed in vastness of design. Amongst the poems written to celebrate his fame, the fine stanzas of Lebrun rank foremost for chastened sentiment and grandeur of expression, but Montbeillard's unassuming ode contains by far the happiest and most appropriate homage. Alluding to the seven epochs of Nature, the poet affects to treat as a period overlooked the birthday of the great naturalist; for surely, he exclaims, the day which dawned upon the birth of Buffon was also

"Une époque de la Nature."

Janin asserts of the "Natural History" that its influence on the period of Louis XV. was as powerful as that of the *Georgics* of Virgil on the age of Augustus. He adds that Buffon was mighty amongst the moralists of his age; that he protected with his countenance that science which was the

aim and solace of his whole existence, and that scientific Europe surrounded him to the last hour of his life with gratitude, respect, and admiration. His appearance corresponded to the idea of his person suggested by his works. His face was grave and handsome, his mien imposing. His smile, somewhat controlled by an expression of sadness, revealed that deep-seated benevolence, that horror of oppression which lives through all his writings, and which assumes the form of exhortation or of passionate remonstrance, as need may dictate or occasion invite. His manners were affable and unaffected. Each Sunday, when at home, he repaired, after morning service, to an avenue of limes which had become the habitual rendezvous of the villagers and peasants. There, without airs of protection, or show of condescension, he conversed gayly and unreservedly with all around him. He was fond of dress, and usually appeared in his seigneurial costume, with frilled wristbands and brocaded facings. To see him thus, with his sword at his side, and surrounded by his attached and contented tenantry, was said to be a sight to reconcile the most rabid republican to feudal domination. It was on some such occasion that he was seen by the historian Hume, who writes that he resembled rather a marshal of France than a peaceful writer upon birds and fishes.

Needless to say, that what was formerly the king's garden is now the Jardin des Plantes, an institution made sometimes the subject of an inept comparison. It should not be forgotten that the exhibition is gratuitous, and that the garden, properly so called, is only an insignificant portion of the comprehensive whole. It might be well to refrain from passing judgment on the entire establishment, till a few months have been passed in studious examination of the marvels of the interior.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN ACKLAND.

A TRUE STORY.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER X.

MR. D'OILEY, the watchmaker, was a strange mixture of practical shrewdness and an inveterate appetite for the miraculous. Spiritualism had not then been invented. Otherwise Mr. D'Oiley would surely have been one of its most enthusiastic disciples. But on the subject of animal magnetism, electro-biology, presentiments, clairvoyance, and second sight, Mr. D'Oiley was great and terrible. The whole story of John Ackland, in all its details, had been discussed in every circle of Richmond society, high and low. Mr. D'Oiley was well up in it; and he had formed very decided opinions about it. He confided them to the wife of his bosom.

"Just look at the case without prejudice," said Mr. D'Oiley, in the confidence of the nuptial couch. "How does it stand, ma'am? It is well known that Cartwright owed Ackland a large sum of money. It is equally well known, ma'am, that Cartwright never had a large sum of money,—of his own. How, then, did he get the money with which he says he paid off his debt to Ackland? There are only two ways, my dear, in which that man could have got that money,—either by a loan from some other person, to be repaid at the shortest possible date, or by a forgery. The first is not probable. The second is. In either case it would have been

a matter of vital importance to Cartwright to regain possession of the money he paid to Ackland. In the one case, in order to liquidate the second loan on which he must have raised it; in the other case, to recover the forged draft before it fell due. The moment he had succeeded in securing Ackland's receipt for the money, he had nothing more to fear from Ackland. Why did Cartwright talk so much about his transactions with Ackland? Why did he show about Ackland's receipt for the money, if it were not to avert suspicion from himself after Ackland's disappearance, by making every one say, 'Cartwright could have had no motive to murder Ackland, for he owed him nothing?' Mark my words, Mrs. D. Time will show that John Ackland never left Virginia alive, and that he fell by the hand of Philip Cartwright."

"But in that case," objected Mrs. D., "why has the body never been found?"

"Time will show," replied Mr. D'Oiley, oracularly. "But you don't suppose that dead bodies are in the habit of walking about with their heads in their hands and showing themselves off, like waxworks? Eh?"

It is needless to say that both Mr. and Mrs. D. believed even more in Miss Simpson's magnetic gift than did Miss Simpson herself. That young lady, whenever the subject of John Ackland was referred to, assured her friends that she did not doubt she had talked a great deal of nonsense about Mr. Ackland, but she had not the least recollection of anything she might have said. This subject was inexpressibly distasteful to her, and she requested that it might not be discussed in her presence. What was very extraordinary, and very much remarked, was the invincible repugnance which, ever since that day at Glenoak, Miss Simpson appeared to entertain towards Mr. Cartwright. She studiously avoided him, and if ever she happened, unavoidably, to find herself in the same room with him, or even to meet him in the street, it was noticed that she became visibly agitated, and turned away her eyes from him with an expression of horror. She either could not, or would not, give any explanation of this conduct, but gradually and imperceptibly Miss Simpson's studious avoidance of Mr. Cartwright affected the relations and intimate friends of this young lady with an uncomfortable and unfavorable impression in regard to that gentleman. Nor did time, as it went by, improve either the fortunes, the character, or the reputation of Philip Cartwright. He neglected his property more than ever, and was constantly absent from Glenoak, haunting the hells, bars, and bowling-alleys of Richmond and all the neighboring towns, apparently with no other purpose than to get rid of time disreputably. He drank fiercely, and the effects of habitual intoxication began to render his character so savage and sullen that in the course of a few years he entirely lost that personal popularity which he had formerly enjoyed.

Poor Virginia Cartwright had a sad and solitary life of it at Glenoak. Her father's affection for her was undiminished; nay, it seemed stronger than ever, but there was a fierceness and wildness about it which was rather terrible than soothing. And he himself had yet the grace to feel that he was no fit companion for his daughter. He was rarely with her, and though numerous friends at Richmond and in the neighborhood never ceased to urge her to visit them, and always received her with a sort of compassionate tenderness of manner, yet their

kindness only wounded and embarrassed her. For Virginia Cartwright was sensitively proud, and proud even of her disreputable parent. So the poor young lady lived in great seclusion at Glenoak, of which she was undisputed mistress; and where, by her care and good sense, she contrived to prevent the property from altogether going to the dogs.

CHAPTER XI.

One afternoon in January (a bright, clear, frosty afternoon, when the ice was white on the James River) Miss Cartwright ordered her pony carriage and drove herself over to Richmond. It was just six years since the date of John Ackland's visit to Glenoak, and Miss Cartwright was just sixteen years of age. Any one who saw her as she drove into Richmond that afternoon, with the glow in her dark Southern cheek heightened by the healthy cold, would have admitted that Virginia Cartwright had nobly fulfilled John Ackland's prophecies of her future beauty. People turned in the street to admire her as she passed. After visiting various stores where Miss Cartwright made various little purchases, the pony carriage stopped at the door of Mr. D'Oiley, the watchmaker, and Miss Cartwright, alighting, left her watch with one of the shopmen to be cleaned and repaired, and returned to her by the postman as soon as possible. Just as she was leaving the shop Mr. D'Oiley entered it from his back parlor.

"That is a very valuable chronometer of yours, miss," said Mr. D'Oiley, taking up the watch and examining it. "Not American make. No. I never saw but one watch like this in my life. May I ask, miss, where you purchased it?"

"I did not purchase it," said Virginia. "It was a gift, and I value it highly. Pray be careful of it, and return it to me as soon as you can." So saying, she left the shop.

Mr. D'Oiley screwed his microscope into his eye, opened Miss Cartwright's chronometer, and probed and examined it. Suddenly a gleam of triumphant intelligence illumined Mr. D'Oiley's features. Taking the watch with him, he withdrew into the back parlor, and, carefully closing the door, took down from the shelf several volumes of old ledgers, which he examined carefully. At last Mr. D'Oiley found what he was looking for. "The Lord," exclaimed Mr. D'Oiley, "the Lord has delivered Philip Cartwright into mine hand!"

After nearly an hour's secret consultation with the wife of his bosom, Mr. D'Oiley then repaired to the house of Dr. Simpson, where he sought and obtained an interview with that gentleman.

"Dear me!" said Dr. Simpson. "What is the matter Mr. D'Oiley? You seem quite excited."

"I am excited, sir. This is a mighty serious matter, Dr. Simpson. And truly the ways of Providence are wonderful. Now, look at this watch. Did you ever see a watch like it before?"

"Not that I know of," said the doctor.

"I never did, sir, and I suppose I've seen as many watches as any man in these United States. Now, you follow me, Dr. Simpson. And keep your eyes, sir, on this remarkable watch that you see here in my hand. Six years ago that Mr. Ackland, who was your fellow-guest at Glenoak, called at my store, and asked me to clean this remarkable watch, and set it. I took particular notice of this remarkable

watch. And I took down the number of it in my books. I said to Mr. Ackland, when I handed his watch back to him, 'This is a very remarkable watch, sir.' 'Well, sir,' says he, 'it is a remarkable watch, but it loses time, sir.' 'It won't lose time, now, sir,' says I; 'I'll warrant that watch of yours to go right for six years now that I've fixed it up,' said I. Well, sir, and the watch has gone right for six years. It's just six years and six months, Dr. Simpson, sir, since Mr. Ackland got this watch fixed up by me, and took it with him to Glenoak. And it's not six hours since Miss Cartwright called at my store, and brought me this very re-markable watch to fix up again."

"God bless my soul!" cried Dr. Simpson.

"You may well say that, Dr. Simpson, sir," responded Mr. D'Oiley. "I said to Miss Cartwright, 'May I make so bold, miss, as to ask where you happened to purchase this watch of yours?' 'Didn't purchase it,' says she, 'it was a gift, and off she goes.'"

"But you don't mean to say—"

"I do mean to say it, sir. I mean to say that I don't believe Mr. Ackland would have given this very valuable chronometer to Virginia Cartwright, who was a mere chit when Mr. A. was at Glenoak. I mean to say, sir, that I do believe, and always have believed, and always will believe, that Mr. Ackland was foully murdered."

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed the doctor: "you have no right to say that, Mr. D'Oiley."

"But I do say it, sir," continued the watchmaker, energetically, "I do say it, — to you, at least, Dr. Simpson, sir. For I know that if you don't say it too, sir, you think it. And I know that Miss Simpson thinks it. And I say more, sir. I say that the man who gave this watch to Virginia Cartwright was a robber, as well as a murderer. That's what I say, sir."

"But you mustn't say it," said the doctor, "not unless you are prepared to —"

"Sir," said Mr. D'Oiley, "I am prepared to place this watch in the hands of justice."

"But you have no right to do anything of the kind. Justice will of course restore it to its present legal owner, Miss Cartwright. And let me tell you, Mr. D'Oiley, that this is a very delicate matter, in which any imprudence may easily bring you to trouble. Will you leave the watch — at least for a few days — in my hands? Miss Cartwright will doubtless be able to explain satisfactorily her possession of it. I will promise to see her immediately, and, if necessary, her father also. What do you say?"

Mr. D'Oiley would not consent to relinquish possession of the watch, which, as he again declared, "the Lord had delivered into his hands," but he reluctantly agreed to take no further steps in the matter until Dr. Simpson had seen Miss Cartwright. The doctor went to Glenoak next day and did see Miss Cartwright: from whom he learned that she had received the watch from her father as a birthday gift, on the occasion of her last birthday a year ago.

Where was her father? In Maysville, she believed. But it was nearly a month since she had heard from him. To Maysville went the doctor, and the first man he met at the bar of the Maysville hotel was Philip Cartwright. Cartwright was furious when he learned the object of the doctor's visit. "Of course," he said, "the watch had belonged to his poor friend John Ackland, who had given it to him as a birthday gift the year before

which he left Glenoak. And tell that scoundrel, D'Oiley," he added, "that if he don't immediately restore it to my daughter, I'll arrest him for a thief."

That gentleman, however, was neither disconcerted nor despondent.

"It is my conviction, sir," said he, "it has long been my conviction, sir, that I shall be guided by the finger of Providence to unravel this great mystery, and bring detection home to as black a criminal as ever burdened God's earth, sir. And since you tell me, Dr. Simpson, sir, that I have no help for it but to restore this watch to its unrightful owner, I shall take it back to Glenoak, and place it in Miss Cartwright's hands, myself."

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Cartwright thanked the watchmaker for taking so much care of her watch, and bringing it back to her with his own hands. She begged that he would take some refreshment before leaving Glenoak, and remain there as long as he pleased. The weather was not very inviting; but if he liked to ride or walk in the plantation, Mr. Spinks, the overseer, would show him over it.

Mr. D'Oiley thanked Miss Cartwright for her kind condescension to "a poor overworked son of the busy city, miss." He was not much of an equestrian, and Mr. Cartwright's steeds had the reputation of being dangerous to bad riders, like himself. But there was nothing he liked so much as a good country walk on a fine frosty day; and, with Miss Cartwright's kind permission, he would gladly take a stroll about these beautiful premises before returning to town.

The first thing that roused Mr. D'Oiley's curiosity, when he commenced his stroll about the beautiful premises, was the shrieking of a miserable old negro, who was wailing under the lash.

"What is the man's fault?" he inquired of the overseer, who was standing by, to see that punishment was thoroughly inflicted.

"Man, you call him, do you?" responded Mr. Spinks. "I call him, sir, a darned pig-headed brute. We can't, none of us, get him to take that load of ice into the ice-house, and it's spoiling."

"Well, but," said Mr. D'Oiley, "the load seems a heavy one, and he don't look good for much."

"Good for much? He ain't good for anything."

"Why won't you take the ice, Sambo?" asked the watchmaker.

"I ain't Sambo," said the negro, sullenly and cowering; "I'm Ned, old Uncle Ned."

"Well, why won't you do as you're told, Uncle Ned?"

"'Cause poor old Ned he no dare, massa. Old Ned he no like Bogie in de ice-house. Bogie, he worse nor massa by night, and massa he worse nor Bogie by day. Poor Uncle Ned, he berry bad time of it."

Mr. D'Oiley had another illumination.

"Well now, you look here, Mr. Spinks. Reckon I'd like to buy that nigger o' you, sir. He ain't worth much, you know."

"Well, sir, he ain't bright. That's a fact. But there's a deal o' field work in him yet. And he was raised on the plantation, you see, and knows it well."

"Ah, indeed!" said the watchmaker, as though very much surprised to hear it. "Knows it well, does he? Say a hundred dollars for him, Mr. Spinks?"

"Not two hundred, sir."

"Name your figure, sir."

"Not less than a thousand, Mr. D'Oiley. I assure you, sir, Mr. Cartwright would n't hear of it. He's uncommon fond of this nigger. He's quite a partiality for this nigger has Mr. Cartwright, sir."

"Did you say a thousand, Mr. Spinks?"

"I did, sir."

"Split the difference, Mr. Spinks. Make it five hundred, sir."

"Done, sir."

"Done with you, sir," returned the watchmaker; "and if you'll take my check for it, I'll carry him back in my buggy. Nothing like settling things at once."

"Take your note of hand for a million, sir," responded the overseer, delighted to have sold a broken-down nigger so advantageously, at double the market price.

That very night the owner of Glenoak returned unexpectedly to his ancestral mansion. His first act was to send for Mr. Spinks. "I want to see Uncle Ned, Mr. Spinks. Send the brute up immediately."

"Uncle Ned? Why, Mr. Cartwright, I've just sold him, and very advantageously. He's not been worth his keep for the last three years."

Words cannot describe the frantic paroxysm of wrath into which Mr. Cartwright was thrown by this announcement.

"But, indeed, Mr. Cartwright," expostulated the overseer, "I thought that, in your interest, when I found Mr. D'Oiley willing to give five hundred —"

"You sold him to D'Oiley?"

"Yes, sir, this afternoon."

"You villain!" howled Cartwright, springing at the throat of the overseer. But his humor suddenly changed. "Never mind, now," he growled, flinging the overseer against the wall, "the mischief's done now. Order round the wagon and team this moment, and bring me all the money you have in the house, and then get out of my sight."

Mr. Cartwright strode up stairs, and entered his daughter's room. "Virgy," he said, with a dim eye and husky voice, "I'm going away, — I'm going at once, and I'm going far, far, far. If you stay at Glenoak, Virgy, maybe we sha'n't meet again; anyhow, not for a long, long while. If you'll come with me we'll never part, my girl; but the way's a long one, and the future's dark as night, and there's danger behind us. What will you do, Virgy?"

"O father, father!" cried the frightened girl, "how can you ask? I will never leave you!"

That night, Philip Cartwright and his daughter left Glenoak, never to return.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was about a fortnight after Glenoak had been deserted by its owners that the much-injured Mr. Spinks, whilst debating with himself the knotty question whether it were best to retain his situation, in the hope of further plunder, or to throw it up in vindication of his outraged dignity, was unpleasantly surprised by a second visit from Mr. D'Oiley, accompanied by Dr. Simpson, Judge Griffin, Mr. Inspector Tanin, and half a dozen constables.

"Now, Mr. Spinks," said Inspector Tanin, "you'll

be good enough, if you please, sir, to set all hands on, to remove the ice out of that there ice-house of yours. I have a search-warrant, sir, to search these premises. And do you know what this is, Mr. Spinks? It's a warrant for the arrest of Philip S. Cartwright, whensoever and wheresoever he can be found in the territory of the United States."

"On what charge?" asked Mr. Spinks.

"Murder," replied the inspector, laconically.

Mr. Spinks was persuaded. Mr. Cartwright's slaves were ordered to open Mr. Cartwright's ice-house and remove the ice.

Be it known to the reader that every country-house in America is provided with an excellent ice-house of the simplest and most practical kind. It consists of a deep excavation in the earth, roofed over with a pointed thatch. These ice-houses are always well filled in the winter, and rarely, if ever, quite emptied during the summer. It was long past dark before the men at work in the ice-house at Glenoak had removed all the loose ice from the pit. The lower layers were frozen as hard as granite, and could only be broken up by the pickaxe: so that the work went on slowly by torchlight. At last Mr. Inspector, who had descended into the pit to superintend this final operation, called to those above for a stout rope. The rope was not immediately forthcoming; and when the submissive Spinks (who had been despatched to get one from the cart-house) returned with it in his hand the excitement of the spectators was intense. Uncle Ned, at his most urgent request, had been exempted from the ordeal of this expedition to Glenoak.

"Now pull!" cried Mr. Inspector from the bottom of the pit, "and pull gently."

The rope came up heavily. No wonder. There was a dead body fastened to the end of it. That dead body was the body of John Ackland. All present who had ever seen John Ackland recognized it at once, in despite of the lacerated skull and partially mangled features. For the ice had so wonderfully preserved the hideous secret confided to its frozen clasp, that the murdered man looked as freshly dead as if he had perished only an hour ago.

In the subsequent search of Glenoak a copy of John Ackland's letter to his cousin was found in Mr. Cartwright's desk. He had not taken the precaution of destroying it. Doubtless he had felt that if once the body of John Ackland were discovered at Glenoak, it little mattered what else was discovered there. And when he learned from his overseer that Uncle Ned had been sold to D'Oiley, he knew that he was a ruined man, and that his paramount concern was to place himself as quickly as possible beyond the reach of the law.

Mr. D'Oiley's triumph was great. He had worked hard for it. Never had he exercised so much ingenuity and patience as in the moral manipulation whereby he had finally elicited from Uncle Ned the revelations which had led to the discovery.

This was the substance of them: Philip Cartwright, whilst riding with his unfortunate guest through his own plantation, had slackened pace, and falling a little to the rear of his companion's horse, deliberately shot John Ackland through the back of the head. The wounded gentleman immediately fell from his saddle. Cartwright quietly alighted, and finding that there was still a faint flutter of life left in his victim, beat him about the head till he beat the life out of him with the butt-end of

his gun. He then carefully examined the mare which Mr. Ackland had been riding, wiped every trace of blood from the saddle, turned it, and with a sharp cut of his whip started the beast into a gallop, in a direction away from the house. Thus left alone with the dead body, his next care was to dispose of it. All this happened in broad daylight, a good hour before sundown. Mr. Cartwright's own slaves were still at work in the surrounding fields. They must have heard the report of the firearm; they might possibly have witnessed the fall of the victim. But what of that? They were slaves. Philip Cartwright well knew that in no American court of justice could a white man be convicted of crime on the evidence of a man of color. He knew that none of his slaves could give evidence against him, even if they had witnessed every particular of his crime. He tied his own horse to a tree, and walked leisurely to the gate of the field. Leaning over it he perceived some of his own negroes at work in the adjoining ground; amongst them an old negro, whom he knew by experience that he could intimidate and cow, more easily even than the others. He beckoned this slave to him, and said coolly, as if it were the most natural announcement in the world, "I have just shot a man down; you must come along, Uncle Ned, and help me to carry the body into the ice-house." It was late in the summer season and the ice-house at Glenoak was nearly empty. Quite empty it never was. With some difficulty Cartwright and the slave removed the upper layer of ice, and buried the body underneath it. "And now look ye here," said Cartwright, "if ever you utter to a human being about what's in that ice-house, or what I've told you, or what you've just been doing, I'll flay you alive and roast you afterwards. All the same I won't have any talking, or hinting, or winking. Do you understand? If you don't teach your eyes to forget what they've seen, I'll gouge 'em out. If you don't teach your ears to forget what they've heard, I'll cut 'em off. If you don't teach your tongue to be silent, I'll tear it out by the roots. So now you know what I mean. Get along with you." Before burying John Ackland's body, however, the murderer had rifled the dead man, and repossessed himself of the forged notes which John Ackland (as Cartwright well knew) carried in the belt lent to him by Cartwright expressly for that purpose. Unluckily for Mr. Cartwright, while he was engaged in this operation his eye was tempted by what Mr. D'Oiley had called "that very re-markable watch, sir," and he hastily thrust John Ackland's chronometer into his own pocket. But for this superfluous felony, in all human probability Philip Cartwright would have carried safely with him to his own grave the secret of his great crime.

The first question asked by the present writer of the Virginian gentleman from whom he received the details of this strange story was, "How did Philip Cartwright die?"

"Well, you see the law could n't reach him in Texas, which was n't then annexed. But John Ackland's cousin, and some of his friends in the North, and some of us down here in Virginia, constituted themselves a committee of vengeance. They were sworn to have Philip Cartwright's life, but to have it according to law. They found him in Texas, not far over the border, where he had set up a faro bank; and they disguised themselves, and they frequented the bank, and they played

against him, and betted with him, till one night they succeeded in tempting him over the border, on the chance of plucking a fat pigeon there: but the officers of justice were waiting for him there; and, by gad, sir, we arrested him, and tried him all square, and hanged him hard."

"And his daughter?"

"Poor girl, she did n't long survive her journey to Texas, and the rough life she had of it there. It was better for her. She was spared the knowledge of her father's guilt, and the humiliation of his death, and she loved the blackguard to the last."

LITTLE MISS DEANE.

I.

BELFIELD SQUARE, "our square" as we its inhabitants were accustomed to call it, is a suburban square on the outskirts of the noise and traffic of the great city; and yet it is not in the country. The fields about it are mostly brickfields, the streets which open into it are paved London streets, and the quiet which pervades it is not the murmuring peacefulness of a country lane, but rather the stillness of a highway, where only those sit down to rest who are too tired to go farther. We are most of us middle-aged people; we have for the most part done with the bustle and excitement of life; in our own square we find shut in our greatest interests and our closest ties. We pass out of it on our little missions of charity and kindness; but as for our social pleasures, they are chiefly such as spring from intercourse amongst ourselves; there is a slender, invisible chain running round the square which connects us with each other, and the links are rarely broken.

The houses are generally inhabited by portions or remnants of families. There is a brother and sister in No. 1, and an old lady next door. There are two maiden sisters in No. 5, and a widow with a little lane boy in No. 7. There are two brothers, who in a quiet way carry on solicitors' business, in No. 10; and there is a doctor at the corner. Then in the big house in the middle of the square old Mr. Deane has lived for the last twenty years: only one or two people can remember when he first came to live there. The big house must have been there long before the square was built, for it is an old house, much older than those which have sprung up around it. It has a large walled garden behind it, where apricots and peaches ripen in the autumn, and where children might have hedged round their little gardens and worn the grass with their aimless pattering feet, and young people might have read and worked and played croquet through the summer afternoons, in spite of the London smoke which is drifted overhead. But as it chanced, there were no little children to pick the daisies, and there were no young people to wander about the walks in the summer twilight.

People had often wondered why Mr. Deane lived alone in his big house, keeping his riches, and comforts, and feelings to himself; we sociable people pitied him for the solitary state in which he lived; and if he would have allowed us we should have been very ready to welcome him to our firesides, though he was rather an alarming person in some respects. He was nearly seventy years of age, I believe; a tall, thin, stately man, with overwhelming polite manners. The expression of his mouth was somewhat severe and cynical, his cold blue

beneath his polished exterior there were sometimes startling flashes of nervous excitement and irritation. Some people who were romantic enough to like a little mystery used to declare that it was plain he had something upon his conscience, but, for my part, I liked the old gentleman. He generally made his way up to me when we happened to meet in society; he could be agreeable when he chose: and I think he liked me.

I was then no longer young; indeed, I do not think that I ever had been young. Mine had been a hard, struggling life; I had never had time for the pleasant troubles and uncertain hopes which hang around the youth of most girls. Perhaps it might have been different if I had been particularly clever or beautiful; but my practical difficulties had occupied my whole thoughts at a time when I should have been acquiring knowledge; and as to beauty, no one ever paid me a higher compliment than when my old nurse consoled me by the assurance that I was "very passable." I dare say she was right; for certainly I passed through life without attracting much observation.

After my parents' death I took a small house, one of the smallest, in Belfield Square. When that little house is once more to be let or sold I shall have dropped out of life altogether. Once only have I left it since I first came to live here, — once for a year; but it was an eventful year in my quite life, and as I look back upon it, it stands out as a distinct portion of my existence.

How well I remember my surprise when I received Mr. Deane's letter. I remember every word of it, — the old-fashioned phrases and the stiff, cramped handwriting. A brother of his had died in very distressed circumstances, leaving an only daughter. Her other relations were too poor to bring her up in a befitting manner, and he proposed to take this charge upon himself. Would I lend my valuable assistance?

The offer was couched in the most delicate and ambiguous words, but the upshot of it was that he proposed to engage me at a fixed and most liberal salary as resident governess or companion to this young lady. Well, I pondered it long, and finally I accepted the offer. I was somewhat weary of my solitude; I felt a curiosity to see something new; it was November, the weather was dull, and I was dull; and finally, I had a friendly wish to be of service to Mr. Deane. Looking back upon it, I can hardly tell what determined me, but I was determined, and I closed with the offer.

I confess that when I went to establish myself in my new home my heart failed me a little. I felt as if the servants despised me, and knew that I was only Miss Ford from the little house over the way. Mr. Deane was alarming, with his courteous welcome and formal hope that I would make myself at home. I felt as if he, too, knew that it was an unwonted luxury to find a fire blazing in my bedroom, and I cowered over it, feeling shy and miserable, and glad to turn from the reflection of my own scared face in the large pier-glasses.

As I glided softly down the stairs I thought somewhat compassionately of my future charge. How strange it would seem to her, entering upon a new life in the constrained atmosphere of that house, which seemed as if it never could have echoed to the sound of children's feet. But upon the other hand, she would be at once placed in a higher position; Mr. Deane would of course make her as happy and content as possible.

gles of a poverty-stricken home, it might well be that the elevation would dazzle her for a time. I thought it all over as I sat upon an ottoman in the middle of the large, formally furnished drawing-room, awaiting her arrival.

There was a sharp ring, a bustle in the hall, then the door opened and little Miss Deane stood before me. She looked about sixteen, and was small of her age. Her features were regular and delicate, her eyebrows arched and clearly defined, her complexion perfectly colorless, her expression very grave. I had looked for a little shrinking from the new scene, and for some natural diffidence at a first meeting with strangers; but she came forward at once, apparently without the least shyness, and held out her hand to me, not cordially, but with instinctive courtesy.

"You must be cold and tired," I said rather nervously, for her composure made me feel a little shy. "Won't you come to the fire, and will you have some tea?"

"No, thank you. But if you please I should like to go to my own room."

There was composure in her manner, but the voice that answered me was very sweet and child-like, and now, when she lifted her deep brown eyes to mine, I began to feel drawn towards her. She had taken off her hat, and the soft wavy locks of dark hair which clustered low over her forehead shadowed the somewhat too severe outlines of her face.

Apparently it was not the first constraint of her arrival which made her words so few, and her composure so repelling. With her uncle she was equally unembarrassed, quiet, and undemonstrative; she was very grateful to him, and she said so; but whether her outward calmness proceeded from indifference or suppressed excitement I could not tell. In spite of her childish looks it was impossible to care, and equally impossible to contradict her. She never seemed to need sympathy or encouragement, and yet she was not uncourteous; she was simply gentle, independent, and reserved. I thought it was best to let time do its work, and I let her alone; but I sometimes wished that she might find it in her heart to confide in me.

One day I could not help saying, "Do you not feel a little strange, Laurette, in this big house, alone with Mr. Deane and me? Are you never a little homesick?"

"No, Miss Ford," she said, and she looked up with a little smile; "I am not homesick, because I know that I shall go home some day. One can always wait, you know."

"I don't quite understand," I said, feeling perplexed as to the meaning of her words. "It is all changed now. Mr. Deane wants you to live with him always. Your aunt would not wish to take you back, away from all that you have here, even if you should wish to leave Mr. Deane, which is what you are thinking of, I suppose."

"I shall go back to my old home some day," she persisted. But then she turned to her work, and would say no more.

She was not repellent or uncourteous, and yet it seemed impossible to know more about her. What seemed her old habits were kept up in her new circumstances. Nothing appeared to dazzle or surprise her. Day after day she sat down to her sewing, as I suppose she had sat down to it in her aunt's little parlor. The yards of beautiful embroidery which passed through her little hands

were beyond anything that I had ever supposed it to be possible for women's hands to compass, but she never seemed tired. After a time I began to suspect that it went to her aunt: it was finished, folded up, and then it disappeared. Possibly she helped, as hitherto, to support the family by needle-work. Certainly she spent very little upon herself, though her uncle behaved most liberally to her in respect of pocket-money.

It is true her wants were few. Her dress was always plain and simple, but somehow it suited her slight, childish figure better than gay, bright colors, and I did not wish to see it altered, though, as a rule, I like to see young people dress like young people. As to her reading, it was confined to fairy tales on week-days and her Bible on Sundays: more had evidently never been a habit with her. Yet she did not seem to want food for thought. Whilst at work I am sure her mind was ever busy, and when twilight darkened round us, she would lay her work aside, and creeping to the window, curl herself up on the window-seat and sit there, looking out into the street, as the darkness deepened and the lamps were lighted, and the people passed up and down; dreaming her own thoughts, no doubt, and seeing her own visions.

She went about amongst the neighbors with me, and they all made a great deal of "little Miss Deane," as she was always called in the Square; but she seemed to care nothing for admiration, and she did not really get on with them.

Mr. Deane had said that he looked upon her as a daughter, so of course every one knew that she would be an heiress, and perhaps they sought her the more upon that account; but she never seemed to see it; only, as I have said before, she did not get on with them. It astonished and vexed me a little.

"Why do you not talk more, Laurette?" I said; "you will make people think you proud. Why do you not make more friends? don't you like people?"

"I like you, Miss Ford," she said; and, undemonstrative as she was, the simple assertion gratified me.

By degrees she told me more of her former life. She talked of her sickly, patient aunt, of the struggles for bread, of their goodness to her. But some day she would make them happy.

"You mean when you marry, I suppose? You think that you will marry and be rich some day?" I asked curiously.

"I don't know," she said, and let her work fall suddenly.

II.

It was nearly Christmas-time when a new element was introduced into the quiet monotony of our life. Mr. Deane had been looking harassed for some time, and complaining of overwork. At this time he engaged as confidential clerk a young Canadian who had just come to England, and applied for employment at Deane & Co.'s firm in the City. Mr. Deane still went to his office every day, but he had generally business to transact at home, and it was principally to assist him in this that Mr. Charleton was engaged.

I heard of the plan with placid indifference, little thinking what a change he was to make in my little Laurette's destiny. Yet now, as I think of it, I remember so well his first arrival.

The tall, athletic young man, standing in the fire-

light, with an amused smile upon his face, as Laurette, who had been dreaming as usual, curled up in the window-seat, came forward, pushing aside the curtain and looked at him, opening her dark eyes wide as if she saw the realization of a vision. What a pretty picture it made! As she stood hesitating, with one hand still upon the curtain, with her hair clustering round her forehead, and a little flush of surprise upon her face, she looked so much younger than she really was that I was not surprised at his taking her for a child.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" he said, still smiling, and holding out his hand, and then Laurette stepped forward and put her slender little hand in his.

I do not quite know how it was, but in a very short time Charleton came to be quite at home in the house. Mr. Deane placed great confidence in him, although it was not his habit to lean much upon any one; indeed, he admitted him to an intimate footing at which I secretly wondered, more especially as Charleton's personal demeanor denoted none of the caution which should have characterized Mr. Deane's confidential clerk. I suppose he was discreet about business affairs, and he certainly must have shown great ability thus to obtain and retain his employer's favor; but his manners were singularly free and open, and although I felt the force of his character, it was veiled under so light and gay an exterior, that I often found myself wondering how his opinions came to be so formed, and his expression of them so decided.

There was nothing in the least conceited about him. He was certainly handsome, tall, and well made, with thick tawny hair and open gray eyes; but I am sure he cared nothing for his good looks; there was nothing conscious in his ways. He worked hard, sometimes at the office, sometimes in the study at the back of the house, and he did his business, as he did everything else, heartily and thoroughly. Mr. Deane often said he had never come across a clearer-headed man, and he grew to depend upon him more and more every day. He enjoyed his conversation, he liked his free good-humor, and encouraged him to spend his evenings with us. Laurette would sit a little in the background, sewing by the light of the lamp on her work-table, and now and then lift her eyes for a glance at her uncle and Charleton, as they sat over the fire discussing and arguing over their newspaper and the questions of the day.

Seeing her so constantly thrown with Charleton into the closeness of domestic intercourse, I could not help weaving a little romance about them. But I was soon sorry that I had allowed myself to entertain such an idea, for I saw that he cared nothing for her, looking upon her simply as a child; and I began to fear that unconsciously the same thought had sprung up in Laurette's mind. Since the day when she had said, "I like you, Miss Ford," she had drawn much closer to me; her love, once given, was sure not to be withdrawn; and, watching her shy, wistful glances at Charleton, I began to fear for her.

It was Christmas-day. Charleton was going to some friends in the evening, but he was to breakfast and go to church with us. Laurette came down, grave as usual, but nevertheless with a holiday brightness about her. She had prepared her presents,—a purse for her uncle and a book for me, and she had a child's pleasure in her little surprises. I thought it was pretty to see her flush of

pleasure as Mr. Deane kissed her, and said with less formality than usual, "It is a pleasure to me to have you here, Laurette."

"A merry Christmas," she said shyly, holding out her hand to Charleton. He smiled, but answered her a little carelessly I thought, as he retired behind his newspaper. Then she went round to her own place. Her plate was filled with gifts, but she did not touch them. She sat quite still with her hands before her, looking at them as if she could hardly believe it. Charleton was laughing behind his newspaper.

"Are they for me?" she said very softly.

"Of course they are for you, Laurette."

"I did not think that any one would give me anything," she said, very gently, and then she slowly opened the parcels. There was a watch and chain from her uncle; her aunt had sent her an embroidered handkerchief, and I had given her a copy of the "Christian Year."

"Dear Aunt Jean," she said, "it is her own work. How good of her!" and then she thanked me and her uncle; but there was still another little package lying upon her plate. She took off the wrapping, and disclosed a little silver Chinese box, very pretty and curiously engraved. It was full of bonbons.

"How pretty!" she said, smiling with pleasure. "Who can have given me this?"

I had guessed of course, and could not help glancing at Charleton.

"I am glad you like it," he said carelessly as he got up from the table, and strode out of the room. Then Laurette got up also, and walked away to the window. I thought she was glad to hide the rush of color to her face.

Perhaps it was officious of me, but I had grown so fond of her that I could not bear to see her running into danger. She had no mother, no other friend to speak a word to her, and I was angry with Charleton. Perhaps I was unreasonable; his manner was pleasant and kindly, perhaps even a little patronizing, and of course he could not help being genial and good-looking; but then Laurette might not understand it all as well as I did. It was not his fault that he was thrown so much in her way; but I did feel angry, and I wished he had kept his little box to himself.

In the evening, when Mr. Deane had gone to his study, and Laurette and I were sitting alone, I thought I would give her a little warning. She was bending over the fire, with her lips just parted by a smile and her eyes fixed upon the blaze, and I wondered what castles she was building.

I don't quite know how I did it. I know I blundered, and got confused, and did not say what I meant to say; but all the same she knew what I meant.

"It is only that you have no mother, you know, Laurette, and very likely, I dare say, I am quite wrong; but you must forgive me."

She had heard until then in passive silence, with her head bent down so that I could not see her face; but now she looked up and pushed back her hair from her forehead as if trying to banish some new and bewildering dream.

"I am not angry, Miss Ford," she said in her usual grave and childlike tones, "because, of course you could not know; and if I tell you, you must not tell my uncle: I promised not, for they said he would not like it. Miss Ford, I am engaged to my cousin, Edward Finley."

I was so much astonished that for the moment I could not speak. Then I made my answer in abrupt embarrassment.

"You don't, you can't mean it. You are much too young. And now everything is changed, you are in such a different position, I am sure he will not like it himself."

"I do not know what right you have to say he would not like it"; and now Laurette looked up and spoke a little indignantly. "It is quite certain, and he would never give me up."

I could say no more, and subsided into silence. Edward Finley had been to the house two or three times to see his cousin and bring her little messages from his mother; but the possibility of an attachment between them had never entered my mind. He was a gentlemanlike young man, rather pleasing than otherwise, but not remarkable in any way. He conversed very properly; he seemed to be fairly intelligent, altogether he was unobjectionable; but the idea of Laurette, who had somehow become a little heroine in my eyes, becoming his wife was altogether distasteful to me.

Of course I could not betray her secret to her uncle; but I did feel that the Finleys were not behaving well by him. Why did not Edward come forward, and announce his intentions like a man? He might naturally be afraid of offending Mr. Deane, and being rejected, or perhaps losing Laurette's fortune. Perhaps he was waiting until her hold upon her uncle should be more firmly established. I never for a moment wronged Laurette. She was quite happy in the simple-minded hope that she should one day bring riches to the house which had sheltered her desolate childhood, and I knew she thought of no wrong. But the Finleys had more knowledge of the world, and I did blame them for their share in the business.

That Laurette would be true to her cousin, I had no doubt. She was not likely to be shaken when once she had given her word, so I set my mind at rest about her and Charleton; indeed, just at this time I was much more occupied with Mr. Deane than with them. He had always, as I have before said, been subject to variations of temper, but lately they had grown upon him to an extent which made me very uneasy. Of course we all have our ups and downs, and it is natural to feel our cares pressing us from time to time, especially as we get on in life; but then Mr. Deane was rich and prosperous, and he had, as it were, no personal anxieties, nor was he a man to disturb himself about other people's. I could only conclude that it was health or natural temperament; but I was sorry for him when I saw how his nervous irritability grew upon him.

Laurette noticed it also, and in her pretty, quiet way did much to allay it. She had grown fond of the old man, and he watched for her comings and goings as if it were a pleasure to him to look upon her.

The days were lengthening, Edward Finley had been twice to the house, March was drawing to a close, the crocuses were brightening the gardens, and Charleton was more with us than ever. He generally came in in the evenings, though he dined elsewhere: and every now and then I fancied that he too had cares. He was less gay, more silent and abstracted, except that he seemed observant of Laurette when she chanced to be in the room.

One lovely spring day he came hurriedly into the drawing-room where I was sitting alone, writing

"Where is little Miss Deane?" he said. "I am going into the country on business; she will like the drive; we shall be back in a few hours. I can take her with me."

"Indeed you cannot," I said; and I believe I spoke rather crossly. I am one of those people who are apt to get angry when they are startled, and his abrupt entrance had discomposed me, and made me drop my ink over my paper. "How can you propose such a thing? I should not think of allowing her to go. She is not such a child as you seem to consider her."

"What nonsense!" he said, coloring and looking annoyed. "But if that is all, won't you come too? I am sure you will like it. It will do you both good. Come, Miss Ford, I know you will be glad to get out of London."

His manner was winning and cordial, and if there was cunning in it, I did not know it; so I allowed myself to be mollified, and we three set off together in the pony carriage.

The birds were singing overhead, the hedges were studded with primroses and violets, the soft west wind blew gently in my face as I lay back in the carriage, and I suppose, if I had ever been young, it would have carried me back to the days of my youth. We middle-aged women have our own spring-like pleasure. The spring which speaks to the young of the future carries us back to the past. Many half-sad, half-pleasant memories rose within me now. I thought of the primroses in the glass by my mother's couch, of the swing under the fir-trees in our old garden, of the violets by my little sister's grave.

Charleton and Laurette had wandered away into a field to look for cowslips. Suddenly all my visions vanished, and I was recalled to the present by Laurette's voice, not low and sweet as usual, but with a ring of passion and distress in it.

"No, no, I will not listen to you," and then she came quickly up to the carriage, looking pale and indignant.

Charleton followed. His expression was earnest and somewhat perplexed, as she shrank from him, turning to me, half hiding her face against me, with the gesture of a shy, wilful child. He waited patiently for a few seconds, and then he said, "What do you mean, Laurette? do you not intend to give me an answer?"

"No, no," she said, with a sharp, low cry, and I felt that she trembled as she said it.

"Why do you press and frighten her?" I said, laying my hand upon his arm. "She will tell you; you shall be told afterwards, but not now."

A slight cloud passed over his face, the look of a man who is unaccustomed to contradiction; but he urged her no longer. He gathered up the reins, and, seating himself in the carriage, drove us home, talking to me upon trivial subjects in his ordinary, every-day manner. I wondered what Laurette was thinking of, but she did not speak again.

III.

When we reached the house, I paused a moment in the hall, and then followed Laurette up stairs. I was disturbed and perplexed. Why could she not have given him his answer at once? what did her agitation mean? Alas! had I not been right? Was not Edward Finley standing like the memory of a pledge between her and the man she might have chosen?

"What answer?" I said, coming up to her in the passage.

sage. She had her hand upon the handle of her door, and her face was turned away from me, as she answered in a low voice, "You will tell him, Miss Ford."

"What am I to tell him?" I asked rather cruelly; but I did not understand her, and I longed for some assurance that my fears had been groundless.

She made no answer, but opened her door, and I followed her into the room, and sat down upon the sofa, waiting anxiously whilst she walked to the dressing-table, and stood before the glass taking off her hat and smoothing back her hair as if all was as usual with her; but I could see that her hands were trembling. Notwithstanding her usual courtesy, she took no further notice of me; so after a time I repeated my question.

"You are to tell him that I am engaged to Edward Finley, of course," she said impatiently, still standing with her back to me, and stamping her foot upon the floor. "Why do you ask, Miss Ford? you know what I meant you to say."

"Why cannot you speak to him yourself?" I said, uneasily shifting my ground, and then, as she would not seem to hear, I took courage and went on more boldly. "Do not deceive yourself in this matter, Laurette. It is an important step that you are taking. Are you sure of yourself? I know nothing, of course, but before I heard of your cousin I sometimes fancied that you liked Charleston. Are you certain that you know your own mind?"

"I am quite certain that I mean to marry my cousin Edward," said Laurette, and now she spoke with steady distinctness, and turned to look me full in the face. "You had no right to imagine anything else. What have I done, that you should think I would be false to him?"

Then I could only murmur apologies. I had been wrong, of course, and it was natural she should feel angry; but in spite of it all the misgivings could not be easily repressed. I wondered, had she given me her full confidence. In any case, I could do no more, and I left the room, penitent, but yet with an uncertain, wavering misgiving which could not be got rid of.

In the evening, when Mr. Deane was in his study and Laurette had gone to bed, I gave her message. Charleston was sitting in the arm-chair opposite to me with a book in his hand. He laid it down, and listened without any affectation of indifference, as somewhat timidly I told my story; yet he was not so much cast down as I had expected.

"So she is engaged, poor child," he said. And then he leant forward with a sigh, and looked into the fire as if wrapped in meditation. I had expected some outbreak of feeling, some show of disappointment; and in spite of my timidity I think I should have liked it better than his compassionate tone in speaking of her.

"What kind of person is this cousin? Is he sure to remain true to her?" he asked after a pause.

He had seemed to me all along entirely to ignore Laurette's fortune, and although I did not for a moment accuse him of interested motives, I was a little vexed by the cool manner in which he put it aside; so I answered, rather dryly, that I had no reason to suspect Mr. Finley of unfaithfulness, and in this case he certainly had no inducement to it.

My tone was provoking, I know, and I meant it to be so; but he took no notice of it. The grave

he walked to the other end of the room and came back again before he answered.

"You do not understand me, Miss Ford," he said, "yet surely you must already have had misgivings. To-morrow everything must be known. Mr. Deane has failed; I fear very little will be saved from his creditors."

I don't think that I realized it for the first moment; it seemed so strange and inexplicable. We had always regarded Mr. Deane as so certainly prosperous, and now ruin seemed to have come upon him unawares. I felt stunned and bewildered, and for the moment could say nothing.

"Laurette, of course, knows nothing of this," he continued after a pause. "Poor child, she will be thrown once more upon the world; I wish that she could have made her home with me."

"You knew this, and therefore you spoke to her; then it was not because you had fallen in love with her?"

"No, I think not," he said; "but I wished to marry her, and I should not have wished it unless I were very fond of her."

He smiled, as he said it, a bright, kindly smile, and I did not disbelieve him, though I still felt angry. It might be generous and disinterested, but what right had he to come to her with such a question, implying a love which he did not feel? Perhaps I was unnecessarily romantic; but I was glad that Laurette had refused him, and it seemed to me that he would have done her an injury had he married her out of affectionate pity.

What an independent little creature Laurette was! She was in no need of such a sacrifice. How distinctly and steadily she had given her answer! I remembered it now with satisfaction. No, Charleston had no need to pity her; her mind had been made up before she saw him; she had always been secure from him, and was happy in her security.

I went into the hall to bolt the door after Charleston, for it was late, and the servants had gone to bed; and then I took my candle and began to mount the stairs, holding my dress close round me, and treading softly, that I might not disturb Mr. Deane, for I had to pass his door. Then it occurred to me that Laurette, if she were still awake, might like to know that Charleston had received her message. As I paused for a moment at the top of the stairs, it seemed to me that something white fled fast before me along the dark passage. It might be that Laurette had been watching for the sound of his departure. As the thought crossed my mind I passed hurriedly along the corridor, and seeing Laurette's door ajar, pushed it softly open.

She was standing by the window as if she had just turned from it, and she was hiding her face against the wall. The little white figure looked very desolate, standing there in the cold moonlight, and I was about to exclaim, when a sort of sob broke from her, and the low, wailing cry, "O, it is so hard, I cannot; no, I cannot."

Somehow I felt like a traitor, listening to words I was not meant to hear, looking on at trouble in which I knew she would let me have no part, and at the meaning of which I hardly dared to guess; so I slid noiselessly out of the room without being observed by Laurette, who, poor child, was quite absorbed in her own trouble; and it was only when I found myself in the passage that I felt some courage return, and began to be afraid of my past cowardice.

I returned, and this time knocked at the door to

attract attention. Laurette was standing just as I had left her, but she turned as I pushed open the door, and looked with displeasure at my intrusion.

"I thought you were gone to bed, Miss Ford," she said, quite in her usual voice, although the tears were still upon her pale cheeks, and her tone said plainly, Why have you come here? I do not want you.

I answered by reproaching her for being still up, for her repellent manner made me afraid of seeking for her confidence.

"It is past twelve o'clock. I only came because I thought you might like to know that I had delivered your message."

"Thank you," she said, and came and sat down in a chair near me. I thought that she was forcing herself to ask no more, and I would gladly have given her comfort if I might, but how could I repeat Charleton's words?

I turned them over again in my mind as the conviction grew stronger within me that it had been a hard struggle to say "no" to him. She had promised, and nothing should make her break her word; she would be true to Edward Finley, and she did not yet perceive that, however she might act, it had now become an impossibility to her. If it had not been for my interview with Charleton, I should not have hesitated to tell her so, but I was proud for her, and after what he had said I could not do it.

"Good-night, Laurette," I said; and then, as it were almost in spite of myself, I made one more opening for her to speak out to me. "What has kept you up so late?"

"My head aches so," she said, coldly drawing herself a little away from me; "it does not matter."

"Poor little thing, she is much too proud," I thought, with a mixture of pity and vexation, but I could say no more.

Mr. Deane did not appear at breakfast the next morning; and he did not come home all day.

In the evening it was in the papers, and every one knew that the firm of Deane & Co. had failed.

As we sat together in the drawing-room after our *côte-à-côte* dinner, I told Laurette what had happened. She did not cry or make any comments, but she sat still, leaning her head upon her hands and gazing into the fire.

"Poor Uncle Jasper!" she said after a time. "Poor Uncle Jasper, what will he do?"

We sat there silent for an hour or more, awaiting his return. I feared to meet him; his pride must have made the suffering hard to bear.

The night was very still, but the rain was falling steadily, and the wet pavement gleamed in the lamplight. There was a ring. I saw a sudden rush of color to Laurette's pale face; but it was only Charleton. He came in, giving her one compassionate glance as he sat down in his accustomed place, but she did not look up.

"Are you sure that he is coming home to-night?" I said, as the clock struck eleven, and as I spoke the front-door was opened by a latch-key from without. I was trembling so that I could not have stood up, but Laurette rose at once and ran out into the hall. Mr. Deane was passing on into his study, but she went up to him and took his hands.

"How cold and wet you are, dear Uncle Jasper," she said; "come to the fire," and then she drew him into the drawing-room and made him sit down. I can see her now, rubbing his hands in hers, as she knelt before him on the rug. Charleton fetched

some wine from the dining-room. Though Mr. Deane said he had dined, we knew well enough that he had eaten nothing that day. He lifted the glass to his lips, and then his hand shook, and he put it down again with a clatter.

"I have ruined you," he said, hoarsely, turning from Laurette.

He had been quite calm and collected all day, Charleton told us afterwards, but now he was unnerved, and not even Laurette had power to comfort him. As he took his candle and walked across the room, I could not help seeing how much he was aged and altered.

IV.

Of course, people were very sorry for Mr. Deane, and for a week or so nothing else was talked of in our Square.

He, poor man, was silent and abstracted when at home, so it was from Charleton that I heard of his plans. The slender means which remained to him were sufficient to enable him to live quietly in the country: he was leaving business, and giving up his house in Belfield Square. I never understood the business part of it, nor how it was that anything remained to him; but I believe some arrangement was made with the creditors, and the other partners of the firm subsequently recovered and carried on the business under another name. As for Mr. Deane, even if he had been able to continue in the firm, I doubt whether he would not have been incapacitated for hard work by the shock he had received. "He has a little property in Surrey," Charleton told me; "he will be happier there."

Then the question arose, What would become of Laurette?

She herself did not seem to have a doubt. Her uncle wished for her, and she would live with him until Edward claimed her. "Poor Edward, it will be a great loss to him; but then one can always wait, you know"; so she said, and I could not bear to shake her happy trust.

We were all sitting at breakfast one morning, when the postman's knock was heard at the door. I had come to dread post-time, of late. The knock brought a cloud over Mr. Deane's face; he pushed away his plate and held out his hand for the letters. There were several business-like-looking envelopes for him, three letters for Charleton, one for me, and one for Laurette.

I saw that she took it a little eagerly, but I did not watch her; I was occupied with my own letter from an old friend in India. As I turned the first closely written sheet I did look up. She was sitting opposite to me; Mr. Deane had walked away to the fireplace, but Charleton was still at the table. As I looked I could not repress an exclamation.

She was even paler than usual, her eyes were full of burning tears, and her hand was clenched upon the letter she held. I knew her well enough to abstain from sympathy or questions; indeed, there was no need for them; I had guessed only too surely what had come to pass.

As she met my look she rose and walked to the window. Charleton swept up his letters and hastily left the room; Mr. Deane followed, and I remained, sitting over my half-emptied cup of tea, uncertain whether to speak or no. I could see that she was struggling with tears as she sat down, hiding her face against the curtain, but one low cry came from her which cut me to the heart.

"My poor child, try to bear it," I said, going up to her. She answered by putting the letter into my hands.

As I read my indignation was almost superseded by surprise. How Edward Finley had contrived to do it in so plausible and gentlemanlike a manner, I never shall be able to understand. He was so completely convinced of the propriety of his own conduct, that, in spite of myself, my angry feelings calmed down, and I grew to regard it as more natural if not excusable. He seemed to take it for granted that, under the circumstances, she would wish to be released from her engagement. Of course, they could not marry for years, and he would not bind her to such a trial.

I remembered Laurette's words, "One can always wait, you know," and the happy, trusting smile with which she had said it, and I grieved for the awakening which had come to her. Yet seeing and understanding its bitterness as I did, I could not yet believe that she had loved him. No; but she had trusted him implicitly, entirely; her one thought and hope had been to bring happiness to his home, and it hurt her sorely to find that she had been deceived.

She had been so proud of him; often and often she had recounted his good deeds, his care for his mother, his kindness to herself; and now it all seemed false and hollow, and she could believe in it no longer. Of course, she was wrong and unjust; he was still a good son and an affectionate cousin; but she had trusted herself to him and he had not kept faith with her, — how could she still believe in him?

Poor little Laurette! I thought about her sadly that day. She had rejected Charleton even whilst she thought he loved her; she had not allowed herself to think of him because she held herself pledged; now she was left, as it were, alone, and I could give her no comfort, knowing, as I did, that she had never had his love.

She said she was tired, and went early to bed that evening. Whilst Mr. Deane and Charleton were still in the dining-room, I went softly up to her room. The candle was put out, but the white moonlight was streaming in at the window and showed me the little white figure sitting up in bed, with her hands clasped round her knees, and her dark tearless eyes wide open.

"What is the matter, Laurette? Cannot you sleep?"

"No, Miss Ford. It is so hard. I feel as if everything were going away. I can never believe in anything again. I would never have given him up. I always thought that he cared, and now it is all so cold," she said; and she shivered and clung to me in her childish way, putting down her head upon my shoulder.

After a time she was somewhat soothed and comforted. I saw her lay her curly head upon the pillow before I would leave her, and then I went down stairs again.

Mr. Deane had heard the whole story, and was full of righteous indignation.

"Poor little thing, is she sleeping?" he asked. "I think I will go and look at her." I thought myself that she was much better left alone, but I did not like to say it, so he took his candle and went up stairs with me.

Laurette was lying fast asleep; her soft curls were tumbled about on the pillows, her lips just parted, her little hand hanging down over the side

of the bed. Mr. Deane stood over her with a sad and almost reverent expression upon his face.

"God bless her!" he said, as he turned away, and I saw that a tear had dropped upon the sheet.

Charleton was waiting outside in the passage. There had been something peculiar in his manner all the evening, — a kind of restless impatience quite unusual to him, so that I was not surprised when he said, laying his hand abruptly upon my arm, —

"Miss Ford, can I speak to you alone?"

When we were together in the drawing-room he put a chair for me and stood himself with his back to the fire, but it was some moments before he spoke.

As I looked at him I could not help wishing that it had been otherwise. He was not a superlatively proper young man, like Edward Finley: if his gray eyes were frank they were also somewhat defiant; if his manner was free it was perhaps a little reckless; but there was a truth and force about him of which I felt the attraction. He might be somewhat of a despot, but he would be just and genial in his despotism. Would it not have been better that Laurette should have been in his hands — loving him as I was sure she might have loved him — than that she should become the property of such a man as Edward Finley?

"I believe that I have always loved her," he said at last, breaking the silence. "At least, Miss Ford, I know it now. If she will come to me, I will do all that a man can do. I am going back to America, but I believe that she will trust herself to me."

I did not answer him dryly or indignantly, as I might once have done; for I knew him well enough to believe that it was not vanity which made him say it; but I knew Laurette better, and I was certain that to speak now would be to ruin his chances forever. So I persuaded him for the present to let the matter rest.

"I am going back to America," he said one day, quite carelessly, turning over the newspaper to look for steamers. And I saw that the color flashed across her face and she let her knife fall, but she never said a word. Charleton saw it too, but he gave no sign.

Then, when summer came, the old house in Bel-field Square was empty; we had gone down to Mr. Deane's place in the country; and Charleton had slipped out of our life: he would come once more, he said, to say good by.

It was a pretty little farm-house standing in the midst of Surrey meadows, — meadows with crimson sorrel and yellow buttercups growing amongst the long waving grass. Mr. Deane had become feebler and older, I thought, but he seemed quite happy. He sat basking in the sun, with his newspaper in his hand, or walked slowly round his small domain, inspecting the shrubs; perhaps it was a relief to him to be free from the pressure of business. But Laurette's cheeks did not grow rosy in the country air; she grew paler and more languid. Again she shut herself up from me; she liked best to wander about by herself, and often I found her lying awake in her little white bed during those summer nights.

Then it was that a new apprehension grew up within me. Why did Charleton never write, why did he not come? Perhaps he had again mistaken his feelings; perhaps he would sail, and we should never see him again. Was it not possible that he might already have sailed?

No wonder Laurette grew sadder and paler; she could have waited bravely and patiently, and now there was nothing to wait for except the long parting for life. Tormented as I was by misgivings, how could I speak? and I could not write to Charleton, for I did not know his address.

I was sitting in the little drawing-room one day, when I heard the unusual sound of a firm, manly tread in the passage, and the next moment Charleton stood before me.

I never was more cordial to any one in the whole course of my life. I started up, grasped his hands, and I am not quite sure that I did not kiss him.

"Where is she?" he asked. The next minute he had stepped into the garden, and I was left to my own happy imaginations.

Well! at last happiness had found her. She had waited long, but it had come at last, though not in the shape in which she had looked for it.

I often get letters from her now. They are well and prosperous, and she has a little boy and girl; but somehow I think of her still as she was when I last saw her. The pretty picture in the dingy little vestry is still before my eyes: the joy bells are clanging overhead, the rosy choir-boy is peering round the corner, the clerk is hanging up the surplice, Mr. Deane is in the doorway talking to the clergyman, the sunlight is streaming in through the painted glass window, and the little bride, with her veil thrown back and her dark hair clustering round her forehead, lifts her sweet eyes to her husband, and smiles as she takes the pen from his hand to write her name.

It was the last that I saw of "little Miss Deane." It was hard to part from her, but I felt that she was safe in Charleton's hands. If he was daring he was strong, if he was wilful he was true, and I knew that he loved her. I had been sad for her, and I had rejoiced for her, and there was a blank; but as I sit by my solitary fireside, feeling that age is coming upon me, and that I have no one near who will miss me very much when I am gone, the thought of little Laurette comes across me, with her proud reserve, her passionate griefs, and her pretty, winning ways, and the memory casts a brightness across the dimness of my life.

THE RED NOSE.

In the village of Tattlecombe were many curious persons; and very small matters sufficed to awaken their curiosity. It was generally satisfied at last, either by incontrovertible proof or by ingenious speculation; but there was one puzzle which could not be solved either by a collection of facts or a reduction of theories. Everybody wondered, and nobody knew why Mrs. Murton had a red nose.

Wherever you went you were sure to hear something about Mrs. Murton; you were questioned about her looks; you could not help confessing that she was a very pretty little woman; you had to allow that it was a great pity so pretty a little woman had so red a nose; you were strictly charged to furnish an explanation of the phenomenon; you were, of course, unable; and the village of Tattlecombe remained dissatisfied.

The problem had been submitted to a distinguished mathematician who lived in the neighborhood, who had been very high amongst the wranglers at Cambridge, and who was said to have won

problems; and also to the wise woman of the parish, who was supposed to understand the language of the many-twinkling stars, and who could, for a consideration, see looming in the future any kind of husband any silly young woman wished for; but they were both obliged to give it up.

It certainly was no ordinary nose; and thereby hung a tale. Something else hangs thereby in the case of the upper ten thousand savage women; a gold ring or a piece of crystal is with them the hanging ornament; but Mrs. Murton was highly civilized and refined, and as to her nose, it may be truly said that thereby hung a tale.

Now about red noses there are divers theories; and most of them are, according to my judgment and experience, wrong. You very seldom see a red nose, which, upon reflection, not in the looking-glass, but in the mind, does not appear to be the right thing in the right place. So much so, in fact, that if you were to meet a certain person of your acquaintance, and were to miss the usual redness of nose, you would at once say, "My dear So-and-so, you don't look at all well"; and you would be on the point of adding, by way of explanation, "Your nose is quite pale." There is a very prevalent belief that alcohol is at the bottom (or, rather, tip) of every red nose; but I can (on oath, if necessary) declare that one of the reddest noses I ever saw was above the chin of a man who had been from his youth up almost a Rechabite, and to whom the doctor actually recommended a liberal allowance of generous wine, as the best means of toning down the color. For a red nose is a great drawback to a clergyman, whose parishioners look upon it with suspicion; so that the efficacy of his ministrations is impeded by his nasal deformity. Indeed, the more reprobate amongst the boys of his parish lurk in undiscoverable hiding-places, and greet the reverend gentleman with snatches of a comic song called Jolly Nose.

Still, there is a fashion of nose which, with a view to conformity, ought to be red, which properly accompanies a certain complexion, which harmonizes with cheeks, and ears, and hands, which is undoubtedly the right nose in the right place, and which seems more natural and less remarkable than the most natural red hair.

But on none of these grounds was Mrs. Murton's case to be explained. Arethusa was not more unlikely to have had a taste for alcohol; and, moreover, Mrs. Murton's complexion was lovely; her cheeks, and ears, and hands were as delicately tinted as the daintiest blush-rose; and her nose, therefore, seemed quite unnatural, and out of place, so far as the color was concerned, — for in other respects it was perfectly natural, being exquisitely shaped, and unexceptionably situated. Mrs. Murton was the wife of the vicar, a young man who was reputed to be a prodigy of learning, who had greatly distinguished himself at the university, and who had been presented by his college, not long after he took his degree, to the vicarage of Tattlecombe. It was whispered about, moreover, that Mrs. Murton was not unacquainted with awful mysteries; that she had received what very credulous people are pleased to call a superior education; that she could read Latin and Italian with equal ease, that is, with considerable ease; that she was familiar with Greek; that she had even a smattering of Hebrew; that she was versed in ancient history, metaphysics, and theology; and that,

stood, even if she seldom put them into practice, the principles of logic.

The vicar and his wife had two little children of very tender years, both girls; and it was remarked that their education and management were left almost entirely to Mrs. Murton, who, if ever the vicar attempted to interfere, would turn upon him with a tartness hardly to be expected from her habitual sweetness, and would say to him sharply, "Pray, allow me to know what is best for girls"; and would accompany her words with an angry flash of the eye, and a glance of deep meaning, which at once silenced the reverend gentleman, and led witnesses to suppose that there was between Mr. and Mrs. Murton some secret which gave her an advantage, whenever she chose to exercise it, over her reverend consort.

Close observation led me to believe that the secret to which Mrs. Murton owed her power was somehow connected with the red nose, and that the red nose was to Mrs. Murton a thorn in the flesh. Many a time, when she had reason to believe she was unnoticed, have I seen her watching it in mirrors and all manner of reflectors; and every time I have remarked that a cloud momentarily passed over her face, and that for a minute or so after her contemplation she was irritable and snappish. But for a long while I could find no one who could read me the riddle, who could solve the puzzle which tortured the gossips of Tattlecombe.

Murder, however, will out; and at last I found somebody who could clear up the mystery which hung over Mrs. Murton's nose.

I fell in, I am happy to say, with the delightful Mrs. Tittle, who herself came from Tattlecombe. Tittle had been a friend of mine from early youth; and so Mrs. Tittle admitted me with more than usual readiness to intimate acquaintance. I soon discovered that she was a woman who was sure to know whatever could be known by close inquiry, keen observation, and acuteness of hearing about all her neighbors' affairs; she even seemed to have a key to the cupboards where many of them kept their private skeletons, and so she was clearly the person who should be able to enlighten me. On a favorable opportunity, therefore, I said to her, "You know Tattlecombe, I believe, Mrs. Tittle?"

"O yes," she answered, "so well! Dear little Tattlecombe! I know every tombstone and graveyard in the pretty churchyard; every green lane for ten miles round; every lovely view in the whole neighborhood; every cow, I verily believe, in the parish; and every queer old gossip in the thatched cottages."

"And I dare say you know the Murtons?" I rejoined.

"The Murtons!" she replied. "Ah! that I do, — so well. Lily Murton, that is Mrs. Murton, who was Lily Bourne, and I were like sisters when we were at school together. But we have not seen much of one another for the last year or so. Do you know them?"

"Slightly. I was lately staying with a friend of mine at Tattlecombe, and I met them several times."

"Is she not a pretty little woman?"

"Very."

"Is it not a pity she has such a dreadfully red nose?"

"A thousand pities! it makes her look like a beautiful peach with a horrid bluish, or a snow-

white something with a dirty port-wine stain upon it."

"Ah! poor thing," sighed Mrs. Tittle, looking at the same time rather pleased than otherwise, "she paid dearly for her superior learning."

"Learning!" I exclaimed in astonishment; "does learning give a lady a red nose?"

"It did in her case," replied Mrs. Tittle, laughing.

"Dear me," said I, "was it the Latin or the Greek, or the Hebrew?"

"O, I don't know," she answered, "that it was the dead languages exactly —"

"Perhaps," I broke in, "it was the theology; I knew a theologian with an awfully red nose. Or was it the history? or the metaphysics? or the logic? If she studied nosology, now —"

"I can only tell you," interrupted Mrs. Tittle, "that it was the learning generally."

"Well," I said "I knew that learning resembled alcohol so far as getting into your head is concerned, but I did not know that it carried the resemblance so far as to discolor your nose."

"I will tell you exactly how it happened," said she confidentially. "You must know that Lily was engaged to young Murton when he went up to Oxford. He was very good looking and very clever, and Lily was quite silly about him, though the Bournes generally did n't like him."

"Why not?"

"O, I really hardly know; but they thought him a conceited young prig."

"Hear, hear!" I said.

"Now, you must n't interrupt me," observed Mrs. Tittle, severely, "or I will not tell you my pitiful story. Young Murton, I must tell you, was destined for holy orders; and Lily, who worshipped the clergy in general, was quite ready to worship him in particular. She thought the holy office he was preparing himself for gave him unquestionable authority over her, and she was willing not only to love him (which she could not help), but also to obey him, even before they were married (much more, I suspect, than she obeys him now). Well, he had very prim notions; made Lily quite unhappy by preaching to her about the worldliness and frivolity of her family; and was especially bitter against what he was pleased to call the shallow, flimsy, showy, and even sinful education of young women. So he constituted himself Lily's instructor as well as lover, and insisted upon her taking from him lessons in his horrid Latin, and logic, and things. And as poor little Lily had to keep up her more lady-like accomplishments as well (for her father would not hear of her relinquishing them), she had to work like a galley-slave. And I really do think," continued Mrs. Tittle, looking at me appealingly, "that her father was right; for, though it may be all very well to be just like a man if you are not going to be married, I think that in married life the very diversity of mental culture and attainments tends to prevent unpleasant collision. We wives have often to act towards our husbands the part David acted towards Saul when the evil spirit was upon the son of Kish. But if we had minds trained exactly as our husbands', we should most likely attempt to argue with them, instead of dealing with them by means of enchantments they can appreciate, but can neither practise nor understand. What do you think?"

I, being a bachelor, assented heartily.

"Then, you see," she went on, "if women are to

receive the education some even of their own sex would give them, they will have double work to do; for they will have to do the new and not leave the old undone (in case they should ever marry)."

I thought it best to mutter something which might sound like entire agreement.

"To resume, then," said Mrs. Tittle. "Poor little Lily had to work double tides (as they say), and she used, consequently, to read, read, read, both at her meals and directly after them. And in a little while her dear little nose grew red, and by degrees, redder and redder. It was of no use to tell her what was the reason, or for the doctor to assure her that it was a symptom of indigestion, and that there was nothing so likely to impair digestion as reading at and directly after meals; she vowed, with tears in her eyes, that she 'must do the lessons dear George took the trouble to set.' Well, different people, I suppose, have different ways of making love; but Lily's and George's must have been the strangest since that one-eyed person, you know, made love to somebody whose name I think began very appropriately with Gal—but —"

"Polyphemus and Galatea?" I asked.

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Tittle. "Dear little Lily knew all about them; but I don't, though I fancy Handel wrote some music about their love-affair. But let me go on. I assure you I have been staying at the Bournes's when George Murton was there, and he and Lily would remain alone together in the study for hours, and when any of us knocked at the door, and called out to Lily to come into the garden, we very often got no answer, and we could hear George Murton talking angrily about 'accents,' and 'quantities,' and 'long by position,' and all that sort of stuff, and poor little Lily whimpering, 'Yes, yes; I beg your pardon, dear George; I quite forgot.' And if they did come into the garden, they walked up and down sombrely, whilst we played at croquet; and I verily believe he was examining her all the while in some nasty dead language. And he was always lecturing her about Lady Jane Gray and Plato, and exhorting her to set an example to her worldly, frivolous family. After all, I don't think George Murton had done himself much good with all his Hebrew and theology; I am sure his temper was very bad, and many a time I have seen him fling out of the house in an ungovernable rage, leaving Lily sobbing in the study; and when Lily was asked what was the matter, she would say, 'O, George is so angry. I couldn't say my Virgil by heart.' Or, 'Whatever shall I do, I made three false quantities in two lines, and that hurts poor George's feelings more than anything.' Or, 'I couldn't give a proper account of the Manichean heresy, and George says he can't love me.'"

"I wonder she could love him," said I; "I wonder she did n't treat him as Omphale treated Hercules."

"She was infatuated, you should remember," rejoined Mrs. Tittle; "whereas in the case you mention I believe the infatuation was on the side of the gentleman. And there really was some ground for Lily's infatuation. She and her family went once or twice to Oxford, and heard George Murton recite his prize exercises; and Lily's love was mingled with something like the awful fascination exercised by the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, when she heard the cheers which greeted the repeated

time after time in his capacity of prize-man, and when she saw how his good looks became more than beauty under the influence of applause. No wonder she clung to him as to a higher power. Besides, at those visits to Oxford he relaxed a little; and Lily then thought him so kind as well as good and noble, that he completely subjugated her. As for him, I never saw anybody so imperious to another as he was to her; and, though I suppose he really loved her, I believe his love varied directly as her success in doing the papers he set her. I know that he postponed (fancy the gentleman postponing the happy day!) their marriage for three months, until she could satisfy his worship in history and logic; and the logic paper, Lily told me, was the hardest and most repugnant work she ever had to do in her life. At last, they were married; but he had spoiled her beauty forever."

"She does not appear to be in much awe of him now," I remarked.

"No," rejoined Mrs. Tittle, laughing. "You see he gets no prizes now, no distinctions, no acclamations; even his learning is of very little use to him where he is. He is, as a member of ordinary society, quite a commonplace person; and, besides, she is not fearful of losing him now, and she can always twit him with having caused her only personal blemish."

"Ah," I broke in, "not even Socrates could have borne that from Xantippe without wincing."

"I don't know any Saint Tibby," rejoined Mrs. Tittle, looking suspicious; "but I was just going to say that, as for Lily's own learning, it certainly enabled her to marry the man she loved, but she has long since discovered that it is of no further service to her. It is out of place in the circle in which she moves; and, though her reputation for it may do her good with some, it does her harm with others; and, moreover, she has n't time to keep it up, and is forgetting it all in attending to her children and household. All this she feels deeply, and she throws it in the teeth of George Murton. She has found out also that taking holy orders does not necessarily sanctify the taker; and that an ordained sinner is but an unordained sinner with a difference, — especially of necktie."

"But Mr. and Mrs. Murton seem to be tolerably happy together."

"O dear, yes; quite as happy as 'most married couples, if not happier; but the varnish has gone off the gentleman, and the blemish remains on the lady."

"You mean the red nose?"

"Yes. The poor little thing confessed to me that she feels the infiction more than a sensible and Christian woman should feel such a thing. But then she pleads that it is so very peculiar in her case; she has the mortification of knowing that it might have been prevented; and she cannot help seeing that people notice it, or fearing — not without ground, as I know — that they attribute it to a wrong cause. She believed that by altering her habits after she had secured George for better and worse, she would be able at her leisure to get rid of her disfigurement; but one must not trifle with one's digestive organs, which, when they have once been upset, are almost as incapable as Humpty Dumpty of being set up again. She has tried exercise, regular diet, and every kind of pill ever invented for the cure of indigestion; but if she have at all improved her digestive organs (and I should think the contrary is more likely), she has made no

even condescended to write (anonymously, of course) to those papers which give advice as to the removal of freckles, tan, redness, &c.; but to no purpose. She has sat for an hour at a time with her feet in cold water, but that obstinate nose refuses to be unreddened, and she remains a warning to all lovely and confiding girls who try, at the expense of their digestions, to secure the affections of pedantic lovers."

Such is the history of Mrs. Murton's red nose; and it causes one to fear that the project which is gaining favor of making girls solidly learned as well as elegantly accomplished may have a baleful effect upon their noses. Let the maids of merry England see to it.

As for men who mourn over their red noses, and would feel hurt by such a remark as one 'bus driver does not scruple to address to another, saying, "This here frosty weather seem to suit you, Tom; that there old beak o' yours is a-colorin' beautiful," they may derive some comfort from the following quotation taken from the works of a popular writer, not of the masculine gender: "He had a fair complexion, a small straight nose — *very red*, womanish lips, a slightly receding chin, a low forehead, large blue eyes, and light auburn hair. He was rather *handsome*, and was generally said to have a *most prepossessing countenance*."

What more could a reasonable man wish for? It should be mentioned, however, that the popular writer's red-nosed man with the prepossessing countenance poisoned his brother and committed bigamy.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Leader says that Pere Hyacinthe was driven from Paris by the photographers.

THE last comic paper out in London is called Punch and Judy. It is better than Judy, and not as good as Punch.

LA PRINCESSE DE TRÉBIZONDE, M. Offenbach's latest effusion, is to be brought out at the Bouffes Parisiens this month.

BOUCICAULT has been very low with a fever, produced, it is stated, by overwork. The writing of two or three such plays as "Formosa," would give any man a fever.

AN extravaganza written by Sala is to be produced at the Gayety, London, some time in December. The triple was announced last year, but it appears that George Augustus did not come up to time.

SOME curious autographs of Velasquez have lately been discovered in the library of one of the royal palaces in Spain; among them is a receipt for 1,100 riales as payment for his celebrated picture, "The Borrachos."

BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD, the last surviving son of the founder of the house, who died in November last year, left behind him some memoirs, which are now being printed. They consist of a history of the monetary speculations and loans he was engaged in during his lengthened residence in Paris.

THE first number of Mr. Murray's new venture, The Academy, is full of excellent matter for literary and scientific readers of the higher class, but will scarcely please the great public. Matthew Arnold, Professor Huxley, G. A. Simcox, etc. are among the contributors.

MR. DARWIN is preparing a new work, in which the main conclusions arrived at in his "Origin of Species," and accepted by most of the younger naturalists throughout Europe, will be applied to Man.

THE French are crying out for Mr. Kinglake's book on the Crimea. Its circulation was prohibited in consequence of the account of the *coup d'état* given in the first volume, but this objection no longer exists, as several accounts of the 2d December have appeared since our author's.

THE Athenæum says: "Lifts are called *hoists* (?) in the United States, and lifts and hoists are vulgar things in common hotels and warehouses for conveying ordinary people, sacks, and casks to upper stories. Lifts have, however, got up in the world, and the Pope by their means now ascends to his apartments in the Vatican."

SWINBURNE, the poet, sends the following complaint to the editor of the Athenæum: "I have but just seen a copy of the edition of Coleridge's Select Poems, arranged in part at my suggestion, and preceded by a short essay of my writing. I hasten to disavow all knowledge of a note inserted at page 150 without leave or warning. The writer of that note introduces Coleridge's 'Lesson for a Boy' in ancient metres, with this ingenuous and pertinent remark: 'There is something very touching in this little lesson as read by the light of the after fate of Derwent Coleridge' (*sic*). What on earth the writer means he knows, I presume, himself; but to me, who know nothing of this intrusive bit of tenderness, it appears a sample of blundering impertinence, with which I am not willing that my name, appearing as it does on the title-page of the book, should remain saddled. For the rest, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge needs not the thanks, but must retain the gratitude of the students for whom his admirable edition of his illustrious father's complete poems has thrown fresh light on that great master's work, and whom he has enabled to date the birth and trace the growth of those imperishable poems. A. C. SWINBURNE."

PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY, some time since, had the rare luck to find an unpublished poem by "Mr. John Milton." He found it in the British Museum, in a copy of the edition of Milton's English and Latin poems, printed in 1645. The attention of the literary world is now called to another discovery at the British Museum, namely, a poem supposed to have been written by "Mr. William Shakespeare." It is in a translation of Montaigne's Essays, by John Florio, dated 1603. In accordance with the usual custom of that time, verses in praise of the book are prefixed; of these there are about ninety written by the poet, Samuel Daniel, who signs himself "One of the Gentlemen Extraordinaire of her Majesties Most Royall Privi Chamber." Following these verses of Daniel's is a sonnet, without signature or other mark, entitled, "Concerning the Honor of Books," and is as follows:—

"Since Honor from the Honorer proceeds,
How well do they deserve that memorie
And leave in bookes for all posterities
The names of worthies, and their vertuous deedes
When all their glorie els, like water weedes
Without their element, presently dyes,
And all their greatnes quite forgotten lyes:
And when, and how they florish no man heedes.
How poor remembrances are Statutes Toomes
And other monuments that men erect
To Princes, which remaine in closed rooms
Where but a few behold them; in respect
Of Bookes, that to the Universall eye

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AN UNSUBJECTED WOMAN.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER died an unmarried lady aged eighty-nine in the year 1806. She was eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D. D., perpetual curate of the chapel at Deal, afterwards rector of Woodchurch and of Ham, and one of the six preachers in Canterbury Cathedral. Dr. Carter was the son of a rich grazier in the vale of Aylesbury, and in his boyhood had looked forward to a milky way of life; but was sent rather late to Cambridge, where he became hopelessly addicted to Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. He therefore took orders in the Church, and produced, instead of tubs of butter, tracts on controversial theology. Elizabeth was his first child by his first wife; but he married twice, and had a variety of sons and daughters, who were all reared on a diet of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew.

Little Betsey, in her nursery days, did not take kindly to her father's way of dieting his children on dead languages. She suffered so much intellectual congestion from them that she became, as a girl, afflicted with frequent and severe headaches which were the plague of all her after life. When a young lady she took to snuff to keep herself awake over her studies, and relieve her head. For the rest of her life she was a snuff-taker. Mrs. Carter was not one of the true blue-stockings, for the characteristic of their coterie was not the possession but the affectation of much learning. Her early training bent her life in a particular direction, but in that direction she grew vigorously.

Elizabeth Carter in her youth learnt French by being sent to board for a year in the house of a French refugee minister; she gave all the time required of our grandmothers to "the various branches of needlework," and with much pains learnt to spoil music with the spinet and German flute. She had been most assiduously trained in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; in these studies she succeeded best, and especially she took to Greek, which became a living tongue to her, and which she conquered without help of such Greek grammars as were then in use. Dr. Johnson said, in compliment of a celebrated scholar, that he understood Greek better than any one he had ever known except Elizabeth Carter. Like other young ladies Betsey Carter wrote verse, and at the age of twenty-one she published a very small collection of poems, with a Greek motto from Euripides, signifying that they were nothing. She liked the morality of Mrs. Rowe's letters, which are still to be found lying neglected on old bookstalls, and

wrote on the occasion of her death, that it would be her own justest pride,

"My best attempt for fame,
That joins my own to Philomela's name,"

Philomela being Mrs. Rowe. She admired also the poetry of Stephen Duck, the thresher, patronized and pensioned by the Queen of George the Second, and addressed him in lines which begin

"Accept, O Duck, the Muse's grateful lay."

When about twenty years old there was some prospect of a place at Court for her if she understood the German of the reigning family. She learnt German on this hint, but did not go to Court, and for many years saw London life only when visiting among her relations. Afterwards she learnt Spanish and Italian, some Portuguese, and even Arabic, making for herself an Arabic Dictionary. She had a taste also for geography, ancient of course, knowing a great deal more of the geography of Greece B. C. 1184, than of Middlesex in her own time. But with all her work she had passed a youth not without playfulness, and she was throughout life heartily and cheerfully religious with a wholesome disrelish of controversy, wherein she was wiser than her father.

Surely, the doctor's influence would have sufficed to keep her zeal for study within wholesome bounds. She was throughout life an early riser, considering herself to be up late if she was only up by seven. Her common time of rising was between four and five. Early to rise comes well enough after early to bed; but we have Dr. Carter praising his daughter in her girlhood for a virtuous resolution not to study beyond midnight. The only stand he made was against her use of snuff to keep herself awake and abate headache. When she was the worse for the want of it, he let her have it; his protest failed against the snuff, and was not made against the overwork that made snuff necessary: and not snuff only. Poor little Betsey Carter used also to keep herself awake for night study by binding a wet towel round her head putting a wet cloth to the pit of her stomach, and chewing green tea and coffee. Be it observed, nevertheless, that she did not kill herself. She lived to the age of eighty-nine. But her headaches were the penalty inflicted on her for abridging hours of sleep.

Now, it is not just to the body to overcome its fatigues habitually with snuff in the nose, green tea leaves in the mouth, a wet towel round the head, and a wet cloth at the pit of the stomach. But against all that was here to be set a placidly cheerful temper and a mind well occupied. Elizabeth

Carter in her youth could get through nine hours' dancing with enjoyment, and walk to it three miles and back in a gale of wind. She studied astronomy, but had not a soul above shirt buttons and made her brother's shirts.

It was suspected that her love of study had produced a secret resolution against marriage. She said, indeed, at eighty-six, "Nobody knows what may happen. I never said I would not marry"; and among offers refused in her youth was one that tempted her enough to make her hesitate while her friends urged acceptance. If he had not furnished evidence against himself by publishing a few rather licentious verses, Elizabeth would probably have taken to this suitor's shirt-buttons, and had a livelier first-born than her translation of Epictetus. When she was sixty-five years old, Hayley dedicated his *Essay on Old Maids* to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, as "Poet, Philosopher, and Old Maid," an attention which she did not gratefully appreciate, because she disliked the temper of his essay. Perhaps she was too fastidious. Punch himself was in awe of her. She was not above going to a puppet-show, but when she went to one at Deal, "Why, Punch," said the showman, "what makes you so stupid?" "I can't talk my own talk," said Punch. "The famous Mrs. Carter is here."

And how had the lady become famous? Thus: Edward Cave, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, being an old friend of her father's, admitted into his magazine occasional bits of verse from her, signed Eliza. The first appeared before she was quite seventeen years old. Through Cave she made the acquaintance of young Samuel Johnson upon his first coming to London. Two or three months after his first contribution to Cave's magazine had appeared, — it was a Latin *aleaic ode*, — Dr. Carter replied from the country to his daughter's letter from town, "You mention Johnson; but this is a name with which I am utterly unacquainted. Neither his scholastic, critical, nor poetical character ever reached my ears." Johnson was then aged nine-and-twenty and Miss Carter twenty-one. It was in Cave's shop, as fellow-contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, before either of them had tasted fame, that the acquaintanceship began to which Elizabeth Carter owes much of her fame. Writing to her eighteen or twenty years after the beginning of their cordial but ceremonious friendship, Johnson said, "To every joy is appended a sorrow. The name of Miss Carter introduces the memory of Cave. Poor dear Cave! I owed him much; for to him I owe that I have known you"; and he subscribed himself her most obedient and most humble servant, "with respect, which I neither owe nor pay to any other." At the age of twenty-two Miss Carter had translated out of French the criticism of De Croussaz upon Pope's *Essay on Man*, and immediately afterwards translated also for Cave, from the Italian of Algarotti, six dialogues for the use of ladies upon Newton's philosophy of light and color. Samuel Johnson, then at work for Cave corrected the proofs for the young lady, of whom the learned Doctor Thomas Birch then made a note, which showed that she already seemed to be upon the way to fame. "This lady," said Dr. Birch, in noting her bit of translation, "is a very extraordinary phenomenon in the republic of letters, and justly to be ranked with the Sulpitias of the ancients and the Schurmanns and the Daciers of the moderns. For to an uncommon vivacity and delicacy of genius, and an accuracy of judgment worthy the maturest years,

she has added the knowledge of the ancient and modern languages at an age when an equal skill in any one of them would be a distinction in a person of the other sex."

A learned woman was a marvel in those days, and her place in creation yet unsettled. Already there cropped up in connection with Miss Carter, when she was little more than a girl, the sublime idea, not merely that she was fit to be an elector of M. P.s, but that she was competent to be one. "Here 's all Deal," wrote one of her sisters to her, "is in amazement that you want to be a Member of the Parliament House; and Mrs. Blank, was told it, but so strongly affirmed that it was no such thing, that she came to our house quite eager to ask, and was quite amazed to hear 't was so. Let me know in your next whether 't is a jest, or that you really want to go."

Her scholarship and knowledge of modern languages must have attracted a good deal of general attention, for Miss Carter was hailed as a sister prodigy by the marvellous youth John Philip Baratie, who was about four years younger than herself. Of Baratie it is said that, when four years old, he talked with his mother in French, with his father in Latin, and with the servants in German. He read Greek at the age of six, Hebrew at eight, and translated Benjamin of Tudela's travels out of Hebrew into French when a boy of eleven. When he was but fourteen years old, the University of Halle conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts, and he astonished crowded audiences by his disputations upon fourteen theses. He died of consumption before he had attained the age of twenty, and it was in the last year or two of his life that he heard of the learned English damsel, Elizabeth Carter. He then opened a correspondence, in which he praised her as one whose Latin verse the Romans of the Augustan age would have taken for that of the swan of Mantua, or of a Latin Sappho.

While corresponding with Baratie, Miss Carter formed a more abiding friendship with Miss Catherine Talbot, a bishop's granddaughter, who lived with her widowed mother in the family of Dr. Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Secker gratefully remembering that he was indebted to her family for his first steps of promotion in the church. Through her friend Catherine Talbot, Miss Carter obtained the friendship of Dr. Secker, which was so emphatically shown, that when the archbishop became a widower the London world assigned to him Elizabeth Carter for a second wife. But some there were who gave her to Dr. Hayter, Bishop of London. "Brother Hayter," the archbishop said one day, "the world has it that one of us two is to marry Madam Carter; now I have no such intention, and therefore resign her to you." "I will not pay your Grace the same compliment," replied the bishop. "The world does me much honor by the report."

So as Deal had held that Elizabeth Carter was the woman to have a seat in the House of Commons, London believed her place to be among the bishops. Or among the players. For when Edward Moore's play of the *Gamster* came out, it was held to be so highly judicious and moral, that it was at first attributed to Mrs. Carter. Moore wrote also *Fables for the Female Sex*, which were not less worthy of one who might be assigned as bride to an archbishop. But among he-writers of that day the true primate of the female world was Sam-

uel Richardson; and Richardson embalmed a characteristic piece of Elizabeth Carter's verse, her Ode to Wisdom, in his *Clarissa*. He had not been able to find out the author of the ode, and had, therefore, republished it in his novel (in the first edition part of it only) without consent; for which, though he had done honor thereto by engraving it and giving it with music, he was called to order by the lady. He replied with extreme courtesy, as one who "would sooner be thought unjust or ungenerous by any lady in the world than by the author of the Ode to Wisdom."

When at home with her father in the parsonage at Deal, Miss Carter had a bell at the head of her bed, pulled by a string which went through a chink in her window, down into the sexton's garden. The sexton, who got up between four and five, made it his first duty to toll this bell lustily. "Some evil-minded people of my acquaintance," she wrote to a friend, "have most wickedly threatened to cut my bell-rope, which would be the utter undoing of me, for I should infallibly sleep out the whole summer." Up thus betimes, she went to work as a schoolboy to his lessons, and thence to the ramble before breakfast over sunny commons, or through dewy cornfields, or the brambles of the narrow lane, pulling sometimes a friend out of bed to be companion of the walk, and respectfully noted by the country folks as "Parson Carter's daughter." Then home, and "when I have made myself fit to appear among human creatures we go to breakfast, and are extremely chatty; and this and tea in the afternoon are the most sociable and delightful parts of the day. We have a great variety of topics in which everybody bears a part, till we get insensibly upon books; and whenever we go beyond Latin and French, my sister and the rest walk off, and leave my father and me to finish the discourse and the teakettle by ourselves, which we should infallibly do, if it held as much as Solomon's molten sea." Her work in later life was mainly to keep fresh the fruits of early study. Her headaches had to be considered, and her book-work was done with rests every half-hour, and rambles off to water her pinks and roses, or to gossip a few minutes with any friend or relation who was in the house. But she read every day before breakfast two chapters of the Bible, and a sermon, besides some Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; and after breakfast, or at some other time of the day, a little of every modern language she had learnt, in order to keep her knowledge of it from rusting.

When she began her translation of Epictetus, at the wish of her friends, Dr. Secker and Catherine Talbot, Elizabeth Carter was helping her father by taking the sole charge of the education of her youngest brother, whom she sent up to Cambridge so well prepared that he astonished much the examiners, who asked at what school he had been educated, with the reply that his only teacher was his eldest sister. Miss Carter's translation of Epictetus was not begun with a view to publication, but when it was done, and revised by Dr. Secker, there was publication in view, and she was told that a life of Epictetus must be written. Her reply to Miss Talbot will astonish those who connect learning in women with want of shirt-buttons among men. She said, "Whoever that somebody or other is who is to write the life of Epictetus, seeing I have a dozen shirts to make, I do opine, dear Miss Talbot, that it cannot be I." It was urged on her also that she must add notes to Christianize the book of the hea-

then philosopher, and prevent "danger to superficial readers." She did all that was urged on her, at the same time that she was finishing the preparation of her brother's back and brains for college.

The book appeared in seventeen fifty-eight, and there were more than a thousand subscribers for it. By way of compliment, more copies were subscribed for than were claimed, and the lady earned by this labor a thousand pounds. The book, also, when published, was maintained in good repute. Some years afterwards her friend, Dr. Secker, brought her a bookseller's catalogue, and said, "Here, Madam Carter, see how ill I am used by the world. Here are my sermons selling at half-price, while your Epictetus is not to be had under eighteen shillings, only three shillings less than the original subscription." Such a work from a woman was a thing to be talked of in Europe, as the world then went. An account of the learned lady was published even in Russia, where, as Miss Carter said, they were just learning to walk on their hind legs.

Four years later appeared Miss Carter's poems, in a little volume dedicated to the Earl of Bath; and she was now able to have a lodging of her own in London, — a room on a first floor in Clarges Street, — whence she was always fetched out to dinner by the chairs or carriages of her many friends. Her brothers and sisters had grown up and been put out in the world; her father's second wife was dead, and he was moving about at Deal from one hired house to another. Elizabeth then bought herself a house by the Deal shore, took her father for its tenant, and lived there with him until his death, he working in his library, and she in hers, with the annual treat of a visit to London.

The nautical world of Deal, impressed by her erudition, held that she had done something in mathematics which had puzzled all the naval officers. She had foretold a storm, and some were not at all sure that she could not raise one. A young man remarked to a verger's wife in Canterbury Cathedral that it was very cold. "Yes," she said, "and it will be a dreadful winter, and a great scarcity of corn; for the famous Miss Carter has foretold it." While her house at Deal was being settled (she had bought two small houses and was turning them into one), Madam Carter took a tour upon the Continent in company with the Queen of the Blue Stockings, Mrs. Montagu, and the Earl of Bath, who died in the next year rather suddenly, and did not, as her friends had thought he would, bequeath her an annuity. The bulk of his property went to his only surviving brother, who died three years later, and the next heir then, delicately professing that it was to fulfil Lord Bath's intentions, secured to Miss Carter an annuity of a hundred pounds during her life, which, towards the close of her life, was increased to a hundred and fifty. The annuity came to Miss Carter in seventeen sixty-seven, and a couple of years earlier she had received a like annuity from Mrs. Montagu, who then, by her husband's death, obtained the whole disposal of his fortune. An uncle of Miss Carter's, who was a silk-mercator, had also died and left fourteen thousand pounds to Dr. Carter and his children, of which Elizabeth's share was fifteen hundred in her father's lifetime. In later years an annuity of forty pounds came to Miss Carter from another friend. She was rich, therefore, beyond her needs; for she lived inexpensively, and had money to spare for struggling relations, and for those of the poor whose griefs she saw. When left alone in the Deal house, she kept

up a healthy hospitality with tea and rubbers of whist for threepenny points; was a neat, cheerful old woman, simply dressed and scrupulously clean, before her time in knowledge of the value of a free use of cold water, fond of her tea and her snuff, and never worrying her country friends with ostentation of her learning.

The headaches at last almost put an end to study. Mrs. Carter read Fanny Burney's novels with enjoyment, delighted in Mrs. Radcliffe's, objected to the morality of Charlotte Smith's, and thought there was more of Shakespeare in Joanna Baillie than in any writer since his time. That was because she had a strong prejudice on behalf of female writers at a time when women were only beginning to find their way into the broad space they now occupy in English literature. She thought much less of Burns than of Joanna Baillie, because Miss Baillie was always proper, and Burns was in some places anything but ladylike. Though living at Deal, she refused to buy there any article which, by its cheapness or otherwise, she could suspect to have been smuggled. But her reason for this, given to Mrs. Montagu, was a generous one.

"I cannot help pitying these poor ignorant people, brought up from their infancy to this wretched trade, and taught by the example of their superiors to think there can be no great harm in it, when they every day see the families of both hereditary and delegated legislators loading their coaches with contraband goods. Surely in people whom Heaven has blessed with honors and fortune and lucrative employments of government, the fault is much greater than that of the poor creatures whom they thus encourage?" She was a kindly old woman, whose gentle, courteous manner won the hearts of servants in the houses that she visited. One lady ascribed some of the excellence of her own servants to Mrs. Carter's influence upon them; for she was often mindful of the hearts and heads and open ears of servants behind the chairs at dinner, in a way that made her direct conversation into a form that would insure their carrying away some wholesome thoughts from their attendance.

Now this, faithful in small things, was a good womanly life, although the life of a lady given to Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and much other erudition, a lady high in honor at the original blue-stocking assemblies, and one who could be truly described as a snuffy old maid. That description of her would be true, but not exhaustive. She had a woman's religiousness devoid of theologic spite; a woman's social vivacity of speech, with a disrelish of uncharitable comment and flippant bitterness which went far to suppress that form of conversation in her presence. She cheered her family and eased her father's labor and cost in the rearing of his younger children. She blended the writing of an essay upon Epictetus with the making of a set of shirts. Without distinguished genius, by industry with love of knowledge and a calm adherence to her sense of right, she passed into an old age honored with affectionate respect from people of all ranks of life and all degrees of intellect. Looking back at her, out of our century into hers, we may find that many of her ways and notions were old-fashioned; but in the good fashion that never grows old, she was a woman unspoilt by her learning; and the less likely to be spoilt because it was true learning, the result of steady work.

WAS SHE WORTH IT?

I. THE ASSEMBLY-ROOMS OF BARNCOTE IN 1847.

THE Upper Ten Thousand of Barncote are gathered together at one of their monthly assemblies. It is the 31st of December, and in consequence, the ball is a more brilliant and "dressy" affair than usual. As a rule, the Barncotians, in those days, set their faces against any sumptuary extravagance, and the monthly assemblies usually entailed on Paterfamilias only the expense of a few yards of ribbon and a bit of white muslin.

This is an exceptional occasion; the officers from the barracks are present *en masse*, and, by special request, in uniform; the band of the 4th Bays is also in attendance, and relieves the cornet-a-piston and three fiddles with a strident galop or rattling polka. The female Barncotians were arrayed in great splendor, and in all the bravery of diaphanous muslins, shimmering satins, and other millinery properties. The black coats present were rather at a discount; not that the young ladies were not fully aware of the temporary character of a flirtation with the "Bays," and the much higher chances of a satisfactory settlement with the young native lawyers, brewers, maltsters; but that, round dances not having been long in vogue in the county, the natives, as a rule, could not or would not dance them; so that when the brass band struck up a lively polka, there was a general move on the part of the civilians to the card-rooms adjoining for a little loo.

There were two card-rooms, one leading out of the other. In the first were a couple of whist-tables. At one of these sat Colonel Poyser of the Bays, a gray-haired old soldier; Callum, the Barncote brewer; Mrs. Poyser, the colonel's wife, a clever meek old lady, whose silver hair was done up in rolls on the top of her head; and Lady Whittaker, the relict of a city grandee. Leaning over her father's shoulder, her curls getting in the old man's way as he sorted his cards, and causing him to puff and snort, and wave his hands impatiently in the air, stood Lucy Callum, as fair a vision as ever maddened the heart of a susceptible Barncotian.

Sweet Lucy Callum, pen and ink can't picture thy charms, dear fair Saxon maiden! That her hair was nut-brown, — not shot with gold or tinged with red, but of the extinct good old-fashioned russet brown; that her skin was as fair and pure as the white lip of a sea-shell, tinged with the hue of youth and health, and her rosy lips, just parted, showed the dearest little teeth in the world; that her eyes were of a deep lucid gray, fringed with long lashes a shade darker than her hair: to tell you all this is only waste of time; you would fail to realize the sweetness of Lucy Callum. And yet I wish I could paint her for you. She is of a type of womanhood now extinct, of a simpler, easier world, of a more quiet and faithful time. *Forty-seven*, ah me, since then, the world has changed from an old respectable, staid, and proper world to a raddled old harridan dancing the Cancan!

There stood by the vicar's wife at the second card-table, pretending to look over her cards, but in reality drawing long draughts of love from the contemplation of Lucy Callum, a young and handsome fellow of some twenty years of age. This was Tom Bellamy, a distant relative and ward of John Callum, the brewer.

The entrance of the young men from the ball-room disturbed the whist-players, and the game was suspended for a moment, as they passed through into the inner room.

Colonel Poyser looked anxiously from under his bushy eyebrows, but none of his youngsters were of the party; only Captain Prodder and Major Bond, who could take care of themselves. The Bays was a quiet, gentlemanly regiment, and old Poyser was like a father to his youngsters, and kept them away as far as he could from the temptations of unlimited loo. Whist the old man encouraged, and did n't mind what the points were, but "those gambling games" he set his face against most sternly.

Tom Bellamy made a move as though to pass between the red curtains into the inner room. Callum looked up over his gold eye-glasses: "No loo to-night, Tom?"

"Well, I'll just take a hand, uncle," said Tom carelessly.

Old Callum was wonderfully fond of a little quiet gambling himself, and report said that at the private card-club at the White Hart a thousand or two would sometimes change hands on a single night; report said also that the change had frequently been unfavorable to Mr. Callum. His nephew therefore felt as though Satan were reproving sin, when his uncle (titular: he was only a distant cousin really) admonished him for losing twenty pounds or so at loo.

But Lucy left her father's side, and took Tom by the arm: "Dance this polka with me, Tom. I've refused half a dozen, to keep a dance for you, and then you've never asked me once."

"Well, you know," said Tom, "I ain't much good at the polka; and as for asking you, there's been no getting near you all the evening, for these soldier fellows."

You see Tom, though tremendously in love, was but a young cub. A long-legged young cornet here entered, and carried off Miss Callum. Tom had missed his chance, and was as sulky as a bear. He walked into the next room. Some sweet little cherub, however, sitting up aloft, had determined that Tom should not drop his money that night. Young Winter, a cool and cautious hand, who never continued playing when the cards were against him, and who, having been twice loosed for five pounds, had resigned his seat, on the pretence of going to find a partner for the Lancers, — young Winter caught hold of Tom by the arm: "Come with me, Tom; I have something to say to you of importance."

Archibald Winter was a few years older than his friend. He was now a junior partner in the firm of Winter, Boothby, and Winter, Solicitors, of Pump Street. His female friends called him ugly. He was short and thick-set; his dark hair hung down to the velvet collar of his coat: a projecting forehead and heavy brows shadowed a pair of keen and piercing eyes. He was not prepossessing, but powerful looking. Not popular with the youth of Barncoote, he was reputed "near," and a keen hand; but he did n't consort much with young men, and the only friend he had was Tom Bellamy.

"I want to have a long talk with you, Tommy; and we'll go across to the billiard-room, and have a smoke: there'll be nobody there to-night, and the marker's got a holiday, so we'll have a quiet chat all to ourselves."

Tom walked out rather unwillingly; he did n't like leaving the game in the hands of the long-

legged cornet, although he did n't know how to play his cards when he had them.

The billiard-room was a subscription affair. It was on the ground-floor of a house, the upper rooms of which were occupied for offices. A deaf old woman lived in the basement, and looked after the rooms. Winter closed the outside door, and bolted the latch. There was a good fire burning in the room; he turned up the gas, and pulled off the linen cover of the table: "Tom, I'll play you a level fifty, and take eight to five in half-crowns."

You see Archibald was a canny youth, and liked to be paid for his time even when counselling a friend.

"I can't do it, Archie; but I suppose I must try."

Winter gave a miss in balk, and Tom twisted in off the spot, brought the red over the middle pocket, scored up to forty, and muffed a cannon a baby could n't have missed. Tom made a face, and looked at the end of his cue.

"It is n't chalk that's wanting, it's caution," said Winter, proceeding to make half a dozen easy little cannons; and then holding the red, and finding his opponent under the cushion, he gave another safe miss; and Tom failing to get in again, he won the game in a succession of easy breaks.

"Trouble you for a sov., Tommy. And now, let's sit down, and have a chat and a pipe. Tommy, you'll be of age in a week."

"Did you bring me here to tell me that?" said Tom sulkily. The loss of his loo, of his Lucy, and of his sovereign had rather soured the youth's temper.

"Now, Tom, I want to know what you're going to do?"

"As to what?"

"As to making a start in the world."

"Well, that's pretty well decided for me. I'm to go into my uncle's business."

"What! brewing?"

"Yes."

"Then why did your uncle incur the expense of making you a scientific farmer?"

"Five years ago, when I went to old Scramble to learn farming, my uncle did n't intend to make me a brewer."

"Oh! two years ago, then, when you went to Barber, to learn surveying and agency-work?"

"Two years ago, my uncle told me he could n't take me into his business."

"Ah! Then how is it the old chap has changed his mind?"

"He told me this morning. He has had such good accounts of me that he thinks he shall be safe in taking me into the business."

Winter grinned. He got up and opened the door, looked out into the passage, closed the door carefully, sat down, and whispered, "Do you believe him?"

"Why should n't I?"

"Look here, Tommy. Five years ago your uncle was a rich man, and the brewery bringing him a fortune. Two years ago, the brewery was flourishing, and your uncle firm on his legs. Now, — listen, Tommy — he is n't worth a penny!"

Tom jumped on to his feet as white as a sheet: "Nonsense, Archie!"

"I know it, Tommy. He's lost five thousand each year for the last two years on the hop-duty.*

* In 1847 there was a duty on hops, and large sums were wasted on the probable amount.

He's been buying up hops for a rise for the last two years, and they've been going down ever since. He's lost fifty thou. at least by that, and he's been going on awful at loo too. I tell you, Tom, and I know it, he can't hold out another six months. It is Birkin's bank that keeps him up; he owes them so much they're afraid to stop him. Where's your five thousand, Tommy?"

"In consols, I know; he told me so."

"He told you so," said Winter scornfully. "Look here; unless you act at once, that'll go too, if it has n't gone already."

"That can't be, Winter. Birkin, the banker, is the other trustee, and the stock could n't be sold without his sanction."

"Well, you're so far right. If you insist on having the stock transferred to you when you come of age, they'll find either the stock or the cash. But, Tommy, boy, keep it out of your uncle's clutches, or you'll lose it all, — stock, loo, and barrel. Now, look here, old fellow; Lord Theynam was at our office to-day."

"Well, what of that?"

"He came to ask the governor — you know we are his local solicitors — if he knew of a clever young fellow to take his agency here. He's going to pension off old Birks. The salary ain't much, — one hundred and fifty pounds a year, — but it's fair to start with. His head man, you know, gets twelve hundred pounds a year. The governor called me in; and I mentioned your name, and his lordship knew it at once; said your father had been of great service to him; and, in fact, he'd have sent for you then and there, but I told him you weren't in the town; and he's coming in again on Saturday."

"I don't care much about lords," said Tom ungraciously, "and I'd rather not be a flunky."

"Dash it, man! the money don't smell. Tommy, my dear old boy, here are two roads in life: one leads to a competency and a sure and respectable position in life; the other, to bankruptcy, ruin, death! Tell me now, before you go, you'll ask Lord Theynam for this agency?"

Tom took up a cue and began knocking the balls about. Just at the moment, the band in the assembly-room struck up. The band and the dancers had come in refreshed from supper. It was a joyous gallop, and the quick beat of eager feet shook the room in which they stood.

Tom caught the impulse of the moment. "Come along, Archie; let's look up some partners. I'll see you about business in the morning."

Winter followed with a grunt of dissatisfaction.

Pretty Lucy was very angry with Tom for playing truant, and would hardly speak to him till the party broke up. It was a lovely night, the full moon throwing a golden band of light over the rippling waves; each tiny ripple, as it sped on to the shore, carried the glory with it, and shattered it on the shingle. The beat of the waves seemed to make a harmony with the beat of two human hearts. Anyhow, before they reached No. 1 Montgolfier Terrace, Tommy and Lucy had made it up.

II. NO. 1 MONTGOLFIER TERRACE IN 1847.

Tom Bellamy found his way to his uncle's house as soon as he decently could, on the morning after the ball. He wanted to assure himself that the episode of the night before was n't only a delightful

morning wrapper, looking pale and sorrowful, his heart gave a mighty throb as he thought: "She has changed her mind!" But Lucy set his fears at rest, nestling in his arms for a moment, and allowing him to take two or three little kisses. But she looked up into his face with such wistful eyes: "O Tom, poor papa is so ill!"

"Why, what's the matter? He looked so well last night."

"Yes; but he was taken ill this morning; the doctor says it's paralysis; he has been insensible for a long time, and Dr. James says — O poor papa!" And here Miss Lucy broke down, and sobbed her heart out against Tom's waistcoat.

Tom didn't know exactly how to comfort her. He was fond of his uncle, and shocked at the idea of his death; but he could n't hit on anything likely to console his sweetheart. "These trials, you know," he began — "it's all for the best, dear: there's a brighter world." And then it struck him that a world without short whist, unlimited loo, old port, and brandy and water, however bright it might be, would n't suit the old gentleman; and so he took to kissing the poor damp salt cheeks that were turned up to him for sympathy; and by and by the great soft-hearted boy began to blubber too; and that seemed to do her good, for she stopped crying, and began to comfort Tom, stroking his hair off his forehead, and calling him all sorts of pet names; and then, when Tom had mopped himself up, and was thinking what a great booby he was, she ran away to look after her papa.

After a while she came back. "He's sensible now, and asking for you." Tom crept up stairs, and stood by his uncle's bedside. The old man had the mark of death on him. "Tom," he whispered in a hoarse voice that seemed to come from a long way off, — "Tom, look after Lucy, and stick to the business, for better or worse."

"By God's assistance, I will!"

You see Tom's feelings had been wrought up a good deal, especially seeing that he was thinking more of Lucy than the business, which the old man had coupled with her.

The dying man took Tom's hand and pressed it; it was n't the sort of hand-clasp that a father would give who has just bestowed a beautiful daughter and a large fortune on a suitor, but an appealing, clinging, deprecating squeeze; at least so Tom felt it; and perhaps he was right.

Well, John Callum died and was buried; and after the funeral came the reading of the will. It happened also that the day of the funeral was Tom Bellamy's birthday. The will was dated a week before the old man's death. It was short and to the purpose. He bequeathed everything of which he died possessed, after paying his just debts and funeral expenses, to his daughter, and appointed Thomas Bellamy sole trustee and executor. It was his wish, he had added to his will, that his daughter should marry his ward and kinsman, if, as he believed, there was a mutual attachment between them; but in any case he was satisfied to intrust his daughter's welfare to Thomas Bellamy. There were present at the reading of the will, Winter, father and son (the former officiating); Mrs. Drux, Callum's widowed sister; old Birkin, the banker; Lucy and Tom. As nobody except the two lovers had any expectations from the will, there was a general grunt of approval. Winter, having folded up the will, looked round on the company, and said,

when I inform you that there is — ahem — every prospect that our esteemed and — ahem — departed friend's wishes will be fulfilled. On this — ahem — sad and — ahem — trying occasion, it is perhaps not — ahem — seemly to enter into — ahem — congratulatory matter, but we all wish 'em well, and God bless 'em."

Lucy came over to Tom's side, and put her hand into his. It was a pretty little hand; and Tom, who did n't know exactly what to do with it, had almost made up his mind to have another cry, — he was a soft-hearted fellow, and his heart was very full, — when he caught sight of Archibald Winter's face in the pier-glass. It was so wild-looking and livid, that he hardly recognized it as his friend's. He turned quickly round; but Archie had recovered himself, although he was still white in the face. This little incident quite put Tom into spirits. His love-affair had been almost too quietly and quickly arranged; but to find that there was a jealous rival in the field, and that rival his best friend, why, it was quite thrilling; and now, too, he remembered the conversation of the other night. "So that was your little game, Master Archie, was it, to put me off the scent, eh?" said Tom to himself; and he began to fancy that he should find his uncle's affairs in better order than that sly fox had led him to expect. I don't think he was a bit angry with his friend, but rather flattered and proud at the tribute paid to the value of the prize he had secured so easily.

The guests went out; the banker, taking young Tom by the hand, whispered, "Call at the bank tomorrow, Tom, about eleven."

Tom and Lucy and Mrs. Drux sat over the fire to talk about the future. Tom, you see, was master of the house now, and of all within it, of the big brewery in Albany Street, of the drays, and wagons, and horses, and men, and all things thereunto pertaining; and he was a little bit set up by his importance.

Mrs. Drux was a comely old dame, portly and dignified. She would tell you that she came of the first families of Wessex, and so indeed she did; although her forbears were but bankers and brewers and farmers, and such-like. For the men of Wessex have not faded (or had not then faded) in the shadows of great houses. The land was held not by great territorial lords, but by yeoman and squires. Lords there were, and big houses and great parks; but their big houses were but county villas, in the estimation of the Wessex men. They did not dominate the county, and shut out the sunlight from the plain county-folk. These Wessex people were narrow and exclusive too in their society. Trade did not disqualify; but it must be carried on by a Calum, a Poyser, a Birkin, or a Sponge. Their cliques and coteries, their circles and assemblies, are all dead and withered up; their people have worshipped strange idols, and bowed the knee to Baal.

"Now, my dears," said Mrs. Drux, beaming amiably on the two sweethearts, "I'm an old woman, and can speak my mind, and there's no use in shilly-shallying. I know it was poor dear John's wish that you should be married at once, and I don't see why not. The business wants looking after, and Tom can manage it much better as owner and master than as executor to his poor uncle. Here's the house all ready for you, and wanting a master; and I dare say you won't turn your old aunt out of doors just yet. You know, Tom, dear, that I've got ten thousand pounds of my own, which John invested

in the business, and gave me five per cent for; and I paid him two hundred and fifty pounds a year for my keep, and so on; and we can go on in the same way for a while, till you find the old woman a nuisance. So, Tom and Lucy, I say this day month for the wedding-day. No fuss, but just slip out and get married; and then take a week at Boolong or the Isle of Wight, and come home to business again."

Lucy knelt down by her aunt, and hid her face amongst her voluminous skirts. "O aunt," she whispered, "it can't be so soon."

"Dear heart alive, and why not? La! your poor dear papa, that's in heaven now, will be rejoiced at it; but there — I shall leave you and Tom to talk it over."

And so they settled it.

Tom's interview with the banker was protracted. Archie Winter had been right so far, — the bank had made heavy advances to his uncle. But the old banker spoke so quietly and kindly, showed such confidence in Tom's prospects, so flattered his self-love, that Tom found that, almost before he knew it, he had undertaken to take over the business, with its liabilities, on his approaching marriage, — a step which the old banker cordially and warmly approved. He was a kindly old soul, poor Birkin, and honestly desirous to do the best for everybody, consistently with the interests of the "bank."

"And now, my boy, about this little fund of yours, — the five thousand pounds, you'll bring that into the business, of course?" Why, yes, of course, Tom would. "Well, brewing does pay better than consols, eh, Tom? You must sign a power of attorney before you leave, and we'll sell them out for you."

It was n't till Tom had got to his own lodgings, and was smoking a pipe, that the thought struck him, "Where's Mother Drux's ten thousand pounds? Ah! it's in the business somewhere; and my five thousand pounds is going to join it."

He started off to the brewery, to look over the books; but he could n't make head or tail of them. Panks, the bookkeeper, had been keeping the books for the last thirty years on the same principle, and he could n't make head or tail of them. Tom made up his mind to have an alteration here, and walked off to see his lawyer, after signing a few checks from a brand-new check-book, which Tom took a little pride in. It was something to have a banking-account in those days. Now, every man who has cash or credit to the tune of twenty pounds, may have his account, and draw his checks just like a millionaire.

Winter senior was at the office, and glad to see his young client. Tom explained his wants, and his dissatisfaction with the state of the brewery books. "If you'll take my advice, Tom, I would n't make any change at present; keep things going for a time, till you feel qualified to take the management yourself."

"O, as for the books," said Tom, "I'll square them up soon enough. I'm not going to have a lot of idle fellows eating up the business. There's Panks the bookkeeper, and two clerks, and two travellers, and a collector, and a boy, and an old man to take care of the office, and an old woman to take care of the old man. I'll do the whole lot myself, and make a clearance of the crew."

"Gently, Tom, gently; these things must n't be done in a hurry. Leave things alone, and learn the business, Tom."

"Well, that's just what's troubling me," said Tom: "I know nothing of brewing."

"You don't want to, Tom; you don't want to. What's required is management, Tom, management, and keeping the connection together. Your name stands high here, Tom: all the magistrates know you, and knew your father before you. We'll have you on the borough bench, Tom, the next batch that's made."

"Thankee," said Tom; "but still, don't you think if I'm to brew good beer, I ought to know something about the way?"

"Listen, Tom. It is n't by brewing good beer you'll keep up the business. You don't suppose anybody will drink your beer who has the choice of Bass or Allsopp, do you? Management, Tom; management, — that's everything! To buy up all the little public-houses, and advance money to the big ones; to open new houses, and get licenses for your own men, and keep Humby's people out. Then you'll have to sweeten the police; that you'll have to do through your subs; and the worst of that is, that it's wasteful, such a lot of money sticks in the way. Then there's a good deal of trouble in getting hold of public-houses. Why, I know lots of houses your poor uncle has taken on lease for thirty, forty, and sixty pounds a year, and lets again at ten, or fifteen, or twenty pounds."

"I wonder," thought Tom, "if Mrs. Drux's ten thousand pounds is invested in that sort of property?" — "That don't seem a profitable way of investing money, — does it, sir?" he said aloud.

"Profitable, bless me! all that comes out of the beer."

"And out of the pockets of the clodhoppers who drink our beer, sir."

Winter looked up sharply, — he did n't approve of that way of handling topics. "Well, Tom, I'm rather busy just now; but let me advise you at once to call on all the gentry of the county, and solicit their patronage. You won't get anything out of it at first; but they'll like it, and it'll be remembered at licensing-time; and don't go in a stick-up sort of way, but just as a tradesman, and have a big card printed "Mr. Thomas Bellamy, Common Brewer, solicits the favor of the continuance of the gracious patronage accorded to his deceased uncle." There, — something of that sort. And, Tom, put on a black dress-coat; it looks humble and unassuming, and they *do* like it so. And you must be friendly with the butlers, Tom, and tip them well; they've often saved money, and are looking out for public-houses. They won't drink your beer, Tom; but for harvest homes and tenants' dinners, and that sort of thing, Tom, you may get some good orders from them."

"I'm dashed if I think I shall like the business: there seems to be a great deal of funkiness in this brewing."

"Silly boy, silly boy! you'll never get on without it. Well, good by, Tom. Wedding-day fixed, eh? Wish you joy, — wish you joy."

The wedding-day was fixed, and the wedding came off at the appointed time. Mr. Birkin gave the bride away, and joined the family over the cold fowl and bottle of sherry which did duty for a wedding-breakfast. Whilst the bride was changing her colored dress for a thick travelling one, old Birkin drew Tom into the little breakfast-parlor.

"Tom, I'll get you to write your name across these bills; they represent the amount of our ad-

vances to your firm. We shall renew them, of course, from time to time, and we shall only charge you for the stamps and the ordinary current interest."

"Now, suppose," said Tom, "just for the sake of argument, that I *won't* accept these bills."

"Well, in that case," said Birkin, "we should have to realize our collateral securities."

"And what does that mean?"

"Selling the brew-house, and this house and the furniture, and the public-houses, and disposing of the business to the best advantage; or perhaps we might carry it on ourselves."

"Well, that's candid," said Tom. "Perhaps I'd better sign! It was only my joke, you know, Mr. Birkin."

Mr. Birkin smiled grimly. "Ah, Tom, you must get out of the way of joking in business."

After that Tom's faculties became confused, for Mrs. Tom made her appearance, and they drove off to the station. Happy Tom!

III. NO. 1 MONTGOLFIER TERRACE IN 1857.

Ten years have made many alterations in Barn-cote. It is the close of a November day, — the sun is going down into the sea in a gold and purple haze. The esplanade is crowded; fair girls are dashing past on horseback; carriages are rolling by; and yet with all there is a hush and a calm, that may be felt. You hear the ringing laughter of light-hearted girls, the beat of the horses' hoofs, the jingling of the harness, and the rattle of the wheels; but between all you can catch the measured splash of the waves, the thud of the oars in the rowlocks of the boat in which the fisherman stands throwing out his nets, and the hail of his comrade on shore.

Ten years have prospered well with Barn-cote. In '47, only a provincial bathing-town; in '57, a "queen amongst watering-places."

Montgolfier Terrace has shared in the general advance. No. 3, where Mr. Hanks lived, is now occupied by the Countess Bigaroon, family, and suite. Admiral Bobbin, the sea-lord, lives in No. 4. By and by, when the daylight is altogether gone, and the tattoo is sounded at the barracks, and the picket is tramping along, turning our gallant defenders out of the public-houses, where they have been stupefying themselves with Bellamy & Co.'s Entire, if you stroll up Montgolfier Terrace, you will see through the windows on the ground-floor, wide open, although in November, men and women in evening dress, and dinner-tables loaded with crystal and flowers and sparkling lights; and you shall hear the band in the enclosure playing selections from *Fra Diavolo*, and through the din the susurrus of the surges, and the creaking of the capstan, and the "Heave oh!" of the fishers, hauling up the Mary Jane out of the reach of the advancing spring-tide.

No. 1, however, has not shared in the general advance. No. 1 still dines at one, and has tea at seven, and sups at nine, for No. 1 does not affect the mode, but is only the residence of Alderman and ex-Mayor Bellamy, a mere local magnate.

On this night in November, the worthy alderman is enjoying his tea in his drawing-room, and we will look in upon him, and see how the past ten years have affected him and his fair partner.

Lucy Bellamy is as beautiful as ever, a charming model of an English matron. Still of the placid forehead, the limpid eyes, and flowing lines of fig.

ure, which mature age has only developed and rounded to perfection.

Happy Tom! A little girl of eight is climbing about his knees, and claiming a share of the teacake he is consuming. But Tom has n't worn so well. There are wrinkles enough about his forehead, and round his eyes; when his mouth is at rest, it is a little drawn down at the corners. Seen now as he leans back and shuts his eyes, it is a sad and weary face; but it brightens up into life and love as his wife leans over his chair, and pushes the hair off his forehead in the old caressing way.

"You look so worn out, Tom, dear; it must have been a very trying day for you, poor fellow! Mr. Birkin was such a kind friend, was n't he, Tom?"

Tom grunted some unintelligible answer, which his wife took for assent, and went on, "You must n't grieve, Tom, dear. He lived his appointed time, and he's now reaping the reward of his long life of good deeds."

You see Mrs. Tom was rather given to preaching; but then she was so good and devout herself, that her only grief almost was that her dear, good Tom did n't seem to think so much of spiritual things as he ought.

"Yes," said Tom; "he lived his appointed time; but for all that, I wish he'd lived a little longer."

"Ah, Tom, we must n't repine," said the sweet homilist. "Did n't Arthur Birkin feel it very much?"

"By Jove!" said Tom, "I wish I'd felt it the same way. The old boy left every penny to Arthur."

"O, I'm so glad, Tom! I was afraid he did n't like Arthur, and that he'd leave his money away to the Burgesses: he was so fond of the Burgesses."

"Tell you what, Lu; what old Birkin was fond of was the bank: he worshipped the bank. Do you think he'd leave his money to be squandered by those dashing Burgesses? No. He saw what a hard skinflint Arthur was, and he did n't like him, for the old man was n't a bad sort himself; but for all that, he knew that Arthur would keep up the bank; and that's the secret of it."

"Do you know, Tom, I thought perhaps he'd leave you something?"

"Well, he did n't; that's all," said Tom, roughly; and Lucy retreated to her own seat, rather offended. Tom shut his eyes again, and leaned wearily back in his chair. Mrs. Tom softened again as she watched his pale face.

"Tom, dear, I'm afraid you're worrying."

"Well, I've had a good deal to try me lately."

"In business you mean, Tom?"

"Well, yes."

"But Tom, dear, you should n't let your mind dwell so much upon business. Think, dear, that you should lean upon a Higher Power, who orders everything as He wills."

"Ah!" said Tom with a sigh that came from the bottom of his heart.

For the last ten years, Tom's religion had been this, — to clear the firm with Birkin's bank. For this he had risen early, and late taken rest, and eaten the bread of carefulness. This accomplished he would live his life in peace and thankfulness. The load he had heaped upon his own back had been very heavy upon him. At first, the consciousness that he had done his duty bore him up on his up-hill way. That he had fulfilled his uncle's dying wish; that he had kept his memory from reproach;

that he had saved Lucy and her aunt from destitution, and borne up the credit of the old firm: these were thoughts that sustained and comforted him. And then he knew full well that this was the price he had paid for his wife, for Lucy would never have married the man who had refused to carry out his solemn promise, made on his uncle's death-bed. But as years rolled on, and Tom's mind cleared itself from the mists of boyish enthusiasm, he took a very different view of the matter.

Tom's troubles came upon him with redoubled force this night. He had struggled so hard the last ten years; and he had so nearly succeeded, — so nearly succeeded! But Birkin's death would probably ruin him; he would go down within reach of land. He had left home that morning with a hopeful heart.

The old man had been so kind to him in his lifetime; not a wicked old man of the sea, choking the life out of his slave, but a kind, considerate old man, driving him quietly, and letting him take breath ever and again. Surely he would leave him something; he might even leave him the amount of his indebtedness, for the bank had, after all, been paid nearly all the original debt, and the estate could so well afford it; for Birkin & Co. were shak' no longer. The waste of building-land, and the shells of tenantless houses, on which the firm had made such large advances, which, on the failure of the land-jobbers, and the building-jobbers, and the working-builders, the bank had been obliged to take possession of, and which had caused such a lock-up of capital: this piece of marsh by the seaside was now covered by aristocratic mansions, gorgeous squares, and noble terraces, and had proved a perfect Pactolus, streaming gold into the coffers of the bank. "Oh!" thought Tom, "if I can come back to my wife a free man to-night, there won't be a happier dog in England than I!" But it was n't to be. As Tom sat by the fire that night, he felt tightening round his neck the wretched burden of his life.

As Tom sat by the fire, he looked at his wife, busy with some feminine work, one shapely hand holding the thread, whilst the other drove a tiny shuttle to and fro. Gracie sat coiled on the floor, leaning against her mother's knee, absorbed in a story-book, her lips just parted, and one little hand playing with a straggling curl. And then the thought came into his mind, — it had been there often before, but unacknowledged, driven away, before it took shape; but now he took it up, and handled and examined it, — the thought was a question: "Was she worth it?"

"Yes; by Heaven!" was Tom's exclamation. It broke out unawares; it frightened his wife out of her wits, and made Gracie jump on to her feet.

"Papa!" said Lucy; and there was a world of mild reproach in her voice.

"Mamma," said Gracie, a little casuist, deeply read in all the lore of catechism and commandment, "was n't that taking the name of God's holy dwelling in vain?"

"No, not in vain, my darling," said Tom, drawing her to him, and giving her a long lingering kiss, — "not in vain."

Next morning at breakfast Mr. Bellamy told his wife that he had made up his mind to insure his life.

"But why, Tom?"

"I think it only prudent, my dear; so much of the business depends on my own work, that I ought

to take care of your future, in case anything should happen to me."

Mrs. Tom put down the coffee-pot, and looked at her husband with suffused eyes. That anything should happen to Tom! "But, Tom, dear, you don't feel ill, or anything?"

"The insurance doctors will take care of that, Lucy: they won't insure my life if there's any prospect of my premature death."

"But, Tom, is n't there Aunt Drux's ten thousand pounds? Poor aunt! she told me just before she died what a comfort it was to her that we were so well provided for; and I was so pleased, Tom, that she left it to you, instead of settling it, or anything, — it showed such confidence in you, dear Tom."

"Delightful!" said Tom, who did n't know exactly what he was saying.

"Well, then, Tom, if anything should happen, we should have enough to live upon; and just what would keep Gracie and me would be all we should want without you, Tom."

"Ah, the ten thousand your aunt left is in the business. But I shall never make you understand, Lucy. I can only say that I think it necessary to insure my life."

Tom went to Mr. Winter's office, — Winter senior was dead, and Archibald ruled in his stead. He was agent for the "Legal Luminary," the "Dubious" and "Disputable," and one or two other life offices.

"Want to insure your life, Tom? Of course; what every prudent man ought to do. I told you long ago you should do it. What amount do you intend to propose for?"

"Ten thousand pounds."

The last ten years have not made much change in Archie Winter. Except that he has had his hair cut, — that instead of displaying a whole bosom-full of shirt-front, he is buttoned tightly up to his chin, in an Oxford Mixture suit, you would n't notice any alteration in him.

He cast a quick look at Tom from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Biggish sum, is n't it?"

"Not more than it ought to be," said Tom. "Nobody but myself could work the business so economically. Were I to die, it would be necessary to have a manager at five hundred pounds a year or so, besides a clerk or two; I don't want my wife to suffer pecuniarily by my death."

"Still, after all, Tom, there would be a good income left for your widow."

"Archie, I don't mind telling you what I dare say you know; I've got borrowed capital in the business. Now, if I were to die, that would probably be called in. Well, this insurance would replace it."

"Just so," said Winter; "I quite see your motives. Well, I shall be very glad to take your proposals. Suppose we say three thousand pounds in the Legal, three thousand in the Dubious, and two thousand each in the Highland Husbands and Scotch Veritable? Well, it's easily arranged. You'll fill up these forms: they're much about the same; some of 'em want to know if your grandmother wore false teeth, and some of 'em only ask if your father was troubled with corns." Mr. Winter here enjoyed a hearty laugh at his own joke. I fancy Artemus Ward borrowed this joke, but he did n't acknowledge it.

Tom had to go up to London, the assurance being a heavy one, and was poked about by the

united doctors of the four companies, and questioned most minutely as to all his habits. He had frequent interviews with four boards of directors and four secretaries. The result was satisfactory. The united doctors could find no fault with Tom's constitution or physique. The united boards could find no flaw in Tom's reasons for insuring so heavily. There was no agent for whom the societies had a higher regard than Mr. Archibald Winter. He was perfectly satisfied. The directors were perfectly satisfied. The proposals were accepted; and Tom had to draw a check for three hundred and sixty-seven pounds, the amount of the united premiums.

IV. THE BARNCOTE BANK IN 1857.

The announcement of the Barncote public ball for New Year's Eve had appeared for several weeks in the Barncote Herald, with a long list of stewards and lady patronesses, low down on which, as be-seemed their mere local position stood the names of Alderman Tom and Mrs. Bellamy. Tom's thoughts were not, however, on balls, as he stood at the tall desk in the brewery counting-house which looked out into the brewery yard. He held in his hand a sheet of figures. It was Tom's profit and loss account for the year just ending, and it was n't an unsatisfactory one. It showed in round numbers a profit of two thousand five hundred pounds; and Tom's drawing had only been one thousand two hundred pounds. Tom called his manager into the counting-house, and showed him the balance-sheet. "Very satisfactory indeed, sir," said Birks, who from much poring over vats and inhalation of warty vapors, was rather husky in the throat.

"I'm greatly indebted to you, Birks, for the way you've worked for me. I've signed a check for your salary and the wages. I've great pleasure in giving you this check for fifty pounds as a new year's present. I sha'n't be here to-morrow, Birks, as I'm going to Luffhaven to collect, and can't be back till late at night. So I'll wish you a happy new year, Birks; and good by, and God bless you!"

Birks was embarrassed by the warmth of his master's manner and the largeness of his gift. A five-pound note was about the figure he usually had. Fifty pounds! Birks's salary was ten pounds a month, and when it came it was usually fore-stalled; and there were also numerous little scores against him, which were troubling his mind this festive Christmas-tide. Indeed, Mr. Parkins, the draper, had been very sharp with him about a small account which he owed for mourning, for a little boy who had died two years ago; and Parkins had threatened to complain to his master of his dishonesty in not paying his bills. Poor Birks had fancied that he had seen Parkins walking up with Mr. Tom, and he imagined the summons to the counting-house was a prelude to instant dismissal.

Fifty pounds was to Birks salvation; it would pay off his old scores, it would start him afresh, it would make a man of him. But he could n't thank his master for it, — the words stuck in his throat; they could n't struggle through the deposits of the vats. His master smiled and nodded, and passed out. Birks followed him to the door, and watched him down the street.

"He's just the kindest, thoughtfulest soul is the

young master; but, dear me, how he be aged the last few years surely!"

Tom's face was not that of a youngster as he entered the private parlor of Birkin's bank. Arthur Birkin rose and shook him coldly by the hand, and then took his stand with his back to the fire. He was a short, dark, neat little man, excessively clean-looking, dressed quietly and plainly, as became a banker, but with a little touch of the country squire breaking out in his blue bird's-eye scarf, his roomy shooting-coat, and well-shaped riding-trousers.

After a little chat about the weather, the last run with the East Wessex hounds, and the town drains, Arthur, without circumlocution, went to the purport of their interview.

"I sent for you, Bellamy, to tell you we must have our advances repaid. I gave you a hint of the sort a few days ago, and I find that it is now absolutely necessary."

I don't suppose that the bird fairly caught and fluttering in the paws of the cat, its captor, suffers much terror and agony of mind: the thing is over: a sort of fatuous wonder as to how it will feel whilst its bones are being crunched, and a stupid amazement at being in such a plight are in its mind; it reckons not of its modest mate, the peaceful nest, the callow brood. So with Tom: he had discounted his troubles; he felt stupefied, that was all. The long, long while he had suffered, the trouble he had had, seemed to surge into his head, and prevented him from thinking. Only one thing could he hold on to, that he must show no change to that black-whiskered face with the dark-gray eyes, and wide mouth, and white teeth; he must hold on to that face, and not let himself go. He sat down on the banker's table, and taking up some pens, began sticking them javelin fashion into the leather cover. It was an old trick of his boyhood.

Arthur exclaimed angrily, "Mr. Bellamy, please not to damage my table."

That woke Tom up; the whirl in his head stopped; he stood up, and confronted the banker. "How can you expect me to reduce my debt more rapidly than I am now doing? Have n't I paid off twenty thousand in the last ten years? Have n't I worked like a nigger for you? Why, Birkin, when your uncle persuaded me to take over the concern in '47, you stood to lose thirty thousand pounds; and I put five thousand pounds of my own in it; and I believe I saved the bank by that. And your uncle was my trustee! Arthur, how can you be so wicked, knowing all you do, to talk to me of calling up that money?"

"My uncle was a very good sort of man, and was very forbearing with your uncle and yourself. I don't know anything more about the transactions you refer to. My uncle was not very sound upon banking, however. It's *our* principle, Mr. Bellamy, not to make advances except upon convertible securities."

"Have n't you got the deeds of the brewery and all the freehold houses?"

"Just so; and taking the brewery as a going concern, its value would no doubt cover our advances. But look here; in time of pressure, when we wanted to realize, such security would be practically worthless. A prudent mariner, dreading an approaching storm, takes in his canvas, and — and — Well, you know he gets ready for it. We foresee a crisis in the money-market, and we are

preparing for it. We don't want to inconvenience you; but really now the advance has been standing so long — Mr. Andrews," whispered the banker through a speaking-tube, "bring down Bellamy's note."

"You damned serpent!" hissed Tom between his teeth. "No; don't run away; I'm not going to hurt you, you little venomous beast!" And he stalked out of the private room before Arthur Birkin had recovered from his astonishment.

Tom was not altogether mad; he knew that the promissory-note which Birkin held was payable fourteen days after demand, — that he had a good balance on his current account, — and that Arthur Birkin would not be moved from his purpose were Tom, and his wife and his daughter, to grovel in the dust before him.

Arthur Birkin was a "gentleman." He was a little upset at being called a serpent and sworn at; but if there was one thing he prided himself upon, it was that he had a Christian and forgiving spirit. Nor was the accusation Tom hurled against him a just one. He only wanted his own. He was too clear-headed and sensible a man to be influenced in his line of conduct by the supposed wishes of a man who was dead. Certainly, he had often heard old Birkin promise Tom that he should never be unduly pressed about the advance so long as he kept reducing the principal. But what was that to him? The old banker had made many indiscreet and foolish advances out of the goodness of his heart. Arthur had no idea of setting up as a little providence, and rewarding virtue, and all that; and that his keen intelligence should be dominated by some old-fashioned notions which formerly animated a departed soul, was to him a thing inconceivable. Still, he was quite disposed to act fairly by Tom Bellamy; and if he'd asked him for a month, or even for two, and could have satisfied him that the money would be forthcoming, Tom might have had the time, — yes, and might now, notwithstanding the serpent and the venom.

Tom went off to the joint-stock bank. Yes, they'd take his account with much pleasure, — discount for him with pleasure. As for a large advance, for a considerable period — yes, with pleasure! — on sufficient security. Life policies? — No; the bank would *rather* not take that sort of security — was against the rules of banking. "But bring your interests to us," said the manager cheerily; "we'll take care you don't suffer."

Very satisfactory this, as far as it went. Tom knew, however, it would n't go very far. He must try and think of something. He'd go on to the pier, where he would be quiet. He turned through the pay-wicket, and went on to the pier. He had n't been there for years. People who live near the sea rarely go down to the beach, or on to the pier, or out in a boat, or in any way take notice of the sea. The fashionable visitors of Barncombe did n't care about the pier. It was out of their beat; and a few children and nursemaids were generally the only visitors to the pier-head. The day was cold and raw, with an east wind, and nobody but Tom was about. He went out to the end, and sat down on a beam a little sheltered from the wind. From habit he took his pipe out of its case, and knocked it against the beam; but he did n't smoke. He could n't think, either, connectedly of his business. He knew, he felt, it was useless. The blow that had fallen upon him was fatal. He pitied himself a little. He had worked so hard; he had been so

near success; but he had failed; and his failure was final and irremediable. He felt expressibly sad. A wasted life! — Was n't all life wasted? a causeless and purposeless ebbing and flowing? Would n't it be better to end it all, by dropping quietly into the swirling waters? And then he thought of his wife at her needlework at home, and of Gracie sitting by her knee, — radiant figures in all the gloom. He could think and plot for them, though not for himself. He rose and left the pier. The shadow of overwhelming care had cleared away. A shadow there still was upon him, a shadow and a light.

"Gracious, Tom," said Lucy as she kissed him on his return, "how cold you are! you must stop at home to-night, and have your feet in hot water: you've got a chill."

"Nonsense, child; it's nothing," said Tom. "Stay at home! why, it's the ball to-night; I would n't miss the New-Year's ball on any account. Don't you remember ten years ago?"

V. THE BARNCOTE BALL IN 1857.

The old Barncote assembly-rooms had been pulled down years ago. In their place was a town-hall, with a Grecian portico. Within, was a fine room, supported by polished granite columns; a large organ and an orchestra at one end; as well as numerous refreshment-rooms, committee-rooms, and law-courts, — the last only used by the local justices in petty sessions, and the county court judge. But the Barncotians were living in hopes that, some day or other, the judges of assize would enter those courts with much blaring of trumpets, and rushing to and fro of policemen. Her Majesty's judges, however, and those minor judges who held her Majesty's commission of the peace, and ruled the destinies of the county in quarter-sessions assembled, were understood to set their faces against any alteration; so the assizes were still held in the little town of Lumpstone, some fifteen miles from Barncote. As three fifths of the prisoners, and four fifths of the civil cases, came from Barncote, there might seem to be some reason why the judges should come to the suitors, rather than the suitors should go to the judges. But legal wisdom had decided otherwise.

The damage also to the hotels of Lumpstone, which contrived to exist and pay their rents from the exorbitant profits they extorted from the visitors to the assizes, would have been great; and as these hotels were owned by county magnates, who served their Queen and county as magistrates, deputy-lieutenants, and high-sheriffs, law and order would have been indirectly damaged by their loss.

Tum te iddity, tum te iddity! away went the fiddles, cornet, and harp at the opening quadrille. The hall was three times as big as the old assembly-room, and infinitely more grand: the girls were better dressed, and the men were better got up; but it was n't half so jolly as in the old times, — at least, so Tom thought, as he opened the ball with the Mayoress of Barncote, whilst the worthy mayor led out Mrs. Alderman Tom. The hall felt cold and chill, in spite of the brilliant sunlights and the hot-water pipes; and Tom looked over his shoulder every now and then, and shuddered. He certainly had got a chill. He almost made up his mind to go home and take his wife's advice about the hot water. The thought of his comfortable dressing-room, and the cheery fire, and the steaming tub,

and the glass of hot grog that his wife would administer to him, came so strongly into his mind, that the tears came into his foolish eyes, and he forgot to "chassez" to his partner, who, spreading out her plum-colored skirts, was going through her paces unaided, with much dissatisfaction.

No such visions could be realized that night. Tom must be at Luffhaven by five in the morning, to meet the steward of the Luffhaven mail-boat, who owed Tom a long account, which he had promised to settle; and after that, he had a heavy day's collecting from Luffhaven to Lumpstone. He expected to get in about five hundred pounds.

He was claimed after the quadrille by his old friend Winter, who wanted him to go and have a rubber in the mayor's little parlor, which had been reserved for the *cognoscenti*; and Tom went and played, but was absent and *distrait*; trumped his partner's trick, led a false card, and otherwise misconducted himself. The whist languished, and the table was broken up; and Tom and Archibald found themselves sitting together by the fire as they had been ten years before.

"Tom," said Winter, "are n't you glad you did n't take my advice ten years ago?"

"I don't know," said Tom dreamily.

"Ah! you were right, Tom, and I was wrong. I was a shocking young prig ten years ago, I think. Don't you remember how I solemnly assured you that you were on your way to 'misery, ruin, death'?"

"So you did," said Tom with a start.

"Bad shot, was n't it? Why, I think you are the luckiest fellow in the whole county of Wessex at this present moment."

"Archie," quoth Tom, after a pause, "which do you think is the worst of the three?"

"O Mr. Bellamy," said one of the waiters, putting his head into the room, "I'm glad I've found you, sir; there's a young man from your office wishes to speak with you."

"Send him in here, Williams."

Enter Birks. He is dressed in decent black, which looks rusty and dull beside the sleek clothes of his master and friend. His red, bulbous nose shows all the more that his cheeks are pale and tallowy. He is evidently suffering from strong fear.

"What is it, Birks?"

"O dear Mr. Bellamy, you ain't going to drive all alone to Luffhaven to-night, be you, sir?"

"Yes, of course," said Bellamy sharply.

"But, dear heart alive! there's been two farmers stopped on the Lumpstone Road this very night. Three men with black maskesses on, and pistols."

"Where did you get hold of that cock-and-bull story?"

"It's all the talk at the White Hart bar, sir."

"Ah! I thought you'd been there. Well, don't come after me again, Birks, with these foolish stories."

"But, master, if you must go, take me with you; I'm sure you'll be murdered if you don't: everybody knows as you carry bags full of money with you."

Tom laughed. "Much good you'd be in a scrimmage, Birks. If your friends in the black masks know so much about me, they'll also know that I carry a brace of double-barrelled pistols in my gig, and can use them too. Go home to bed, Birks."

Birks shook his head in a melancholy way; but he could n't say any more, and slunk out.

"I *would* be careful, Tom, though, if I were you," said Winter. "Let's go and get supper."

Tom had a fancy to dance one dance with his wife that night. It was the Lancers. Ten years ago the Lancers had decided Tom's fate. As he stood up once more to the well-known figure, and the band struck up the prelude, all the events of the last ten years crowded into Tom's mind. Such happy, peaceful years, but for the load he had been staggering under so long, and which was going to crush him at last!

Tum te iddity, tum te iddity! A playful poke in the back from his neighbor reminded him that he was stopping the way in the grand chain: away he hopped, getting many a pleasant squeeze of the hand and merry greeting. They were all townspeople in the set, and everybody liked Tom, especially the women-folk.

The music ceased, the figure ended, and still Tom stood for a moment with his wife in his arms, as they had finished the final galop. "Good by, darling," he whispered; "enjoy yourself, dear: don't sit up for me to-morrow night."

He was gone, and his wife looked after him wistfully for a moment.

Tom had ordered his dog-cart to take him up at his house. He walked home along the esplanade. Ten years ago, the moon was reflected gloriously in rippling waters: to-night, the sky was dark and overcast; the wind was rising; and while breakers were dashing eagerly in, Tom thought of the man who had gone down to the sea to ask a boon for his wife.

He opened the door of his house gently, and walked up-stairs on tiptoe into the room where Gracie was sleeping peacefully in her little cot.

There we will leave him, till the clatter of hoofs reminds him of the dog-cart and mare awaiting him.

The mare is fidgety, and will not stand; Tom was in his seat in a moment; and wrapping his rug round his knees as the mare darted forward with a plunge, and settling into a slinging trot, dashed into the gloomy night and gathering storm.

VI. RELEASE IN FULL.

The morning was breaking coldly and cloudily on the day but one following the Barncote ball. No. 1 Montgolfier Terrace was still without its lord. By the fire in her husband's dressing-room sat Lucy Bellamy, wrapped in a warm wrapper, sleeping quietly.

Rap-tap-a-tap-tap-dab-dab! Lucy woke in a moment, looking round bewildered for an instant, and then remembering her long vigil: "Here's dear Tom at last," she said, giving a vigorous stir to the fire, and running down stairs to open the door. At the door stood Archibald Winter, grim and grimed, unkempt, unshaven: never before or since did Archibald Winter meet female eyes in such a plight.

Murdered—murdered—murdered! What use to break such news as this? The whole universe seemed to shout it in her ears, and yet he whispered it very gently. It was for her to weep and moan, for him to raise the county on the foul villains.

Ere an hour is past, in every homestead in Wessex, sturdy sons of Anak, unshorn and unwashed, are rousing up their hinds to beat the county for the murderers. One of their own flesh and blood!

The stream of Saxon blood still runs strongly in the veins of the Wessex men. Had the Lord-Lieutenant been murdered, it would n't have sent such a shock through the country-side, or roused so many eager hearts to the chase of blood, as did the death of Tom Bellamy, the brewer. Mounted police were galloping furiously along the county roads, to draw a cordon round the scene of the deed; the county magistrates had already met in special session at the White Hind at Lumpstone; and the body of Tom Bellamy was lying at the Eight Bells at Snarfield, awaiting the coroner's inquest. It was just half-way between Lumpstone and Snarfield that poor Tom had been shot. The road, which winds in and out amongst the bluff downs, here reaches its highest point: thick and tall hedges hem it in on each side; the road takes a sudden turn; and just in the corner, among the grass and dead leaves, the mail-cart driver carrying the early mail from Lumpstone to Barncote saw the body lying. He gave the alarm at Snarfield, and carried the news on to Barncote. Tom's horse was found quietly grazing by the roadside, a little nearer Snarfield; the dog-cart was lying upset between. The mare had apparently kicked herself free from the cart; the traces were broken, and the breeching-straps; but otherwise there was not much damage done.

When Winter reached the Eight Bells, he met Mr. Baker, the Snarfield surgeon, coming away. "Dead for three or four hours, I should say. Shot through the heart. The villain who did it must have put the pistol to his breast, for the powder has burnt his waistcoat. I've been telling the people here to send somebody to search for the bullet; it might give a clew: it went right through him. Poor Tom; he was a decent fellow."

"The superintendent has attended to that, I think, sir; he has posted men on each side of the place, and they've been examining the ground inch by inch for the last two hours," said the landlord of the Eight Bells.

The police, however, could n't make much of the trail: the ground was trampled about: Tom's pocket-book had been ransacked, and was lying open on the grass; his watch and chain and purse were gone. The murderers had made a good booty, and got clear off. Ere the evening, the whole country-side confessed that they were baffled. There was one comforting circumstance,—the robbers had not made such a haul as they must have expected: Tom had paid five hundred pounds into the Lumpstone bank before he left.

Next morning, whilst the secretary of the Legal was unlocking his private drawer, and getting out his papers, Mr. Jakes, the actuary, looked in at the office door: "Seen the murder in Wessex, in this morning's paper?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Why, it's one of our lives."

"God bless my soul! is it?"

"Yes; and a devilish heavy life too! and the first year! Bellamy his name is."

The secretary took down his index, and turned to the Bs. "Bellamy, Bellamy. Ah! here he is. Three thousand, by Jove! And the Dubious, and the Highlands, and the Veritable, are in with us." The secretary touched a spring-bell on the table: "O Mr. Bowler, just write out a telegram for me: 'Secretary Legal Life to A. Winter, Esq., Barncote.—Bellamy's death, send full particulars: meet the Board to-day if possible.'"

The secretary prided himself on his telegrams;

he always managed to express his meaning in twenty words, thus saving miscellaneous charges to the society. Before he left the office, he received a telegram from Barncote: "A. Winter, Barncote, to Secretary Legal Life, Lothbury. — Am solicitor to deceased's executors. Send special agent, if you think inquiries necessary. Will send particulars of claim to-morrow."

The secretary shook his head. "Mr. Winter has not prepaid the telegram! Dear, dear! it might all have been said in less than twenty words. Two shillings, — dear, dear! I don't know what the Board will say. I think, by the way, Mr. Bowler, I shall suggest to the Board that in such an important case I'd better go down to Barncote myself. A little sea-air will do me good, Bowler."

Mr. Cranby, the secretary of the Legal Life, when he arrived at Barncote next morning, was informed by Mr. Winter that the inquest on Tom Bellamy had been held; that a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" had been returned by the coroner's jury; that two men had been apprehended on suspicion; and that the magistrates and police were busily engaged in investigating the circumstances of the dreadful deed. Mr. Winter proposed to drive Mr. Cranby over to Snarfield, to see the body and the scene of the murder. It was a bleak January day, and Mr. Cranby did not think it at all necessary.

"We don't want further proof of the death, Mr. Winter; we are quite satisfied about that. The only question that struck our Board was this: do the circumstances of the death altogether preclude the idea of — eh? — um? — ah?"

"What do you mean," said Winter, sharply.

"Well, you know, it occurred to our Board that, — well, in point of fact, — *suicide*!"

"You have not broached such an idea to anybody in Barncote, I hope, Mr. Cranby?"

"Dear me, no!"

"Ah! that's right. Do you know, I think that if it were known you were down here for an insurance company, trying to save your company's pockets by casting a slur on poor Tom Bellamy's memory, — on my soul, I think you'd be torn to pieces before you could get to the station."

"God bless my soul! Surely, Mr. Winter, such lawlessness in the nineteenth century is not possible?"

"Ah! you don't know what our Barncote boys can do. But, apart from that, my dear Cranby, don't let such a very foolish suggestion escape you again. No man was more happy in all his social relations than Tom Bellamy, no man more respected in public life. A magistrate, an alderman, an ex-mayor, a man of blameless life and character — and you suggest suicide! Now, Mr. Cranby, as solicitor to the estate of my dear deceased friend, I have been put into possession of the papers found on his body. You're quite at liberty to look over them, and amongst others you'll find our friend's profit and loss account for the year just ended. He was a remarkably energetic and careful man; it's made up to the last day of the year. You see the profit shown; you see my friend's expenses. Why, he was at our ball the evening before he was murdered, danced with my wife, who never saw him more cheerful. Why, Cranby, he was the best friend I ever had, and you come to me whispering such vile suggestions — good God!" and Winter leaned his head on his arm, quite overcome.

Cranby sat up, and patted him on the shoulder.

"There, there! — don't agitate yourself; I'll never mention it again. We had the mere vaguest doubt on the matter, and I assure you we're entirely satisfied now."

"Then, look here, Cranby; you've a Board day to-morrow, — waive all forms, and send me down a check for three thousand by to-morrow's post. I'll take care that it shall be known all over Wessex, — ay, and all over England, for that matter. You could not do a better thing for the society's interest. I'll guarantee to double our business in this agency alone."

"Well, but, Winter, you have not administered yet, or anything."

"Never mind that; I'll give you a receipt that will satisfy you. Bless you, we don't want the money; it's the society I'm thinking of. You see the funeral's on Friday — all the county will be there. Well, if I have that check in my pocket, and show it to a few friends after the funeral, there is not a man in Wessex who won't know of it before night; and if I don't have a hundred proposals in a week, call me a Dutchman."

"I think you're right, Mr. Winter; I'll advise the Board to do it."

"That's right. Now, let me take you to see Mrs. Winter. You'll dine and have a bed at Rhino Square, and go back in the morning to the Board meeting."

Mr. Winter was right when he foretold that all Wessex would be at Tom Bellamy's funeral. When the hearse containing Tom's body left the Eight Bells at Snarfield for the churchyard of Snitterfield, which was Tom's parish, there followed some twenty private carriages of the county and town gentry, forty or fifty dog-carts and wagonettes belonging to the farmers of the county, several hundred horsemen, and hundreds of footmen. Never had such a funeral been seen in Wessex. It took ten minutes before the last man in the procession filed past the Eight Bells at Snarfield. There was plenty of beer for all the mourners at the Wagon and Horses at Snitterfield, and there was a substantial luncheon for the farmers laid out in a large barn near the churchyard. Birks had managed all the arrangements, and had been ordered to spare no expense. Barrels of ale and large stone jars of spirits had been sent up from Barncote; and the melancholy rite performed, the farmers laid themselves out for enjoyment.

Mr. Winter made his appearance amongst them for a moment; and the clatter of knives and plates, and the calls for beer and grog, were hushed. "My friends," he said, "the relatives of the departed desire me to thank you most gratefully for the mark of respect you have shown his memory. Called suddenly away, our poor friend was not unprepared. I will leave your spiritual guides to draw a moral from his sudden death. I will only recommend you to follow his example, and prepare for it in a worldly point of view. I have in my hand a check for *three thousand pounds*, which has been sent to me, acting for the representatives of the deceased, in payment of a policy of life insurance which by my advice he effected with the Legal Office. One premium of ninety pounds only has produced this most considerable sum. Go and do likewise."

From that day the Legal Life dates a period of largely increasing business; and I don't think it suffered any loss in the end from poor Tom's death.

Mr. Winter's next business was with Birkin's bank; and the day after the funeral saw Arthur Birkin and Winter closeted together in the bank parlor.

"We won't acknowledge your claim at all, Mr. Birkin; and we raise a claim for five thousand pounds and ten years' interest against you, as executor of your deceased uncle. A more heartless and flagrant breach of trust than that of your uncle, when he persuaded that poor young man to hand over his fortune to pay old Callum's debts to the bank, I never met with in the whole course of my legal experience."

"I really can't go into the question of my uncle's motives or actions, Mr. Winter," said Arthur, calmly and loftily.

"But I'll *compel* you to go into them, sir!" cried Winter, bristling up. "I'll file a bill against you, sir!—a bill in Chancery, sir! You shall account for every penny you've received from my poor ill-fated friend. There's such a thing as a Court of Equity, sir, thank God!"

"Well, Mr. Winter, if you can show me any legal obligation on my part"—

"I think one of the vice-chancellors had better enlighten you on the point."

Arthur Birkin meditated. One of the principles of a bank should be to avoid litigation. He might lose more by a suit than he could estimate. To shake the good name of his late uncle would shake the credit of the bank. "How can we settle the matter, Mr. Winter?"

"Withdraw your claim, and we'll withdraw ours."

"Really, now, that's very unreasonable."

"That's my ultimatum."

"You'll give me a few days to consider?"

"I'll instruct my agents to-night to file a bill."

Arthur Birkin thought it over for a few moments. Ten thousands pounds was very dear to him, but the good name of the bank was dearer still.

"Your terms are very hard, but I'll accept them."

"I think you're wise."

When Mr. Winter found himself in the sanctuary of his own office, he permitted a grin of intense self-satisfaction to irradiate his features.

"Just to think, now, what a little clearness of vision does for a man! Bellamy, poor fellow, went through life borne down by a load which a touch would have loosened. And he was a clear-headed, good man of business too; but he saw things through a mist of fancied generosity, trust, family pride, and what not. Dear, good old giant! you were everything that was honest, true, and faithful; if you could only have seen things as they are! You were an anachronism, that's all."

After the first shock, Mrs. Tom Bellamy took comfort. There are some women with faith so vivid and clear that they actually carry about with them the unseen world, which to others seems only the shadow of a dream. That she and Tom are only parted for a brief moment, is to her a certainty, and not a form of expression. She has not married again, although she is a rich woman, and has many suitors.

Some of the prosperity of the Barncoate brewery is due to the untiring energy of Mr. Birks. He is now installed as manager with a handsome salary. He only "breaks out" now on New-Year's day; and as he then takes a week's holiday to have his "spree" out, it doesn't interfere with business.

Two years after Tom's death, Birks was finishing up a hard drinking-bout at the Eight Bells at Snarfield. He had come to the brandy and soda-water and penitence stage, and was sitting alone in the bar-parlor, trying to smoke. An old man in the costume of a hedger and ditcher put his head cautiously into the room, and finding Birks alone, came in and closed the door.

"I've been leuking along of you, sir," said the old man.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Why, you see I've been clearing out the big pond close longside the road about an mile from Lumpstone; and as I was a-shovelling out the mud, I clap eyes on something as I thought were a bit of old rag; and I teuk it up jest to throw it away, and it was jest heavy; and look here!"

The old man brought out of his pocket a bundle of wet rag, and laid it on the table. Birks untied it with fingers trembling with the effect of his late potations. "Why, it's my old master's handkerchief!" said Birks, as pale as death; "and here's his watch and purse."

"So it be," said the old man.

"Those murdering villains were so hard pressed they had to throw 'em away."

"Surely!" said Giles.

"I'm sorry for you, though," said Birks after a pause.

"Why, what *hev* I done, sir?"

"You don't think the police will believe your tale of your having found these things in a pond?"

"Dear, dear; I hope I sha'n't get into no trouble!"

"That you certainly will, if these things are found upon you; you'll be took up for the murder, as sure as a gun."

"O lawks-a-massy! what shall I do, master?"

"You haven't told anybody else about finding these things?"

"Dear no, sir, not a soul!"

"Well, I won't say a word to bring you into trouble. Just you go back as hard as ever you can, and put them things back into the pond again."

Old Giles hobbled off in mortal fear of being "took up"; and in about an hour's time reappeared beaming. "I've done that to rights now, master."

"That's right, Giles. Now go and get a pint of beer. I should n't like to have anything brought up again about poor master; it would be like digging his corpse up again, poor man. I think I've done right."

So, through Mr. Birks's mistaken sense of delicacy, the clew that might have led to the tracing of Tom's murderers was lost.

Mr. Winter often tells the story of his friend's murder, and the moral that he draws is, that to insure his life (especially in the Legal) is a paramount duty with every prudent man.

You, kind reader, may draw any moral you please. I was in Barncoate in 1867, when I heard of the engagement of Miss Grace Bellamy, the beauty and heiress, to Adolphus Plumme, Captain 17th Plungers, and eldest son of Sir Damson Plumme, of Plumme Hall; and I trust that this piece of fashionable intelligence will be accepted as a happy ending to my tale. She has been promoted to a higher station in life, than her father, had he lived, could have hoped to see her attain. We trust, and indeed have reason to know, THAT SHE IS WORTH IT.

WEEK-DAY RELIGION.

THE spiritual hunger and thirst of aspiring natures is surely ill satisfied by the Sunday service or any other formal application of religion to daily life. Members of a Church do well to remind themselves on the universal resting-day of their mutual brotherhood and mutual faith; and, without doubt, receive inspiring consolation from the prayers, even when the sermon fails to administer counsel. But granting that no exception has been taken to existing creeds or formulas, does the seventh day's celebration furnish spiritual meat and drink for the interval between each?

In the first place, a large number of men and women are prevented from taking part in it, and, in the second place, few are so constituted as to be able to command a devotional temper at will. Again it often happens that Sunday is the only day on which the scattered members of a household meet. Very naturally the minds of all are more or less occupied with the events of the past week. Topic after topic is eagerly discussed. With difficulty the wandering thoughts are collected during church-time. A sense of relief is felt when the services are over for the day. Taking for granted, however, that the clergyman is in every way fitted for his office, and that public prayers answer every purpose for which they were intended, there still remains the need of week-day religion unprovided for. It will be urged that family prayer is a means admirably adapted to this end, bringing into spiritual contact as it does master and servant, host and guest, parent and child. But allowance must be made for such theological differences as may exist between the latter of these; and also for the numerous interruptions to which family worship is subjected. What with the absence entailed by sickness, business, or pleasure, the most methodical household cannot assemble very regularly for this purpose. When the wheels of life glide smoothly and monotonously from year to year, and hindrances of a worldly kind are not allowed to interfere with religious duties, a little leaven of formalism is but too apt to leaven the whole lump.

Secondly, it may be urged that religious books are calculated to meet the wants of week-day religion, — and that of the voluminous tracts, sermons, and discourses published annually there is both milk for babes and meat for strong men. Such interpretation as is needed for a proper understanding of the Scriptures, and such comfort as the daily trials of life require, may surely be found here by those who seek them. But hard-working men and women, who would most thankfully turn from the duties of life for a while and refresh themselves with the contemplation of spiritual things, have little time for reading of this kind. A lawyer must read law, a doctor books on medicine, and so on. Much beautiful thought and priceless counsel is thus unattainable. Of course the pure gold of secular literature is mixed with some alloy, and the books and tracts so largely distributed among the poor are not always calculated to effect the end they have in view. Still, in praise of the best of these too much cannot be said. Religion, as Mr. Lecky well says, is the one romance of the poor; and those who possess libraries but faintly comprehend what the one hymn-book or the one volume of sermons is to the cottage and the attic.

When both family worship and devotional literature fail, what remains to soothe the tired spirit

and heal the troubled mind during the burden and heat of the day? Of course, we must take into account the indirect religious teaching of poets like Wordsworth and Lowell, whose noble utterances are worth all the sermons in the world, reminding us as they do that every-day existence is —

"Life, the one block
Of marble that 's vouchsafed wherefrom to carve
Our great thoughts, white and godlike to shine down
The future."

And as there are poets and poets, Mr. Tupper doubtless conveys consolation to some minds, and the moralist of the Daily Telegraph lifts others from the mire of the world to the upper heavens of sublime contemplation. But we are speaking more especially of those who need thoughts and not words, and who, when stones are given them for bread, know very well wherein the one differs from the other. Nor must the sympathy of those who have like aspirations with ourselves count for nothing. In these days, when the necessity for uprightness in dealing with the gravest spiritual and intellectual questions comes so forcibly home to every thoughtful person, the intercourse of kindred souls partakes of the nature almost of a religious communion. Salutary as it is to find noble thoughts embodied in writing worthy of it, the immediate influence of lofty ideals carried out in every-day life is far more effective and lasting. The one appeals to our imagination, the other to our conscience; and just as the most zealous religious instruction falls short of effect if not borne out by practical example, so does our faith wax cold when high thought is matched with action unworthy of it. Next to this, nothing is more apt to engender contempt for humanity and indifference to the best aims of existence than the spectacle of a life which is one long tissue of plausibilities. Where there is no higher motive to action than a love of popularity, very little respect can exist for ideals, much less for the highest realization of them; and the religion of the week-day as well as of the Sabbath becomes a dead letter. But we must remember that besides seekers after material good and the large number of seekers after truth, are multitudes who would fain make their homely and toilsome lives an expression of the best side of their natures. Too often it happens that they are not reminded of this craving for excellence by those about them, either by the nature of their occupations, or by such literature as falls in their way. When worldly losses happen, or health gives way, or children go wrong, the spirit is sorrowful unto death; another kind of stimulus is needed, namely, the stimulus of hope. The duty of hopefulness is very inadequately preached either on Sundays or week-days, though the doctrine of theoretic cheerfulness avails little so long as the Sabbath of the mass is made the dreary thing it is. Why not make our working days more religious and our Sundays less gloomy?

And this leads us to a suggestion thrown out by a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette some time back, — that churches should be kept open during the week time. At a very trifling cost this might be effected, and we believe that few people would grudge a small sum for such a purpose. Only those who toil from morning to night, often at uncongenial work and among uncongenial fellow-workers, can understand the comfort of a little quiet and a little solitude. Now what quiet would be so soothing and what solitude so perfect as that of an empty church, orderly, well ventilated, and

well warmed, as the case might be? Here would be at once a resting-place for the weary and a retreat for the troubled. The man or woman wrestling with some secret sorrow, or distracted by some secret doubt, might turn aside from the world and find comfort and guidance. Five minutes thus spent, without clergyman or prayer-book, might often prove more salutary than the most impressive Sunday service; just because the one exercise of a natural instinct is voluntary and the other forced. "An Unedified but Well-meaning Church-goer," whose letter followed that of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* correspondent abroad, gives a true picture of the ordinary family Sunday, and doubtless many could tell a less satisfactory story. How many people go to church not because they like it, but because they think it looks well to do so! Nothing more shocks a sincere nature than the self-deception into which religious formalism leads even intelligent and well-disposed people. The sort of superiority which orthodox church or chapel goers assume over their less exemplary neighbors is familiar to all who live in the country, and, more than anything else, provokes laxity of belief. We do not say that the opening of churches in the week-day would do away with religious shams and re-establish discarded creeds. But by enabling all who prefer it to worship after their own fashion and at their own time, it would surely minister to the inmost spiritual need of man, and thus elevate the horizon of daily life. Sadly indeed do we want a week-day religion that, appealing to the highest instincts of humanity, should infuse with a larger spirit and a higher moral tone not only our aspirations but our conduct. We need no less a little more cheerfulness and a little less formalism on Sundays.

THE DEATH OF PARIS.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.
ARGUMENT.

Paris, the son of Priam, was wounded by one of the poisoned arrows of Hercules that Philoctetes bore to the siege of Troy; wherefore he had himself borne up into Ida that he might see the nymph Koono, whom he once had loved, because she, who knew many secret things, alone could heal him; but when he had seen her and spoken with her, she would deal with the matter in no wise, wherefore Paris died of that hurt.

In the last month of Troy's beleaguering,
When both sides, waiting for some god's great hand,
But seldom o'er the meads the war-shout sent,
Yet idle rage would sometimes drive a band
From town or tent about Troy-gate to stand
All armed, and there to bicker aimlessly;
And so at least the weary time wore by.

In such a fight, when wide the arrows flew,
And little glory fell to any there,
And naught there seemed for a stout man to do,
Rose Philoctetes from the ill-roofed lair
That hid his rage, and crept out into air,
And strung his bow, and slunk down to the fight,
"Twixt rusty helms, and shields that once were bright.

And even as he reached the foremost rank,
A glimmer as of polished steel and gold
Amid the war-worn Trojan folk, that shrink
To right and left, his fierce eyes could behold;
He heard a shout, as if one man were bold
About the streams of Simoeis that day —
One heart still ready to play out the play.

Therewith he heard a mighty bowstring twang,
And a shaft screamed 'twixt hostile band and band,
And close beside him fell, with clash and clang,
A well-trying warrior from the Cretan land,
And rolled in dust, clutching with desperate hand
At the gay feathers of the shaft that lay
Deep in his heart, well silenced from that day.

Then of the Greeks did man look upon man,
While Philoctetes from his quiver drew
A dreadful shaft, and through his fingers ran
The dull-red feathers; of strange steel and blue
The barbs were, such as archer never knew,
But black as death the thin-forged bitter point,
That with the worm's blood fate did erst anoint.

He shook the shaft, and notched it, and therewith
Forth from the Trojans rang that shout again,
Whistled the arrow, and a Greek did writhe
Once more upon the earth in his last pain;
While the gray clouds, big with the threat of rain,
Parted a space, and on the Trojans shone,
And struck a glory from that shining one.

Then Philoctetes scowled, and cried, "O Fate,
I give thee this, thy strong man gave to me.
Do with it as thou wilt! — let small or great
E'en as thou wilt before its black point be!
Late grows the year, and stormy is the sea,
The oars lie rotten by the gunwales now
That nevermore a Grecian surf shall know."

He spake and drew the string with careless eyes,
And, as the shaft flew forth, he turned about
And tramped back slowly, noting in no wise
How from the Greeks uprose a joyous shout,
And from the Trojan host therewith brake out
Confused clamor, and folk cried the name
Of him wherethrough the weary struggle came,

Paris, the son of Priam! then once more
O'er head of leaguer and beleaguered town
Gray grew the sky, a cold sea-wind swept o'er
The ruined plain, and the small rain drove down,
While slowly underneath that chilling frown
Parted the hosts; sad Troy into its gates,
Greece to its tents, and waiting on the fates.

NEXT day the seaward-looking gates none swung
Back on their hinges, whatso Greek might fare,
With seeming-careless mien, and bow unstrung,
Anigh them; whatso rough-voiced horn might dare,
With well-known notes, the war-worn warders
there;
Troy slept amid its nightmares through the day,
And dull with waking dreams the leaguer lay.

Yet in the streets did man say unto man,
"Hector is dead, and Troilus is dead;
Æneas turneth toward the waters wan;
In his fair house Antenor hides his head;
Fast from the tree of Troy the boughs are shred;
And now this Paris, now this joyous one,
Is the cry cried that biddeth him begone?"

But on the morrow's dawn, ere yet the sun
Had shone athwart the mists of last night's rain,
And shown the image of the Spotless One
Unto the tents and hovels of the plain
Whose girth of war she long had made all vain,
From out a postern looking towards the north
A little band of silent men went forth.

And in their midst a litter did they bear
Whereon lay one with linen wrapped around,
Whose wan face turned unto the fresher air
As though a little pleasure he had found
Amidst of pain; some dreadful torturing wound
The man endured belike, and as a balm
Was the fresh morn, with all its rest and calm,

After the weary tossing of the night
And close dim-litten chamber, whose dusk seemed
Laboring with whispers fearful of the light,
Confused with images of dreams long dreamed,
Come back again, now that the lone torch gleamed
Dim before eyes that saw naught real as true
To vex the heart that naught of purpose knew.

Upon the late-passed night in e'en such wise
Had Paris lain. What time, like years of life,
Had passed before his weary heart and eyes!
What hopeless, nameless longings! what wild strife
'Gainst naught for naught, with wearying changes
rife,
Had he gone through, till in the twilight gray
They bore him through the cold deserted way.

Mocking and strange the streets looked now, most
meet
For a dream's ending, for a vain life's end;
While sounded his strong litter-bearers' feet,
Like feet of men who through Death's country wend
Silent, for fear lest they should yet offend
The grim King satisfied to let them go,
Hope bids them hurry, fear's chain makes them slow.

In feverish doze of time a-gone he thought,
When love was soft, life strong, and a sweet name,
The first sweet name that led him down love's ways,
Unbidden ever to his fresh lips came;
Half witting would he speak it, and for shame
Flush red, and think what folk would deem thereof
If they might know CEnone was his love.

And now, CEnone no more love of his,
He worn with war and passion — must he pray,
"O thou, I loved and love not, life and bliss
Lie in thine hands to give or take away;
O heal me, hate me not! think of the day
When as thou thinkest still, e'en so I thought,
That all the world without thy love was naught."

Yea, he was borne forth such a prayer to make,
For she alone of all the world, they said,
The thirst of that dread poison now might slake,
For midst the ancient wise ones nurtured
On peaceful Ida, in the lore long dead,
Lost to the hurrying world, right wise she was,
Mighty to bring most wondrous things to pass.

Was the world worth the minute of that prayer
If yet her love, despised and cast aside,
Should so shine forth that she should heal him there?
He knew not and he recked not; fear and pride
'Neath Helen's kiss and Helen's tears had died,
And life was love, and love too strong that he
Should catch at Death to save him misery.

So, with soul drifting down the stream of love,
He let them bear him through the fresh fair morn,
From out Troy-gates; and no more now he strove
To battle with the wild dreams, newly born
From that past night of toil and pain forlorn;
No farewell did he mutter 'neath his breath
To failing Troy, no eyes he turned toward death.

Troy dwindled now behind them, and the way
That round about the feet of Ida wound
They left; and up a narrow vale, that lay,
Grassy and soft, betwixt the pine-woods bound,
They went, and ever gained the higher ground,
For as a trench the little valley was
To catch the runnels that made green its grass.

Now ere that green vale narrowed to an end,
Blocked by a shaly slip thrust bleak and bare
From the dark pine-wood's edge, as men who wend
Upon a well-known way, they turned them there,
And through the pine-wood's dusk began to fare
By blind ways, till all noise of bird and wind
Amid that odorous night was left behind.

And in mean while deepened the languid doze
That lay on Paris into slumber deep,
O'er his unconscious heart, and eyes shut close,
The image of that very place 'gan creep,
And twelve years younger in his dreamful sleep,
Light-footed, through the awful wood he went,
With beating heart, on lovesome thoughts intent.

Dreaming, he went, till thinner and more thin,
And bright with growing day, the pine-wood grew,
Then to an open rugged space did win;
Whence a close beech-wood was he passing through,
Whose every tall white stem full well he knew;
Then seemed to stay awhile for loving shame,
When to the brow of the steep bank he came,

Where still the beech-trunks o'er the mast-strewn
ground
Stood close, and slim and tall, but hid not quite
A level grassy space they did surround
On every side save one, that to the light
Of the clear western sky, cold now, but bright,
Was open, and the thought of the far sea,
Toward which a small brook tinkled merrily.

Him seemed he lingered there, then stepped
adown
With troubled heart into the soft green place,
And up the eastmost of the beech-slopes brown
He turned about a lonesome, anxious face,
And stood to listen for a little space
If any came, but naught he seemed to hear
Save the brook's babble, and the beech-leaves' stir.

And then he dreamed great longing o'er him
came;
Too great, too bitter of those days to be
Long past, when love was born amidst of shame;
He dreamed that, as he gazed full eagerly
Into the green dusk between tree and tree,
His trembling hand slid down the horn to take
Wherewith he erst was wont his herd to wake.

Trembling, he set it to his lips, and first
Breathed gently through it; then strained hard to
blow,
For dumb, dumb was it grown, and no note burst
From its smooth throat; and ill thoughts poisoned
now
The sweetness of his dream; he murmured low,
"Ah! dead and gone, and ne'er to come again;
Ah, past away! ah, longed for long in vain!"

"Lost love, sweet Helen, come again to me!"
Therewith he dreamed he fell upon the ground
And hid his face, and wept out bitterly,
But woke with fall and torturing tears, and found

He lay upon his litter, and the sound
Of feet departing from him did he hear,
And rustling of the last year's leaves anear.

But in the self-same place he lay indeed,
Weeping and sobbing, and scarce knowing why;
His hand clutched hard the horn that erst did lead
The dew-lapped neat round Ida merrily;
He strove to raise himself, he strove to cry
That name of Helen once, but then withal
Upon him did the load of memory fall.

Quiet he lay a space, while o'er him drew
The dull, chill cloud of doubt and sordid fear,
As now he thought of what he came to do,
And what a dreadful minute drew anear;
He shut his eyes, and now no more could hear
His litter-bearers' feet; as lone he felt
As though amid the outer wastes he dwelt.

Amid that fear a minute naught and vain
His life and love seemed; with a dreadful sigh
He raised his arm, and soul's and body's pain
Tore at his heart with new-born agony
As a thin quivering note: a ghost-like cry
Rang from the long-unused lips of the horn,
Spoiling the sweetness of the happy morn.

He let the horn fall down upon his breast
And lie there, and his hand fell to his side;
And there indeed his body seemed to rest,
But restless was his soul, and wandered wide
Through a dim maze of lusts unsatisfied;
Thoughts half thought out, and words half said,
and deeds
Half done, unfruitful, like o'ershadowed weeds.

His eyes were shut now, and his dream's hot
tears
Were dry upon his cheek; the sun grown high
Had slain the wind, when smote upon his ears
A sudden rustling in the beech-leaves dry;
Then came a pause; then footsteps drew anigh
O'er the deep grass; he shuddered, and in vain
He strove to turn, despite his burning pain.

Then through his half-shut eyes he seemed to see
A woman drawing near, and held his breath,
And clutched at the white linen eagerly,
And felt a greater fear than fear of death,
A greater pain than that love threateneth,
As soft low breathing o'er his head he heard,
And thin fine linen raiment gently stirred.

Then spoke a sweet voice close, ah, close to him?
"Thou sleepest, Paris? would that I could sleep!
On the hill-side do I lay limb to limb,
And lie day-long watching the shadows creep
And change, till day is gone, and night is deep,
Yet sleep not ever, wearied with the thought
Of all a little lapse of time has brought.

"Sleep, though thou calledst me! yet mid thy
dream
Hearken the while I tell about my life, —
The life I led while mid the steely gleam
Thou wert made happy with the joyous strife;
Or in the soft arms of the Greek king's wife
Wouldst still moan out that day had come too soon,
Calling the dawn the glimmer of the moon.

"Wake not, wake not, before the tale is told!
Not long to tell, the tale of those ten years!
A gnawing pain that never groweth old,
A pain that shall not be washed out by tears;
A dreary road the weary foot-sole wears,
Knowing no rest, but going to and fro,
Treading it harder 'neath the weight of woe.

"No middle, no beginning, and no end;
No staying place, no thought of anything,
Bitter or sweet, with that one thought to blend;
No least joy left that I away might fling
And deem myself grown great; no hope to cling
About me, naught but dull, unresting pain,
That made all memory sick, all striving vain.

"Thou — hast thou thought thereof, perchance
anights
— In early dawn, and shuddered, and then said,
'Alas, poor soul! yet hath she had delights,
For none are wholly hapless but the dead.'
Liar! O liar! my woe upon thine head,
My agony that naught can take away!
Awake, arise, O traitor, unto day!"

Her voice rose as she spoke, till loud and shrill
It rang about the place; but when at last
She ended, and the echoes from the hill,
Woful and wild, back o'er the place were cast,
From her lost love a little way she passed
Trembling and looking round as if afeared
At those ill sounds that through the morn she heard.

Then still she stood, her clenched hands, slim and
white,
Relaxed, her drawn brow smoothed; with a great
sigh
Her breast heaved, and she muttered, "Ere the
light
Of yesterday had faded from the sky
I knew that he would seek me certainly;
And, knowing it, yet feigned I knew it not,
Or with what hope, what hope my heart was hot.

"That tumult in my breast I might not name —
Love should I call it? — nay, my life was love
And pain these ten years, — should I call it shame?
What shame my weary waiting might reprove
After ten years? — or pride? — what pride could
move
After ten years this heart within my breast?
Alas! I lied — I lied, and called it rest.

"I called it rest, and wandered through the night;
Upon my river's flowery bank I stood,
And thought its hurrying changing black and white
Stood still beneath the moon, that hill and wood
Were moving round me, and I deemed it good
The world should change so, deemed it good that
day
Forever into night had passed away.

"And still I wandered through the night, and still
Things changed, and changed not round me, and
the day —
This day wherein I am, had little will
With dreadful truth to drive the night away, —
God knows if for its coming I did pray!
God knows if at the last in twilight-tide
My hope — my hope undone I more might hide."

Then looked she toward the litter as she spake,
And slowly drew anigh it once again,
And from her worn tried heart there did outbreak
Wild sobs and weeping, shameless of its pain,
Till as the storm of passion 'gan to wane
She looked and saw the shuddering misery
Wherein her love of the old days did lie.

Still she wept on, but gentler now withal,
And passed on till above the bier she stood,
Watching the well-wrought linen rise and fall
Beneath his faltering breath, and still her blood
Ran fiery hot with thoughts of ill and good,
Pity and scorn, and love and hate, as she,
Half dead herself, gazed on his misery.

At last she spake: "This tale I told e'en now,
Know'st thou mid dreams what woman suffered
this?"

Canst thou not dream of the old days, and how
Full oft thy lips would say 'twixt kiss and kiss
That all of bliss was not enough of bliss
My loveliness and kindness to reward,
That for thy Love the sweetest life was hard?

"Yea, Paris, have I not been kind to thee?
Did I not live thy wishes to fulfil?
Wert thou not happy when thou lovedst me?
What dream then did we have of change or ill?
Why must thou needs change? I am unchanged
still;

I need no more than thee — what needest thou
But that we might be happy, yea, e'en now?"

He opened hollow eyes and looked on her,
And stretched a trembling hand out; ah, who knows
With what strange mingled look of hope and fear,
Of hate and love, their eyes met! Come so close
Once more, that everything they now might lose
Amid the flashing out of that old fire,
The short-lived uttermost of all desire.

He spake not, shame and other love there lay
Too heavy on him; but she spake again:
"E'en now at the beginning of the day,
Weary with hope and fear and restless pain,
I said, Alas, I said, if all be vain
And he will have no pity, yet will I
Have pity; how shall kindness e'er pass by?"

He drew his hand aback, and laid it now
Upon the swathings of his wound; but she
Set her slim hand upon her knitted brow
And gazed on him with bright eyes eagerly;
Nor cruel looked her lips that once would be
So kind, so longed for: neither spake awhile,
Till in her face there shone a sweet strange smile.

She touched him not, but yet so near she came
That on his very face he felt her breath;
She whispered: "Speak! — thou wilt not speak for
shame;
I will not grant for love, and gray-winged Death
Meanwhile above our folly hovereth;
Speak! was it not all false? is it not done?
Is not the dream dreamed out, the dull night gone?"

"Hearkenest thou, Paris? O, look kind on me!
I hope no more indeed, but couldst thou turn
Kind eyes to me, then much for me and thee
Might love do yet. Doh not the old fire burn?
Doth not thine heart for words of old days yearn?
Canst thou not say, Alas, what wilt thou say,
Since I have not by hope for many a day?"

"Paris, I hope no more, yet while ago —
Take it not ill if I must needs say this —
A while ago I cried, Ah! no, no, no!
It is no love at all, this love of his;
He loves her not; I it was had the bliss
Of being the well-beloved; dead is his love,
For surely none but I his heart may move."

She wept still; but his eyes grew wild and strange
With that last word, and harder his face grew,
Though her tear-blinded eyes saw not the change.
Long beat about his heart false words and true,
A veil of strange thought he might not pierce
through,
Of hope he might not name, clung round about
His wavering heart, perplexed with death and doubt.

Then trembling did he speak: "I love thee still,
Surely I love thee." But a dreadful pain
Shot through his heart, and strange presage of ill,
As, like the ceasing of the summer rain,
Her tears stopped, and she drew aback again,
Silent a moment, till a bitter cry
Burst from her lips grown white with agony.

A look of pity came across his face
Despite his pain and horror, and her eyes
Saw it, and changed, and for a little space
Panting she stood, as one checked by surprise
Amidst of passion: then in tender wise,
Kneeling, she 'gan the bandages undo
That hid the place the bitter shaft tore through.

Then when the wound and his still face and white
Lay there before her, she 'gan tremble sore,
For images of hope and past delight,
Not to be named once, 'gan her heart flit o'er;
Blossomed the longing in her heart, and bore
A dreadful thought of uttermost despair,
That all if gained would be no longer fair.

In dull, low words she spake: "Yea, so it is,
That thou art near thy death, and this thy wound
I yet may heal, and give thee back what bliss
The ending of thy life may yet surround:
Mock not thyself with hope! the Trojan ground
Holds tombs, not houses now; all gods are gone
From out your temples but cold Death alone.

"Lo, if I heal thee, and thou goest again
Back unto Troy, and she, thy new love, sees
Thy lovable body freed from all its pain,
And yet awhile amid the miseries
Of Troy ye twain lie loving, well at ease,
Yet midst of this while she is asking thee
What kind soul made thee whole and well to be,

"And thou art holding back my name with lies,
And thinking, maybe, Paris, of this face, —
E'en then the Greekish flame shall sear your eyes,
The clatter of the Greeks fill all the place,
While she, my woe, the ruin of thy race,
Looking toward changed days, a new crown shall
stand,
Her fingers trembling in her husband's hand.

"Thou I called love once, wilt thou die e'en thus,
Ruined midst ruin, ruining bereft
Of name and honor? O love, piteous
That but for this were all the hard things left
That lay 'twixt us and love; till naught was left
'Twixt thy lips and my lips! O, hard that we
Were once so full of all felicitate!"

"O love, O Paris, know'st thou this of me, —
That in these hills e'en such a name I have
As being akin to a divinity?
And lightly may I slay and lightly save;
Nor know I surely if the peaceful grave
Shall ever hide my body dead; behold,
Have ten long years of misery made me old?"

Sadly she laughed; and rising wearily
Stood by him in the fresh and sunny morn;
The image of his youth and faith gone by
She seemed to be, for one short minute born
To make his shamed lost life seem more forlorn;
He shut his eyes and moaned, but once again
She knelt beside him, and the weary pain

Deepened upon her face. "Hearken!" she said,
"Death is anear thee; is then death so ill
With me anigh thee — since Troy is as dead,
Ere many tides the Xanthus' mouth shall fill,
And thou art rest of her that harmed me still,
Whatsome may change — shall I heal thee for this,
That thou mayst die more mad for her last kiss?"

She gazed at him with straining eyes; and he,
Despite himself love touched his dying heart
And from his eyes desire flashed suddenly,
And o'er his wan face the last blood did start
As with soft love his close-shut lips 'gan part.
She laughed out bitterly, and said, "Why then
Must I needs call thee falsest of all men,

"Seeing thou liest not to save thy life? —
Yet listen once again: fair is this place
That knew not the beginning of the strife
And recked not of its end, and this my face,
This body thou wouldst day-long once embrace
And deem thyself right happy — thine it is,
Thine only, Paris, shouldst thou deem it bliss."

He looked into her eyes, and deemed he saw
A strange and awful look a-gathering there,
And sick scorn at her quivering fine lip draw;
Yet trembling he stretched out his hand to her,
Although self-loathing and strange hate did tear
His heart that Death made cold, e'en as he said,
"Whatsome thou wilt shall be remembered;

"Whatsome thou wilt, O love, shall be forgot, —
It may be I shall love thee as of old."
As thunder laughs she laughed; "Nay, touch me
not!
Touch me not, fool!" she cried. "Thou grow'st
a-cold,
And I am Death, Death, Death! — the tale is told
Of all thy days! of all those joyous days
When thinking naught of me thou garneredst praise."

"Turn back again, and think no more of me!
I am thy Death! woe for thy happy days!
For I must slay thee: ah, my misery!
Woe for the godlike wisdom thou wouldst praise!
Else I my love to life again might raise
A minute, ah, a minute! and be glad
While on my lips thy blessing lips I had?"

"Would God that it were yesterday again;
Would God the red sun had died yester-eve,
And I were no more hapless now than then!
Would God that I could say, and not believe,
As yesterday, that years past hope did leave
My cold heart, — that I lived a death in life!
Ah! then within my heart was yet a strife!

"But now, but now, is all come to an end —
Nay, speak not; think not of me! think of her
Who made me this; and back unto her wend,
Lest her lot, too, should be yet heavier!
I will depart for fear thou diest here,
Lest I should see thy woful ghost forlorn
Here wandering ever 'twixt the night and morn.

"— O heart grown wise, wilt thou not let me
go?
Will ye be never satisfied, O eyes,
With gazing on my misery and my woe?
O foolish, quivering heart, now grown so wise,
What folly is it that from out thee cries
To be all close to him once more, once more
Ere yet the dark stream cleaveth shore from shore?"

Her voice was a wail now, with quivering hand
At her white raiment did she clutch and tear
Unwitting, as she rose up and did stand
Bent over his wide eyes and pale face, where
No torturing hope was left, no pain, or fear;
For Death's cold rest was gathering fast on him,
And toward his heart crept over foot and limb.

A little while she stood, and spake no word,
But hung above him, with white heaving breast,
And moaning still as moans the gray-winged bird
In autumn-tide o'er his forgotten nest;
And then her hands about her throat she pressed,
As though to keep a cry back, then stooped down
And set her face to his, while spake her moan:

"O love, O cherished more than I can tell,
Through years of woe, O love, my life and bane,
My joy and grief, farewell, farewell, farewell!
Forgetfulness of grief I yet may gain;
In some wise may come ending to my pain;
It may be yet the gods will have me glad!
Yet, love, I would that thee and pain I had!

"Alas! it may not be, it may not be,
The falling blossom of the late spring-tide,
Shall hang a golden globe upon the tree
When through the vale the mists of autumn glide;
Yet would, O Love, with thee I might abide.
Now, now that restful death is drawing nigh —
Farewell, farewell, how good it is to die!"

O strange, O strange, when on his lips once more
Her lips were laid! O strange that he must die
Now, when so clear a vision had come o'er
His failing heart, and keenest memory
Had shown him all his changing life passed by;
And what he was, and what he might have been,
Yea, and should be, perchance, so clear were seen!

Yea, then were all things laid within the scale, —
Pleasure and lust, love and desire of fame,
Kindness, and hope, and folly, — all the tale
Told in a moment, as across him came
That sudden flash, bright as the lightning-flame,
Showing the wanderer on the waste how he
Has gone astray mid dark and misery.

Ah, and her face upon his dying face
That the sun warmed no more! that agony
Of dying love, wild with the tale of days
Long past, and strange with hope that might not
be —
All was gone now, and what least part had he
In Love at all, and why was life all gone?
Why must he meet the eyes of death alone?

Alone, for she and ruth had left him there ;
 Alone, because the ending of the strife
 He knew, well taught by death, drew surely near ;
 Alone, for all those years with pleasure rife
 Should be a tale mid Helen's coming life,
 And she and all the world should go its ways,
 Midst other troubles, other happy days.

And yet how was it with him ? As if death
 Strove yet with struggling life and love in vain,
 With eyes grown deadly bright and rattling breath,
 He raised himself, while wide his blood did stain
 The linen fair, and seized the horn again,
 And blew thereon a wild and shattering blast
 Ere from his hand afar the thing he cast.

Then, as a man who in a failing fight
 For a last onset gathers suddenly
 All soul and strength, he faced the summer light,
 And from his lips broke forth a mighty cry
 Of "Helen, Helen, Helen !" — yet the sky
 Changed not above his cast-back golden head,
 And merry was the world, though he was dead.

BUT now when every echo was as still
 As were the lips of Paris once more came
 The litter-bearers down the beech-clad hill
 And stood about him crying out his name,
 Lamenting for his beauty and his fame,
 His love, his kindness, and his merry heart,
 That still would thrust ill days and thoughts apart.

Homeward they bore him through the dark woods'
 gloom
 With heavy hearts presaging nothing good,
 And when they entered Troy again, a tomb
 For them and theirs it seemed — Long has it stood,
 But now indeed the labor and the blood,
 The love, the patience, and good heart are vain, —
 The Greeks may have what yet is left to gain.

I CANNOT tell what crop may clothe the hills, —
 The merry hills Troy whitened long ago ;
 Belike the sheaves, wherewith the reaper fills
 His yellow wain, no whit the weaker grow
 For that past harvest-tide of wrong and woe ;
 Belike the tale, wept over elsewhere,
 Of those old days is clean forgotten there.

THE PLAY OF THE PERIOD.

If any young person of either sex desires to succeed upon the stage, that young person is advised to practise, not elocution, but gymnastics. Actors and actresses of established reputation feel some difficulty in performing those feats of bodily activity in which the sensational drama of the period is so prolific. The saying of the elder Mr. Weller, that width and wisdom go together, is only too true in England. Mental maturity is apt to be accompanied by rotundity of figure, and it is rather hard upon an actor who has been dying all his life by the old methods to be called upon to jump from a house-top or into the Thames, or else to abdicate his professional position. The ladies who are required to incur all the various risks of fire and flood labor under the additional disadvantage of having to take care, not only of their limbs, but of their clothes. If a modern manager cannot put appropriate words into a girl's mouth, he knows that he can put a

fashionable dress upon her back, and he properly makes the utmost use of the resources which money can command. An actress may do anything on earth, in air, or water, — and the more surprising it is the better, — provided only that while doing it she will remember that she is engaged to illustrate not so much human nature as Parisian fashions. We laugh at the picture of Garrick playing Macbeth in a court suit, but it is equally absurd to see a modern actress scrambling over house-tops in the sort of dress which she would wear if she were going out to make a morning call. Of course, if she wears a lady's dress, she must wear it as a lady does. There is a story of a king of Spain who was on fire, and could not be put out because the only person who happened to be near had not been regularly introduced at Court. This story is paralleled at the Adelphi Theatre, where a girl proceeds with so much deliberation to rescue her lover from a burning house that we fear that while the lady is arranging the skirts of her dress the gentleman will be a trifle overdone. It seems, in fact, to be a question between Coram and decorum, and the authors of the piece have properly considered that a young woman of well-regulated mind would prefer the latter. Messrs. Boucicault and Byron deserve the gratitude of all fathers and mothers of families for the lesson they have thus inculcated upon young ladies, of graceful deportment and the avoidance of undue haste in moving to the assistance of a lover upon the roofs of burning houses.

The difficulties under which the sensational drama has to be performed receive additional illustration from a piece lately produced at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Vining being manager of this theatre, and also an actor of established reputation, deems it due to himself to be thrown from Putney Bridge into the Thames. The scenic artists have been lately smitten with an aquatic passion, and we hope before the theatrical season closes to see a representation of a murder or a suicide at every bridge upon the river. The painter employed at the Princess's seems to aim at combining the real with the ideal, after the manner of Turner. He gives us the identical timber work of Putney Bridge, and below it is a promontory or island supporting a public-house and drinking-garden, while above it stands on the ground occupied by the London Rowing Club, an aristocratic villa. The artist has treated the river as some painters do the human countenance. They take the actual heavy features of the sitter, and give them an imaginary expression of intellectual life. Mr. Lloyds perhaps thought that if there was no beer sold in midstream of the Thames there ought to be, and so he has taken our old friend the Crab Tree, floated it down the river, and anchored it below the bridge. The result of this arrangement is, that when Bullhead is thrown over the bridge, the young woman who serves beer is able to come promptly to his rescue with a boat. It is, of course, only too manifest that Gentleman Jack could not throw Bullhead over the bridge if Bullhead were not willing to be thrown, and also that the faculty of falling, or pretending to fall, without being hurt is not possessed by the actor who performs Bullhead to any more than a very moderate extent. An English actor does not attain the position of Mr. Vining without his friends being aware that he is neither so young nor so agile as he was. It is rather an alarming prospect for theatrical aspirants to know that the higher they rise the further and oftener they will have to

fall. The business of being thrown over the bridge is done very creditably by Mr. Vining, but it can only be done at all by limiting the height from which he is to fall. He palpably climbs down, and, if there are any people who are able to believe that he falls, we envy them their capacity for being amused. The character of Gentleman Jack is played by Mr. Charles Mathews, and we must congratulate that popular actor on having attained, after a long and arduous career upon the stage, to the honorable position of Head Murderer. To this complexion must we come at last. There is perhaps no living actor who is more associated with memories of light comedy and the higher class of farce, and yet the sensational drama has now marked him for its own. We read all that the newspapers have to tell us about the Wood Green tragedy, and find to our disappointment that they have nothing fresh to tell us about the Pantin massacre, and then we go to the Princess's Theatre to see a murder committed by Mr. Charles Mathews.

The French author of the piece from which *Escaped from Portland* is adapted is entitled to the credit of having produced something decidedly new in murder. An escaped convict, who is called by his professional brethren Gentleman Jack, visits an invalid lady in the assumed character of a temporary substitute for the family doctor. The Countess of Blazonfield is seen reclining on a sofa, and the pretended doctor as he feels her pulse changes a bottle which stands on her table for another bottle which he has brought with him. He then retires, and the countess uses the contents of the new bottle, which immediately produce the desired effect. The countess dies visibly before our very eyes, while the murderer awaits outside the door the completion of his work, and then reappears and carries away the bottle which would be evidence of the use of poison. We appreciate the satire thus conveyed upon the medical profession. A sham doctor murders the patient of a real doctor, and the counterfeit is so like the genuine practice of the profession that the real doctor does not detect the difference. In fact, the countess was killed so neatly that a regular practitioner need not have been ashamed to have done the job. But why the countess was killed, except for the display of the murderer's ingenuity in killing her, we have not the smallest notion. Perhaps the murder is only committed in the first act in order that it may be found out in the last, and we suppose that a play thus planned claims for itself to have a moral. We are ourselves doubtful as to the morality of the play, but we are ready to testify that it is religious; for there is a lady in it who seems to have nothing to do except to look pretty and to pray for the other personages in the drama. Indeed, she declares her intention of praying, not only for the live earl and his children, but for the dead countess, and we think that the attention of some of our Protestant contemporaries ought to be directed to the attempt that is thus made to insinuate Romish superstition at our theatres. It was a happy conception of the author to make the earl's daughter suspect this elegant and saintly lady of murdering her mother. We should as soon have expected to hear that Miss Burdett Coutts had forged a check, or that Mr. Charles Mathews of *Patter versus Clatter* had turned heavy villain. However, the earl's daughter does suspect of murder the very woman with whom both the earl and the earl's son are violently in love, and thus we get a delightful complication. It is almost as nice to be at

the Princess's Theatre as it was to be in Paris when everybody believed that the Kincks father and son had helped Traupmann to murder the Kincks mother and children. The only drawback to the thrilling effect of this drama is that we cannot possibly believe that Mr. Charles Mathews either could commit a murder or would be hanged for it if he did. Even the striking of the midnight clock does not produce upon our mind the awful effect that could be desired; for the entrance of Mr. Mathews irresistibly recalls the same incident in the Critic, and we seem somehow to be dreaming that Mr. Mathews is making fun of his own performance. But still, if we had a properly constituted mind, we should be impressed with the solemnity of the moment when the pious lady departs to a midnight service on New Year's eve, promising as she goes off to pray for the countess, whom she leaves in her solitary chamber. And to think that this pious lady is afterwards suspected of having contrived the murder of the countess at that very moment! This really is the sweetest thing in crime that ever was put upon the stage.

Beginning thus with a murder, we proceed to the attempted drowning of the detective Bullhead, by the convict; and afterwards we get a stabbing of the same by the same, and a general scrimmage of policemen and thieves ending in the capture of the convict. The stabbing is, we think, decidedly disappointing, and we do hope that Mr. Vining will be moved by our present complaint to give us a little blood for our money. After going to so much expense as he has in getting up this play he need not grudge a hap'orth of red paint. There has probably been no piece like this since Jack Sheppard of thirty years ago, and if ever there were a murderer at all like Mr. Charles Mathews, it must have been the courtly and vivacious Claude Duval who carved his name on the dungeon-stone at Newgate. We ought perhaps to apologize for calling Claude Duval a murderer, for we dare say he never took human life unless in obedience to the exigencies of his profession of a highwayman. Jack Sheppard, we believe, never took human life at all, and yet he was a tolerably picturesque criminal, and when he was made the hero of a drama, the audience followed the story of his escapes with an interest which some censors declared to be unwholesome. But by the help of our French friends we have changed all that. The only difference between the career of Jack Sheppard and that of Gentleman Jack is that the latter is not nearly so exciting, and yet it is supposed to form a suitable entertainment for the theatre where for many years Charles Kean produced Shakespeare. We do not know whether the dialogue which connects the sensational scenes of *Escaped from Portland* belongs to the French author or the English adapter, but we will say that for feebleness and inanity we could hardly find an equal to it. And thus we return to the old complaint of the poverty of the dramatic literature of the age. The adapter has been too modest to give his name, and the manager evidently considers him a less important person than the dressmaker. He really ought to be called before the curtain to receive appropriate recognition as the writer of the poorest stuff ever spoken in a theatre. Let any person who can write short-hand go to the Princess's Theatre and take down what he hears, and let him compare it with any conversation which he may happen to hear next day, and he will find, perhaps to his astonishment, that he and all his friends and acquaint-

ances have been talking dramatic dialogue all their lives without knowing it.

"I am going to take a walk." "Take your umbrella, and come back in time for dinner."

It is no exaggeration to say that this is the sort of composition that is thought good enough for the Princess's Theatre. The adapter has been pleased to make the most wooden of all the figures which he manipulates a barrister, and to call him Mr. Brightside, *quasi lucens a non lucendo*. He not only is a barrister, but he becomes a Queen's counsel and a police magistrate, and for stupidity and imbecility he would vainly seek his fellow on the ancient or modern stage. Not that the adapter means to make him stupid or imbecile, for he evidently designs that he should behave as much like a lawyer and a magistrate as is consistent with his sitting on a stool and listening while the detective conducts the examination, which ends, as we are to suppose, in the committal of Gentleman Jack for murder. To use an expressive vulgarity, Mr. Brightside looks as if he could not help it during this scene; and when we are told that this idiot is a lawyer and a magistrate, we wonder whether the piety of the lady, the crimes of the convict, and the sagacity and learning of the Queen's counsel are all equally imaginary. It is considered necessary to make a sort of moral ending to the play, and so Bullhead, the detective, points to Gentleman Jack, and tells Mr. Brightside that that man possessed industry and ability which might have adorned the Bench on which it is Mr. Brightside's ambition to sit. It is possible that Gentleman Jack might make a good judge, but we are sure that Mr. Brightside would be a very unsuccessful pickpocket. He is not clever enough to get into Portland, to say nothing of getting out of it; and when the earl's daughter says that she looks to him to unravel the fearful mystery of her mother's death, we feel that this part of the play at least is true to every-day life. It is a beautiful provision of nature that girls will believe that the stupid men to whom they are engaged are clever.

NEW ELEGIES.

OUR literature is rich in elegiac poetry but poor in elegies. The distinction here implied is of course arbitrary, is perhaps fanciful, but is, as we think, justifiable. The Lycidas of Milton created the standard for English elegy. In order to be an elegy a poem must in kind and quality approach that standard. Adopting this theory, it will be admitted that but few of the elegiac compositions labelled with the distinguishing title possess any legitimate claim to it.

Chiefest among elegiac poems, as distinguished from elegies, is the "In Memoriam" of Mr. Tennyson. And the list of illustrious weepers, stretching back from our laureate's time to the dawn of English poetry, is long and various. There is scarcely a singer among them all upon whom a great sadness has not fallen. One after another they have stood by a closed tomb, strewing "rose or rue or laurel" above the ashes of a friend. To Shakespeare the sad occasion came. Ben Jonson, in a strain which has been taken up and exhausted in our own time, bewailed the lost one.

"Among that faithful troop am I;
Who as an offering at your shrine
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love like mine."

Dryden's first appearance was as a mourner. And Pope's facility for weeping in measure and to order was a thing beautiful to contemplate, and edifying withal. Although the elegiac poem usually celebrates the poet's grief for a dead friend, it has not always so lofty a theme. Coleridge soared to elegize an ass; and the bard who found fault with him for so far forgetting the dignity of the Muse, did himself soar to elegize a Newfoundland dog. That poem which to the general English reader is most of all associated with the word "elegy" celebrates grief for no friend whatever,—human, or asinine, or canine; we mean Gray's Elegy.

Although so many singers have wept in numbers, it has been reserved for the very few to achieve an elegy. We have at least two undoubted elegies, the Lycidas of Milton and the Adonais of Shelley. In recent years two poems have been written which the coming generations must surely rank as worthy of a place beside those two undoubted compositions. The first of them is Thyrsis, by Mr. Arnold, the second of them Ave atque Vale, by Mr. Swinburne. The object of this article is to criticize in a somewhat crude way these new elegies.

The attempt to characterize in a few words or sentences the writings of an era we take to be one of the highest exploits of criticism, the successful attempt so to do one of its greatest achievements. True of literature generally, this is in a restricted sense particularly true of poetry. When, however, we compare the poetry of our own time with that of preceding periods, the comparison forces the admission that the characterization of it is not so considerable an achievement after all. This is the Tennysonian era. With the exception of Lord Byron, probably no poet has been during his lifetime more famous than the present laureate. Daily are his praises sung from Dan even unto Beersheba. And so long as his admirers, among whom we gladly rank ourselves, content themselves with appreciative and critical admiration, we have nothing to say. But admiration has degenerated into semi-idolatry. Evinces itself by demanding autographs, and by making persistent attempts to beat its way into the laureate's back-garden. Evinces itself in exalting the triviallest act of the great man into an important episode—into a national event. The smallest morsels of information concerning the poet's private life are sought after with an astonishing avidity. Ever and anon does the poet whet the appetite of his followers by conveying to them such morsels with his own hand. About a year ago were we not fired with indignation on learning that some impious scribbler had sent him a spiteful letter? And our indignation had scarce time to cool ere we were filled with apprehension on learning that Mr. Tennyson had been foolish enough to stand "on a tower in the wet," without an umbrella, and at twelve o' the night, which act at his time of life was, to say the very least of it, imprudent. The most fatal result of this excess of uncritical admiration for perhaps the greatest and certainly the most popular poet of his time, has been the suspicion with which fresh claimants have been regarded. We think that this fatal result has been particularly evident in the case of Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne,—more particularly in the case of the latter.

Mr. Tennyson's influence over the Philistine mind has here begotten not only suspicion, but positive aversion. Again, both poets have had the misfortune at an early period to be measured by the Pa-

ternoster-Row standard, — measured and found wanting. Paternoster Row is the Mount Sinai of the British Philistine. When Sinai thunders, Philistia trembles in its remotest boundary. And it is strange to reflect that of these two poets, round whose heads the thunders throbbed, the one had written "Empedocles on Etna," and the other "Atalanta in Calydon."

Thyrsis first appeared in Macmillan's Magazine for April, 1866, and is included in the volume entitled "New Poems," by Matthew Arnold, published last year. He calls it "A Monody to commemorate the author's friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at Florence, 1861." Mr. Swinburne's Ave atque Vale appeared in the Fortnightly Review for January, 1868, and is "in memory of Charles Baudelaire."

Both these poems afford excellent examples of the manner of their authors, — of their strength and of their weakness. In both poems there are points of resemblance equalled in number only by the points of dissimilarity. The spirit of the poets is the same; the same love of the old Greek days; the same aversion to Philistinism and its deeds. But of the two, the truer Grecian is Mr. Arnold. He may not feel so strongly, — he may not have as large an inspiration of the divine afflatus. But his achieved result is a perfectly proportioned thing, tried in every line. There is a calm dignity in the flow of it. It is a perfect work of art. A sculptured memorial of faultless outline in memory of Thyrsis fresh from the hand of Phidias. Swinburne's, on the other hand, resembles rather a gorgeous mausoleum, carved inside and out with glorious visions, only possible to the born poet. Leaving these particular compositions, and regarding the works of the two poets generally, may we not carry the comparison further? There is a vast difference between the panorama of their works, — a difference which excites surprise only when one reflects how similar the poets are in spirit, and that from the same source their inspiration appears to be drawn. I trust that in using the word "panorama of their works" I am not guilty of an expression so uncritical as to be unintelligible. I mean to convey by it simply the picture of the series of pictures produced by these artists, apart altogether from treatment.

Arnold leads us oftenest by the banks of quiet streams, where the water-flags kiss the wavelet, and where overhead is joyous melody of birds. The shepherds recline in the meadows, and the place is flooded with the music of their pipes. Swinburne, hating with a perfect hatred anything that pertains in the smallest degree to the idyllic school, leads us by the edges of dark seas, where angry waves eat into a barren shore, where we look on the ripple of rain, or hear hollow thunders through the hot night. Never does he show us a simple village maiden; we must always gaze on the perfect beauty of the Venus, — on the huge limbs of the Titans. We are led by no trickling brook, under no lengthening hedgerows. We move under black cliffs, and stand with our faces turned straight on "the blown wet face of the sea." In articles on criticism, Mr. Arnold cries for more urbanity in critical writings. That urbanity is just what he possesses in large measure, and is that in which Mr. Swinburne is deficient. If, however, Mr. Swinburne had more urbanity he would write less true poetry.

But to get back to our elegies.

The Thyrsis, it appears to us, is chiefly remarkable for the wonderful manner in which the poet has succeeded in clothing English scenes in a sort of classic garb. The humdrum circumstance of village life is elevated — glorified. All the places among which Thyrsis moved, ere yet "God's finger touched him," are reproduced, and the same-nesses and changes in them marked and commented upon with a tender grace: —

"How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!
In the two Hinckseys nothing keeps the same;
The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
And from the roofs the twisted chimney stacks."

Notwithstanding the unfortunate second line of this opening stanza of the Elegy, — in which "Hinckseys" strikes the ear as strange and unmusical, and in which "keeps the same" displays a desire to sacrifice correctness of expression to the exigencies of metre, — nothing can be more delicate and touching than these opening sentences. We are at once in sympathy with the poet. We see exactly what he sees, because he makes us move beside him. Mr. Arnold possesses in a large measure that power which is the laureate's greatest, and which one of the laureate's critics (Mr. Brimley) has very properly denominated presentative power. It is the power of presenting in a few well-chosen words the salient features of a landscape. In Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur" we have the finest illustration of it. In the poem now under consideration an illustration scarcely less fine; and with this difference, that here, while the spirit of Thyrsis haunts them, they are not mere English fields.

How forcibly this strikes us in the following lines: —

"Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here;
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick,
And with the country-folk acquaintance made,
By barn in threshing time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd pipes we first assayed.
Ah, me! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart,
Into the world and ware of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away."

In a recent essay, Mr. Helps, the talented author of "Friends in Council," warns his readers as to how they deal with adjectival power. The choice of adjectives is one of the nicest matters in composition. And, of course, in the writings of such a man as Arnold, we expect the most suitable and just use of qualifying words. We expect, and are not disappointed: —

"So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day,
When garden walks and all the grassy floor,
With blossoms red and white of fallen May,
And chestnut flowers are strewn —
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry
From the wet field, through the wet garden trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone and with the bloom go I."

On first reading these lines, this thought strikes one: "What a number of adjectives!" And one is at once then led to suppose that there are too many, — that the sentences are overstocked with them. But on reperusal who dare hint at alteration? Which of us would willingly erase the picture which stretches before us: "the wet fields," "the wet garden-trees," "the volleying rain," "the tossing breeze"?

Again, in the following lines, who would be heartless enough to propose the excision of a word: —

"Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon and the white evening star."

That object in the landscape in which the poet takes the greatest interest as intimately connected with his memory of the dead, the —

"Lonely tree against the western sky,"

is the object which now and then seems to the reader a blot, — an inharmonious something interfering with the quiet beauty of the landscape. It looms like a phantom through the poem : —

"Backed by the sunset which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening sky."

Now it is called : —

"The lone sky-pointing tree."

Again : —

"That single elm-tree bright
Against the west."

And always where it is thrown into the scene it suggests a weird loneliness, it conjures up a picture of the poet's great grief.

It will be seen that in speaking of this elegy we claim one of its chief merits (it has others, which will be hereinafter incidentally touched upon) to consist in the wonderful truth and beauty of its landscape. In turning to the second of our new elegies we shall have to deal with merit in an entirely different direction. No writer of our own time has *dared* so much in verse as Mr. Swinburne. Browning, it is true, has the most wonderful facility for dealing with the human heart, — with its motives, — with its most secret workings. His is a sort of mental vivisection. Swinburne attempts more. He follows the soul after its escape from earth. He would fain penetrate the impenetrable mysteries. And this indicates the chief point of difference between *Thyrsis* and *Ave atque Vale*. In the former the poet dwells among his memories. He finds in revisiting the old familiar paths solace, comfort, rest. Only once or twice does he timidly venture to follow "a long way off." But baffled, blinded, he returns as suddenly, and treads again the well-known fields. Swinburne, on the other hand, has no landscape of sunny memories in which to linger. He launches out after the soul of his friend. He gropes after the grand possibilities of his comrade's new existence. He revels among mysteries hidden behind the veil. The poem opens with one of those grand verses which will be set by after generations as one of the great facts of our literature : —

"Shall I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel,
Brother, on this that was the veil of thee?
Or quiet sea-flower moulded by the sea,
Or simplest growth of meadow-sweet or sorrel
Such as the summer-sleepy Dryads weave,
Waked up by snow-soft sudden rains at eve?
Or wilt thou rather, as on earth before,
Half-faded flowery blossoms, pale with heat
And full of bitter summers, but more sweet
To thee than gleanings of a northern shore
Trod by no tropic feet?"

The ineffable music, the exquisite rhythm of these lines cannot be over-praised. Coming upon them immediately after the calm and flawless verse of Arnold, one feels that it is turning from the poet of culture to the born poet. Arnold's elegy *might* have been written by one whose ability to write was founded on a loving and careful study of the accepted masters. Swinburne's verse is such as could only be uttered by a man with, what Carlyle, in his grand rough way, would call, the "divine gift of God" lodged in him.

Apostrophizing the dead, the poet proceeds to question him on the passage from life : —

"Is it not well where soul from body slips,
And flesh from bone divides without a pang,
As dew from flower-bell drips?"

Here it seems as though the poet felt that no audible answer from beyond the bourne is possible, and hastily changing his tone of inquiry, he strikes a higher and firmer note : —

"It is enough; the end and the beginning
Are one thing to thee who art past the end.
O hand unclasped of unbelohden friend,
For thee no fruits to pluck, no palms for winning,
No triumph, and no labor, and no lust,
Only dead yew leaves and a little dust.
O quiet eyes, wherein the light saith naught,
Whereto the day is dumb, nor any night,
With obscure finger silences your sight;
Nor in your speech the sudden soul speaks thought,
Sleep, and have sleep for light."

Then follow those lines in which the fancy is given freest rein. The departed brother is pictured as finding place "at the great knees and feet of some pale Titan-woman," — as reclining "under the shadow of her fair vast head," beside

"The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep,
The weight of awful tresses that still keep
The savor and shade of old-world pine-forests,
Where the wet hill-winds weep."

In this place one might urge a very humble but very honest protest against the dicta of certain spouters of commonplace criticism, who object to poets giving expression to such fancies as those just quoted, on the ground that, in these times of telegraphs and sewing-machines, of stock exchanges and velocipedes, it is an insult to our common sense, to say nothing of our religious feelings, for any man to hold and utter such old-world blasphemies. We object, first of all, to the very prevalent habit of making poets responsible for a belief in every expression which they may happen to let fall, unless that expression is explicitly stated as an article of creed, and unless it be in accord with the tenor of the author's whole writings. We object, secondly, to a poet — or any artist whatever — being restricted as to what flowers of thought he is at liberty to cull. An eagle in Regent's Park is an ignoble-looking bird enough. There are critics among us who would act the part of the Royal Zoological Society, and cage our poets. These fancies of Mr. Swinburne's, we dare say, are with him no matters of settled belief. And, indeed, it is of no special interest to resolve the question as to whether they are or not. It is grand poetic thought. It is true artistic work. So far only should we be interested in it. Possibly enough there be those in Paternoster Row who affect a holy horror there anent. We have yet to learn that the verdict of Paternoster Row has ever been accepted as final on matters of art.

We must, however, let this over-long parenthesis determine.

Having permitted his song to fly after the "sweet strange elder singer," and having caught in the flight only

"Some dim derision of mysterious laughter
From the blind, tongueless warders of the dead,
Some gainless glimpse of Proserpine's veiled head,"

the poet is forced to mourn his inability to follow successfully the fled spirit. And he bewails it in lines altogether unforgettable : —

"Thou art far too far off for wings of words to follow,
Far too far off for thought or any prayer.
What ails us with thee who art wind and air?"

What ails us gazing where all seen is hollow?
Yet with some fancy, yet with some desire,
Dreams pursue death as winds a plying fire,
Our dreams pursue our dead and do not find.
Still, and more swift than they, the thin flame flies,
Her low light falls us in elusive skies,
Still the foiled earnest ear is deaf, and blind
Are still the eluded eyes."

In the stanzas following that quoted the poet pictures the Muses weeping, and the "God of all suns and songs" bending "to mix his laurel" with the dead poet's "cypress crown." Then the writer himself joins in the moving throng, or rather follows it. After the voice of the gods there comes the soft human strain, the first lines of it somewhat reminiscent of certain of Mr. Arnold's philosophies:—

"There is no help for these things; none to mend
And none to mar; not all our songs, O friend,
Will make death clear or make life durable.
Howbeit with rose and ivy and wild vine,
And with wild notes about this dust of thine,
At least I fill the place where white dreams dwell,
And wreath an unseen shrine."

The memorable music of Swinburne's *Ave atque Vale* ends in a strain worthy of its noble first notes:—

"For thee, O now a silent soul, my brother,
Take at my hands this garland and farewell.
Thin is the leaf and chill the wintry smell,
And chill the solemn earth a fatal mother,
With sadder than the Niobeian womb
And in the hollow of her breasts a tomb.
Content thee howsoever, whose days are done;
There lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore."

In a crude, suggestive way we have endeavored to point out the beauties of our new elegies. We claim for Mr. Swinburne's the highest place, as approaching more nearly the standard of English elegy, as striking a loftier note, as pouring forth a wilder and grander music. Arnold's is the music of a harp played by the waters. Swinburne's the rush and wail of an organ struck on its keys by a master-hand. Both poems constitute so important an addition to our stock of elegies that no student of English literature can afford to slight or ignore them.

WILLIAM LIBRI.

THIS celebrated man of both science and letters died at Fiesole, near Florence, on the evening of Tuesday, September 28, after long and exhausting illness. We cannot pretend to give any sufficient account. He was born very soon after the beginning of the century, — we believe in 1803, — was of a very ancient family, and bore an ancient title. This he tried to drop, both in France and England, but without success. In vain was he Guillaume Libri and nothing else on his title-pages; his servants were determined to be the servants of a Count, and the directories were instructed accordingly. His early successes in mathematical research and in literary investigation, his political opposition to the Austrian Government, his flight into France, his cordial reception there, nomination to the Institute, and appointment to various scientific offices, bring him to the age of thirty, or thereabouts. While in France, he published the four volumes of his history of science in Italy. This work was not to the taste of his French hosts; it vindicated claims which the French writers had endeavored to refute or suppress.

At this time Libri was rich, both by his French

appointments and his Italian patrimony. An ardent collector of books and manuscripts, he had got together such a library of Italian history as will hardly be seen again. He offered the whole collection, of which the Italian was the most prominent part, to the French nation, on condition of its being preserved together as the Libri Collection. The offer was refused; but M. Guizot remembers it well and gave evidence of it, which the framers of the subsequent indictment, or discussion called an indictment, found it convenient to suppress, when they represented the whole collection as stolen in the heart of Paris.

The boldness of his opposition and the force of his satire made him enemies; and he did not try to disarm hostility. It is a favorite practice in France to accuse book-collectors of stealing; and it seems as if the intrinsic probability of the charge is not small in that country; the book-stalls throughout Europe show evidences of extensive pillage of French collections. A secret Report was forwarded to M. Guizot a few days before the revolution of 1848, imputing, not merely small fraud, but extensive robbery.

When the revolution broke out, Libri was immediately threatened with popular vengeance on political grounds, and was advised to depart at once. He did so, and his flight was followed by the publication of the Report above mentioned, and much crowing. But Libri had managed to save documents which afforded a complete answer.

Then followed the long chain of persecution by seizure of his French books and effects, by indictment, by conviction *par contumace*, &c. The gems of this controversy are almost unmatched. One of the books named in the indictment laid against him had the Mazarine stamp upon it, but it had been standing in our King's Library at the British Museum for a century. Another was in its place in the Mazarine Library itself. Another had been bought by Molini in open market long before. As to knowledge, the French experts read S. Jo. (*Sancti Johannis*) as *sancti decem*. Our readers will find all this and more in old numbers of this journal, which was the first that opened its columns to Libri's defence. We need hardly repeat that those who attend to books, in every part of Europe, are satisfied not merely of Libri's entire innocence, but of the malicious absurdity of the charges.

His life in England was diversified by several splendid sales of his collections. He gradually sank into ill-health, and more than a year ago resolved to try the air of Switzerland and Italy. In the last twenty years of his life he did nothing for the history of science except the notes to the rarities of his sales.

We hold Libri to be the man who, for this century, has won the *palm of double strength*, who has shown the greatest joint force in literature and science. In truth, through the whole course of history we find none but Leibnitz who can be set up for discussion against him. This is a bold assertion to make at this early period; but we have formed our opinion very gradually, and are confident it will be finally accepted.

Libri had strong enemies and strong rivals; a man of his temperament was sure to have both. His great enemy was Arago; his great rival — at least, so the French Institute said — was Michel Chasles. He lived to see both removed below comparison. Arago, head of the French Observatory, gave out in lectures, year after year, and left for

publication, that the sun causes all the precession and the moon all the nutation. Michel Chasles, just before Libri's death, informed the world that he has to prosecute a paltry forger for making him believe that Hannah Smith signed herself "Miss Anne Ascough Newton." We cannot allow the anagram which we gave to drop, — "Sign such a name, son! not we!"

If we had had a new gunpowder plot, it would have been circulated in France that Libri was the principal Guy Faux. He was charged with being the author of the Pascal forgeries. He it was who, almost bedridden, wrote and dictated (it was said) thousands of letters with no greater object than the mystification of an old opponent!

In old English romance, we know how greatly the prowess of the Saracens was respected by the accounts given, in deadly hate, of the size and forces of their champions. In like manner, we see that Libri was, to the French world of science, the "griff Soldan."

Libri was twice married. His first wife was a Frenchwoman of varied literary accomplishments, who showed her opinion of him by giving him her hand the moment the indictment appeared. His second, who survives, is a young English lady, who in regard and admiration for his character, and compassion for his lonely state, undertook the task of watching and smoothing his path to the grave.

OUR FRIENDS' FRIENDS.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that, as a general rule, there are few people so disagreeable to us as our friends' friends. The merest stranger has a better chance of exciting a kindly interest in our breasts than the most valued friend of our dearest friend. We hardly acknowledge this to ourselves; still less would we permit our feelings to be known to the world. When some one who has been praised beforehand is introduced by a friend we answer, "Any friend of yours is welcome"; "I am delighted to make the acquaintance of one of whom I have heard so much"; or some polite phrase of this kind; but while we give utterance to the conventionalism we are conscious of a latent prejudice against the stranger. This feeling is not confined to individual friends; it extends to whole families. It influences women in a still stronger degree than it does men. Perhaps in the ordinary affairs of life, they are more unselfish than the other sex, but they are certainly more exacting and intolerant where the affections are concerned.

To this secret jealousy between friends, the author of *Realmah*, in a passing allusion to the subject, gives the name of *claimative* an addition to the language for which we are much indebted to him. It is felt more or less by the majority of mankind, but in some sensitive, diffident natures it is intensified to a painful degree. Men of a poetic temperament are more apt to suffer from this unhappy disposition than their more prosaic neighbors. An eminent writer has observed that in order to be successful and happy, it is necessary to want refinement to a certain extent, and no doubt it would conduce very much to our happiness if we were blind to small slights and snubs. Now claimative people are over-refined and sensitive; they are not only keenly alive to all intentional slights, but they imagine insults that are never meant, and not unfrequently suppose that they themselves have given offence when such is not the case; taxing themselves

with some trifling omission, which probably nobody noticed but themselves.

Any one who possesses a claimative friend knows that he is not the pleasantest sort of acquaintance one could have, but for the sake of his good and noble qualities we bear with his crotchets. When you invite him to your house, he notes whether his reception is as cordial as usual, and whether you pay more attention to other guests. If he hears that you have confided in, or consulted any other friend, he feels hurt that he had not been first acquainted with the matter. If he passes you in a public assembly while you are conversing with any one, he thinks you saluted him coldly. If he sees you intimate with other people, he comes to the conclusion that these "new friends" must necessarily supersede him in your esteem. If you are dull or out of spirits in his company, he thinks you are vexed with him, and silence he interprets as sulkiness.

Your claimative friend is an exemplary correspondent, while you perhaps are not; and if, when from home for any length of time, you do not transmit an account of yourself to him regularly, he feels deeply wounded, and tells you reproachfully that the pursuit of money, ambition, or pleasure, would never induce him to forget an early friend. If he meets with any reverse of fortune he takes it for granted that his friends intend to drop his acquaintance; he carefully avoids meeting you, and, if it happens accidentally, he crosses to the other side of the street, and won't look in your direction till you catch him by the arm. These are the unpleasantnesses appertaining to a claimative friend; but they are outbalanced by his sterling qualities, — a high sense of honor, a scrupulous conscientiousness, generosity, sincerity, and a tender-heartedness almost womanly, that secures for him the forbearance which is extended towards the weaker sex; not because he is weak, but because it is the affectionateness of his nature which makes him so exacting.

These finely strung natures suffer; they sometimes weary us with their complaints, but they do not cry out half so often as they are hurt; and they do not feel the less keenly because their wounds are often self-inflicted. Gerald Griffin, himself a perfect type of the claimative man, refined, sensitive self-distrustful, warm-hearted, has well expressed the feelings of his class in the following verses: —

"My soul is sick and lone,
No social ties its love entwine;
A heart upon a desert thrown
Beats not in solitude like mine.
For though the pleasant sunlight shine,
It shows no form that I may own;
And closed to me is friendship's shrine:
I am alone! I am alone!

"It is no joy for me
To mark the fond and eager meeting
Of friends whom absence pined, and see
The love-lit eyes speak forth their greeting;
For then a silly voice repeating
What oft hath woke its deepest moan,
Startles my heart and stays its beating:
I am alone! I am alone!

"I have a heart; — I'd live
And die for him whose worth I knew,
But could not clasp his hand and give
My full heart forth as talkers do.
And they who loved me — the kind few —
Believed me changed in heart and tone;
And left me, while it burned as true,
To live alone! To live alone!"

We do not all feel as keenly as this; but we have almost all been sufficiently "misunderstood" at times to make us sympathize with the heart-wounds of our too sensitive friends. But while we compassionate, we cannot but condemn a habit of mind so

destructive to the happiness of its owner. Instead of recognizing it as a fault of character, and trying to check his jealous tendencies, the claimative man plumes himself on his proud reserve and his quickness to take offence. The stag would not barter his beauty, his grace, his fleetness, for the thick impenetrable skin of the rhinoceros, which no weapon can wound; so he hugs and cherishes his delicate sensibility till it grows into a grave fault. Underneath his bashful reserve there is a latent vanity, a consciousness of unrecognized merit, mingling with a want of confidence in his own power of commanding respect. It is not modesty but pride which keeps him from putting himself forward and claiming his proper position. If you do not recognize his worth, it is not for him to make it known to you; he will not condescend to compete with rivals whom he holds in contempt; if you could think him capable of such and such, it would be hardly worth his while to explain the matter; if you could have so misinterpreted his actions, how could he ever hope to be properly understood by you? And so he wraps his soul in such a mantle of reserve that his friends

"Believe him changed in heart and tone,
And leave him, while it burns as true,
To live alone! To live alone!"

He believes himself to be "misunderstood" by everybody; and so he is to a certain extent; but it is chiefly the fault of his own reticence; and moreover he misunderstands others quite as often as they do him.

In reality the claimative character only experiences in an exaggerated degree a feeling common to all mankind. It is, doubtless, a proof of the innate selfishness of the human heart, that we do not like any one to occupy so high a place in our friends' esteem or affection as we do. Jealousy is a species of selfishness which, though not so gross as other phases of the disorder, is more insidious, because it cloaks itself under the name of love. Even in its mildest form it ought to be guarded against. We ought to try to like our friends' friends for their sakes, and take it for granted that they know who know them longest are best able to estimate their worth. It would contribute very much to kind feeling, if we could extend to social intercourse some of the toleration which we are beginning to experience in politics and religion, and endeavor in all the relations of life to regard our friends' friends as ours also.

FOREIGN NOTES.

LONDON is at present suffering grievously from the scarlet fever.

MR. FECHTER is, it is stated, to leave for the United States in December.

DUTTON COOKE, the novelist, is the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette.

THE London Morning Star has shot from its sphere, and disappeared from the public view.

M. JULES SIMON has been lecturing at Bordeaux for the benefit of sufferers by the late disastrous fire.

THE real author of the Junius Letters is discovered once every five years with commendable regularity.

AN appropriate tomb to the memory of Samuel Lover, the poet, has been placed in the Kensal Green

Cemetery. The tomb is of pure white Carrara marble, and on the top is a shadow cross, after the celebrated one at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.

LONDON theatrical gossip says that Formosa has already cleared about £10,000, for Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Chatterton.

THE death is announced of the sculptor Pierre Hébert, author of the well-known group of the Child and the Tortoise.

THE Countess Guiccioli is now engaged in writing a memoir of her husband, the late Marquis de Boissy — poor man!

A NEW play by Mr. Halliday founded on "David Copperfield" is meeting with great success at the Olympic Theatre, London. Mr. Halliday calls his drama "Little Em'ly."

THE last number of the North British Review contains a very careful critical paper on Browning's new poem, "The Ring and the Book." The Diaries of Henry Crabb Robinson meet with an appreciative examination in the Edinburgh Review.

M. LOUIS LACAZE, a well-known amateur and collector of paintings has just died in Paris, and has left his gallery of pictures to the Louvre, on condition that they should be placed together in a room, to be named after him. The collection is valued at two millions of francs.

ORDERS have been given that the new opera-house in Paris is to be completed and opened on the 15th of August, 1870. The scaffolding is now being erected on the summit of the building for the erection of the bronze Pegasus, which has lately been exhibited in front of the palace in the Champs Elysées.

THE London Times tells this rather severe story about the British navy: "When the French iron-clad fleet visited Spithead, and the Admiral in command of our Channel Fleet signalled for all officers who could speak French to come on board the flagship and accompany the pilots to the French vessels, only one officer out of the entire fleet came forward in answer to the summons."

M. AUBER thinks it injudicious to remind the Fates of his age, lest Atropos should remember how long she has neglected her business. The other day M. Carafa, a composer well known in Paris, who is eighty-two years old, celebrated his birthday, and asked Auber to the gathering. The aged maestro declined in the following terms: "I think it savors too much of irony towards Providence to let the birthday of an old man of eighty-two be celebrated by an old man of eighty-six."

MADAME ERNST, for whose benefit a chair of poetry has just been created by special decree in the Sorbonne, is described as a young widow of thirty-five, with a stately and graceful bearing, a glance that would seem almost masculine, if it were not tempered by an expression of melancholy, and a strong, sonorous, and singularly flexible voice, as melodious as a harp, and quite equal to the requirements of the lecture-room. Her husband was the composer and violinist, Ernst. He died in 1865, after a happy union of ten years. The desire of perpetuating his memory lent inspiration to his widow; she became a sculptor by instinct, and herself modelled his tomb. Her subsequent lectures

on French poetry attracted the attention of all Paris, and opened to her the gates of that ancient institution, the Sorbonne. Before her marriage she had acted with Rachel, and for two years had been the leading tragedienne at the Odéon.

It is asserted by the *Mechanic's Magazine* that one hour after the gas of London is lighted the air is de-oxygenized as much as if 500,000 people had been added to its population. During the combustion of oil, tallow, gas, &c., water is produced as well as carbonic acid; in cold weather we see it condensed on the windows. By the burning of gas twenty-four hours in London more water, it is estimated, is produced than would supply an emigrant ship on her voyage from England to Australia.

Not very long since, the first King of Siam received the present of a Highland dress complete. After a diligent and thoughtful study of their shape and materials, the monarch believed himself to comprehend the use of these strange garments, and, in great contentment, summoned the court tailor. This official received instructions to prepare forthwith three hundred copies of the model, made to measure of the three hundred royal wives, who, for several months afterwards, invariably attended on their husband in the "garb of old Gaul."

A MAGIC concert has been recently given in Paris. The audience assembled in a drawing-room, and on a platform was placed a piano, violin, violoncello, and harp, but no performers. At a given signal the overture to "William Tell" was heard issuing from the orchestra. Unlike the so-called spiritual manifestations, the affair took place in broad daylight. The effect was produced by artists in another room playing on identical instruments connected by means of bars of wood with the instruments in the orchestra. The vibrations were carried through these rods (which were enclosed by non-conductors), sympathy causing the instruments to sound together. This curious effect was first shown at the Royal Institution of London, by Sir W. Wheatstone.

THE Elberfeld Gazette remarks that, though Count Bismarck is ready enough to impose new taxes on the people, he is very reluctant to pay taxes himself. His income, it adds, is composed of 4,000 thalers as Minister for Lauenburg, 12,000 thalers as President of the Prussian Cabinet, 6,000 thalers table money, and a free residence; and if we add to this the interest on the gratuity of 400,000 thalers which he received at Christmas, 1867, his warmest friends need not be anxious about his expenditure. Yet, proceeds the Gazette, Count Bismarck has addressed a long petition to the revenue department, in which he not only appeals against being charged income tax on more than one half of his official income, but asks that 15 thalers which he paid during the year for receipt stamps may be exempted from the tax.

SIDNEY DOBELL, who was recently injured by an unruly mare, does not wish the accident attributed to his want of horsemanship. "A king of France," he says, in a note to a London paper, "is not half a king of France if he cannot ride. A poet may, however, be a poet without being a horseman. But when he is both, there is an equestrian pride about him which an old Roman might have approved and a modern Briton will not cen-

sure. As you have done me the honor to mention my late accident, perhaps you will excuse the vanity of one who has been accustomed from childhood to the saddle, if I offer an explanatory remark. The injuries from which I am now recovering were not due to my fall, but to the weight of the mare upon me. She had been vainly endeavoring to give me a fall, and threw herself over because she could not succeed. We did not part company till close to the ground."

THE Moscow Gazette publishes a curious letter from Constantinople on the subject of the Holy Places. Some years ago, says the correspondent, Russia, France, and Turkey agreed to restore the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. After the work had been duly completed and inspected by the representatives of the three Powers, the keys of the entrance to the upper gallery, which had been in the possession of the French architect, were given up to the Greek patriarch, in the presence of the Russian consul and the Turkish governor. The Greek patriarch is regarded by the Turks as the lawful possessor of these keys, but the Roman Catholic clergy deny his claim to them, and have loudly expressed their dissatisfaction at the conduct of the Turkish authorities. It is to be hoped, however, adds the Russian paper, "that the interests of the Greek clergy will be secured in this matter as well as in that of the restoration of the curtain which was damaged in the fire which lately took place in the cave of Bethlehem."

It is announced that a novelty will shortly appear in London in the shape of "Mdm Natator, the lady frog, who will perform some remarkable feats in an aquarium." "We have seen such remarkable feats performed by ladies out of aquariums," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "that it will indeed be a gratifying novelty to see them inside a tank, and nothing they can do there is likely to surprise us; indeed, if the feats to be performed in any way resemble some of the recent exhibitions, an aquarium well hidden with weeds will be a very proper arena for the exhibition. We learn also from the Musical Standard that the ballet-master of a French theatre is 'training a monstrous snake to take part in a ballet, the scene of which is laid in the Garden of Eden.' The Musical Standard is inclined to discredit the statement; but we think that nothing can be more natural on the stage, as at present conducted, than to see Adam and Eve pirouetting out of Paradise and dancing a *pas de deux* in the presence of the cherubim with the flaming sword. We fear, however, that the serpent will find the fall of man has gone rather farther than he intended. It will be necessary to instruct the *corps de ballet* that in the Scriptural account the absence of clothing preceded instead of following the fall."

It is now known that Denis Vrain Lucas is the name of the palæontologic archivist who furnished M. Chasles with the forged documents which that gentleman presented to the Academy of Sciences in support of his assertion that Pascal was the real discoverer of the law of gravitation. Lucas, a little olive-complexioned man, was born in 1816 at Laneray, and commenced life as a servant; he then became a copying clerk, and was afterwards engaged at Châteaudun in a mortgage office, where he acquired a taste for old parchments. He afterwards came to Paris, and had a hard time of it till he fell

in with M. Chasles, whose bounty enabled him to breakfast at the Café Riche; he passed his afternoons in the Imperial Library, studying the fifteen volumes left by Galileo, and in the evening he prepared documents for his patron at the house of a *petite dame*. When Lucas was arrested he was drawing up an authentic memoir to prove that the velocipede was an invention of the reign of Louis XIV., and there is no knowing into what a slough of absurdity this quondam domestic might not have dragged his credulous savant but for the Academy of Florence. No similar abuse of confidence has been known in Paris since a rich collector was persuaded to purchase an obelisk nearly as large as that in the Place de la Concorde, which turned out to be made of pasteboard. M. Chasles is still loath to think himself entirely deceived.

THE Inverness Courier, in noticing the announcement of an autobiography of this celebrated lady, preserver of Prince Charles, which has been carefully preserved in the family record-chest, and is now preparing for publication by Mr. Nimmo, of Edinburgh, observes: "That none of our Scottish historians or topographers, who explored so minutely the wanderings and vicissitudes of Charles Edward, seem to have been aware of the existence of the above manuscript. Flora—or Flory, as she signed her name in her marriage contract—had a singular and romantic career, and if she recorded fully her own trials and the state of the Highlands in the middle of last century, her autobiography cannot fail to possess interest. She was in her twenty-fourth year when she gallantly risked her own freedom to preserve that of Prince Charles. By the Jacobites of that day she was idolized. A private subscription was opened for her, which soon amounted to £1,500, and she sat to Allan Ramsay for her portrait, still preserved in Oxford. The features are decidedly Celtic, the complexion dark, contrasting with the ample white rose that decorates the bust. Boswell and Johnson describe her in 1773 as a little woman of genteel appearance and pleasing address.

When she returned, the heroine of the day to the Highlands, her society was courted by all classes, and between three and four years afterwards she gave her hand to young Kingsburgh, who was the model of a Highlander in countenance, figure, dress, and speech. Affairs do not seem to have gone prosperously with them, and in 1774 Flora and her husband emigrated to North Carolina. When the war broke out Kingsburgh joined the Royalist forces, was taken prisoner, but regained his liberty, and served with the 84th in Canada. They returned, and it is related that the vessel in which Flora and her husband sailed was attacked by a French privateer, and while the Celtic heroine stood on deck bravely animating the seamen, she was thrown down and one of her arms broken. She was destined, however, to die at home at last, departing in her sixty-eighth year, in 1790, and her shroud being formed of part of the sheets in which Prince Charles slept at Kingsburgh. Here are materials for romantic biography! The hair-breadth escapes of the royal wanderer,—the state of the Highlands while society yet retained some of the picturesque features of clanship,—the emigrant voyage across the Atlantic and the subsequent American war,—the perilous return to Britain,—and the final ten years of peace while all was changing in the Highlands and Islands, and the old race was disappear-

ing from the land,—such are the striking events in the life of Flora Macdonald.

THE Cologne Gazette publishes some further particulars of the murder of Miss Tinné, the traveller. It says that it appears from a letter from Herr Rossi, the Austrian Consul at Tripoli, that the unfortunate lady was the victim of a dispute between two tribes of the Tuaregg race. On arriving at Mursuk she obtained an escort from Ichnuchen, the most powerful chief of this tribe, to take her to their camp, where she purposed to spend the summer. Unfortunately the escort consisted of Ichnuchen's enemies, who determined to revenge themselves upon him by murdering his *protégée*. Miss Tinné, of course, knew nothing of this, and went with them in full confidence, though she was warned by the Turkish governor of Mursuk that there were dissensions among the Tuareggs. Two Dutchmen, a sailor, and a boy, who were the only Europeans in her escort, were all murdered at the same time as herself. According to another version, also published in the Cologne Gazette which is given in a letter to the African traveller Rohlf from Mr. Chapman, the British vice-consul at Bengazi, Miss Tinné was murdered by her escort because she was an obstacle to a plundering expedition which they wished to make in the land of the Jiraffi tribe. The brother of the chief of the escort had been murdered by this tribe, and they accordingly proposed, instead of going to their camp direct, to make a long *detour* by way of Bilma, where they intended to attack the Jiraffis. To this Miss Tinné objected, and they then determined to put her out of the way. Mr. Chapman thus describes the murder:—

"A dispute occurred between the camel drivers, and the two Dutchmen in Miss Tinné's suite went off to the spot to restore order, leaving the lady standing in front of her tent surrounded by the Tuaregg chiefs. Meanwhile the dispute grew warmer, and Miss Tinné advanced a few steps to be able to see it more closely. The chief who stood behind her took this opportunity of striking her down with his broadsword. She gave a loud shriek and sank inanimate to the ground. Hearing the screams of their mistress, the Dutchmen ran to the tent, but were cut down before they could get their arms. The murderers then broke open the metal jars with which the camels were loaded, thinking that they must be full of gold or silver, and were much disappointed on finding that they contained nothing but water. . . . There were from fifty to seventy negroes in Miss Tinné's suite, but they were not all made slaves, only the youngest and best-looking. Among these was a little negress of the Niam-Niam tribe named Ismina, who was a great favorite with Miss Tinné. The remaining negroes returned to Mursuk with the news."

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer in December, 1804. His father, who is supposed to have belonged to an old Jansenist family, was a "contrôleur principal des droits réunis"; his mother was an Englishwoman, of a religious turn, who made him familiar at an early age with the works of the eminent modern poets of her own language. By his proficiency in classical studies he distinguished himself at the colleges Charlemagne and Bourbon, and his Latin compositions in prose and verse gained for him a high reputation. He was at first destined for the medical profession, but he soon devoted himself to

literature, and his earliest contributions were to *Le Globe*, of which M. Dubois, formerly his professor of rhetoric, was chief editor. The war between the classic and romantic schools was then at its height, and Sainte-Beuve showed his zeal as a partisan of the former by an attack on the "Odes and Ballads" of Victor Hugo. The poet, however, took care to convert an enemy into a friend, and invited Sainte-Beuve to the *réunions* at his house in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, when he became one of the click headed by his host, De Vigny, Albert de Musset, the two Deschamps, and others. The works written by Sainte-Beuve under this influence were the "Tableau de la Littérature Française au Seizième Siècle," and the "Poésies de Joseph Delorme," which he gave as the posthumous compositions of a medical student, dead through a pulmonary complaint. Other emanations belonging to the same period were "Les Consolations," and, somewhat later, "Les Pensées d'Août." A private difference with M. Hugo broke the connection between them, and to this is attributed the appearance of Sainte-Beuve as an iconoclast of his former idols. The change occasioned an article in the *Figaro* by Alphonse Karr, entitled "L'Affreux Bonhomme," in which Sainte-Beuve was not indeed mentioned by name, but so described that the object of the satire could not be mistaken. His literary career was continued in the *Revue de Paris* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and in 1830 he became connected with the *National*, and attached himself to Lamennais, under whose influence, it is supposed, he wrote his novel "Volupté," the subject of which is the war of the flesh with the spirit. His predilection for the Jansenism of his family was shown by his "Histoire de Port-Royal," which had originally appeared as a series of lectures to the citizens of Lausanne. Of the "Causeries de Lundi," by which his name is best known in this country, there are two series, one extending from 1851 to 1857 the other from 1863 to 1869.

The political tergiversation of his later days rendered Sainte-Beuve extremely unpopular with the Liberal party, and an uproar which took place in 1853, when at the Collège de France he inaugurated the course of Latin poetry, is remembered among the notabilia of that day. Not only did the students produce every sound of which the human lungs are capable, but benches were torn up and doors wrenched from their hinges; and the professor, who had come to discourse on Virgil, was forced to retreat unheard. He afterwards derived consolation from the grant of two Government offices. As a literary laborer he has died in harness, having written for *Le Temps* nearly to the close of his life. His important work on Proudhon is left unfinished.

THE Pall Mall Gazette asks if it is not a sign of the times that a fashion has set in for the most sumptuous and elaborate wax-dolls? Little ladies, following the instinct which made them nurse their toys long ago, used to be content with a very simple and candid effigy indeed. The toilet of the doll then was generally left to the taste of the owner; and it was supposed in itself to be a sort of liberal education in the fine art of millinery to devise garments for the figure which, from the neck downwards, was composed of honest cotton stuffed with sawdust. But the doll, like the legitimate drama and some other things, has sadly declined from primi-

itive simplicity. She has now become a grand demoiselle with a chignon, high-heeled, brass-tipped boots, and an eyeglass. She is endowed with parts of speech. On being squeezed round the waist she raises her eyeglass in the correct mode and barks; the organ of language inside her girdle being as yet imperfectly developed. A gentle pressure which may be surreptitiously exercised in the palm of her hand causes her to arch her eyebrows in the most natural way in the world. She has not to put up with the makeshift limbs peculiar to the species. She is real wax from head to foot, and is as anatomical as an ordinary statuette. The doll artist does not stop here. He has gone further and devised handsome young gentlemen for the young ladies to play with. Perfect ducks of boys with knickerbockers and curly wigs and red lips, sailors, highlanders, and the like, are displayed for choice, and are desired almost as much as the female poppets. Then, again, we have whole babies of full size, and of a most disconcerting resemblance to life, constructed for the amusement of the young. In one shop may be seen a round dozen of infants quite equal to anything that Madame Tussaud's connections could turn out, and infants of a plump quality put forward in a manner horribly suggestive to an imaginative mind of the sort of eating wigwam or dining house that might exist among cannibal Indians. By means of a simple piece of string these children can be made to cry and move their legs and arms, while the appropriate bassinet can also be purchased on the premises. The Saturday Review should look to this. An early familiarity with French mannikins (the male dolls are, we believe, imported from Paris) must tend to give an unwholesome impulse to the craving of the sex for flirtation. Is it good for our children to familiarize them with the garnishing and the fixed airs of the fast girl? A deal of neat satire might be made out of these points, but seriously it is a pity to mark the decay of simpletonianism, even in the fashion of dolls. The notion of making them large and elaborate is monstrous and ghastly, there being nothing on this side the grave more unpleasant than the dead-alive gape, stare, and hue of the lumpish simulacra of a wax show. The confidences of a child with dolly must be broken and spoiled completely when the plaything either frightens or imposes upon the child's fancy. The mannikin and the Brobdignagian infant ought to be banished from the toy shops altogether. The former is to be detested not only upon social grounds, but on the grounds of expense, and for having to a certain extent put our ancient friend Jack-in-the-box out of countenance. What between the superb dolls of both sexes, Siamese links, chemical serpents, and the rest of it, Jack's place knows him no more, and this is to be regretted. The element of surprise, the one trick which Jack had in him, would be of more recreative service to small folk than the modish marionettes or the ingenious snakes and "sells" which tend to make their patrons wise or foolish before their time; but we are afraid we plead in vain for Jack and for the doll of rags and bran. Noah's ark itself has fallen into contempt with most young people. We can remember when this ark, with its contents (including Japhet), was taken for granted as a thing for belief and enjoyment by children generally: now there is almost a taint of Biblical criticism, or what resembles it, born with the rising generation, and nothing will do for them but microscopes and dolls that are humaner with a certain ironical truth.

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TWENTY-ONE MONTHS OF SILENCE.

It happened on a summer evening, now something more than two years ago, that the surgeon of a certain regiment of high standing then quartered at Chatham, was engaged in his surgery in making some experiments of a chemical sort, when one of the men belonging to the regiment came to the door and desired to have speech with him. This man was a private, John Strong by name, lately enlisted, and not remarkable hitherto as having in any way shown himself to be different from the rest of the rank and file of the corps. He had come to the doctor, he said, to complain of the state of his health. He felt so "queer" all over, as he described it; could not settle down to any occupation; was cold and hot by turns; had pains all over his body and limbs, and was altogether very much "out of sorts." After hearing all this, and after having recourse to the usual pulse-feeling, and tongue-inspecting formula, the doctor wrote the man an order for admission to the infirmary, and, telling him to go to bed immediately, promised to visit him when he made his usual rounds the first thing next morning.

True to his promise, at an early hour on the following day the regimental surgeon, whom we will call Dr. Curzon, went to the infirmary, and made his way to the bedside of the new patient, expecting to find him suffering from some slight feverish attack, or some other trifling ailment, which a day or two's quiet, and a dose of medicine, would quickly set right. The aspect of the invalid, as the surgeon approached the bed, was even more encouraging than he had expected, and Dr. Curzon was on the point of giving him his views on the subject of false alarms when, happening to look more attentively at the patient than he had done before, he observed that Private Strong was gesticulating in a very extraordinary manner, and especially twisting his mouth and jaws into a variety of strange and unearthly contortions, as if in an ineffectual attempt to utter some articulate sounds, which would not come forth. On examining him yet more attentively, the doctor observed that a sheet of paper was lying on his breast, on which was written the following inscription: "I HAVE HAD A FIT IN THE NIGHT, AND HAVE LOST THE POWER OF SPEAKING."

Dr. Curzon had been an army-surgeon for many a long year, and had come in contact with numberless instances of deceit and shamming, practised by soldiers with the view of obtaining a discharge. He remembered how some of them had, to his own

certain knowledge, assumed to be mad or idiotic; how others had scratched raw places on their limbs, and bound over them penny-pieces (in the days of the old copper coinage) or even rubbed them with phosphorus got from lucifer matches, in order to make such abrasions resemble sores of a dangerous and incurable sort. Then, besides, there are books written on this subject full of the most wonderful examples of feigning in the matter of disease, such simulation being sometimes engaged in with a view to some special object, and sometimes (but this almost invariably by women) with the desire of attracting attention and winning a kind of renown. Among men this simulating of disease — malingering it is called in military phrase — is resorted to with a specific intention. "The sufferings imposed by malingers on themselves," says Gavin on Feigned Diseases, "are infinitely greater than any punishment a commanding officer would dare to inflict; thus a soldier for a period of eighteen months walked with his body bent forward so that his arms reached within two inches of the ground." In another a discharge "was so eagerly coveted that a man had his arm shot through to obtain it"; while in another place, when treating of the extreme difficulty of getting hold of any evidence by means of which the malingering may be criminated, he expresses shrewdly enough his opinion that "there is a kind of Freemasonry among soldiers which is perhaps conducive to the harmony of the barrack-room, but which by preventing the exemplary from exposing the worthless, and by holding up the informer as an object of universal abhorrence, renders it extremely difficult to obtain an accurate knowledge of the various means of simulating disease." Another medical authority proclaims that he has "no doubt that methods have been systematized for simulating disease, and that these are preserved in many regiments and handed over for the benefit of those who may be inclined to make a trial of them."

Dr. Curzon questioned the other occupants of the infirmary, and especially those who slept in the beds which stood one on each side of that occupied by Private Strong, as to whether they had seen or heard anything of this seizure or fit, by which the dumb man professed to have been attacked in the night. Not one of them knew anything about it, and it was evident that if the man had ever really been the victim of such a seizure, he had taken it very quietly, and had not thought it necessary to disturb his companions; which, even supposing dumbness to have been one of the first symptoms of his attack, he might easily have done, the very

fact of his having inscribed the particulars of his case upon the paper which the doctor found lying on his breast proving that he was certainly in possession of all his other faculties.

Dr. Curzon proceeded next to subject the patient himself to a very searching examination. He addressed several questions to him — for the man did not profess to be deaf as well as dumb — and bade him try at least to utter some kind of sound, more or less articulate, in answer; but beyond several extravagant distortions of the features generally, and much ineffectual opening and shutting of the mouth particularly, no response whatever was to be obtained. Next the doctor set himself to ascertain whether there was — as might certainly have been expected — any loss of power in connection with any other of the faculties. No such thing. The man was in all other respects perfectly healthy and vigorous, and not only was so, but looked so. Lastly, Dr. Curzon proceeded to engage in a prolonged scrutiny of the man's vocal chords, using an instrument made expressly for the purpose of such examinations, by means of which the interior of the throat is exposed to the view of the investigator. This proceeding, however, was productive of as little result as the rest. Mr. Strong's vocal chords were, as far as external appearance went, in much the same condition as those of other people. The examination over, Dr. Curzon left his patient for a time, entertaining a pretty firm conviction that this was simply a bad case of shamming, and leaving directions with all those who were likely to come in contact with the dumb man to keep a sharp look-out.

Days succeeded days, and the lips of John Strong remained — as far as the utterance of any articulate sound went — hermetically sealed. Not one of those about him could betray him into speech, nor was he ever heard to mutter any word, or intelligible sound in his sleep. Experiments of all kinds, in which the body and the mind were alike addressed were tried. The doctor — a man of great resource and much ingenuity — would, for instance, wake the man suddenly, in the middle of the night, and make him get out of bed to attend patients who needed assistance, addressing him, at that moment of sudden waking up, with some words which required an answer. Mr. Strong was, however, proof against these sudden surprises, and was quite himself even when thus abruptly roused in the middle of the night. Not a word was to be got out of him. Plenty of gesticulation, abundant evidence of attention, and of a clear comprehension of what was required of him; but no speech.

It was probable, the doctor thought, that if the man could for a time be deprived of consciousness, he would in that condition be brought to say something more or less intelligible. He determined to get the dumb man under the influence of chloroform, and try what could be done with him then. The chloroform was applied accordingly; but the man, by resisting, first, its application at all, and then its influence when they did succeed in applying it, managed to defeat the doctor's efforts in this line, the doctor hesitating to incur the risk of administering by main force a dose strong enough to render his patient incapable of all resistance. An attempt was then made to intoxicate him, and, as he refused to take a sufficient amount of spirit to bring about the desired end, a considerable dose of alcohol was cunningly introduced into the medicine he was in the habit of taking; but he steadily refused

come what might, to swallow a single drop of the medicine so craftily qualified.

The doctor's wife had at this time in her employment a young woman, serving in the capacity of housemaid, who, besides being gifted with considerable personal attractions, was also endowed with a large share of that capacity for mischief, the possession of which persons of a misanthropic turn of mind are fond of ascribing to all members of the sex which doubles our joys and divides our sorrows. Having confided to this young person the particulars of Mr. Strong's case, the astute doctor, a little more than hinting that he looked upon the whole thing in the light of a "do," requested her as a last resource to come to the rescue. On a certain fine hot afternoon in July, the patient was sent up to Dr. Curzon's house, ostensibly to do some work in the doctor's garden, but really to encounter the fascinations of the doctor's housemaid. During the whole of that afternoon the full force of those fascinations was freely exercised upon him, whatever he did, and wherever he went. Did he set himself to the accomplishment of his allotted task in the garden, there was this dangerous young person ready to help him with his work, and even to do that work for him. Did he, on the other hand, sit down to rest himself in the shade, there she was, sitting beside him and conversationally disposed. She plied him with draughts of beer when he was thirsty, and later in the evening made him comfortable with tea and buttered toast. Strong drank the beer and ate the toast, nay, he smiled upon her gratefully, and expressed his contentment by the gesticulations which had by this time become familiar to him. All these things he did, but speak, or utter sound, he did not.

Yet there was no sort of colloquial snare which she did not lay for her companion; sometimes appealing to him for directions when they were at work together, and this in the most artless manner, as if she had forgotten the existence of that infirmity of his: at other times adopting a different line, and making open allusion to it, frankly telling him that she did not believe in its genuineness, and urging him to admit to her in confidence that it was all a sham.

Then she would be angry with him for his obstinacy, and rate him soundly or perhaps have recourse to ridicule and laugh at him in the most aggravating manner possible. But Private Strong was proof against it all. He was deaf to her entreaties, he smiled at her irritation, he joined in the laugh against herself when she was sarcastic. Finally he retired triumphant from the encounter, having passed a very pleasant afternoon, having eaten and drunk many good things, and leaving the question of the real or fictitious nature of his infirmity exactly where it had been when he set out in the morning to spend the day in Dr. Curzon's flower-garden.

The dumb man's statement now began to be believed by many who had before treated it with contempt. But the handmaiden maintained stoutly her conviction that Private Strong was certainly shamming, and was no more dumb than she was.

It was soon after the failure of this experiment, and about four months subsequent to the time of Strong's first attack, that the writer of this brief abstract, happening to be in the neighborhood of Chatham, first heard the outline of the dumb man's story. It was soon arranged that on a particular day, which suited the convenience of all concerned,

he should go over to the depot, and pay a visit to this singular person, in company with a certain military officer and the regimental surgeon, Dr. Curzon.

This last-named gentleman, as we walked along in the direction of the place where the speechless soldier was at work, took the opportunity of relating some circumstances worthy of recapitulation here. It appeared that in the very regiment in which Dr. Curzon held his appointment there had lately occurred a case indicating such power of sustaining a deception possessed by one of the ordinary rank and file, as might well serve to make any regimental surgeon suspicious of the men under his charge. In this instance the assumed disease had been a combination of rheumatism and paralysis affecting the head and one of the arms. The head was completely forced out of its natural position, and bowed over to one side; the shoulder on the same side being raised to the ear, and the arm fixed in a bent position against the body. Of course such an affliction was fatal to everything in the shape of drill, and to the performance of any military duty; accordingly all sorts of remedies were applied with a view of curing this unfortunate recruit of his distortion, and getting his head and arm back into their natural condition. Some of these remedies were sufficiently painful. Experiments were made with red-hot irons, and others in which certain forms of acupuncture were resorted to. The unfortunate cripple endured all without flinching, but not one of them seemed to make the slightest impression on his malady. The obstinacy and peculiarity of the case had awakened some suspicion in the medical authorities, and he had been watched by night as well as by day. Not to the slightest purpose, the man retaining in his sleep as in his waking hours that same distorted position, with the head forced over on one side, and the arm fixed tightly against the body.

There is no doubt that this fact—which, if to be accounted for at all, can only be explained by supposing some power of exercising the will to be retainable by some men even in their sleep—had its influence in disarming the suspicion of those with whom the power of granting discharges rested. At all events, a medical board meeting was held, evidence was adduced to show that night and day this unfortunate cripple was never seen in any other position than in this distorted one, that all remedial applications were inefficacious, and that, the recruit being utterly useless and unfit for service, there was nothing for it but to discharge him. Discharged he was accordingly. A fortnight afterwards Dr. Curzon met him in the street walking along with his head erect and his arms swinging at his sides like other people. Indeed, the man actually had the audacity to address the doctor, and to congratulate him on the success of his medical treatment of the case; remarking that he was perfectly cured now, and very much obliged to the authorities for his discharge, as it had enabled him to take a very good situation in the town.

The doctor added, in reference to the present case, that he had resolved to utilize the man as he best could, and had accordingly sent him to the tailors' shop, where his dumbness would not stand in his way, and where his previous habits—for he had been bred a tailor—would be favorable to his making himself useful. By means of this arrangement, the necessity of taking immediate action in the difficult matter was obviated, and time gained in which to test him further. As the doctor con-

cluded, we arrived at the door of the building appropriated to the regimental tailoring department, and went in.

Half a dozen soldiers were sitting on a raised tailors' board in the well-known professional attitude. They all raised their heads when we entered, except one, who, seated nearly with his back to the door, just turned his head and his eyes for a moment slightly, in our direction, and then went on with his sewing. A moment afterwards, on the name of "Strong" being called out by the doctor, this same person sprang off the board with quite a curious display of activity, and stood confronting us, with his hands close down by his sides, his stocking feet so close together that the great toes touched each other, and his eyes staring very intently straight before him at the doctor. This gentleman then proceeded to ask him some questions, as, indeed, we all did,—how he felt, whether there was any change in his condition, what was the state of his general health, and the like. He answered by gesticulation, always of a very energetic kind, and sometimes by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet on his fingers. He told us in this way, I remember, among other things, that he came from Wales, and that he was the first of his family who had ever been afflicted in this extraordinary manner. "Come," said the doctor at last, "let us see you make an effort to speak. Try to say, 'How d'ye do?'" The man certainly seemed to respond to this appeal, and nothing could be more energetic than the violent chopping action of the jaws with which he did so; but no word, nor, indeed, any sound whatever, was uttered. After this, we all stood staring rather helplessly, and in a state of mystification at each other. The soldiers sitting on the board, with their legs doubled under them, stared too.

The scene was brought to a close by the doctor. "Well," he said, "you are very comfortable here and usefully employed. You know we could n't possibly send you out and throw you upon your own resources, in the state in which you are at present, so you ought to think yourself very lucky." This was said, as the doctor told me afterwards, to show the man that he had nothing to hope in the way of getting his discharge. He appeared well pleased with what he heard, nodded and smiled briskly, and jumped up on his board again.

"He is so extraordinarily sharp and quick of hearing," whispered the doctor, as we left the building, "that I must ask you not to speak about him till we are well out of ear-shot." I had little to say, however. My impression was simply of a good-looking young fellow of a light and active build, with exceedingly bright eyes, having perhaps something a little mad about them. There was nothing stupid or brutal in his appearance; on the contrary, he looked brisk and lively, as well as exceedingly cunning. He certainly gave one the idea of a man possessed of much dogged determination, and quite capable of carrying out any scheme of an underhand nature which he might set before himself as a thing to be accomplished.

What private John Strong did set before himself as a thing to be accomplished, he did in this case most distinctly and completely succeed in doing. He carried his point. He was too much for the authorities. His powers were concentrated; theirs were diffused. He had but one thing to think of; they had many. For such work as mounting guard,

with its necessary interchange of sign and counter-sign, as well as for all other forms of military duty of which speech is an essential part, this man was unfitted, as well as for the transmission of verbal messages, or spoken instructions; and so it came about at last that on a certain day Private John Strong was brought before the medical board, and after passing through another examination, and being subjected to a variety of final tests, was declared to be unfit for service, and was, then and there, formally discharged.

Soon afterwards, I found myself once more in the neighborhood of the great garrison in which this curious drama had been enacted. Now that the curtain had fallen, I felt a strong desire to hear something of the principal performer, and to learn what had become of him after his retirement from the stage. In accordance with this wish I lost no time in making my way to the barracks at which my speechless friend's regiment was quartered, bent on picking up all the information I could.

Fortune was propitious to me. Almost immediately on my entering the barrack-square I had the good luck to run against a certain sergeant-major belonging to the regiment, who had had the subject of my inquiries especially under his charge. From this officer I learnt that Dr. Curzon had been removed to another station, and that so the case had passed from under his superintendence; and that the doctor who succeeded to the care of the man had, after very careful investigation of the whole affair, become sufficiently convinced of the genuineness of the case to bring it before the medical board with the result mentioned. "A few days afterwards," said the sergeant, concluding his account, "I met the man walking along the street in company with a young woman. 'Good evening, Strong,' I said on speculation, with a sort of notion in my head that he'd answer me. And so he did. 'Good evening, sergeant,' he says, speaking as glib as possible and with as knowing a grin as ever you saw.' The sergeant concluded his narrative by informing me that the young man had got married, and was at work at a sewing-machine factory in the town.

It was a difficult place to find, this factory; but I managed, after going to all sorts of wrong places, and making inquiry everywhere but where I ought, for "a young man named Strong," to unearth my gentleman in a large bare-looking building which quivered all over with the vibration of the machinery in motion in its upper story.

He was a little thinner and more haggard-looking perhaps, than when I had last seen him, and was of course dressed in the costume of a civilian instead of the uniform of the regiment to which he had once belonged, but in all other respects he was unchanged. He presented the same sharp, watchful appearance which I had remarked before, and had the same keen, restless glance darting suspiciously hither and thither. He did not speak on first coming forward to meet me, but merely made a movement with his head. I think it probable that for a single instant he was confused, seeing a stranger before him, whether he was to be dumb or not. Of course he soon remembered that all that was a thing of the past. In answer to my remark that I was curious to know how he had recovered the use of speech, of which when I had seen him, nearly a couple of years ago, he had been deprived, he proceeded to tell a story which he seemed to have on the tip of his tongue ready for any such emer-

He stated that shortly after his discharge, he accidentally met a young man with whom he was acquainted, and whose function it was to compound the medicines dispensed at a certain military hospital which he mentioned by name. The "compounder," wiser than any of the constituted authorities, told him that he knew of a medicine which would certainly give him back the use of his tongue if he only chose to take the trouble to go up to the hospital and fetch it. Naturally enough ex-private Strong did agree to take that trouble, and, taking the medicine too, observed that after the very first dose his whole interior arrangements were suffused with a glow of warmth; on finishing the bottle, commenced under such happy auspices, he was able to speak, but in a low voice, — "just like a little child."

Such was ex-private Strong's ingenious story. From speaking "like a child," Mr. Strong, after another bottle or two of the wonderful medicine, had got to speak like a grown-up person.

Once and only once in the course of our conversation did my ex-military acquaintance approach the border-land of danger. I had asked him how it happened that he enlisted in the first instance, and he had replied that he hardly knew, — that "he had done it in a kind of freak"; upon which it occurred to me to add, speaking in as careless a tone as I could command, —

"And directly afterwards you were sorry for it?"

"Yes," was his answer, corrected immediately afterwards, and negatived in a very roundabout fashion. Very soon afterwards he announced that it was tea-time at the factory, and beat a rapid retreat.

What qualities are displayed here! What concentration of purpose, what self-denial, what huge development of that which, in sporting phrase, is called the "staying" power, — the power of holding on and sticking to a thing with a fixed intention, day after day, week after week, month after month, for a space of nearly two years! It seems pretty clear that it is not the mere possession of these faculties which is respectable, but only the application of them to a good and worthy purpose.

ONLY FOR THE SEASON.

CHAPTER I.

DR. SECKER MAKES A PROFESSIONAL VISIT.

THE twilight was past, the stars had come out, and a smart March wind shook the tree-tops in the avenue leading to Dykeham, the residence of Sir Francis Crevillon, Baronet.

Dr. Carl Secker drew in his horse before the lodge-gate, and looked down at the woman who opened it with a face expressive of dissatisfaction. He had seen moving lights, like carriage-lamps, amongst the trees, and had heard the rumble of wheels in the drive before him.

"Stop a moment," cried Dr. Secker. "Is there a — is anything unusual going on at the Hall?"

"No, sir; only a dinner-party, I believe."

"Oh!"

Dr. Secker passed on into the drive with speculative slowness. If Sir Francis was about to entertain dinner-guests, he had come on a vain errand, and might almost as well turn back. So it appeared at first sight, or so he made believe that it

of the carriages, watching the lights as they vanished behind big trees, and came twinkling into sight again.

"If they had as many starlight rides to take as I have," mused the doctor, "they would learn to do without lamps such a night as this. Well, I think I had better go on. I think I ought to go, professionally. A busy man can't choose his own time for visiting a patient."

He quickened his pace a little, for if he did go on, it was important that he should reach the house before the guests were assembled. He passed a carriage or two, saw a gentleman in black, and had a vision of a white cloud of muslin and lace, and a coronet that glittered like silver. Then a groom took his horse, and he sprang up the steps and became the prey of the first official receiver, whose duty it was to hand him over to the second official receiver, who would relieve him of his coat.

"No," objected the doctor, brusquely, for he did not much like being mistaken for an invited guest; "show me into a morning-room, if you please, and inquire if Miss Crevillon will see me. I shall detain her but a few moments."

He was shown into a morning-room, accordingly, and took up his position on the hearth-rug, after the fashion of English gentlemen in general. While he waited, it occurred to him that his heart was beating a little faster than usual, and that he could not be said to retain that evenness of spirit and nerve which are essential to a medical man in his visits to his patients. A certain sensation of doubt oppressed him as to the propriety of this step which he had taken; also a little haze of unreality began to rise up about the position in which he had believed himself to be placed when he mounted his horse to ride to Dykeham. He could not possibly have dreamed it, he supposed. And, after all, what had dinner-parties, or, indeed, any arrangements at Dykeham to do with his discharge of his professional duties? As all the world knew, his time could not be called his own, and he must pay his visits as he could.

The vision which appeared to him when the door opened would, however, scarcely have been suspected of requiring medical aid. It was a cloud of white, something like that other vision which he had just before seen through a carriage window, only the first was totally uninteresting to him, whilst this one —

He made a step or two forwards, and then stopped.

"Amy!" he said, in a tone not professional.

"O Carl! I ought not to have come. I stole away without their knowledge. If Lady Crevillon were to know, or Joanna —"

"Or Sir Francis," added the doctor. "He would hardly object to your seeing me, Amy. You forget —"

"No, I do not. But you never meant to see Sir Francis this evening?"

"Indeed I did."

"Well, you'll find it to be impossible. And, Carl, I tried to tell Joanna, but she was so hard and dry that I could not do it."

Dr. Secker was standing in the exact spot to which he had advanced to meet her; and he was looking down upon the carpet with a troubled expression.

"Shall I write to Sir Francis, Amy? I feel underhanded."

"Underhanded!" cried Amy. "You! Did n't

you cure me when old Dr. Guise would have bungled away my life as a helpless incurable? Who has a better right to care for me than you have?"

Then she went a little closer to him, and put her hand upon his crossed arms.

"Let me tell my guardian myself, Carl. I can manage it better than you."

"But when?"

"Soon. To-morrow there will be people here; and the Hunt Ball at night; and then, the next day, there's the Meet at Redford Bridge."

"Amy!" said the doctor, "you are not going to the Meet?"

"I shall only be driven there in the carriage. It is the last Meet of the season. Let me go, Dr. Secker."

"And the Hunt Ball to-morrow night!" said the doctor, aghast. "You! only within the last month able to walk without assistance —"

"Stop, Carl. I want you to tell me — as my medical adviser, you know, not my — my lover — do you really think I ought not to go to balls?"

Dr. Secker hesitated. The face that looked up to his own was so childlike in its questioning, so simply in earnest about his opinion, so divested of its usual wilfulness and occasional petulance, that he felt obliged to question himself according to her distinction, as the doctor, and not the lover.

"I think dissipation bad for any one: for you, dangerous. A ball, occasionally, is not dissipation; but just at present, when I tremble sometimes to think that your recovery is hardly assured —"

"That will do. I love balls, but —"

"You love me better," said the doctor. "I begin to believe that I have not dreamed it all. You won't tire yourself to-night, Amy? Is it a large party?"

"Stupidly large. Don't you wish you were going to stay and —"

She broke off abruptly. Something in the young doctor's face made her fear lest the words might hurt him, either in his pride or his self-consciousness, about this secret which Sir Francis did not yet suspect. She fancied that his aspect had changed; that it was less glad and assured; and so again she laid her hand upon the arms that were crossed in grim resolve upon his breast.

"O, Carl! Carlo mio! never be hurt at anything I may say in my foolishness. Know better what I mean."

And then the doctor smiled down upon her, and uncrossed his arms, letting one of them draw her to him. He thought of something else just then, which was not exactly pleasant to him; he thought of other arms which might rest, in waltz or galop, where his own was resting then; only how differently! How much less reverential; how carelessly indifferent they would be! He wished a passing wish, which others have felt before him, with reference to such dances, but he did not give it words.

"I must go now," said Amy. "Good by, Carl."

When he was gone she listened a little while, and then went to the window to raise a corner of the curtain and blind, that she might see him ride off. She said to herself once again, very softly, "Carlo mio!" and then the curtain dropped over the window, and she ran up stairs to steal into the drawing-room and be taken into dinner. But as she passed Lady Crevillon, my lady turned round

and looked at her, and Amy knew that there would be no longer any secret to keep.

She behaved very well to her neighbors at the dinner-table. She answered their remarks, smiled when it was expected of her, looked with seeming interest, through the glittering silver and the hot-house flowers and ferns, at the row of faces opposite to her; but all the while she was thinking what she should have to say to Sir Francis by and by.

When they were in the drawing-room again Amy saw, without seeming to look at it, the approach of Lady Crevillon's velvet skirt as it swept the carpet and paused at her side.

"Was Dr. Secker here before dinner?" said her ladyship.

"Yes."

"He came to see you, I suppose. I thought he considered your health re-established. Such an hour, too, to come!"

"I dare say he had been busy all day."

Lady Crevillon made a grimace, signifying how extremely unimportant Dr. Secker and his business were in her eyes.

"He should have come before, if he must come. What did he say?"

Amy looked straight up at the gold eyeglass, by the help of which her ladyship was making observations.

"I am not going to tell you, Lady Crevillon," she replied. "I shall tell Sir Francis; but I don't think this is the time to talk about it."

Lady Crevillon smiled, nodded, and passed on. She rather relished that bold speech of Amy's; it showed spirit. But if Dr. Secker could have known, as he rode home in the starlight, the sublime contempt with which her ladyship mentally closed upon him the doors of Dykeham, he might have been still less at ease in his own mind than he was already. If he had thought the matter over, it might have occurred to him before that the baronet would be ready enough to measure the difference between his social standing and Miss Crevillon's. He had, perhaps, perceived this in some vague, general way, without attaching much importance to it; but somehow his ride to-night through Dykeham Park, with the carriages before him, seemed to have quickened his appreciation of it. When he went into his own room—that is, the room in which he generally sat—a sudden chill came over him. It was dingy; no question about that. There was a general air of dreariness about it which annoyed him. Some months ago it had been comfortable enough; but since then he had been called in, much to his own amazement, by Sir Francis Crevillon, to prescribe for that gentleman's ward and distant relative, who was considered a confirmed invalid. Dr. Secker had dispersed that theory; but then he had also fallen in love, and now he began to think that he had done a very mad thing. He looked at the easy-chair, covered with dingy morocco, opposite to him; and he found it impossible to place there, even in imagination, the dainty form he had seen in the morning room at Dykeham. He could think of her there, but here she was incongruous. The doctor's heart sank.

"I wish I was a rich man," he said. "I wish the Seckers—"

And then he broke off. "No I don't; I wish to be nothing but what I am. As to this room, which annoys me, all that can be changed—shall be changed if—"

CHAPTER II.

THE MEET AT REDFORD BRIDGE.

"If you remember," said Lady Crevillon, "I was always against his being called in. Dr. Guise has been the family physician long enough to be trusted, one would think."

"Only Guise did n't cure Amy," replied Sir Francis, dryly.

"How could he? She was taken out of his hands. I dare say, if the truth could be known, it was he who did the real good."

"Scarcely fair to Dr. Secker, Lady Crevillon."

This third speaker was Mrs. Lescar, the Baronet's daughter by a former marriage; and she did not look up to make her moderating remark, but went on with her occupation of teaching the small future baronet to make fishing-flies.

"It's too cold yet, Frank. When the weather gets warmer I'll come with you down the Dyke, and see what we can do."

Amy looked at them all, unable to speak. That Sir Francis should tell his wife about Carl was natural enough; but that Lady Crevillon should bring up the subject thus publicly, and speak of the doctor in such a way, was too intolerable. And there was no one to say a word in defence of the absent, except, indeed, Joanna Lescar, whose mild interpolation fell upon Amy's rising passion like oil on flames.

"Well," resumed her ladyship, "it will be very annoying no doubt. To take up a new doctor, and then discard him for the old one, carries absurdity and whim on the face of it. All I can say is that if my advice had been taken, it would never have happened."

Then Amy found words.

"Discard whom? What nonsense is it you are all talking? What authority has any one here to dispose of—my affairs in this summary manner?"

Mrs. Lescar raised her face from Frank's unskilful manipulations to look at Amy.

"What is the use of getting so excited about it?" she said to herself; and then she added, aloud, "Gently, Amy; you forget yourself."

"Forget myself! I think I am forgotten, rather. What is it they mean? Am I to have no voice in the matter? It concerns me a little, I believe. Were they legislated for in this sort of way, I wonder,—were you, Joanna, when you married Mr. Lescar?"

For so young a widow Joanna was very calm indeed, and even smiling, about her answer.

"That was altogether different. Dr. Secker has his way to make in the world, and therefore the two cases do not admit of comparison. But if I had been legislated for, as you term it, I should have known that it was for my own good."

"It is not for my good," said Amy. "I shall never be good if— But I care nothing about it; I am not going to take back my promise because you all choose to set me aside like a piece of furniture or a spoiled child."

"My dear Amy," said Sir Francis, "nobody accuses you of being spoiled; but you are a child. You are under age, and must remember that I am your guardian. I am bound to say what I think of this very foolish affair,—I can call it nothing better. Indeed, it is altogether out of the question. Any engagement would be out of the question at present. I mean that you must see a little more of

the world before you decide that it contains nothing so attractive as the lot of a country doctor's wife down at Redford."

Sir Francis smiled when his speech was made, and sent a sort of imploring look at his ward to spare him any further argument upon a subject which did not admit of two opinions. But Amy rose from the breakfast-table, opened the French window, and went out, without answering, into the shrubbery. The stolid complacency of Lady Crevillon's face was odious to her. All that her ladyship could do she would; and Amy knew well enough that a solid block of obstinacy offered ten times more resistance than the flying outbreaks of remonstrance or anger to which Sir Francis might give vent. As she passed through the shrubbery Frank came running after her, and held out a shawl.

"Joanna says you'll have to be nursed if you get ill again, and you are to put this on."

Amy's first impulse was to thrust away the shawl, and pass on; but a second thought made her take it.

"Tell Joanna my life is more valuable to me than ever it was," she answered. "Never mind about understanding it, Frank; tell her that."

"Do you think I'm a baby?" retorted the boy, nodding. "But if I were you I'd be ill again, and then Secker would have to come. Mind, I don't say you are to do it, but I should. Secker gave me a jolly good gallop on his bay mare yesterday; and he's got the primest fishing-rod you ever saw."

Amy walked on into the park, and reached a spot where a clump of ash-trees partially hid the Dykeham chimneys. She wanted to be out of sight and sound of the house below; to get away from all memory of those jarring voices, with their calm decisions and phlegmatic platitudes. What did they know about it, any of them? What did Joanna, who was young, and ought to know, feel in that dull, passive heart of hers?

"If you get ill you'll have to be nursed." That was all they cared for her, any of them. She did not complain of that; she did not want them to care now. Only, when there was one who did care, why must they set their faces against him, and talk about seeing the world? She wanted nothing more out of the world than had been given to her,—one heart out of it all for her own.

A clock in the ungainly tower which marked the Dykeham stables struck ten, and she started up with a sudden recollection that eleven was the hour for the Meet at Redford Bridge, and she had told Carl she should be there. And she had to get back to the house and dress.

"Which I shall do," she reflected, "in just ten minutes. I must go after saying I should. He might be there."

She did not consider how very improbable it was that the doctor would have any time to spare for such a purpose. She knew, indeed, as a general fact, that he was busy from morning till night; but she did not apply the knowledge in this case.

No one made any remark when she went down stairs dressed to go with Lady Crevillon and Joanna. They seemed to take it as a matter of course that this little affair was of no consequence,—a trifle which would blow over and make no difference. The less said about it the better.

"If Dr. Secker makes a formal application to you," said Lady Crevillon, "of course you will decidedly refuse your consent."

Sir Francis bit his lip. He was fond of considering himself totally unbiassed by his wife, and dependent only on his own judgment. He said, briefly, "I shall think about it. Too violent an opposition would be as foolish as compliance."

And the subject was dropped. He rode down to the Meet beside his wife's carriage, very silent the whole time, looking at Amy occasionally with some faint stirring of pity and sympathy coming up from under the weight of years and going forth towards her. This young doctor was a fine, generous fellow; there could be no doubt about that; and then he came of a good family. As to his generosity, ask the starving poor, who huddled together in the back-slums and alleys of Redford. As a magistrate, and chairman of the Board of Guardians at the Redford Union, Sir Francis knew a little more of these miserable paupers than his wife did, and of the doctor who never refused to help them, and never asked a fee from those who could not afford to give it.

Did Amy really care very much for him? Would it hurt her to give him up? Did she care as much as he, the baronet, had cared years ago, when—"Pish!" ejaculated Sir Francis, fretfully; "what's the use of that?"

It did not look like being unhappy, he thought, to come of her own free will to see the hounds throw off. She should go with him and Lady Crevillon up to town, and that would shake it all off, if he knew anything of a girl's nature. When they reached the bridge and stood amongst a crowd of other carriages, men in red coats and men in black coats, ready mounted, and a pack of motley followers on foot out of the town, Sir Francis went to Amy's side and spoke good-humoredly.

"If the carriage follows far enough you'll see one or two of those ladies take the fence up at Pecket's withy-bed in gallant style. Don't you wish you were mounted?"

"No, Sir Francis."

The baronet turned away disappointed. He wanted to forget all that little morning scene, and to get over the effects of it, and Amy's respectfully antagonistic reply vexed him. Nevertheless, he told the coachman to keep up with the others as far as Pecket's withy-bed; and Amy did see one or two ladies take the fence, from which sight she turned away uttering a single word of disapproval, which might perhaps be partially due to her disappointment in not having seen anything of Dr. Secker.

"It's what I never could do in my life," said Joanna, bending forward with some show of eagerness. "But those girls are more at home in the hunting-field than the ball-room. Their costume last night was absurd in the extreme. We shall see what sort of figure they cut at luncheon."

"In my young days," said Lady Crevillon, "I could have taken such a fence as that myself; but I seldom did it. I don't think fast young ladies were admired in those days. Now we had better go home; there is never any run to speak of here, even if they find, which is doubtful, and I should like to be comfortably at home before the people begin to come back."

It was some time after this that Dr. Secker, riding slowly up the road towards Redford, saw the carriages turn one after another into the Dykeham drive, and could not help stopping to look after them. He scanned the scarlet cloaks, the black hats with their tiny white feathers, the tiger-skin

rugs and the heraldic devices with an unquiet mind. It was not altogether that he had thought to find Amy Crevillon amongst them and failed. The contrast which all this presented to himself on his jaded horse, himself worn out and hungry, and the commonplace home, with its commonplace appliances, to which he was going, pressed upon him uncomfortably. What had he done? What would the world, at least its representatives in this neighborhood, say he had done? They talked of Miss Crevillon as an heiress. That the supposition was as likely to be false as true he believed. He cared nothing about it, but then who would believe that of him?

He turned away from the Dykeham lodge and passed on. He went home and ate his dinner drearily, wondering if Amy had told Sir Francis, and if so, what had Sir Francis said; and lastly, what would Sir Francis say to a letter which was even then in course of compilation in the young man's mind?

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

It shone already in the evening sky, while the departing sun scattered tints of gold and purple over the earth, and threw long shadows down from the trees in the Dykeham shrubbery.

For a whole month until now Dr. Secker had seen Amy but once, and that once accidentally. Coming out of that region in the town of Redford which was called emphatically the Irish quarter, Carl, emerging suddenly into one of the broader streets, saw the dark-blue panels of the Dykeham carriage as it drove past. He saw also a quick, impulsive, and openly eager recognition of himself as he stood in that dark opening which led to the Irish quarter, and he forgot all the misery he had left behind him to follow in his thoughts that carriage up the Dykeham drive. He had seen her, and had been recognized. It was odd, he thought, that this sense of contrast should so pertinaciously trouble him. There was something false about it he knew, something which would not bear analysis. Only, the thing was, had he been wise and right in trying to bring Amy down from this luxurious life of hers? Was it right of him to wish that she could share his anxieties and cares as well as his joys? Dr. Secker could not answer the question to his own satisfaction. If he had been less thoughtful and clear-sighted he might have said, "She shall never know anything but joy; my cares I will keep from her"; but he knew better than to say so, or to think so.

Since that meeting in Redford, however, the aspect of affairs had changed a little. The doctor had got the answer from Sir Francis, and found himself hardly able to comprehend his own position. Sir Francis represented himself as standing in the place of Amy's father. He could not give his consent to his ward's entering into any such engagement as the one Dr. Secker did her the honor to propose, — at present. He considered that she was very young, — too young, indeed, to know her own mind. He required that she should see a little more of the world before entering into one of those rash compacts which young people are so ready to make and so apt to regret. He did not wish to be tyrannical; so far as he could see there was no need for any violent rupture between his ward and Dr. Secker. Such things were always remarked upon

and productive of mischievous gossip. He thought it better, however, that they should not meet often just at present; and then Sir Francis prosed a little and finished off, leaving the doctor in a hopeless maze of uncertainty and confusion. It seemed to him that the whole thing was treated in the slightest possible way, as an affair of no importance, which was, in fact, exactly the view Sir Francis wished to be taken of it. He did not wish to oppose his ward with any strength of entreaty or command; it would, he thought, be both troublesome and productive of harm instead of good; and as he meant to remove her from the doctor's neighborhood, there was no need absolutely to forbid their meeting at present.

But the doctor did not wait to be forbidden; he would not go to Dykeham to put himself in the way of being insulted by Lady Crevillon or her husband. His resolution might have failed him; the fever of indignation and pride into which he had worked himself might not have been strong enough to keep him away when he heard about the town journey; but before he did hear of it chance favored him. He saw Amy at the Dykeham lodge in passing, and then all his anger, and pride, and self-torment fled away, and in another moment he was walking up the drive with her. He would do nothing underhanded; if he met her and spoke to her they should know that he did so; and therefore he meant to go up the whole length of the drive, into the shrubbery, and before the windows, in order that no one might accuse him of any clandestine dealing.

"And so Sir Francis did n't tell you?" began Amy. And then she stopped and looked at the doctor, with the dying sunlight on his face, and an instinctive knowledge that she was going to give him pain made her put up her left hand to clasp its fellow round his arm.

"Did n't tell me what?" said Carl.

"That he and Lady Crevillon are going to town, and —"

"You are going with them?"

"Yes."

"No," said Carl, "he did n't tell me that."

"But it is only for the season."

"Oh!" ejaculated the doctor, "only for the season!"

As he said it that last ray of sunlight left the earth, and Carl's face grew very dark as he looked on straight into the western clouds.

So this was the plan, then. They meant to take her away into that unquiet whirl which would be so bad for her; they meant to make her forget him if they could; perhaps they would succeed; they meant to marry her to some more desirable catch in the matrimonial market, if the thing were possible. Of one thing he was very certain. If she went up to town and lived the life usually lived by young ladies in their first season it would kill her.

"Amy," said the doctor, "are they mad do you suppose?"

"Who?"

He did not answer. A sullen spirit of self-renunciation came upon him. He would give her up; he would go to Sir Francis then and relinquish all claim, — as if he had any claim! Well, then, he might promise never to see her again if they would leave her in peace.

"It is nothing so very shocking, Carl; and it is n't my fault. You should not look angry about it."

"Angry!" repeated Carl, turning towards her. "Perhaps it does look like anger, too. It is only because I find it so terrible to think of losing you, Amy. It is because I know, if no one else does, how small an exertion will be too much for you; and I know also something of a young lady's life in the London season."

"It will not be necessary for me to do all that other young ladies do."

"But you won't like being left behind."

"I shall like doing what I know would please you. I shall take care of myself."

But that was not all. There was another fear, perhaps even less easy to lay to rest than that one. After all, was it absolutely necessary that she should go? Had Sir Francis any real, valid authority to take her from him? — unless, indeed, it had been her own choice to go! He drew back his arm sharply as the thought occurred to him. He wanted to ask her that question, but somehow he dreaded the answer too much to ask it.

"I would n't go if I could help it," said Amy. "But Sir Francis has been very kind, Carl; and it is better to give way in a small matter like this, you know."

A small matter! It is probable that the doctor thought it anything but a small matter.

"And then, if you would but be happy about it, I really think I should enjoy it, Carl. In six months' time I shall be twenty-one, and my own mistress."

As though she had read a certain bitter thought of his, some vague reflection of it came into Amy's own mind as they walked on slowly towards the house. When they reached the shrubbery gate, she said, all at once, "Carl, what is it you are afraid of?"

But he would not tell her.

Amy leaned against the gate and looked at him, possibly not altogether displeased at the thought she had detected.

"Say good by to me here, Carl. If we go into the house, there will be Lady Crevillon, and she will watch us. We shall have to bow to each other like two solemn ghosts, for they don't believe that I mean to keep my word to you. Good by."

"Good by, my love, — my own dear love!"

"Listen," said Amy; "I kiss you because you are a coward. I know what it is you are afraid of. People say a man's faith is n't like a woman's, and I begin to think so myself. They will not let you bind me by any engagement. But, understand, Carl, that I am bound. Until you yourself, of your own free will, give me back my promise I am yours. Remember that!"

They passed through the gate, and came suddenly upon Mrs. Lescar, walking to meet them through the shrubs. Amy repressed a start of dismay, repeated "Good by, Carl," and ran into the house; and the doctor shook hands with Mrs. Lescar in some confusion. He fancied that she had heard those last words. He thought, too, that her passionless face was a little less calm than usual, — a little touched with some faint reflection of an emotion of which he had hardly conceived her capable. On the impulse of the moment, and under the influence of that passing sympathy, he spoke.

"Mrs. Lescar, I am very unhappy. I think Sir Francis scarcely understands how very much his ward stands in need of care, — how very fragile she is."

Mrs. Lescar smiled gravely.

"Lady Crevillon will see to that, I think. It is scarcely in my father's line."

"One word more," said the doctor, stammering; "a very great favor. You will remain here, I believe. If I might sometimes be permitted to call — to hear — there can be no great harm in my hearing occasionally through you —"

As he did not seem to know exactly what he wanted to say, and Mrs. Lescar did, she interrupted him to answer. She really had been touched for a moment by Amy's bold little speech, and the doctor was quite right. There could be no harm in his calling at Dykeham now and then to inquire after an old patient. It might even be productive of good. So she said, "Yes, I shall remain at Dykeham for the present; Frank will be left at home, and he is a great charge. Come as often as you like, Dr. Secker."

He made his acknowledgments and went away, Amy watching him from the window of her own room as long as he was in sight. Then she turned to the dressing-table, began to collect and pick up the little ornaments and trinkets, and suddenly dropped them all again, and put her face down on the table with a great sob.

"O Carl! — Carlo mio! If I should die in that great, stupid London, and never see him again! Nobody ever loved me before that I remember! Why are they so hard upon us? What does it matter to them?"

Dr. Secker walked back toward the town leisurely, and the moon got brighter and brighter above his head. He looked up, and saw that there were no clouds over her, — none near her. Surely he might take it as a good omen. She danced in a thousand silver ripples upon the river, and lighted up the big red stones, which marked the ford, a good half-mile from the bridge. The water was so low that he could see the stones, like a path, the whole way across.

It would save him a mile's walk round, he thought, and he went over, slipping two or three times, and hearing the water sop out of his boots as he walked on dry land again. For this, or any other physical discomfort, he did not at that moment care. He turned his face towards those woods, dark in the distance, amongst which he could no longer see the roof that covered Amy. But the moon was shining over it, and him, and the beautiful, quiet scene around him. The light of her promise was in his heart; what had he to do with anything but hope and loyal trust?

CHAPTER IV.

LADY CREVILLON'S LETTER.

The young May moon grew old, and her lustre faded, and Dr. Secker began to wonder why it was that each day's work seemed to take the heart out of him in a way it had never been used to do. Mrs. Lescar could have nothing to do with it. Her immovable face chilled him, it was true, and her wise, even incontestable remarks and speeches; but then that must have been his own fault. She always spoke sensibly, when she did speak. She was friendly towards him; as friendly, he thought, as it was her nature to be towards any one. He had not tested her very much, nor taken too frequent advantage of her general invitation. Why was it that, go to Dykeham as hopeful as he would, he always left it with a sinking heart? — as though he

had been in the presence of a silent, secret protest against his love for Amy!—as though, by the working of some subtle influence, he would have to come by and by to the acknowledgment that he had done a thing unwise, not quite right, and in-consequent, since nothing could ever come of it! He could not tell why it was.

More moons passed away, and the fields were getting yellow for the harvest. Through the hot sun of August the doctor walked one day across those yellow fields to the Red Ford, and thence to Dykeham. Mrs. Lescar, sitting at an open window, saw him coming up the drive at a distance, and the wool-work on which she was engaged dropped for a single idle moment on her lap. How long would the doctor continue to come to her for news of Amy?

It came into her head just then that she would show him a letter which Lady Crevillon had written to her two or three days ago. She was no mischief-maker; had no desire to hurt any one; in her passionless way, she felt at times that it was rather a pity the young doctor had allowed himself to get into this troublesome knot. For it was now, and had been from the first, her opinion that nothing serious could ever come of the engagement. She hardly knew why. Perhaps, as people so often do, she put together her friend's circumstances and her own feelings. She could never have thought of marrying the doctor. As to loving him, that was altogether another matter. If a man is your husband of course you will love him,—so Joanna held. But she, if she had been about to marry, would have looked out for what the world might look upon and approve of as a good match, a proper, perhaps wealthy, alliance. So Amy should do, of course; and so she would find out for herself, after seeing a little of life. The sooner this foolish, childish arrangement was forgotten, the better.

"Secker's coming!" said Master Frank, putting his head into the room with noisy abruptness.

Mrs. Lescar disliked a noise, but she also disliked the trouble of reproving her young step-brother, who generally maintained his right to the last word.

"Come here, Frank, and pick up my wool-case. Thank you. What makes you so fond of Dr. Secker?"

"Because he's no end of a sw— No, he is n't a swell, either. Because he's a brick."

"But you know that those words are vulgar, and meaningless too. What can be the sense of calling a man a brick? Wait a bit, I have n't done with you. Dr. Secker has business with me, and I don't wish you to be in the way. You had better go on with your play until he has finished what he has to say to me, then you can come in."

The young gentleman uttered a groan of strong disapproval, kicked over a footstool, and banged the door after him.

A quarter of an hour after that Mrs. Lescar was sitting opposite the doctor, working away as busily as if her daily bread had depended upon that mass of beads and tent stitch. And Dr. Secker had a letter in his hand, which, however, by this time he was only pretending to read, having mastered its contents some time since.

"A little gayety seems to have done my cousin no harm," said Joanna.

Dr. Secker would have felt that there was quiet malice in the speech, if his faculties had been awake

to take it in. As it was, he felt an insane desire to fling that one word back to her, and say, "She is not your cousin; she is no relation to you."

Mrs. Lescar looked very composed and quiet—too quiet to hurt any one; but a wasp is quiet while he stings you.

It was the doctor's own fault that he had read that letter. Joanna simply broke off in her answer to his inquiries, and said, "Perhaps you would like to see for yourself what Lady Crevillon says."

What he had seen might not, at another time, have taken so strong an effect upon him, though he could hardly have disregarded it altogether; but now it fell upon that confused heap of queries and doubts which Mrs. Lescar had helped to pile up in his mind; and it fell also upon a paragraph which he had read in that morning's newspaper, and had called "Lies, like most other reports." The paragraph ran thus:—

"A marriage is on the tapis between Lord Frederic Page and Miss Crevillon, daughter of the late Colonel Crevillon, and ward of Sir Francis Crevillon, of Dykeham."

And in Lady Crevillon's letter he read, "Lord Frederic is very attentive, and I am quite sure Amy likes him in her heart. But she seems anxious and unhappy; and unless there was some promise ungenerously extorted from her before she left home, which she, poor child, thinks it would be dishonorable to break, I cannot understand her. She evidently liked him so much at first, and now she is shy,—has taken to blushing; and once after he had been here I saw her crying."

Dr. Secker sat for some time very quiet, but the movement of Mrs. Lescar's long needle and the flying about of a piece of crimson wool tortured him. He got up and walked about the room trying with all his might to find out what he ought to do, and do it, or, at any rate, resolve to do it. Lady Crevillon's words were offensive enough; the more so because he knew now that report had not lied when it called Amy an heiress. Everything was against him. Mrs. Lescar knew well enough what he was thinking about, but she had no intention of arguing the matter with him. She did not mean to give herself any trouble, or stir in the affair at all vehemently. If he asked her opinion he should have it, as indeed he always did have it.

"Freddy Page," said Mrs. Lescar, meditatively. "Why, he was a little boy in pinafores when I first knew him! To be sure that must be fifteen years ago. I suppose he is about Amy's age. As a boy he was very handsome; but good-looking boys don't always develop into handsome men."

All this was gall and wormwood to the doctor, fretting him intolerably. What possible interest did she suppose he would take in hearing about the good looks of Lord Frederic Page?

"Do you think," said Carl at last, weakly yielding to his pain, perplexity, and bitter longing that some one should throw a little discredit on the statement,— "do you think it is true that—that Amy—"

He turned back without finishing the speech to his walk up and down the room.

"Dr. Secker," said Joanna, "believe me when I say I am very sorry for you."

So she was. The calmest hearts dislike to witness suffering; and suffering was so very palpable in the doctor's tone and manner that she could not help seeing it.

"Very sorry," she repeated. "But I always give my opinion frankly when it is asked; and I always did think that this affair was unfortunate; never likely to lead to anything but pain for you, possibly for Amy also. Opposition was a thing she would not tolerate; the very thought of it only made her more determined and rebellious. But then she was very young, and had been so long an invalid, that very great allowance must be made for her."

The doctor, touched by the unwonted energy of that "very sorry," walked up to her and said, putting his hands together, as he did when he was agitated, —

"Then you think, Mrs. Lescar, — for I know you heard that promise of Amy's, — you think I ought to release her from it?"

"I think," said Joanna, "that you would be acting the part of a wise and generous man if you did so."

The doctor stood to all appearance calmly looking down upon the wool-work, and streaks of crimson and gold crossed each other in intricate confusion before his eyes. This was the hardest thing he had ever been called upon to do in his whole life. He was not yet sure that he could do it.

"If it is for her happiness —" he said. And then he held out his hand. "Good-by, Mrs. Lescar. I must think about it."

Joanna looked at him with some faint stirring of admiration, as she had looked at the two ladies who took the double ditch at Pecket's withy-bed; a little pity, too, she felt, but no remorse. She had only acted for the best, and, so far as she knew it, had told the truth.

"Would you like this?" she said, offering him the letter. "Take it if you would. It may be a help to you to refer to it."

The doctor took it without a word, and went away. But he did not go home. He went about the whole sultry afternoon amongst the poorest and most wretched of his patients. He might have had some dim thought of self-teaching in this; of bringing before himself misery of another kind, but so far as appearance went, infinitely greater than his own. But he was not very clear in his own mind what he did it for. He never went home till the moon had risen; another moon; never more the same radiant queen that had shone for him on that May night long past. Well, it had been a mistake. Better far that it had been discovered now than that she should have married him to find it out afterwards.

And then he went in to write his letter, — a letter so sorrowful and tender, in spite of all his honest efforts to make it exactly what it should be, and no more; — a full and unreserved release from that promise by which she held herself bound, and which he feared had been a grave error; — that the answer for which he watched daily struck him when it came, like a blow upon a broken limb. There were in Amy's envelope two words only in answer to the letter which had cost him so much. They were, "Very well!" written seemingly in careless haste; the "V" blotted and repeated in inverse on the fold of the paper. They could have cost her scarcely a moment, or a moment's thought, he said in his bitterness. No hesitation; not a single backward look of remorse for what he must suffer. Well, whatever that might be, he was glad that she should be unhurt. And thus they parted.

CHAPTER V.

AMONGST THE FALLEN GRAIN.

Dr. Secker was right, inasmuch as her two words of answer had cost Amy no deliberation. How could she deliberate? He made no charge against her, or himself. He simply absolved her from her word to him. Under the circumstances there was but one thing to be done, and she did it.

Lady Crevillon knew nothing of the matter from Amy; knew nothing of it in fact until she heard from Joanna; consequently she did not understand the sudden change of manner which was apparent in Amy just at this time. On the morning of the arrival of Carl's letter Amy, having sealed her own reply to it, turned to her ladyship and said, —

"I should like to change my mind and go with you to-night, if I may."

Lady Crevillon made a slight gesture of astonishment before she answered, —

"Come by all means. But I thought you said that one hearing of Faust was enough?"

Amy could not explain, "I refused for Carl's sake, and because I knew Lord Frederic would be there and would join us." She said nothing, therefore, allowing Lady Crevillon to think what she liked. It was quite true that she herself did not care about hearing Faust again. It must be recollected that this was her first season in town, and she had certain angles of simplicity and prejudice which were yet to be worn smooth. The dying scene frightened her. It seemed a terrible thing to see so many figures sink on their knees in the presence of a death which was only mimicry. The contrivance for taking poor Gretchen's soul to heaven appeared to her so palpably clumsy that it gave her a feeling of relief after the awful reality of the former scene; but she did not care to go through it all a second time. Altogether she had not thought it would be giving up much to spend one evening at home and alone. But now all that was changed.

Carl himself, if he had seen her, would have been at a loss to find the source of that wonderful brilliancy which rose to her eyes, the carmine that tinted her lips, and the atmosphere of strong excitement that surrounded her. He might have liked to sit in the stalls and watch her furtively; he might have looked on and dreamed himself back into the enchanted palace until the advent of another figure, dark-robed, sinister, — the figure of Lord Frederic Page, which placed itself beside Lady Crevillon. Then he would have turned away. He could not have remained to see another man devote himself to the goddess who had once trodden the floor of his own airy castle.

When Amy went home that night she did what was still more astonishing to Lady Crevillon, unless indeed, her ladyship reflected, Lord Frederic was in reality effacing all traces of that unhappy Redford entanglement.

"Lady Crevillon," said Amy, "you remember the proposal you and Sir Francis were good enough to make this morning, and to which I objected?"

"Proposal! What, about taking you —"

"Yes," interrupted Amy. "I have no longer any objection; indeed, I should like it very much."

Lady Crevillon did not this time make any remark, as she had done about Faust. She was very well contented, though she could not help remembering together with the morning's proposal Amy's very decided "No. I want to go back to

Dykeham," and wondering a little at the change. But of course it was all for the best. Her ladyship knew that Joanna would take care of Frank; she could trust her step-daughter so far, since if Joanna cared for any one in the world it was Frank. Yes, of course it was for the best. The longer they could keep Amy away from that Redford man the better.

And the unhappy doctor went about his work as usual, and did his best to bear his sorrow like a brave man, stopping every now and then in the midst of other thoughts to think about her; stopping in his country walks to lean over stiles and watch, first the green hay fly about from the ponderous, many-spiked machines of blue and red; after that the corn as it fell down before the scythes and sickles of the reapers; and finally the motley throng of gleaners, legal and illegal, who rushed in to quarrel over the fragments of the spoil, and to announce that harvest was over. Dr. Secker moved amongst these, an absent spectator; hearing the sounds of them dully, as one hears the accompaniment to an air. He was far away in the big city of cities. He was in a mighty region of the mighty west. He was here and there in the flash of a polished scythe in the sunlight, and the busy tinkle of the whetstone was to him the far-off music of trained bands. He saw the Serpentine where other eyes looked down upon the pleasant Dyke. The gate on which he leaned became to him the railing of Rotten Row. And as he looked upon the riders he saw, — who was that fairest amongst the fair equestrians, and who was her escort? Not Sir Francis, but the other one, the boy on the other side? Intuitively he sketched the portrait of the young noble. The dainty, town-bred pallor, the light, downy mustaches and whiskerless young cheeks; the splendid riding equipment, and the glossy horse with a neck like Diana's bow.

How could he, Carl Secker, ever have thought to keep to himself a pearl so rare as that one lost to him now?

When the harvest was over there was a thanksgiving service, and a great day of festivity and rejoicing in Redford. The doctor had not meant to be present amongst the merry-makers; he was not in a state of mind for the sort of thing. He thought he should do better by going to visit those whom feebleness or infirmity would keep at home. His patients said of him that his manner was gentler and kinder than it had ever been; as perhaps it was. But when in passing homewards he saw the big tent and the flags flying above it, Dr. Secker stopped, as he used to stop and watch the reapers, to look over the hedge into the field. He saw men and women who had feasted and were merry; he saw big boys and little boys tumbling over each other for the very glee and *abandon* of the thing, to the music of the "Dixie's Land Polka," the most popular melody which the Redford band had on its list. The doctor saw also a group of ladies and gentlemen standing in the entrance to the tent, and while he was looking on, Mrs. Lescar and Frank left the group and moved a little farther up the field. Carl had not troubled Mrs. Lescar much of late; he had rather held aloof from any meeting with her. Through her the stab had come; and however little she had been to blame, the sight of her was not pleasant to his eyes. But now it came into his mind that September was nearly over, and the Dykeham family would probably be coming

back soon. It was nothing to him, of course, but still he thought he should like to know; so he went into the field and joined the two as they stood near the impromptu orchestra.

"They all seem very happy, don't they?" said Mrs. Lescar. "I have been helping to supply these people with tea, Dr. Secker. I wonder what you, as a medical man, would have thought of the quantity of that fluid and of ponderous plum-cake which a single individual can make away with."

"Poor things!" said the doctor. "They don't get it very often, some of them."

"No? A very good thing for them, too, I should say."

The doctor refrained from asking any question. He was certain that Joanna knew what he had joined her for, and he would not give her the triumph of seeing his impatience.

"I suppose you won't stay here long," he said. "The days begin to close in early."

"No, we shall be going directly. You never come to Dykeham now, Dr. Secker. Too busy, I suppose? I heard from Lady Crevillon this morning. They are — Frank, Frank, how very rude! Let me be gone —"

"Never mind him," interrupted the doctor. "Frank and I are old friends. They are coming home, did you say?"

"No. Going down the Rhine. Probably thence to Rome, but the route seems uncertain."

The doctor would have liked to go away then; but he felt Joanna's eye upon him, calmly curious, as though she wondered, just as a matter of curiosity, how this news affected him.

"I hope — that they are all well," said Carl.

"Quite well, I believe, thank you. Lady Crevillon says my cousin is anticipating the journey with great delight. But that is natural; she has never been able to travel much before. I believe Lord Frederic Page and his sister are about to take a similar tour."

In all this Carl felt, with a sting of exasperated rebellion, that there was cruelty, — cold and tranquil cruelty. He could forgive her for playing with him a little at first. People do that sometimes to increase their own importance as the holders of valuable information; but she need not have told him about Amy's delight. Why did she do it? Was it experimental, or for the mere pleasure of using her power to torment?

He said something about its getting late, and took off his hat to her, eschewing the customary handshake. Joanna's hand was cold, like herself. He could feel it through her glove; passionless, limp, incapable of giving a strong, healthy grasp.

He was not to get away thus, however. He had forgotten Master Frank's efforts to attract his attention; but the young gentleman was at his elbow before he got to the gate of the field.

"I say, why would n't you listen to me just now? Can you row, doctor?"

"Row!" repeated Carl, helplessly. "Row what?"

"A boat, to be sure. I'm going to have one. Pecket, the basket-maker, has got one, and it only wants painting up. It's to be painted green, and it will cost a lot of money; but it's to be a regular little clipper. I shall keep it under the willows in Davis's Hole; but mind, you are not to tell."

To the doctor's mind, distracted with other thoughts, the boy's speech was very hazy; but he heard something about a boat, and Davis's Hole,

and tried to subdue his own impatience, and humor the lad's enthusiasm for the new toy, as he generally did.

"It's to be a yacht complete, eh? Sails and rigging, of course, and a crew from Lilliput. Well, I'll come and see you sail it some day; but mind, Frank, don't you go too near Davis's Hole. Remember what it was named from. Keep to the ponds in the park."

The doctor did not see the look of amazement and contempt with which Frank received his advice, nor hear the tone in which the boy repeated to himself, "See me sail it! Keep to the ponds in the park, indeed!" He was too much occupied to think anything more just then of Frank or his amusements. "Amy was anticipating her journey with much delight"; and Lord Frederic would be with her.

Well, it was quite clear that he himself had done right; nay, it was just possible that Mrs. Leascar had been actuated by a kindly motive in telling him all this, and he had wronged her. She might have wished to satisfy him as to the wisdom of his proceeding. Yes, of course he had done right; and now it was all over, and he could never hope to see Amy again, unless, indeed, he saw her as the wife of Lord Frederic Page. He hoped he never might do that. He said words which were not gentle at all respecting Lord Frederic, in which he was unjust, since Lord Frederic had never injured him knowingly in any way; but people in the doctor's present circumstances are not always just. He looked up at the blank windows of his house with a dull impatience. If there had only been some stirring time before him, some great rush of work or excitement! But to go on in the same mill-horse round of visits; to bear patiently with the garrulous list of new diseases, or new symptoms of the hypochondriac up at Redford Grange, who expected to see him daily, and to have a daily change of treatment; to listen to and answer the well-known phrases of his richer patients; and then the never-failing, "Ah, thin, doctor, sure it's the drink 'tices him; if it was n't for that he'd be as good to us as gold," of the Irish quarter. And all this with the consciousness sore about his heart that the one star which had filled his path with tender light was gone from the sky, to shine no more for him forever.

CHAPTER VI.

DROWNED IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

Dr. Secker was walking down the drive from Dykeham, and the purple shadows of an October sunset fell across the road before him, but he never noticed them. He was thinking about the sentence with which Mrs. Leascar had greeted him, herself unmoved, yet uttering the words with a certain rhythm of the solemn dignity which always hangs about such tidings.

"A very shocking thing has happened, Dr. Secker. Lord Frederic Page is dead; drowned in the Bay of Naples."

Whatever more she had said, or he had answered, the doctor scarcely knew. He was only anxious to get away from the presence of the woman who spoke so quietly of an event which filled him at once with a strange terror. He could not get rid of the words; they came back like an echo from the dumb lips of pictures on the walls; they repeated themselves to his footsteps when he walked away from the house;

they sounded in the cawing of homeward-wheeling rocks above him,—"Drowned in the Bay of Naples!"

He might have heard, if he would, a boy's voice calling to him; or he might have seen a dark boyish figure running in the direction of the lodge to meet him there. But the doctor saw nothing but the sunlight flashing along a blue bay, and the ripple of cool waters that lapped the shore, and whispered to it of the prey borne from its bosom too late. He was thinking what a terrible thing it is to be cut off suddenly, without a shadow of warning out of the very midst of all the sunny joys that cluster round a smooth young life and make it dear. No spark of hope rose on the sadness of the doctor's picture. If such a sparkle had risen he would have hated himself, and fought it back, but none such did rise. The thing was too sudden, too terrible. Individual hopes and possibilities were swallowed in the awfulness of this one stroke which had cut down a man in his prime from off the golden earth. Of all the merry party that were with the drowned man— young and hearty like himself—not one had perished. All were picked up and brought to consciousness again save this one. For him there was no more any throb to come into the still heart; no more any word of love or joy or pain to issue from the silent lips. And there was a widowed mother to mourn for him, and brothers older and younger than himself, and a sister. But it was of none of these that Carl Secker thought when his imagination travelled from this individual unit of the human mass fighting vainly with the waters of death to those left behind.

It was of Amy that he thought, — Amy, whom he had taught himself to associate constantly with the dead man. It was for her that his heart ached; for her he was sorry, — sorry with an intensity of pity which had nothing in it, as he fancied, of the old love. In the presence of death that must be still and dead too. Another love had lived for her; had been to her perhaps what she once was to him. The doctor's heart was very sad for her; it went out to her with that puzzled, painful incertitude which longs to comfort, but can find no way. He could not comfort her; no one living could. Into the space, brief, but to him a measureless gulf, which separated them had been crowded for her, as for himself, the joy and sorrow of a life. Where was she now? Whose lips would comfort her for those which never were to speak to her again?

Time, or rather thought, which acknowledges no time nor space, had fled very fast with him since he heard those tidings. A shadowy notion came to him of having heard them before, long ago, or something like them, or of having dreamed them. Was there anything of the dreamer about him now, and should he wake up presently to find it all false?

He struck his cane upon the gravel sharply, and walked on. Outside the lodge-gate the figure which had been running to meet him stood, flinging stones in the direction of the river.

The doctor looked at Frank Crevillon doubtfully, as though he, too, might have sprung from the misty land of brain-created ghost, and was hardly to be spoken to; but Frank jerked away his last pebble, and turned round.

"I wanted to see you, doctor. Nobody will tell unless it is you, and I wanted to remind you that you must n't. I mean about my boat. You see they are coming home, and they would be worse now than ever, because —"

Of the whole sentence Dr. Secker seized only that one salient point, that one brief phrase which sent the rest into the background of total obscurity. Mrs. Lescar had told him nothing of that, and he had laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and cut short his speech with an abrupt sharpness for which Frank was not prepared."

"Coming home!" repeated Carl. "Never mind your playthings now; who are coming?"

"Papa and mamma, to be sure, and Amy and then—"

"O Frank!" ejaculated the doctor, in a strange hoarse voice, "be a good boy to her—to them. Be very gentle and good to them. Remember they have had a terrible shock."

And Carl walked away rapidly, leaving the boy to stand in the road and stare after him with an expression of helpless bewilderment.

"Who has had a terrible shock?" he grumbled. "What shock? What makes him, of all people, so cranky with a fellow? I wonder does he take my boat for a plaything, really? Well, I don't think he'll blab; he's not the sort."

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE PLEASANT DYKE.

A November day, but still sunny and genial. Dr. Secker passed up the side of the dyke towards the Red Ford, from whence, in this autumn barrenness of foliage, Dykeham would be plainly visible. He scarcely took the trouble to ask himself why that path was chosen. She was at home again; but then she was nothing to him, so it could not be that. The old places might know her again, but he never saw her. She was ill. From day to day he saw the carriage of Dr. Guise turn in at the drive gate, and knew that the old man was going to see Amy. Was it grief, he wondered, or the sudden shock, or had she in reality overtaken herself, as he once feared she would do?

There was no knowing this; no knowing what Dr. Guise thought in the impenetrability of his own mind, about the case over which he shook his head and mumbled predilections which might mean something or nothing. Carl did not care to make too many inquiries of Dr. Guise. The old man and the young one were not antagonistic; but they differed, as youth and age will. Especially in this case Carl's lips were sealed. He wondered, as he walked on, switching the bushes with his stick, what sort of treatment Dr. Guise affected, and whether it was of any use. He did not wish that he himself had been called in. The thing would have been too painful, too impossible. Not that he could not be perfectly calm about Amy, thinking of her sorrow with a brother's pity; but then he did not want to be brought into closer contact with her. In that, Sir Francis had been wise. But he could not help speculating about her. Would she wear mourning? The doctor was not very clear in his own mind as to the propriety or impropriety of such a course, but somehow he thought she would wear it. There went the carriage, with those black horses which were the special pets of Dr. Guise, up under the beeches amongst which he had watched the lights of other carriages gleaming fitfully on a March night which he remembered. Would it have been better for him if he had turned back that night? if he had written to Sir Francis and got, as he probably would have done then, while the baronet

was unprepared, a decisive answer? Better if he had acquiesced in that answer, and seen Amy no more? He thought not; and the question was idle. He *had* gone on; he had seen Amy; he had had at least a share of life's sweetest moments; and to lose the memory of them would be to make the past a blank as well as the future. And it was all over, now,—all over now and forever; and he could see, he thought, that it was better it should be so.

In a moment of time, quicker than any pen could write the words, or any tongue speak them the full consciousness and details of a sudden terrible emergency came upon the doctor as he passed from behind the shadow of a giant thorn into view of the river again. A single sharp cry, a sullen splash in the water, laid before him in a moment his position, and he knew that Frank Crevillon's boat was indeed no plaything, but a light and well-built craft which danced a dance of mocking triumph on the water, and dipped her prow into the mimic waves, as though in light laughter at the would-be master she had hung overboard.

"Drowned in the Bay of Naples!" came like a flash of light across the doctor's eyes in that moment. Was it to be the same tale over again? It is a hard thing to save the drowning. It may read easy in books, or to the unpractised heroes who never tried to swim. But the swimmer knows how hard a thing it is; knows, as he takes his spring, that the chance in his favor is only the horsehair holding up the sword. And Dr. Secker was a swimmer; and life is dear to us all. Here, before himself, lay that sudden death which had seemed to him so terrible; a sudden, swift whirl into eternity, with no space for summing up his own short-comings and seeking mercy; no time to do better, or try to do better. And in that second which sufficed for him to throw off his coat, a thousand thoughts danced through his brain, of life and death, of hope and despair; of Amy. Would she know, if he died, *how* he died? Would she know that these, his last thoughts, were full of her? Would she know how suddenly the old tenderness came rushing in upon him in a great flood; and he read in that moment that he had not given her up,—that she was his one love still, now as ever, and forever?

A confusion of interlacing branches overhead, the light motion of the little boat on the ripples, and then the waters of the Dyke surging into his own ears, Frank's coat within his grasp, and a brief hard battle for life!

CHAPTER VIII.

"ARE YOU SORRY?"

No spray moved in the rugged black branches outside; no robin perched amongst them to sing his good-night song, and bid her cheer up this dull November night. It was growing dusk. A servant came in to draw the curtains and light the candles in the big centre chandelier. Amy turned from the window to the fire, and sat down. A strange presentiment oppressed her of something unusual going on in the house. There had been a sudden confusion, a hasty opening and shutting of doors, and voices raised above their wonted pitch; but she had been ill, and was a prisoner in the drawing-room, whence she did not dare to issue that she might see for herself what was wrong—if, indeed, anything were wrong. She looked at the servant's face, with the idea of asking some question; but the first was

dull and expressionless, only absorbed in the lighting of those candles, so she gave it up.

When she was alone again, she looked into the fire and thought. She had been thinking all day; not because her thoughts were pleasant to her, but because they would not let her alone. Was she getting well? She hardly knew. She was not very sure that she wanted to get well. Nobody cared whether she did or not. Of course it was very wrong, and morbid, and foolish to think such thoughts, but it is not always possible to help thinking them. When Dr. Guise looked at her through his spectacles, and pronounced that his prescriptions had done her good, she laughed, but the kind old doctor did not know why. He would say, "That's right: laugh as much as you like; it's better than physic."

But the fact was, that when Joanna as regularly as a certain hour came round, poured out a glass of nectar for Amy, and brought it to her, Amy would look at it and through it, as a connoisseur does at wine, and then she would wait until Joanna's back was turned, and wickedly throw it away. No, Dr. Guise never did her any good before, and she would not take his messes now. If Sir Francis insisted on his coming to see her, why of course he must come. She could not help that. Perhaps Dr. Guise was right enough when he pronounced her malady nothing but nervous depression, and recommended change and individual exertion. Well, she had had change enough; Dykeham was a change now, and she preferred to remain there. As for exertion, there was nothing, so far as she could see, worth exerting herself about.

While she sat by the fire, wondering what she could find to do besides read and think, Joanna came in. Amy just glanced at her, and thought there was something unusual about her face, and then Mrs. Lescar said, "Dr. Secker is here."

She was sorry for having said it when she saw Amy suddenly put her hand to her left side, as she had a habit of doing if anything startled her. But Mrs. Lescar found it difficult to comprehend this extreme facility for being startled.

"Frank fell into the Dyke, and Dr. Secker saw him, and jumped in after him. Frank will be all right, the doctor says; but they have put him into bed, and Lady Crevillon fancies he is feverish, so the doctor has promised to stay here the night. I thought you might like to know."

In all this quietness and matter-of-fact of Joanna's, Amy could not know that for once in her life the placid woman was stirred with an unwonted feeling of emotion. If there was any one she cared for very much in the world it was Frank. She saw in him the future Sir Francis, the head of the house and the maintainer of its good name and standing; he was of consequence in her eyes, over and above which, she had a personal liking for him. Dr. Secker had risked his own life to save Frank's. As the baronet had said, it was a very plucky thing to do; and as Joanna decided, it was more than could have been expected. Some dim idea of justice or atonement, or reward, she hardly knew which, occurred to Joanna as she stood by Frank's bed, looking at the lad's white face, and at his small fingers curling tight round the doctor's hand. She thought of the letter which she had shown to Dr. Secker that sultry August day. It was no harm to show it; Joanna stuck to that; but still she thought she would tell Amy about it, and then it would be off her mind.

"Amy," said Mrs. Lescar, "there was never anything between you and poor Freddy Page, was there?"

Amy looked up from the fire with a spark of sudden, angry light in her eye.

"How dare you ask me, Joanna?"

"I was n't quite sure. He only bored you a little, then. And Lady Crevillon did her best to increase the boredom?"

Amy made a gesture of assent, if, indeed, that could be called assent which was utter indifference, absence of mind, or intolerance of the subject.

"Well, Lady Crevillon hinted that there was something between you. She even said plainly that you liked him, and were unhappy because of a foolish promise which you fancied you ought to keep."

"Well, Joanna?"

"Well, Amy, it was n't probable that I should disbelieve Lady Crevillon,— why should I? Indeed, I thought it the most natural thing in the world that you should like Lord Frederic, and so I still think it would have been. Dr. Secker came here to inquire after you, and I gave him the letter. He is a straightforward, honorable man, for a plain country doctor. He asked if I thought he ought to release you, and I said yes."

"You might have killed me," was all Amy said. And she said it so quietly and low that Joanna had to consider a little before she quite knew what it meant.

"I think Dr. Secker felt it a good deal. I remember that he would walk up and down the room, which is a restlessness that always makes me angry. But it was n't my fault, you know. I acted for the best."

"Is that all you have to say to me now, Joanna?"

"All? Really, I don't know of anything else. I suppose so."

"Then, if you don't mind, I wish you would go away."

Joanna stared a little, but complied. It was very odd. She had been married herself, and had liked Mr. Lescar very well indeed, but then he was in every respect a fit person for her to like. That Amy should have obstinately preferred Carl Secker to Lord Frederic Page was a thing she really could not understand. But it seemed that she had so preferred him. It was a matter of very little or no real consequence to Joanna, but she thought that, so far as she had been concerned in separating them, she would undo her work, and the rest was in their own hands.

"I should n't wonder if they were to make it up again," thought Joanna. "Papa would refuse the doctor nothing now, that's certain."

She went up stairs again, and, sitting down, uncured Frank's fingers from the doctor's hand, and actually kissed them as the boy slept. Dr. Secker saw her do this. A thought, that she had never looked so womanly to him before, came into his mind; and with it something else,— a strange, dawning hope, a sudden, wild light across the gray sky of his life. He could not tell why it came, or whence, but there it was, associated in some strange way with the unusual tenderness of Joanna's manner. She had kissed Frank's hand, but she was looking at him, Carl Secker, and it was some emotion or thought connected with him which had written itself in the softened lines of her face.

"We shall never know how to be thankful enough to you," Lady Crevillon had said to him, wringing his hand. With some such words also the baronet

had expressed his gratitude, but this strange woman only sat down and kissed Frank's fingers, with that unaccountable softening of manner towards himself.

"Mrs. Lescar," said Carl, "you have something to say to me. If so, if it is anything about—I suppose I am right in my head—whatever it may be, say it, for God's sake, and don't torture me."

"I have nothing particular to say," responded Joanna; "only I thought you might like to see Amy. She is in the drawing-room. It was all a mistake of Lady Crevillon's about poor Freddy Page."

The doctor heard the words, looking straight down into Joanna's face. Then he turned away from it; there was no longer any softness in it for him. He went out of the room into the lobby, and leaned against the baluster, trying to think. Only a few hours ago he had been dwelling on Amy's sorrow with a pity which he had called a brother's pity. Now, in a moment, all was changed. She had had no great sorrow; had never cared for Lord Frederic; had never, perhaps, forgotten,—what did she think of him? How could he possibly justify that act which seemed now so rash?

But Amy, sitting on by the fire, and looking into it, was no longer conscious of anger against Joanna, Lady Crevillon, or, indeed, any one. One human being had shut them all out; one wavering, doubtful man, walking up and down, fighting with his heart, and giving her up. She knew how he would look as he walked up and down the room. Was it this room? Did he go home at once and write his letter?

And then she thought of the scene at the river side, of men bearing a body, which was Frank's, helpless and senseless, giving no sign by which they might know if he lived. Suppose there had been two instead of one. Suppose—

Then she looked up, and saw Carl coming into the room; saw him come and bend down with one knee on the rug beside her; heard him say, "Amy, forgive"; and then she turned and put her arms round his neck and her face against his cheek. He was come back; he had never meant it. The thing had been as hard for him as it was for her; and now it was all over.

"O Carl, are you sorry? How could you write it? How could you think it? As if anything in that big, noisy world out there could make you less to me! Never doubt me again, Carl."

"My darling—never!"

M. TURGUENIEF'S "LIZA."

THE literature which aims at the delineation of real life is of all orders, ranging from the very frontier of the higher poetry to the very frontier of matter-of-fact chronicle and annals. Between Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" and Defoe's "Colonel Jack" there is a wider difference of kind than between Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and his "Vicar of Wakefield," though one of these last is in verse and the other in prose. Between Miss Austen's "Emma" and most of George Eliot's "Scenes from Clerical Life," there is a wider difference of kind than between Tennyson's "Dora" and some of those exquisite prose idylls of George Eliot. And again, Goethe's "Herrmann and Dorothea" approaches more closely in kind this beautiful story of M. Turguenief's than does almost any novel we could name, unless it might be—and that would

only approach it at a distance—the exquisite little pseudonymous tale called "A Lost Love" by Ashford Owen, which delighted the world and was forgotten some fifteen years ago. "Liza," written by a Russian author of great genius, and translated by Mr. Balston into English so pure and classical that, unlike almost all translations, it is a pleasure to read it for its style alone, is a story which, without rising quite into the elevated tone of poetry, keeps often so close to its boundary that we hardly know whether we admire it most for the liquid atmosphere of what we may call its sky and cloud,—its treatment of human hope and faith and destiny,—and the transparent sweetness of its pathos, or for the sharp, firm outlines of its delineations of character, and the new world of human life and action which it opens before us. "Liza" is not only a Russian story, but its scenery and conceptions are Russian to the core, and therefore introduce the English reader to a perfectly novel world; and yet the art of the author is of so high a kind, his imagination pierces so completely through the Russian circumstance to the spiritual qualities which are mutually intelligible to each other all the world over, that no one will find the slightest difficulty in entering into the spirit of every page, or will fail to find his imagination enriched by some of the most living groups and the most noble individual characters which have been painted for us since "Romola" was written.

No doubt the texture of the story is slight. M. Turguenief works with few and rapid touches, and elaborates but little. His imagination, perhaps because it is full of poetical depth and lucidity, does not love to assimilate a great mass of material, but seems to give us the essence of his conceptions in delicate but decisive strokes. These two little volumes, minute as they are, contain many chapters of explanatory matter which are not strictly essential to the story, but of the nature of glosses on the text, including excursions of the author's imagination into the antecedents of characters which were already living before our eyes. Yet in spite of these rapid glances back of the author at the formative influences which he supposes necessary to have made the leading characters what he has painted them, and which, interesting as they are, are rather of the nature of imaginative criticisms by the author on his own text, than essential to the movement of his plot and the expression of his actors, the little tale brings before us, as if we had known them all our lives, no less than seven figures all of the most living order, and four of these seven, at least, Liza herself, Liza's great-aunt, Marie Timofeevna, Lemm, the old German physician, and Varvara Pavlovna, Lavretsky's unfaithful wife, characters any one of which would give life and substance to an ordinary novel. We cannot be as sure that the two Russian pedants, Lavretsky, the true man embarrassed by his unnatural education, and Panshine, the hollow official man, are quite of the same calibre, because the truth of these portraits depends much upon circumstantial details, of the nicety and fullness of which we are no competent judges, nor, indeed, judges at all; and the weak, trivial, vain, and sentimental Maria Dmitrievna, though admirably drawn, is hardly a figure of the first rank. But the four characters we have mentioned are sketched with the power of a true poet, and are so independent of the mere local drawing and color through the medium of which, of course, they are delineated, that any one who

knows human nature at all recognizes the power and truth of the picture with a thrill of delight.

No doubt the central figure of Liza herself is that which gives its power and pathos to the whole. And when we look back to the few scenes in which her character is painted, we are amazed at the apparently hasty lines and colors of a portraiture which excites a sort of passion of tenderness even in the reader. Statuesque, still, sincere, full of gentleness to all, but always self-possessed till pity deepens into love, dreading with a sort of spiritual fear to throw her heart absolutely into any human passion, and full from the first of a shy, religious ardor which consumes her altogether when once she loses her one hope of earthly joy, Liza seems almost to raise and widen the range of the imagination in the sphere of spiritual womanly beauty. It may rank beside the picture of Dinah in "Adam Bede," though Liza is only a sketch and Dinah a full-length portrait, for truthfulness and spirituality, while in the intensity of poetical loveliness it even surpasses that wonderful and far more elaborate creation. Angels are rarely women. Liza is all woman, yet with a dash of the angel that only a true poet could have given her. The ideal is rarely real. Liza is perfectly real, and yet is the embodiment of that

"lyric love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire,"

with which Mr. Browning has enchanted our imaginations.

Perhaps the character which strikes us as the second in power and originality to that of Liza is the crabbed old German musician's, Lemm's, — a Rembrandt-like picture of stiff and soured old age lighted up by the belated flame of a true artist's devotion to a rare pupil's purity and sweetness. The picture of Lemm's efforts after a composition that shall delineate in some shadowy way the nature of Liza, of his nervousness as, with compressed lips, he opens out his first attempt on the piano, of its failure owing to the complex, involved, and cramped movement of his thought, and of his despair at that failure, and then later of the success with which he breathes his passion into a single strain of trust and purity in the midnight, is one of the finest episodes we can remember in fiction. The cross, reserved, age-stricken man, with his profound sense of failure, is a figure far from ideal, and yet even when he is at his crabbedest the artist conveys that sense of an inward glow, of unsuccessful genius jarring all his nature, which prepares us for the gleam of fire when it comes.

The irritable, sincere, shrewd old aunt Marfa Timofeevna, with her sharp humor, her keen eye for affectations and falsehoods of all sorts, her dread of religious enthusiasm, and her profound tenderness of nature, is a character of slighter interest, no doubt, than either of those we have mentioned, but not of less living force. The contrast between her somewhat jerky energy of nature and Liza's spiritual stillness of soul is a very happy one, and tends to bring out the higher art in the painting of Liza as much as to relieve it with more commonplace materials. Her sarcastic antipathy to her niece's, Maria Dmitrievna's, sentimentalism is most happily rendered. Altogether, she brightens and vivifies the story which might otherwise be in too much danger of a certain melancholy idealism, — its higher characters, except her own, partaking of the dreamy and contemplative nature.

The character of the unfaithful wife, Varvara Pavlovna, a thoroughly selfish and impure nature

of the velvet kind, is drawn with a power hardly excelled even in the picture of her rival Liza. M. Turguenief evidently delights in drawing characters more or less imbued with the artistic temperament. There are three, at least, in this little group, one true artist, and two with the superficial sensitiveness of the temperament, though without a trace of any disinterested love of the ideal. Varvara Pavlovna's soft audacity, her inward laughter and acted tears, the delight in conquest which brings her back to try if she cannot reconquer her alienated husband's heart, for which she does not care, or, at all events, extort a larger allowance from his generosity, — the verve and elasticity of her enjoyment of the rôle of temptress, even with those whom she only wishes to disturb and unsettle, not to win, her mischievous sensualism, the ecstacy of half-bacchanalian rapture with which she dwells on a certain noisy waltz of Strauss, and the utter coldness of heart which does not even permit her to adhere consistently to the part she is assuming, are drawn with a wealth of small touches which is perfectly astonishing, when you consider the few pages devoted to her at all.

We can give no extract from this wonderful little story which will at all do justice to its genius, but we are sure, not *only* that it cannot disappoint any one with a true feeling for the higher art, but that it will be one of those few books to which its readers will return time after time with new pleasure, as they do to books which teach them more of life than life itself. Of the accuracy of the translation — from the scholar's point of view — we cannot judge at all, as the present writer is wholly ignorant of Russian. But there are in every page phrases which have all the force and sharpness of a great original. To give an example of what we mean, when we are told that Gedeonovsky laughed "a thin and cringing laugh," we feel sure that if that is not both choice and faithful translation, Mr. Ralston must have himself the literary powers of a keen observer and a subtle painter of human life.

SURVIVAL OF INSTINCTS.

It is a popular fallacy, which cannot be too plainly repudiated, that all persons living at the same time are contemporaries. A very slight degree of observation is sufficient to refute the notion. Without speaking of antiquaries and others, who manage to erect dams in the shape of bookcases and study walls for the purpose of artificially arresting a little backwater from the current of time, we need not travel far to find whole populations living in remote ages.

A few hours' journey will take us to the middle ages in the Tyrol, and a day or two further east we come upon regions where time has stood still since the very dawn of modern civilization. There are remote islands where the natives are, properly speaking, contemporaries with the makers of the kitchen-middings, and living, for all practical purposes, in the Bronze or Stone Age. It is more interesting, however, to note how, in one and the same district, time runs at all the different paces described by Rosalind, with persons living side by side. In external appearance they do not differ considerably; but one is really living at the present day, whilst another is a specimen of the primeval savage, or it may be of the Middle Ages, just coated with a thin varnish of the nineteenth century. We are accustomed to quote the proverb about scratch-

ing a Russian; but transformations quite as remarkable may be made by subjecting an Englishman to the same operation. It is, for example, a common remark, which has many very interesting applications, that not a few old heathen superstitions, and ceremonies founded upon them, are to be discovered amongst our peasantry at the present day. Various practices at weddings recall the remote time when marriage consisted in the simple and decisive process of carrying off the bride by force. There are ceremonies of a religious character which in all probability were originally observed in honor of pagan deities, and have since taken the superficial dress of the established religions of successive epochs. Few things are more curious than the way in which old creeds, supposed long ago to be dead and buried, and satisfactorily forgotten, every now and then crop up to assert their continued vitality. On the same principle we know that words which were thought to have dropped out of the language still find lurking-places where they survive until some emergency brings them forwards. The use of railways brought out two or three expressive words which had been long hidden away in such profound depths below the ordinary surface of language that it is hard to trace their origin. Even amongst people who pass themselves off very successfully as contemporary mortals we find these curious resurrections of extinct superstitions which suggest that their believers are rather the inhabitants of a past epoch, who by some accident have not heard of their own death, than real living and moving moderns. The spirit-rappers, for example, so far from having invented a brand-new absurdity, are really, as Mr. Tylor has recently pointed out, cases of the survival of primitive modes of thought.

The whole theory which explains the creaking of a table by the intervention of a spirit is precisely the ancient method of feticism. Not only is the method of reasoning the same, but the old applications of it survive. When the Davenport brothers untied knots by the help of supernatural powers, they were only repeating a performance which had been rehearsed in Esquimaux huts and by various savage conjurers. A mode of divination has recently become popular by what is called *planchette*, — a simple contrivance for enabling a person to write apparently under the influence of bits of wood instead of his own fingers. A method in all respects essentially similar has long been practised by certain Eastern races. It is not so much that there is nothing new under the sun, as that nothing becomes altogether antiquated. A superstition is apparently killed down, but some fragments of it remain, and, like the objectionable weed which has spread through our rivers of late years, suddenly sprouts up again, and astonishes us by its amazing powers of multiplication.

These special instances, which might be indefinitely multiplied, are enough to illustrate a truth which is susceptible of much wider application. The organization of society varies slowly, and we generally complain that reforms in practical matters lag far behind the ideas which they are supposed to embody. But it is equally true that changes take place in many details long before the mass of mankind is at all capable of appreciating the general truths which they exemplify. Persecution had become impracticable long before the principle had been grasped that the State had no business to interfere with the religious beliefs of the individual.

Indeed, at the present moment the principle is so imperfectly understood that, if people did not shrink from the logical consequences of their theories, many clergymen and ladies would obviously derive extreme satisfaction from seeing the argument of physical force once more applied to speculative controversies. Duelling still survives in every European country except England, and its existence implies that a prejudice congenial to certain military or chivalrous instincts has long survived the order of ideas on which it was originally founded. It is quite unnecessary, however, to go outside our beloved island to find plenty of instances of this strange vitality of certain sentiments long after the apparent extirpation of the root from which they originally sprang. What, for example, is the true philosophy of the Muscular Christian? To a certain limited extent he may possibly be an outgrowth from the wants of the time. The increase of towns and the difficulty of obtaining open-air exercise make an increased attention to athletic pursuits not only pardonable but highly desirable. This, however, would be a very inadequate account of the singular species of enthusiasm which began by infesting our schools and universities in spite of the coolness of the authorities, and has ended by carrying away the authorities themselves. The disease in its most characteristic developments is marked by symptoms far exceeding any reasonable tendency to the cultivation of our physical nature. The most desperate cases end in a kind of absorption of the brain by the muscles, and the patient is found to be suffering from a strange hallucination which entirely distorts the true relations of things, and leads him to form a curious ideal of the highest human type, in which all intellectual and moral excellence is regarded merely as a useful condition towards developing his athletic capacities.

There may be various ways of explaining a social phenomenon so singular and so little suited to the general spirit of the times. The simplest supposition is apparently one the nature of which we have already indicated. Some of the prejudices and beliefs which went to make up the creed of the old-fashioned country gentleman of the Squire Western type were still lingering in the atmosphere. Various circumstances, such as the increase of wealth unaccompanied by a corresponding increase of refinement, prepared a favorable ground into which the seeds of contagion might fall. The result was the sudden outbreak of a disease which has hitherto baffled the efforts of all the established physicians, and indeed has been too generally encouraged by them, under the mistaken impression that its symptoms were those of the exuberant health rather than the morbid condition of the patient. We thus witnessed the reappearance in modern society of a type admirably suited, it may be, for a ruder state of things, but singularly unfitted for a time in which it is generally supposed to be admitted that the soul and the intellect are nobler parts of man than his stomach or his muscles.

Following out the same principle we can have no difficulty in discovering numerous cases where the social or political instincts which are concealed by certain superficial arrangements suddenly reveal themselves in their old unmodified condition. We sometimes laugh at Americans, who, with all the advantages of their admirable democratic institutions, show quite as fine a taste for the charms of crowns and coronets as the most sophisticated subject of a

bloated aristocracy. The criticism is very fair, but it implies an exaggerated estimate of the rapidity with which new ideas can be imbibed simply from the operation of new institutions, even assuming that the institutions are perfectly successful. The old instinct which makes a native Englishman love a lord has been far too deeply impressed upon his character to be washed out by a few generations under democratic rule. In course of time it may be that new social arrangements will generate corresponding sentiments, but the process is slow and uncertain. In Europe, to take a similar case, it is held in all public speeches and newspaper articles and philosophical works, that the ancient dogma of a divine right of kings has been finally discredited and destroyed. A king, though he may be the object of a reasonable loyalty on his own account, or simply as the visible symbol of patriotic emotions, is no longer considered as belonging to a separate class, and in possession of a special divine commission. His power is intrusted to him, as to other officials, for the good of the people. This is all very well, and nothing can be plainer in theory. But it is obvious that the old notion of royal sanctity has by no means lost its efficacy.

There are a great number of persons now in Europe who manage to support very respectably the character of claimants for a throne, which, without some remnant of the divine-rights theory, would be simply absurd. If a king was truly believed to be no more than any other man, an ex-King would have no more sanctity than an ex-President, and the Queen of Spain excite as little emotion as Mr. Johnson. The fact that there is still a certain degree of loyalty left towards such people proves that the notion of a divine right still lingers in some small classes. But it is perhaps more significant that when a people resolve to start a new dynasty on the genuine constitutional plan, they never think of going beyond the existing royal families. The Spaniards are in terrible perplexity because none of that sacred class can supply a suitable candidate for the place; if they had really ceased to believe in the ancient doctrine, their choice would be practically unlimited, and they might, if they chose, select a ruler by competitive examination, or any other patent scheme of discovering merit. The fact that such a course is always tacitly assumed to be out of the question, proves how strong a flavor of superior sanctity still surrounds crowned heads, long after we have ceased to assert it in words and indeed have most explicitly renounced it.

Mr. Lecky wrote a book to illustrate the proposition that ancient beliefs frequently expire not by the attacks of opponents or because the force of argument is manifestly against them, but by a kind of spontaneous decay when they have become unsuited to the prevailing atmosphere of opinion. Undoubtedly there are many cases which however they may be explained, lend much countenance to the theory. But the inverse case is equally common and remarkable. Beliefs apparently disappear when the logical base upon which they are founded is finally cut away. But, as a rule, they are very slow to die. They retire into remote country districts, or they lurk in the breasts of particular classes. They display themselves, not by any denial of the fundamental principle to which they are opposed but by incidentally modifying the views which men take of subsidiary questions. People generally admit after a certain quantity of argument that two and two make four, but they continue

to entertain grave doubts as to the application of the same principle to more complex arithmetical questions. They look at them in the light of their inherited prejudices, and continue to cherish a faint hope that twice six may possibly be thirteen in spite of the cavils raised by obstinate logicians. The progress of knowledge consists as much in getting rid of old prejudices as in learning new truths; and people continue to use the old formulæ in dealing with corollaries when they have learnt to apply the new ones to the primary propositions. And thus, as, according to Mr. Darwin, a horse retains almost invisible stripes because its ancestor was a zebra, we are marked by the traces of old creeds and instincts for centuries after we profess to have abandoned them.

A PROVINCIAL BALL IN FRANCE.

PARIS is a great social sun, around which eighty-eight satellites revolve, by which they are warmed, and from which they reflect their light. Every department has its little imitative capital, where things Parisian are things perfect, absolutely incapable of improvement. The satellites are as obedient to the whims of the greater orb, as are the satellites of Saturn to their controlling planet. Each of these eighty-eight provincial capitals has its imitation of the Tuileries, its little court, and its manners and fashions, imported from the great dictatorial centre. The prefect is a little emperor, the prefecture a Lilliputian Tuileries; and there is in all of them an imitation aristocratic old Faubourg St. Germain, a quarter of the Champs Elysées, petty boulevards, *cafés à la Paris*, and coteries of society divided into Bourbons, Orleanists, Imperialists, and Sansculottes. Curious is it to see with what proud reverence society in the provinces looks up to society at the Great City, — with what kindly condescension the Great City looks down upon its little worshippers! Madame la Marquise, who has a hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, and deigns to spend a part of the season at the provincial capital, is inevitably the leader of its society; she is the despot of its fashions, her table is a constant example to the *gourmands*, her manners are studied, her presence in the houses of the provincial aristocracy is an honor descending an heirloom of tradition in the happy family so highly blessed. Even Parisian vices — whose multitude is legionary, and whose character attests at least the inventiveness of the French *ennuyé* — are diligently copied, so that if you will but convert social Paris to virtue, you will have a regenerated social France. Even the fashion which they have in Paris, which seems a fashion *en permanence*, of swindling every Englishman and American who goes there with mouth and pockets open and eyes shut, has penetrated to the "primitive" rural towns; and the "simple honest folk" of remote Gironde or sea-girt Finisterre will cheat you as glibly, with as smooth a face, as the blandest glove girl of the Rue de Rivoli.

A day's journey from the metropolis, there stands, close by a superb river, one of those musty old towns which boasts a prefect and a palace, a general and a mayor, and a polyglot population, Paris-worshippers to a man, — perhaps we should say, to a woman, for the ladies of France are the blindest of all devotees, whether of religion or society. A musty, rickety, staggering old town, with streets full of drunken houses three centuries old, tumbling against one another, and eccentric ancient bridges,

which, by a long contiguity to the river waves, have themselves become wavy and undulating, not at all safe to cross, yet remaining there because they are old, and the conservative folk won't desecrate them. An old town, nevertheless, which is wide awake to the fashions, and has its "season," its August races, its winter carnival, its periodical official fêtes and balls, like all other French mankind. On the 15th of August its cosey Parthenon-imitated theatre displays a conspicuous loyalty by a "Vive l'Empereur!" emblazoned on its musty façade in laudatory gas, just under the armless and noseless row of Muses which were propped atop there, they say, in the balcyon days of Cardinal Duc de Richelieu.

Here we found ourselves one bright crisp February day, intent on studying quaint manners and customs, curious to observe provincial French society, with plenty of time on our hands, and fortunately some acquaintance among the *beau-monde* of this capital of "primitives." Antoine, whose acquaintance we had made one night at the Opéra Comique in Paris, where he had kindly helped us out of a squabble with an *employé* about our seats, which, engaged a week beforehand, we found filled and overflowing by two fat old French dowagers, who had been guilty of "bribery and corruption" to obtain them. Antoine was a native of R—, oscillated constantly between there and Paris, knew every soul in the place, was hand and glove, as well with the "monde de la Prefecture" as with the grumpy old Bourbon aristocracy. He devoted himself to us with that restless enthusiasm which a French host is apt to display on behalf of a foreign visitor. He showed us all the sights, drove us to all the neighboring castle ruins and famous vineyards, procured us admission to private galleries, took a box for us at the theatre, and ordered for us at the principal restaurant a particularly elaborate banquet of dishes *du pays*. The provincial society, through his exertions, we revelled in to satiety. We saw all the provincial belles of the place, were gauged and ogled by all the matrons with eligible daughters, took dinner here and there *en famille*, and even penetrated to the gloomy old halls of the provincial Faubourg St. Germain, where we saw the portrait of Louis XVI. hung with crape, and that of Monseigneur the Count of Chambord festooned with the snow-white flag of Bourbon royalty. "Mes amis," said Antoine, one day, after we had "done" everything in the place and its vicinity, "we will go to the Prefect's ball. There you will see our society at its best. It is a quaint country reproduction of Haussman's balls at the Hôtel de Ville. It is as amusing as seeing Hamlet played by a strolling company, after having enjoyed Kean at the Princess's" (Antoine had lived in England). It was just what we wished; so our bustling little friend carried his overflowing politeness to the palace, and eloquently persuaded Monsieur the Prefect to send us cards of invitation. In a day or two the postman brought us two huge square envelopes, in which we found elegantly engraved cards, whose contents ran somewhat after this fashion:—

"The Prefect of the Department of—and Madame de Mont Cervin request the pleasure of the presence of Monsieur—at the Palace of the Prefecture, on the evening of February 17th, at nine o'clock.

"On dansera.

"R S V D"

Baron Haussman's cards themselves are not more neat and sumptuous; everything in the style was *à la Paris*, even to the sending the invitations a fortnight before the night of the ball.

"You must dress," admonished Antoine, "with quite as much care and elaboration as if you were going to the Tuileries. Monsieur the Prefect is very particular."

It was manifest, on the principal streets of the town, that among the ladyfolk at least the occasion was a great one. There was an immense amount of fluttering of dresses among the glove shops and milliners, the dressmakers and the fancy slipper shops. The fortunate ones could be distinguished from the slighted by the happy or disappointed expressions of the faces. The good dames of the provincial capital were as eager to receive *cartes* for the Prefect's ball, as are those of Paris to be *invitées* to the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville. The wire-pulling and intrigues set in motion to this end are manifold and original. For here, at the balls of the Prefect, is the great matrimonial mart, whether in province or metropolis. Here it is that the thousand and one "old campaigners" lay their traps for unsuspecting young gentlemen, who have, or promise to come into, fortunes and great *propriétés*. Here it is that the blooming young demoiselles of France are arrayed in all their glory, where their charms are forced by the keen artifice of the older female heads into their highest possible refulgence. Here are the fortune and title hunters,—the victims and the victors of the great and holy institution of *mariages de convenance*; you might think yourself in a Turkish market for the sale of Circassian beauties, so freely and minutely are physiognomies and physical forms examined, and so shrewdly are the advantages of this or that young monsieur or mademoiselle weighed and compared. It is with many a dowager, yearning for a son-in-law, the last chance. Her *petites demoiselles* are getting *blasées*; every year it is becoming more difficult to conceal the intruding wrinkles, to hide the increasing pinched appearance of the skin, to infuse a forced vivacity and a difficultly acted youthful piquancy into the poor tired maids, hunted to death,—alas! not by men, but by mammas,—in the race after a husband and a permanent place in the great woman-world,—society.

Last summer, at Trouville and Vichy, was a disheartening failure. Monsieur le Comte flirted with Mademoiselle Hortense most desperately—and jilted her. Young Fiquot, the Paris merchant, was amazingly attentive, ever by the side of Louise, took her boating, taught her fishing, got up at dawn to play croquet with her,—and had the insufferable impudence to propose to that red-haired girl from the neighboring village in the very midst of it! These little untoward circumstances may not reach Paris,—the Parisian dowager may forget them, and they may descend to oblivion amid the glitter and rush of Parisian pleasure. But such things reappear like ill-visaged phantoms to the dame of the provincial capital. Gossip, the fastest traveller and veriest Paul Pry there is in the frail human world, wafts every lightest story, every petty intrigue, from the great summer resorts to the country towns where live its victims; and the stories are gloated over with great gusto in the mansions where there are rival demoiselles to be "settled," and to whom every discomfiture of the enemy is as a sweet and pleasant savor. Rival "old campaigner" takes

and says that not a colleable of the story shall be

lost as it goes the rounds; and even embellishes it, that it may have a readier hearing and a more fatal effect.

The night came, bright and clear, and we, arrayed strictly according to the code ceremonial, were ready promptly at the time appointed. The usually quiet streets were already noisy with the rumbling of carriages and cabs, which seemed to be in an amazing hurry to reach the palace, for what reason we soon learned. The faithful Antoine soon arrived with our own vehicle, and we, too, whirled rapidly on the stony thoroughfares, down long, narrow winding old streets, anon through a pretty little old-fashioned square, along the river quays, until finally we came in sight of the prefecture itself. It was all ablaze with lights; a row of bright gas jets crossed the front of the long, white, tasteful edifice; over the gate was another illumination; while upon the façade there appeared a fiery illustration of the imperial heraldry of Napoleon III. The vehicles were already so many, that the long line of them, awaiting their turns, extended far up the street which led to the prefecture. Within there was truly a very inspiring "sound of revelry by night"; and the figures of the guests, in official paraphernalia and the gaudy hues of the feminine toilet, betrayed themselves through the dazzlingly lighted windows. While exercising the sublime quality of patience, in waiting to reach the door, Antoine was so kind as to give us some lessons regarding the customs of the ball. At last we drove up to the high, wide portal, gave our orders to *cocher*, and entered. There was a vast vestibule, with apartments on either side: at the upper end, a broad staircase, separating midway, two smaller flights leading right and left. The vestibule and staircase were adorned with high plants, flowers, shrubbery, and festoons leafy and floral. On one side of the vestibule the ladies, and on the other the gentlemen, laid aside hats and cloaks, giving them to some neatly clad *bonnes*, who ticketed them and put them carefully away in cribs.

When we reached the top of the broad staircase, we were stopped by a man in livery who sat at a little table with a huge book before him, and who, demanding our names, inscribed as we dictated. Then we ascended to the top, and found ourselves in a suite of apartments scarcely less magnificent or sumptuous than the reception-rooms of the Tuilleries itself. We entered the anteroom, in the middle of which was a fanciful and very unique arrangement of plants and flowers, rising in a kind of tasteful pyramid. Here we were confronted by a huge fellow in livery, as straight, bulging, and crusty as possible, who, having taken our names, pompously marched to a high door, and with great dignity shouted them out.

We were indignant, however, to hear each of our names atrociously mangled; especially my friend Jenkins, who started to hear himself announced to the Prefect by something which sounded very like "*Monsieur Jackass!*" In we walked, and found ourselves opposite a very sleek-looking, closely shaved, gaudily dressed gentleman, — no less a person than Monsieur the Prefect. He was standing; and by his side, on a satin fauteuil, sat Madame la Préfète, a stately mass of perplexing circumambient lace and ribbons, with jewels winking at you from all over her head and arms, and a perfectly Parisian society smile of welcome. Monsieur was dressed in a blue coat, three fourths hidden in broad eccentric silver lace, and was the

very picture of a prosperous and not ill-natured official of consequence.

Our devoirs to host and hostess performed, we passed on into the dancing saloon, a long, superbly garnished apartment, with musicians laboring frantically over their brass and catgut at the upper end. The chandeliers were supplied with innumerable wax candles, it being plebeian in France to use gas outside the kitchen and entries. Life-size portraits of Napoleon III. and Eugénie graced the walls, "*Donnée par S. M. l'Empereur*," as the panels were careful to tell you; the walls were richly gilded and corniced, adorned, not as the wealthy edifices of England are, with heavy oaken panelings and ceilings, but in that lighter and more gaudy style which, universal in French houses, is so typical of the national character itself.

The room was already crowded to suffocation, albeit it was but a few minutes past the invitation hour; the dancers could hardly move through their figures, and mademoiselle's attempts to glide gracefully and fascinatingly through the "ladies' chain" were painfully balked by her bumping against some one at every curve. It was a curious sight, this ball-room in the provinces.

On the two long sides of the saloon were two rows of seats, one in front of the other, those against the wall being raised *fauteuils*, rising above the chairs in front. On this back row of raised *fauteuils* sat in all their majesty the aristocratic and wealthy dowagers of R—. So haughty and starched did they look, with their satin-lined opera-cloaks, their bejewelled eyeglasses, their gray hair arranged *à la mode*, and their rich lace caps disposed with matronly dignity, that they reminded one of the senate scene in *Othello*, and seemed a bench of stern feminine judges, considering the pros and cons of holy matrimony. There they sat, the long line of shrewd old schemers, deeply intent on their game, acting the Gorgon to one young man and the would-be mother-in-law to another, according to circumstances. On the seat below each sat her blooming (natural and artificial) daughter or daughters, watched over by mamma with too-anxious care, exhibited in the matrimonial mart, and looking each her sweetest and modestest with all her little might.

Now the reason why the carriages had been in such haste to reach the prefecture was clear. The old dowagers were running a race for the *best seats*. Just as the ambitious gardener or fruiterer will strain every nerve to secure the most prominent and accessible stall in the market where to display his carefully prepared and tastefully arranged stock, so did these "old campaigners" of the province have their carriages at the door exactly at the stated moment, calculate to the nicety of a second how to arrive at the prefecture just long enough before the hour of invitation to enter the saloons as the clock strikes, and to lose no time in appropriating the most eligible seats for self and daughters, those most eligible seats being the ones most conspicuous and easiest of approach for messieurs *les messieurs*. This great point gained, — and everybody knows how important it is for a general, military or social, male or female, to have the choice of his ground, — madame would enthrone herself aloft, and her daughters would take the seats below her; and mamma would fix a ribbon here and a curl there, stooping from her eminence for the purpose, and would then lean back, and with her eyeglass take a deliberate survey of the general effect with an exhaustive *coup d'œil*.

Thus the ladies, old and young, ensconced in a double row of seats, extending on either side the length of the room. The gentlemen are grouped together in a thick kaleidoscopic bunch near the door, kaleidoscopic because of the variety and gorgeousness of their apparel. They are absorbed in diligently ogling the double line of fair ones, in making out a mental list of partners, remarking to each other things complimentary and otherwise of the dear ladies, one saying, "Mon Dieu! how lovely Mademoiselle D—— is to-night!" another, "Madame R—— is more artistic than ever this evening; she has changed her *coiffeur*"; her cheeks are of a more delicate rose than usual"; another, "There's that old Gorgon la Baronne de la F——! Mademoiselle might make a catch, had she not always that ugly old witch by her to petrify one," and so on. The orchestra strikes up and the bunch of the sterner sex breaks up and spreads along the row of seats, *carte des dances* in hand. Every gentleman has the right to ask any lady whom he chooses to dance, whether he knows her or not. Introductions are not *comme il faut*. The prudent man, however, he who is well versed in the manners of society, will first take the precaution to conciliate madame by asking her permission to ask mademoiselle for her hand in the next quadrille. Madame runs her eye rapidly over him, glances keenly at his face, and then, if the scrutiny is satisfactory, grants his petition. Ten to one she knows all about him, though his eyes may never have rested on her before; is well up in his antecedents; knows his fortune within a thousand; and could tell him off-hand who his great-grandfather was. As he takes his place on the floor with mademoiselle, Madame Gorgon keeps a never-wavering watch upon the couple. Every smile he gives her, every time he keeps a lingering grasp on her hand at the conclusion of a figure, every glance of one or other which may betray a growing fancy or be the accompaniment of a delicate compliment, all is noted by the "old campaigner," who sits and calculates, and hopes for a happy *dénouement* and marriage bells. If she is pleased with monsieur, he may safely linger by his partner's side after she has resumed her seat, and then madame listens with vast content to his gracefully murmured speeches, and builds her *châteaux en Espagne* higher and more beautiful than ever. Still, she never suffers them from her sight. If monsieur invites mademoiselle to take refreshment, he must include madame also, and he presses through the throng with mamma and daughter on either arm. Nor will he dare to ask to be permitted to call on mademoiselle on the day succeeding the ball, to inquire after her health after so much excitement. His only chance to speak with her is at the ball itself. Even if he is really smitten, the charming *tête-à-tête* of a lover are denied him: he must hie him to a notary, and send him as ambassador to plead for him at the paternal hearthstone. So is the fashion regarding courtship and marriage in provincial France.

But the flirtations of the evening are not confined to bachelor messieurs and unprovided-for mademoiselles. For instance, Madame and Monsieur de L—— go to the ball simply and purely to get rid of each other. They are the natural result of *mariages de convenance*; they were married because he had a *de* to his name and a château in Normandy, and because she brought a *dot* of a hundred thousand francs a year. They don't hate or love each other, but each of them, after his or her fashion, loves somebody else. So madame and monsieur

come to the ball and separate at the door; madame is in one corner of the room, listening to the flattery of her dear friend Marie's faithless spouse; monsieur is in the opposite corner, bending over the young lady who was married last month, and whose husband in his turn has gone to Paris to flirt with somebody else.

Husband and wife keep apart the whole evening; see each other's attentions elsewhere bestowed with the sublimest indifference; enjoy a delightful evening, and ride home, sitting as far apart from each other as possible in the carriage, and never utter a word from one end of the ride to the other. They are just the people to tell you that marrying for love is ridiculous twaddle, yet, think you, are they really happy? While the couples are dancing and the married folk are flirting, pass we through the brilliant saloon to a smaller apartment opening out of it, and we find ourselves in the refreshment-room.

Here mostly the "old buffers" congregate and are stationary, for their chief pleasure at the ball is eating and drinking. Generals with their gold lace, epaulets, and broad breasts, a perfect firmament of stars and orders; the mayor, pompous and bedizened with an outrageously gaudy official costume, army officers and navy officers, sub-prefects and secretaries, foreign consuls and judges, are standing about in little knots, talking politics and the prospects of war, the last judicial scandal and the crops, meanwhile sipping Sillery and nibbling at the little fancy-shaped cakes and the *marrons glacés* peculiar to the art of the French *patissier*. We like the plan of giving the refreshments: it is to have a broad buffet at one end of the room, with a large table or counter, behind which stand liveried garçons to serve whomsoever is gastronomically inclined to whatsoever takes their fancy for the moment. The table itself is garnished with pyramids of fruit, fresh or conserved; with plates of sandwiches, hot rolls, and fancy cakes; with piles of oranges and grapes, and unique arrangements of symbolical candy. The wines, coffee, chocolate, ice-creams, and sherbets are served as they are called for, in their hottest or coldest state, as the article is: trays are constantly appearing with steaming *negus* and *ponch*, as the garçon announces with a stately roll of voice; champagne-bottles are popping right and left, and are emptied fast as little shoals of eager guests crowd up to receive a small share of the bubbling and fizzing nectar, while the more staid sherry and Chablis, St. Julien and madère are quietly passed around in small glasses at the further end.

After the quadrille is over, the heated dancers crowd up to the buffet; panting and fair young demoiselles, as well as rubicund old dowagers, swallow glass after glass of punch and *Carte blanche* without so much as a wink. Then they rush out again, somewhat more than refreshed, and leave the land clear once more to what we may, not disrespectfully, term the "steady" eaters and drinkers. Some there are, of not very high estate, who have succeeded in obtaining invitations to the ball by one stratagem and another, to whom the Prefect's buffet is an annual feast, replete with delicacies quite unknown to them in every-day life. Such are clerks, and now and then a poor little Jew, or a half-famished medical student. These divide with the pompous old dignitaries above mentioned the permanent guardianship and privileges of the buffet: their hearts sink as the heated dancers pour in, and revive again as they tide out to resume their places on the floor. Meanwhile the

resources of the buffet seem exhaustless; it continues to dispense unlimited wines, liquors, rolls, and what not, until, in the early hours, the company has gradually left silence reigning in the gorgeous halls.

There is another room, leading out of the dancing saloon, where something of interest, by the faces of which we catch a glimpse there, seems to be going on. It is a snug little room, richly furnished, and especially provided with a number of small tables. We enter, and find it to be devoted to the exciting pastime of gambling. An innocent-looking young demoiselle glances in at the door, sees what is proceeding, smiles a pretty, not at all disapproving smile, and passes gayly on. There is flagrant, open vice at a fashionable ball, and innocent youth sees it, not blushing with shame, but greeting it with a smile! Such is society in provincial France, and such the example the elders give the rising generation. Even Monsieur the Curé is there, the physician of souls and the Heaven-consecrated castigator of evil manners, bending over the table, his pious eyes lit up with the keen, anxious glare of the spirit of gaming itself.

The Prefect and his lady having passed round to greet their guests in person, this was the signal for the breaking up of the ball. Soon the carriages began to whirl, and the quiet old town once more re-echoed to the clattering of the horses and the tramp of the guests who preferred to return home on foot. The dowagers were, some, doubtless, content with the night's operations, and others, with a little doubt, mortified by one more failure. Mademoiselle put away her silks and laces for the next party, and for an interval the town resumed its wonted sleepiness and monotony. It was one more picture — this ball — of human society in these modern days; and it suggested reveries and comparisons between the new France and the old France of the Bourbon era. And we came away, not regretting that our own lot was cast among the less vivacious, but far more healthy customs of our Anglo-Saxon race.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.*

DR. JOHNSON has told us something about the toil and trouble which are the necessary lot of the makers of dictionaries; and on the title-page of his *Lexicon Facciolati* has inscribed the words, "*Expertus discas quam gravis iste labor.*" But, undeterred by either warning voice, Mr. Bartlett has compiled and published a collection of "Familiar Quotations" which might very fairly claim for itself the name of a dictionary or cyclopædia, so exhaustive is it of its subject. It differs, indeed, from most other books of quotations that we have seen in respect of its arrangement, which is based, not on the subjects treated of, but on the chronology of the authors whose works have been laid under contribution in its pages. Mr. Bartlett has limited himself to English authors, it is true, — a fact which, we think, he might easily have made clear, and ought to have made clear, in the title of his work; for it is just conceivable that many persons might purchase it in the hope of finding in it a notice of those stock quotations from Virgil and Horace which are even now so "familiar" to readers of the debates as not to have lost their right to be regarded as

strictly "phrases in common use" within Her Majesty's dominions.

Mr. Bartlett commences the catalogue of authors upon whom he has drawn with Chaucer; and his list of writers anterior to Shakespeare includes Thomas à Kempis, Rabelais, Tom Tusser, Coke, Cervantes, Spenser, Raleigh, Sidney, Marlowe, and Richard Hooker. We need scarcely say that as he sails down the stream of time after Shakespeare he enriches his pages with many of the gems of brilliant thought and happy expression which are scattered up and down through the writings of Bacon, Donne, Ben Jonson, Bishop Hall, Beaumont, Massinger, Fletcher, George Herbert, Selden, Isaac Walton, Herrick, Shirley, Lovelace, Crashaw, Cowley, and Waller, all anterior in birth to John Milton. And Mr. Bartlett has here given us a well-timed reminder of the extent to which we Englishmen — and may we not say the world? — are indebted for the best and the wisest thoughts that have come down to us to those two great authors whose names we have used as landmarks, those men not of one age or of one country; for out of the first one hundred and twenty-four pages of his book Shakespeare occupies no less than seventy pages, and Milton twenty-four, while from the tuneless and sprightly and right quotable Robert Herrick he contents himself with giving us scarcely a page and a half, and the conceits of terse, epigrammatic George Herbert are dismissed in a single page. We have not, however, looked in vain for a single "familiar" quotation from his works, except for that stanza so acceptable to the advocates of temperance: —

"Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee, but before
Mayst rule it as thou list; and thou the shame
Which it would pour on thee upon the floor.
It is most just to pour that on the ground
Which would throw me there if I kept the round."

Samuel Butler, as might be expected from the author of *Hudibras*, brings a large supply of wit and practical sense for quotation, as also do Dryden, Swift, Addison, and Pope. Strange as it may sound, however, Sir Richard Steele supplies but a single paragraph, and Sir Robert Walpole but three. Sir Samuel Tuke, too, puts in his appearance with a single quotation, though it must be allowed to be one of all but universal application: —

"He is a fool who thinks, by force or skill,
To turn the current of a woman's will."

Edward Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*, is far more prolific of good and quotable matter, and accordingly we have from his pen four pages of terse and pointed sayings, none of which are at all superfluous. Pope, however, as the poet of society and of literature, is laid under contribution to a far larger extent than any other poet or writer of his time, eighteen pages being allotted to those pointed couplets and single lines in which he showed such a masterly power of epigram. Three pages after this strike us as rather scanty measure for the sayings, of Dr. Johnson, grave and gay, in prose and in poetry, and we venture to think that in a future edition both Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and *Johnsoniana* might be made to furnish a more copious supply of such fare. If we may take the number of pages which Mr. Bartlett devotes to each writer as an approximate standard of the extent to which the English language is indebted to him for additions to the ever-accumulating stores of wit and wisdom that are treasured in our literary garners, the five

* Familiar Quotations: Being an Attempt to trace to their Source Passages and Phrases in Common Use. By John Bartlett. 1899.

pages which he devotes to the poet Gray would lead us to infer that the author of the *Elegy* in a Country Churchyard had exercised a far wider and more lasting influence on English literature than we could have imagined to be the case. It is not to be wondered at that a writer so essentially popular and dealing so extensively with the *minutiae* of English life, and especially of country life, as Oliver Goldsmith, should furnish even a larger supply of familiar quotations than the polished and sententious and philosophic Burke, and that *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village* should be more generally quotable than *Reflections* on the French Revolution. What we have said of Goldsmith applies equally to William Cowper, to whom six pages are devoted, mainly taken from *The Task*, — that poem which so few, we fancy, would care to read through and yet which is so rich in individual passages of beauty and truth. The same can scarcely be said of Crabbe, who is dismissed with only half a page; but then Crabbe, while he photographed the details of life with exactness, was no philosopher, or, at all events, never rose above the level of the *abnormis sapiens* of our old friend Horace. Burns, however, fares sufficiently well at the hands of Mr. Bartlett to insure popularity for his book in the Land o' Cakes.

Passing on to the departed writers of our own time, or, at all events, those whom our elder readers can remember, we find George Colman, Robert Hall, Samuel Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, James Montgomery, Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Campbell, Tom Moore, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Keats, Milman, Præd, Talfourd, Tom Hood, Brougham, Macaulay, and Keble, all more or less adequately represented. We notice in the head line of the quotations from John Keble an absurd error, we mean in the date of his death, which was not 1821 but 1866. Among living authors, as may easily be supposed, the first places are given to Tennyson and Longfellow; Mr. Henry Taylor, Lord Lytton, and Barry Cornwall also put in their appearances. One single quotation, however, is all that Mr. Bartlett vouchsafes us from Eliza Cook, and neither Robert Browning nor his accomplished wife, the late Elizabeth Barrett Browning, nor the late Miss Adelaide Procter, are allowed to contribute a single dish to our intellectual repast. "Conspicuous," too, "by his absence," is that modern "master of sentences," the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. Surely this is a mistake.

Mr. Bartlett tells us on his title-page that he has not only gleaned largely in the field of literature, but has also endeavored to "trace to their source" the passages and phrases in common use which he puts before us in his pages as "old friends." He has done this in the foot-notes, very satisfactorily as far as he has gone, if not very exhaustively. But why, adopting in the rest of his work the chronological order, has he placed the Old and New Testaments at the end, instead of at the head of those authors from whose mines he has quarried his materials? This, we must fairly own, is a matter which passes our comprehension.

It should be added, in our own justification, that when we called this book a "dictionary" or "cyclopædia" in its way, we dwelt mainly on the fact that it is provided with an ample and elaborate index, without which, indeed, it would be a *rudis indigestaque moles* of matter valuable in itself, yet valueless for all practical purposes. Mr. Bartlett

index occupies exactly a third of the entire volume some idea may be formed of its completeness and its utility.

THE OLDEST OF WATERING-PLACES.

AT a little rustic station called Pepinster in the heart of the rich country about Liège the long Belgian express train halts, and casts forth a number of travellers who have generally a festive air. The eyes of their work-a-day fellow-travellers follow them, as they cross over to another train, ready waiting, and which, from its omnibus-looking carriages, with airy seats on the top, has quite a holiday air also. Tempting too are the rich hills that rise all around Pepinster, — green, massively embroidered with trees, and disclosing a sort of opening into delicious looking valleys; with a peep of a little railway path winding away into their fastnesses.

To follow that track is to have a most picturesque walk. Never did iron-road wind and twist and twirl so gracefully all the while creeping along at the foot of the richly covered hills which slope down to it, yet ever ascending steeply and painfully, now plunging round corners, into a new dell, now running beside a narrow brook, and now beside a delicious valley road until it gets over many miles and reaches the little town it is bound for. Under such conditions an iron-road loses all its grim practical air; and those who wander among the hills that overhang this pleasant valley look down and watch the heavy train winding below among the leaves, toiling and gasping slowly up what was one of the steepest lines on the continent before Mr. Fell began to scale the Alpine passes.

After this picturesque introduction the traveller finds himself at Spa, — the most ancient and courtly of the "Waters." Compared with it, all the rest seem mere "shoddy," — vulgar parvenus who, by dint of gaudy show jewelry, watch-chains, &c., try and make a show. Homburg and its Brunnen are flashy and but of yesterday; they are as mushroom-like as the merchant's wife, who wants, by "a splash," to force herself into good society; but, centuries ago, kings and courtiers came posting across Europe to the "little town in the Valley," and elderly gentlemen of Louis the Great's court, in flowing wigs and velvet coats, stood round "the Pouhon," striving to repair their shrunken persons with the iron waters. As we stroll down the walks of Spa with their quaint names, — such as "the Seven-o'clock Walk," — each marked out with stiff rows of tall trees, and look down their aisle-like perspective, we instinctively repeople them with stately gallants, hoops, and trains.

Spa is like a toy town, such as one would buy in a box at Christmas for little Tommy, to be set up in arbitrary angles, with houses turned every way. A walk of two minutes sets us far above it; with all the roofs clustered below, the tiny streets straggling every way, — the town lies at our feet, sunk in hollow, like a favored toy-terrier buried in a soft, green cushion. Tiny brown ribbons of walks wind up innumerable hills. Exactly *vis-à-vis* to the church, and bearding it insolently, is a heavy yellow building, where the gaming goes on, called by the ancient name of the "Redoute," and which is entered, not from the gardens, but from the street. In the common street, too, at a corner, is the Well or Pump, under a rather shabby portico. All the houses about have a "sign" — another worn relic.

—the “Arms of Austria,” the “Great King,” and the “Hotel of Spain,” and such names. Every now and again there clatter by the close, round, compact little horses of the place, cob-like in shape, iron-gray or brindled, full of good blood, amazingly sure of foot, and which, driven up steep, paved hills, by the uncouth and cruel French and Belgians, au grand galop, will go till they drop. These “bidets de Spa,” as they are called, come from the forest, and are picturesque, gamesome, friendly little creatures, though it is surprising their honest backs are not strained out of shape by the jolting of hulking Frenchmen, who know not how to ride.

A century ago the traveller who started from Liège had to suffer all the agonies of jolting and shaking over some of the most wretched roads in the world, which descended into the little bowl where the town lay. As the season drew on, these wild traverses, often injured or blocked up by torrents bursting from the mountains, became crowded with the post-carriages of the sick and the great; and of an evening, when the sound of wheels was heard descending the hill, scouts came running on before to give notice, while the idle inhabitants gathered to see the new guest arrive. For the more illustrious visitors cannon were let off from the top of a hill. The carriage pulled up in a little Square, — not bigger than a court, — where the small houses of the place were grouped, and at one side of which was a small hut in a sunken cell, the Well, — the Pouhon, — the glory and support of the town. The traveller, if he was a mere traveller, was jolted to one of the inns, — either to the “Arms of England,” the “Court of London,” or to the “Crown of Thorns.” There he was sure to be entertained, but would be roused betimes by a din and chatter under his windows. On looking out he would see the quaintest scene. Not five o’clock, and yet every one astir! The little place below filled with figures, all in a sort of *négligé* morning-dress, — wigs and bags and sack backs, — bowing, bending, posturing, and ogling. At the outskirts waited carriages and horses. Every one was promenading over the rude curb-stones, as if it was an alley in Versailles. The stranger would notice that all, ladies as well as gentlemen, carried a gay crutch or stick, the handle of which was painted elegantly; and had, hanging from the waist or button-hole, a little variegated dial; as each visitor quaffed his tumbler, he moved on the hand, to record the number he had taken. These little toy dials, as well as the canes, were a specialty of the place, decorated by the native artists. Every one, too, carried little bon-bon boxes, holding candied fruit or orange-peel, to take away the sharp taste of the waters; and these toys, again, were adorned with devices and Cupids, and made as attractive as possible. The pleasant crowd, thus early astir, was composed of the most curious elements, — chevaliers, barons, lords, ladies. After their tumblers the bulk of the company found their way to the pleasant broad alley, where they could promenade, while others took carriages and horses and drove out to the Sauvenière and other springs, a mile or two up the hills.

The quality, however, did not put up at such houses as the “Arms of England” or the “Crown of Thorns.” Princes and other great personages would come with a great suite, and hire a whole hotel or mansion, handsomely furnished, bringing their own

cooks and retainers, and would there keep a handsome table and see abundance of company. For such guests there were the “Hotel de Lorraine” and the “Cornet,” both in the High Street, and both provided with rich tapestries; and to these houses came the Prince Bishop of Liège and his Serene Highness the Prince Bishop of Augsburg, and the Elector of Cologne. Some families were content, as at present, with simple lodgings. But the favorite mode of life was the inn *table-d’hôte*, which was looked on as a pleasant system of introduction and a gay passport to new acquaintances.

Even so far back as a hundred and twenty years ago, the little Kur-list, “Fremden Blatt,” the delight of the vacant mind at such places, was in every one’s hand; and a spirited bookseller came over from Liège to print and sell it. He also kept a library, the modest subscription to which was a single crown for the season. Till noon dressing was not thought of. Breakfast and consultation with the physician took up a great deal of time. Almost the first visit the stranger received — like Mr. Sterne at Desseins — was that of two friars; but they received far more courteous reception than the sentimental traveller was inclined to offer; and it was the fashion to present the fathers with a substantial contribution. Another visit was that of the barber, who was to come regularly every morning “to shave you and dress your wig.” Then the physicians made their call, — gentlemen, who, by the description of their manner and proceeding, seem only to have anticipated modern practitioners of the same pattern, — the English Dr. C — and the native Dr. L —. The same providential coincidence that the waters exactly suited the complaint of every one who chanced to come there, seemed to obtain then as now.

Every one laid himself out for gayety and amusement, and determined to cultivate both his health and his spirits. It was a special custom to call on every new arrival of rank. Thus cards were perpetually sent round, and as perpetually returned, and new acquaintances were formed. This custom was introduced in the year 1759, by a reformer, Count de P —, who had the boldness to go round in his chariot and pay his respects to every member of the *beau-monde*; and his example was speedily followed. The newly arrived stranger would be inclined to dress himself in strict tenue for this ceremonial, and get on his sword; but he would be told, to his surprise, that by common consent no one ever appeared with a sword, save on the first and the last day of his stay, — the prudent reason being, that in this little “olla podrida” of adventurous intriguers and chevaliers who belonged to all classes and all nations, quarrels and disputes were but too certain to arise, and a sword would be only too tempting and convenient an arbitrator.

Dinner seems to have been about two o’clock, and after dinner most of the “Bobelins” would indulge in a nap. About five o’clock the assembly room opens, or the private parties begin; and the pretty Seven-o’clock Walk — so called because the sun plays upon it and makes walking there impossible until that hour — fills up with a gay crowd. This walk is a very beautiful and fine plot of ground, considered in itself; on each side there are divers little flowery meadows, which, with their verdure, strike the eye in the most agreeable manner. When the crowd of silken coats and rich dresses were seen filling up this picturesque “mall” of a summer’s evening, the effect must have been

charming. There every new visitor came to see the whole company of the place, as it were, in a focus; every tongue could be heard, but the most predominant was French, and next to French, English. To the English, indeed,—great travellers in the last century,—Spa owes much. The prettiest walks trace their origin to generous visitors from that country.

The assembly room was in the "High Street," close to the Pouhon, and must have been on the very spot where the present more ambitious Temple stands. There cards, draughts, and other games are played, as well as the favorite gambling game of faro. There was no "privilege" however, then, or monopoly; and at the coffee-houses—especially at one close to the "Court of London"—high play went on at all hours. Some players staked crowns, others nothing but gold. At the tables were to be seen the professional gambler and the dilettanti, who played merely to amuse themselves. The scene, too, is much the same as it is nowadays, and there is the same study of character. "The curious observe some of those who game extravagantly high to look pale, dejected, incensed to the last degree, and, in an agony of despair, ready to devour their cards." But there was also to be noticed, what was a feature of this unlicensed gambling,—“the gamesters, who make a trade of play, with a share in the bank, but who appear to be punters only, and seldom fail at squeezing novices or dupes.” Five o'clock was the hour for a ball. Gentlemen pay “four escalins” for admittance, but may introduce any number of ladies. Cards and faro go on in little side-rooms, and in a little summer-house in the gardens. The dancing is always kept up with great vivacity, the ball opening with a minuet or two, which gives way to the favorite measure of the night,—the English country dances. These are performed with extraordinary vigor, owing, no doubt, to the English element; and there are instances of some fatal results from over-heating. The wonderful English, indeed, when on their “grand tour,” always distinguished themselves in this way; and about this time a dancing royal prince of this nation actually killed himself at Monaco from his excessive exertions at a ball.

Sometimes a company of strolling comedians would arrive, and fit up a theatre at “a shocking place called the Gray Mare Inn.” But a regular theatre was soon built on the site of the White Rose Hotel. Everything, however, was over by seven o'clock,—a true invalid's hour,—and supper was then thought of, which was, indeed, no more than a little fruit, or something as light as eggs and spinach, *bon vivants* sometimes indulging in a pigeon or a chicken. Nothing could have been pleasanter than the endless junketings and parties of pleasure that went forward, all for the now exploded aim of promoting esprit, railery, and a little gallantry. Every young gentleman was to be “ingenious,” or to show himself a “youth of parts.” Every one was expected to contribute gayety and repartee. These arts of society were then seriously cultivated; they constituted the great “passe temps,” and it may be questioned whether our modern society, which requires material objects to amuse itself with,—balls, picnics, dinner-parties, in all of which there is no premium upon wit or “parts,” but a large one upon riches and estates,—has not lost by the change. The Spa company were eternally casting about for variety

and lively chat. The town was a republic of gayety, and the man who could be lively and “pass the time” was more welcome than the wealthy noble. Those old trees which abound everywhere in this sylvan spot, had they tongues, could make the strangest revelations; they could tell of the endless expeditions in the little calashes,—vehicles without either doors or windows,—which took ladies and gentlemen out to the springs for some fifteen pence. A calash was to be had for the whole morning for half a crown. The sides were open, with leathern curtains, so that the country could be seen on both sides. The driver usually walked at the head of the horse; and there were only three hackney-coaches of the official sort in the place.

The associations of the curious little place are so dramatic,—so strange and compact, as it were,—that it is not difficult as we walk to people the hills and lanes and twisted streets with quite a procession of remarkable personages.

Even the little shields and scrolls still fixed over many archways—the “Hotels of Spain,” “of England,” of the “Crown of Austria,”—old-fashioned modes of compliment—call up the images of many an august lodger. So lately as a hundred years ago, the stranger walking along would be attracted by the shield of Marguerite of Navarre, with that of the Duchess of Montpensier, and other ladies who attended her at Spa. Farther on was to be seen the shield of the great general Alexander of Parma, of the King of Poland, and of many more. But when old houses were being pulled down and rebuilt, the stupid Flemings did not care to reinsert these memorials, and they were collected together at a sort of museum. Just at the corner of the tiny place opposite the Pouhon, where the “Wolf” inn stood, could be seen a whole emblemmat of these relics; and the English Bobelin would be interested in seeing that of the exile Charles II.

For whole centuries those rude mountain roads and defiles were traversed by illustrious guests. It is curious to think that the little Spa should have been lucky enough to have preserved its monopoly so long. So far back as the sixteenth century, the current began to flow, and the illustrious muster-roll of guests starts with the physician of Henry VIII., Augustini, in 1545; with the Duke de Nevers, and the Jesuit, Maldonatus. Marguerite of Navarre set off, but from the badness of the roads, could get no farther than Liège, where she was quite content to remain, and where for six weeks the palace of the Prince Bishop was the scene of the most gorgeous festivals. The tradition of the place runs, that Henry III. had been ordered here by his physicians, and had put up at the sign of the “Grande Monarque.” But not much faith is to be placed in this royal visit.

Later, it is known that Mary of Medicis and the queen of Louis XIV. graciously deigned to drink bottled Spa waters at Paris,—a compliment carefully recorded and handed down by the gratified townspeople. Then Alexander of Parma came no less than three times; and on one occasion was sumptuously entertained at the old castle of Franchimont, whose ruins the tourist now makes up a party to visit. In the same century came the wonderful scholar Lipsius, whose Latin letters are really amusing; and who, for one of those old mouldy men of learning, had a surprising deal of the pleasantness of life in him, and whose

account of his three dogs is very gracious and graphic.

It is remembered, too, with some gratitude, that it is the English who have "made" Spa, and who, during its most flourishing times, poured into it in streams, and often constituted the majority of the visitors. They soon brought over a club with them from their own country, — a national institution of their own, — which was held at the house known as the "Prince de Ligne," and whose influence soon became paramount. The most important of English visitors was Charles II., who, wandering about, before he came to the throne, found his way most characteristically to this sea of pleasure. The day of his arrival is recorded, — the 20th July, 1654, — and he was attended by his sister and a retinue of noble exiles. He remained a whole month. In the same century came Saumaise, the great Protestant commentator, who also paid it a second visit in the train of no less important personages than Queen Christina of Sweden, and her unlucky squire follower, Monaldeschi. He came a third time, and died there, with a joke on his lips, — "Je m'en vais de Spa." St. Evremont came later.

But the great visit was now at hand, and the most remarkable of its guests was to come and make the glory of the little place. This tiny place is the shrine of the Czar Peter. Over the spot where the Pouchon bubbles up, the large porch displays the conspicuous legend, —

"TO THE MEMORY OF PETER THE GREAT,"

and affixed to the wall is a tablet with a self-glorifying inscription; and at the top of the steps, looking straight down into the well, is a bust of green bronze with another inscription. The fourteen or fifteen thousand visitors of each season are, "bon gré, malgré," reminded, with every glass they quaff or every stroll they take, that this great man belongs in some sort to the town.

The story of his visit is most graphic and amusing, and besides so local as not to be at all familiar to the general reader. The Czar was about forty-five years old, and his health was utterly broken down by excesses and hard living. His struggles with Charles XII. and the fatigues of war had told on him. His life was endangered, and he looked an old man. It was proposed that he should drink the waters bottled; but it is characteristic of the man that, ill as he was, he resolved to face the trials of the journey, and take the roughest, if not the readiest, road to health. He had loss of appetite, his stomach was quite relaxed, his face was ghastly pale, his legs all swelled, and he was, besides, seized periodically with violent bilious spasms. In this desperate condition he arrived at Spa, as at a hospital, in June, 1717, and remained six weeks. His barbarous habits astonished even the passive natives, accustomed to all sorts of eccentricity, and surprised at no extravagance in their visitors. His fashion of taking the waters had something savage in it. He drank of all the fountains indiscriminately; but, as he took the trouble to go every day to the Geronstère, some two miles away, the obsequious gratitude of the natives was pleased to attach to that fountain — perhaps arbitrarily — the honor of restoring his Majesty to health. He had his own physician, Areschin, — an Italian it may be presumed, — but he despised all prescriptions, and got well in his own barbarous, brutal fashion. He would take over twenty tum-

blers of the water in a morning. All the while he laughed at the restraint of the regimen, drank wines to excess, ate after his own wild manner, indulged in orgies, and yet worked out his cure in defiance of these irregularities.

A canon, who was sent with congratulations by the Prince Bishop of Liège, has left a portrait of this strange prince that Voltaire would have been glad to have. "It must be confessed," says the canon, naively and also sarcastically, "that this prince, or rather Muscovite, is most singular. Count d'Argenteau will have plenty of odd things to tell his excellency the bishop; but he only dined with the Czar on feast-days, while I eat with him in private, and saw his habits. I found him in a tent. I offered him a bowl of figs and strawberries from my garden. He flung himself on them, and in a second had devoured twelve figs and about six pounds of strawberries. Next day I dined with his Majesty. The table was suited to hold eight covers, but they had contrived to fit in twelve. The Czar presided in a night-cap, with his throat bare, and without his cravat. We all sat down the sides, but at about half-a-foot distance from the table. Two soldiers handed round a dish, in which there was literally nothing, but every one had beside him an earthenware dish, in which there was soup and a morsel of meat. Still, the food was thus so far off that we had to stretch out our arms to get at it. Any one who wished for more broth helped himself, *sans façon*, to his neighbor's as his Majesty did to his Chancellor's. The Admiral of the Galleys, who sat facing the Czar, had no appetite, and only bit his nails. Suddenly came a man who threw six bottles on the table as if he were playing bowls, not setting them down. The Czar took one, and gave a glass to each guest. The Chancellor, seeing that I was taking my food without salt, — the only salt-cellar being at the other end, — said, graciously, 'Sir, if you want salt, you must help yourself.' So I, not wishing to be singular, thrust my arm out past the Czar, and took as much as would do me for dinner. By this time nearly all the earthenware bowls had been upset over the cloth, and so had a good deal of the wine, which had been badly corked. Then came the second course." A soldier passing by the kitchen was given a dish to take up, and as he entered shook his head to get his hat off, his hands being full; but the Czar told him not to mind. This course consisted of veal and four fowls. "His Majesty, seeing that one of the fowls was larger than its fellows, took it up in his hand, rubbed it under his nose, and making a sign to me that it was good, flung it on my plate. It slipped down from one end of the table to the other *sans mawaise rencontre*, since it had the course clear, and the cloth was well greased. The dessert was a plate containing three Spa biscuits." The canon must have been a man of wit and observation, and, no doubt, often told the story. Every day the Czar grew stronger, and from this pretty place the sanguinary prince, — or rather Muscovite, as the canon said, — wrote to his son Alexis, at Naples, ordering him home, — to be done to death secretly.

After six weeks Peter the Great took his departure, graciously acknowledging to the inhabitants that he was restored; of which happy event they obsequiously begged a written testimonial, which Dr. Areschin was ordered to give them, to the effect that, though other waters had been tried, these were the only ones that had really benefited his Majesty. Some thought that so great a poten-

tate had behaved not a little shabbily, and might have testified his acknowledgments by a substantial memorial or subscription. But the cunning inhabitants knew, perhaps, that such "a testimonial" was far better than money or a building, and was a valuable advertisement, which would bring thousands of fashionable sick, as indeed it did. But in the following year there arrived from Amsterdam a sort of memorial tablet of black marble, set, or framed, in alabaster, with an inscription in gold letters. It was the work of a Dutch sculptor, is about the size of a small tombstone, and, though the natives and the writers of the guide-books fall into raptures over the present, it must have cost his Majesty something under twenty pounds. The inscription — and the town at once placed it over a high doorway, where it cannot be read, and where it remains to this hour — is the most amazing piece of vanity and savage bombast that can be conceived:—

PETER THE FIRST, by the Grace of God, Emperor of the Russians,
Religious, happy, invincible
Restorer of Military Discipline,
And first Planter of all Sciences and Arts among his People,
Who having by his own Industry
Built a most powerful Fleet of Ships,
Having infinitely augmented his Armies,
And securely settled in the very Blaze of War,
His Realms, hereditary as well as acquired,
went abroad;
And having search'd into the Manners of the several Nations
Of Europe,
Came through France to Namur and Liege,
To these Waters at Spa,
As to the Haven of Health:
And having happily drank of these most healthful Springs,
Particularly that of Geronstère,
Was restored to his former Strength,
And his desir'd Health,
In the year 1717, 22d of July.
Thence returning through Holland
To his hereditary Dominions,
Order'd this eternal Monument of his Gratitude to be
erected. 1718.

With this prestige and diploma, it is not surprising to learn that the little place was taken into high favor by kings and princes; and many of these, petting, as it were, a favorite child, gave it "protections," and assurances of its neutrality being respected in case of war. Princes of Orange, Archdukes of Austria, three Emperors of Germany, various Kings of France, were among those who accorded it this favor. Louis XV. went so far as to allow Spa to show the royal arms and ensigns, — in his time, however, not of very much value as a protection.

During this pleasant flow of prosperity, the corruption produced by such a curious gathering of adventurers of both sexes, and the piquant levelling of all ranks, began to engender that strange taste and fashion, which, up to our own day, has made the cure by mineral waters and gaming go hand in hand. This odd conjunction may be traced in some measure to the doctors, who were always prescribing cards and the excitement of play as a stimulant against the drowsiness which the drinking of the waters brought on. The pastime soon became a perfect rage. At every corner, at every house, the adventurer and the demirep set up their table for Faro, Cavagnole, and Biribi. They were seen beside the innocent fountains, even on the Seven-o'clock promenade. The arch-adventurer of all, — Casanova, — a perfect and high-class type of the man who lived by his wits, who had made every capital in Europe his stage, — was not likely to pass by so congenial a place. But the wits of which he lived were very different from the vulgar ones which the journeymen of the profession are

obliged to work with. He had ambition, genius, esprit, and worked more or less by their power over the minds of others. This intriguer and gambler made his way to Spa in the year 1716, and found it full to overflowing. His wife found him a lodging at a hatter's, whence he went out to study the curious spectacle. It was a perfect tripot. There he met Santa Croce, an adventurer of the same order, and there he gambled and won four hundred louis. His companion, however, not so fortunate, anticipated the dismal story which is only too familiar at such places. He had plenty of money, and began with the great game on the "tapis vert," which was even then the sacred gambling color. Three weeks later his "secretary" left him; next day the lady's-maid received her *congé*; the two valets were the first to desert. In a few days the last crown had gone. Rings, watches, plate, jewels, everything went the same road. Even the clothes of his wife were sold to make up a last stake, and then he walked with a friend up one of the roads out of the town, there bade adieu, and left his unfortunate companion behind. Even the tricks common to the modern tables then obtained, and just as now, when a piece of money is heard to fall the servants rush to see that no one stoops good-naturedly to look for it, so even then gentlemen of industry had their broad-pointed canes, with soft wax at the end; and dogs were trained to snap up any stray pieces. Some tables, however, were kept with an approach to respectability; and the name of Mr. Alexander Hay, a Scotch adventurer, is handed down with honor as one who kept his "bank" with tolerable honor.

This license, it was felt, was growing dangerous, and might injure the place. The magistrates began to consider the question seriously. To put down the gaming on moral grounds would have as little occurred to them as it would to M. Servais, the present excellent Burgomaster, and his brother *échevins*. They only thought, as do their present successors, how it could be best "controlled," or even "exploited," for the advantage of the town. A Prince Bishop of Augsburg, who doted on this little happy valley, and came there regularly for fifteen years running, and planted a good deal of the Seven-o'clock Walk, was persuaded to appeal to the sovereign of the place, — the Cardinal Prince Bishop of Liège, — and in 1762 the commune obtained a sole concession and monopoly for opening a bank. On any one who infringed it a fine of fifty louis was laid. At once money was raised; splendid plans for rooms, halls, ball-rooms, and theatre were drawn out, and the buildings were pushed on with vigor. Suddenly affairs took a most curious turn; the townspeople protested against the scheme, on the ground of danger to morals from an official sanctioning of such dangerous practices. A regular movement was got up, and the Cardinal Bishop dying in the mean time, the magistrates were obliged to give up the scheme. This piece of ostentatious self-denial cannot be ascribed to conscientious objections; it is too improbable that those who fattened on the strangers, and who, as Casanova said, earned in three months enough to keep themselves the whole year, should have any such scruples. The solution of the opposition of the townsfolks is to be found in their fear of a diminution of profits from the letting of their houses as banks, and the falling off of the crowds of adventurers. They were also afraid of the increased burden on the rates which the new buildings would

entail. It is really curious that one hundred years later, when the magistrates were raising money to construct a sumptuous bath-house, — a scheme that was sure to "pay," — there should have been the same ignorant opposition.

When foiled the townspeople showed their real motives, as well as their stupidity. They encouraged rival companies, who were glad to build other handsome palaces for gaming; the result was that this little townlet soon possessed no less than three magnificent establishments, — the "Wauxhall," the "Levoz Rooms," and the "Redoute," — a supply which few of even the great capitals could boast of. Then followed rivalings, wranglings, suits at law, until a compromise was agreed to, and, like competing railway companies, the three societies amalgamated to fleece the common public. Very soon this abundance of places of resort was worked up by the company into a pleasant source of variety, and it became the fashion for every one of distinction to go up to the "Wauxhall" for breakfast, and after breakfast commence playing. Play at the "Redoute" and other houses did not set in until the evenings.

By and by arrives Alfieri. His souvenir is quite in a depressing tone: "I leave this spot, always longing to return to it, with a heart discharged from a weight of sorrow. The life here suits my humor. I find noise and solitude united. I can be alone, unnoticed, and unknown in the heart of fêtes and amusements. In truth, the whole place has so pleased me, that I have lingered on from August to the end of September, — a long time for one like me who cannot fix myself in any single spot. Of mornings I ride; of evenings I dine with people of all countries; at night I look on at the pretty women and girls who are dancing; and thus I pass my time most pleasantly."

Now we see the King of Sweden arrive, on June 22, 1780, — travelling as the Count de Haga, — attended by lords of his court, and putting up at the "Black Lion," on the Place. He remained nearly nine weeks, and spent a pleasant life: riding in the mornings, giving entertainments to people of all countries, showing himself at balls and theatres, mixing in the crowd, and winning, according to the well-worn phrase, "golden opinions." The following year another illustrious stranger arrived, travelling incognito, who entered the place on foot, with only General de Terey as his companion; and was actually there some time before he was discovered. He went straight to the "Hotel d'Orange," where he saw Prince Lichtenstein, and then crossed over and put up at the "Court of London," and paid a visit to Prince Henry of Prussia, and dined with Prince de Lichtenstein. But at night, when he appeared at the ball, it became known that the pseudo Count de Falckenstein was no other than the Emperor. He, too, delighted everybody, not merely with his graciousness, — a rather cheap gift in royalty, — but by his hospitality, and the share he took in all the amusements. He drank the water of every fountain; invited the ladies to dance at the pretty Géronstère, breakfasted in public, and bore tremendous mobbing with the most perfect good-humor.

But the year 1782 was, indeed, a year of glory. The little place sparkled with kings, princesses, and dukes. What would not Homburg or Monaco give for such a strangers' list as the following? — The Princess de Ligne, Duchess de l'Infantado,

Rohan, Prince Galitzin, Duke de Gravina, Duke de Fronsac, Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince Youssouppoff, Duchess of Chatillon, Princess Staremberg, Archduchess of Austria, Paul Petrowitz, Grand Duke of Russia, Princess Hesse Rheinfels, Prince Kourakin, Bishop of Chartres, Count de Montecucoli, Papal Nuncio, Prince D'Aremberg, Princess Gagarin, Duke de Paduli, Prince Wiasemskoi, Archbishop of Gmese, Duchess Corzwareem Looz, Prince de Troubetzkoy, and the Prince of Mecklenbourg-Schwerin. For the Russian Prince there was great feasting, and the court newsmen of the day noted with satisfaction that, as he stood drinking his Pouhon, he exhibited a great deal of sensibility when he saw the Czar's meagre testimonial.

Others came, too, — the handsome Duke de Lauzun, — who had some curious adventures there with the Princess Czartoriska, — Philip Egalité, and the Count D'Artois. But the Revolution came suddenly; the guests and strangers all fled precipitately; the croupiers gathered up their cards and dice. Two years later there was a rally, when the French emigrés attempted to make Spa a centre for planning their schemes, and the season was rather brilliant. But after that, with the great wars that followed, everything collapsed: the little place was, as it were, trampled down in the mêlées. When kingdoms were being tossed about, — lost and won, — no one had time to think of drinking the Pouhon or playing Faro. Indeed, no one could travel securely and get to Spa. Sometimes, indeed, the arrival of the Queen of Westphalia, or the Princess Borghese, brought a few strangers. The lamps were relit; the cards dealt once more. This was merely a spasm. Not until after the battle of Waterloo, when the Prince of Orange arrived, wounded, to drink the waters, did Spa begin to revive. It was now Dutch; and the Prince forwarded them many grants of money. His memory is therefore held in grateful odor. Kings then began to come once more, — the Emperor Alexander, Emperor Nicholas, the Duke of Cumberland, and the greater Duke of Wellington. These all crowded over from Aix-la-Chapelle during the Congress, and the place was so crammed that the townsfolk — in the phrase sacred to innkeepers and lodging-houses — reaped a golden harvest indeed. The Prince of Orange, says a grateful local chronicler, was "indeed a god for Spa." Since that day it has prospered exceedingly, its visitors increasing every year. They used to boast that war was the only thing that did them harm. But now a blow is coming worse than war. In three or four years, when the gaming-houses are closed, it will be all over with Spa.

Such is the rather dramatic, and certainly picturesque, story of the little place.

SOME BAR STORIES, OLD AND NEW.

It is a curious fact, well known to members of the bar, and probably to all who are engaged in public speaking, that after applying itself continuously for several hours to an argument or an oratorical effort, the brain becomes suddenly incapable of going on, the supply of nervous matter is exhausted, and the speaker "loses his head." This will sometimes happen even to the best men unless they are wise in time, and take advantage of the short breathing space allowed by the court in the middle of the day,

course there are some men who *begin* by losing their heads; witness the case of the nervous young counsellor, who, having thrice enunciated the words, "May it please you, my Lord, and gentlemen of the jury," was desired to proceed, with the assurance which the Bench gave him that thus far he had the Court wholly with him. But the process of losing head through over-long tension of the brain is liable to occur to the most experienced practitioner; and where judges will not give a man back the thread of his argument, and say, "If I understood you aright, sir, you were contending that," etc. etc. this liability may lead to disaster in the case.

There is a good story, never before published, which was told to the writer by one of the most eminent of living judges, illustrating this fact, and showing the readiness with which the want of brain power was apprehended, and opportunity given for recovering the equilibrium, on a celebrated occasion.

Mr. Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham) was junior with Mr. —, a leading counsel of the day, in a cause *célèbre* that nearly concerned the royal family. The leader, oppressed with the responsibility of his charge, and weary with his exertions, had been addressing the court in close argument for several hours, when it was apparent to every one that his mind had suddenly ceased to act in unison with his speech. Mr. — became flurried, stammered, and began to plunge. Brougham saw what had happened, and instantly rose, interrupted his chief, and addressed the Court. Wearing upon his face an expression of great suffering, he assured their lordships of his deep regret at having to trouble them at such a time with a matter personal to himself. He did it most unwillingly, but he was sure their lordships would forgive him if they only knew the agony he was then enduring in his right ear by reason of the killing draught that rushed through "that door leading into the Common Pleas." He was nearly mad with ear-ache. What he *should* do if the nuisance continued he could not tell. Might he, in the interests of his clients, entreat the interposition of the Bench? The Bench consoled with Mr. Brougham on his suffering, and at once ordered measures to be taken to stop the draught. "That door leading into the other court" was shut, but still the draught came; windows were examined, and sand-bags were placed against the openings in them, till the nuisance was abated, — till a good quarter of an hour had been consumed, — till Mr. Brougham's leader had had time to recover himself. It is, perhaps, needless to add that the "intelligent junior" had not an ache or pain in all his great body.

It used to be said of Brougham that he slept only once a week, — viz., — from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning. Certain it is he was capable of undergoing the greatest bodily and mental fatigue, and, when occasion required it, could sit up night after night at work without appearing to be any the worse. This was no light matter, considering what was then the daily professional routine of a counsel in first-rate practice, — a routine to which few advocates would, or perhaps could, now submit. At nine A. M. at chambers, in court by ten, at chambers again by four for consultations, in hall for dinner at five, in chambers once more at seven, there to stay till twelve o'clock and often later, preparing for court next day, or advising upon cases left for "counsel's opinion." Such was, in Brougham's

time, the daily programme of a successful barrister's life in London. Circuit brought him briefs, but no relief from work, and that at a time when men had to ride round the circuit, and could not, as now, quietly read a whole bagful of briefs in the comfortable railway carriage, which transports them, without exertion or anxiety on their part, from London to York. Truly there were giants in those days.

Counsel are sometimes — not by any means so often as they deserve — answered by witnesses in their own style. It was not a bad reply that made by a witness in the Grenville-Murray perjury case. One of the counsel, after pressing a witness who had given information to tell him what certain persons had said about his having given this information, added, "They said you had split, in fact"; but the witness, no way cast down by the insinuation, replied, "They expressed themselves in much more gentlemanly language than that."

This reminds me of the counsel who had been bullying a witness, and asked him how far he had been from a certain place. "Just four yards, two feet, and six inches," was the answer. "How came you to be so exact, my friend?" "Because I expected some fool or other would ask me, and so I measured it."

The writer remembers a counsel who mimicked a witness to his great annoyance, and when the witness, who was a north countryman, pronounced the word "waters" as if it had been "watters," inquired of him whether in his part of the country they spelt "waters" with two *i*'s. "No," said the witness, "but they spell 'manners' with two *n*'s."

Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton) wanted to get out of a witness why he had taken up his residence in the verge of the court, — that is, in sanctuary, — and after pressing him a good deal, elicited the answer that it was "in order to avoid the rascally impertinence of *dunning*."

Some counsel, who are adepts in the art of cross-examination, and who think it desirable to discredit every witness, are so unable to divest themselves of the habit that they intuitively try to discredit their own witnesses. The writer remembers hearing the case of Kemp *versus* Neville, in which a young woman sought to recover damages against the authorities of a university for having caused her to be "proctorized," she being, as alleged, a thoroughly respectable person. A nursemaid being produced as one of the witnesses was too fine a lady to say she was a nurse, and answered the question of counsel by saying that her occupation was to take charge of infants. Upon this came the further question — suggested, perhaps, by the nature of the case in court — "By infants, do you mean undergraduates under the age of twenty-one?" was put by the counsel. The laugh was, of course, against the nurse, and the barrister triumphed; but it is easy to see how a good reply to his observation would have turned his triumph into mortification. Juries are too often led away by seeming disputes between judge and counsel, and between counsel and witnesses, into a belief that what has strictly to do with those persons themselves has something to do with the case also; and the writer has known verdicts of the most astounding character given evidently because of some bias imparted to the case by an altercation that had nothing to do with it.

A few years ago these altercations between judge and counsel were the frequent occasions of duels,

which were not looked upon with such disfavor as they might have been by the junior members of the profession. It used to be said of Lord Norbury, whose career was a rapid one, that "he shot up into promotion." Certain it is he fought a great many duels. Curran, who was a small man, was objected to on that account by his antagonist, a lawyer, who was a very big man; but Curran suggested, in order to make all right, that the size of his own figure should be chalked on his adversary's body, and that any shots outside the chalk lines should go for nothing.

It has sometimes happened that altercations of an unseemly kind have taken place between prisoner and judge, not only in Judge Jeffrey's days, but much more recently; and there are some anecdotes on record of almost brutal behavior on the part of the judge towards the prisoner. A justice of the Queen's Bench, whose name was associated with much that was indecorous and with all that was learned thirty years ago, was trying a man for his life. The prisoner, being found guilty, was asked the usual question whether he had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, and thereupon called God to witness his innocence, inviting the Almighty to strike him dead where he stood if he were guilty. When the prisoner had done, the judge waited a minute or two, and then said: "Prisoner at the bar! since Providence does not seem disposed to interfere in the manner you have indicated, the sentence of the court is that you be taken from this place to the place whence," etc. etc. and the man was condemned to death in the usual manner.

A Scotch judge condemned a man to be hanged on the 28th of the month for sheep-stealing. As the poor convict was being removed he exclaimed, "My lord, my lord, I haena got justice here the-day." The judge looked up from his papers and said, — it was, doubtless, considered a good joke at the time, — "Weel, weel, my man, ye'll get it on the 28th."

At one time it was the practice, though it was never legal, to punish juries by fine or imprisonment for verdicts which were not according to what the judge considered right. The Star Chamber arrogated to itself jurisdiction in the matter, and, sending for jurors who had dared to go counter to the wishes of the court, rated them soundly, and often fined or imprisoned them. This was frequently the case in Tudor and Stuart times, the only justification for it being that then juries were notoriously bribed, or were deterred by fear of family or state influence from giving a true verdict according to the evidence. Had the court continued to the present day, it might have felt disposed to interfere in a case that actually occurred not long ago on the Oxford Circuit. The son of the squire at X—, in Worcestershire, was a barrister, and went the circuit. When the judges reached X—, a brief was put into the hands of the squire's son to enable him to conduct the defence in a case for trial in which there was no defence at all. The case proceeded upon evidence so clear and telling against the prisoner, that every one in the court expected the jury to turn round in their box and give a verdict against him. To the surprise of all, certainly of the counsel for the prisoner, the jury retired, and, coming into court again, returned a verdict of Not Guilty. A few days afterwards the squire was riding about his land, and was accosted

the remarkable words, "Uz fetched 'un aff, I reckon, th' other day, zur"; and on being questioned, explained that some of the jury at the trial "wur for givin' a vardict agin your zun, zur, but uz knew our duty better than that." Truly the prisoner was fortunate in his choice of counsel.

It is exceedingly difficult in some parts of the country to get verdicts of guilty in cases involving capital punishment. The feeling is so strong against executions, and is probably influenced by some considerations of a religious nature as to the responsibility of sending a murderer to his account, that it is nearly impossible to get verdicts. The jurors prefer to do what they think the less evil, to break their oaths "a true verdict to give according to the evidence," to causing a man to be put to death. They have precedents enough in the juries who tempered the rigor of the bloody code that Romilly swept away by finding, when hanging was the punishment for theft of articles exceeding twelvepence in value, that the prisoner was guilty, but that the value of the article stolen, perhaps a watch or a trinket, was under twelvepence value.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A RICH banker of Mulhausen is the winner of the prize of £ 200,000 at the last drawing of the city of Paris bonds.

THE "Tin Trumpet" is now acknowledged by the permission of the family, to be the work of Horace Smith, author of the "Rejected Addresses."

MR. BOUICCAULT is said to be writing for the Princess's Theatre a drama with the rather curious title of "Jezebel." This seems unnecessary after "Formosa."

If the portrait of Swinburne which appeared in the last number of the "Lady's own Paper" is a good likeness, the poet's friends did an unkind thing to publish it.

SAINT BEUVÉ's funeral was very quietly conducted. Among those present were Dumas, Angier, Rénan, Flaubert, Prévost Paradol, Madame Sand, and others less known to fame.

MR. HENRY I. BYRON, the author of numerous light plays, has made his appearance on the London stage in a comic drama of his own writing called "Not such a Fool as he looks."

THE last new comic journal in London is called the "Gayety Gazette." We thought that the first number had reached the lowest depth of dreariness. We had not seen the second number then.

THE very choice library of the Comte de Corbière (ex-Ministre de l'Intérieur) will be sold by auction in Paris on the 1st of December. There are 1,600 choice works, among them the "Cicero" of 1466, printed by Fust.

GENERAL GARIBALDI's forthcoming work takes the form of a novel, based, however, upon actual occurrences, and written in the striking and poetical language peculiar to the great Italian Liberator. The revelations which it contains in reference to matters ecclesiastical and social in Italy are reported to be of a remarkably startling character.

THE British Museum has lately received the fossil remains of a flying dragon, measuring upwards of four feet from tip to tip of the expanded wings.

part of the trunk with the ribs, blade-bones, and collar-bones are imbedded in dark lias shale from Lyme Regis, on the Dorsetshire coast. The head is large in proportion to the trunk, and the tail is as long as the rest of the body; it is extended in a straight stiff line, the vertebral bones being surrounded and bound together by bundles of fine long needle-shaped bones; it is supposed to have served to keep outstretched, or to sustain, a large expanse of the flying membrane or parachute which extended from the tips of the wings to the feet, and spread along the space between the hind-limbs and tail, after the fashion of certain bats. The first indication of this monster was described by Buckland in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," and is referred to in his "Bridgewater Treatise," under the name of *Pterodactylus macroryz*. The subsequently acquired head and tail give characters of the teeth and other parts, which establish a distinct generic form in the extinct family of flying Reptiles. The animal, as now restored, will be described and figured in the volume of the Monographs of the Paleontographical Society, for the present year by Professor Owen.

At the uncovering of the monument erected in Kensal Green Cemetery to the memory of Leigh Hunt, Lord Houghton presided over the ceremony. "Lord Houghton said his presence there that day suggested a remonstrance and a regret. It was strange that a man of letters, whose acquaintance with Leigh Hunt could only have been in the later years of his life, and who had no very intimate association with him, except for the circumstance of having been a biographer of a young poet in whose fame he was deeply interested, should have been addressing this assemblage instead of one of those mature men who had become the glory of our English literature. He was told that one reason why such a person was not addressing the assemblage was that objections were entertained in some quarters to ceremonials like that. He could have no such plea, because he could not see in such a simple ceremony as that anything which could be injurious to any one. He was sure such ceremonials were useful to us, and to the community in which we live. We English are not a hero-worshipping people, and there was no fear that such a meeting would degenerate into vulgar adulation. We were reticent of our praise. We were very careful of our applause. Therefore he would say that he could not admit the plea for the absence of such men as those he missed from that place on such an occasion. At the same time it was a matter of great regret to all to miss the presence of the contemporaries of Leigh Hunt. However, among the many of those great contemporaries so few were left who could have been present at that simple ceremonial that they naturally looked to see Mr. Procter, the Barry Cornwall of bygone times; and he would have been present on that ground but that the infirmities of age prevented him.

"It was true that Leigh Hunt represented a past generation — it might be said two generations of our literature — and that was all the greater reason for honoring his tomb that day. That tomb would not stand in association with the man to whom it was raised only, for it would beckon to the shore of Greece, where Byron passed away; it would point to that beautiful cemetery in which the remains of Keats reposed, and it would call to memory the storm-bowed life of Shelley. It would cause many

to think of those pleasant Westmoreland hills where Wordsworth was at rest, and it would carry their memories to more familiar graveyards, where the wit of Charles Lamb was forever silenced, and where the busy brain of Coleridge speculated no more. Among that generation of poets Leigh Hunt was recognized as a companion, and by the best of those he was loved as a friend. He was all in all a true English poet. His was not merely the faculty of imagination, or an appreciation of what was noble and grand in literature; but he was born a poet and he died a poet. By the monument they had raised that day they would honor not only the man, but the poetic intellect of the country, which would ever be associated with the name of Leigh Hunt. Into the private life of the poet it was not his place to enter. With all his sensitive enjoyment of luxury, Leigh Hunt was a most self-denying man, and, though cognizant of all the advantages which social position could give, he steadfastly refused all the temptations which he thought might hamper and restrain his independence. To the end of a hard life he kept an evenness of temper which the most successful might have envied, and the wealthiest might have adored. The noble lord concluded by quoting the lines —

'The woe is short, 'tis fugitive, 'tis past,
The song which sweetens it may last.'

The company then proceeded to the tomb. The monument was uncovered, Lord Houghton saying, 'In the name of the subscribers to this monument, and of the friends of Mr. Leigh Hunt who remember him, and are careful of his fame, I present this monument to his family, to the country, and to posterity.'

IN THE FALL.

THE old autumnal stillness holds the wood;

Thin mist of autumn makes the day a dream;
And country sounds fall faint, half understood
And half unheeded, as to sick men seem
The voices of their friends when death is near,
And earth grows vaguer to the tired ear.

At soft gray dawns and softer evening ends
The air is echoless and dull with dews;
And leaves hang loose, and whosoever wends
His way through woods is 'ware of altered hues
And alien tints; and oft with hollow sound
The chestnut husk falls rattling to the ground.

Now comes the faint warm smell of fresh-built ricks,
And empty fields look up at empty skies,
And smoke floats sidelong from the burning quicks,
And low across the stunted stubble flies
The whirring covey, till its wings have grown
A murmur — then, a memory alone.

Now, haply on some sunless afternoon
When brooding winds are whispering to the
leaves,
Shrill twittered half-notes fill the air, and soon
From farm-house thatch and cosey cottage eaves
The circling swallows call their eager brood
And straight fly south, by unseen summers wooed.

A certain sadness claims these autumn days, —
A sadness sweeter to the poet's heart
Than all the full-fed joys and lavish rays
Of riper suns; old wounds, old woes, depart;
Life calls a truce, and Nature seems to keep
Herself a hush to watch the world asleep.

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THE DEATH PENALTY.

A NARRATIVE.

By JULES SIMON.

[Translated from the French by MR. W. H. HUNTINGTON for EVERY SATURDAY.]

ENVOI.

To V. H.

I will not write your name in full, for it is too great and my present is too small.

The title of this volume is my excuse for offering it to you. The death penalty will soon disappear from our codes. It is you who will have effaced it.

Six months ago you sent me a Book. In return I address you a few pages, whose only merit is that they contain the narration of an actual fact and the expression of sincere sentiments. When I wrote them thirty years ago, I still had my doubts. Now, thanks to you, I doubt no longer, and am your debtor.

PART FIRST.

I.

AURAY, which we call a town in Brittany, would be but a hamlet if transported to the neighborhood of Paris. It has from three to four thousand inhabitants. It bathes the foot of its old walls in a little river whose waters a little farther on mingle with the sea. A main street, ill-paved and lined with houses built of wood and earth, begins at the bridge and climbs up by a steep slope to an oblong square, where stands the town-hall, a sufficiently tasteless and almost modern structure, for it dates from within the first half of the seventeenth century. A few narrow streets branch off from this main artery and go straggling out into the country. The architects who constructed them were ignorant of the laws of symmetry, — which is no great harm. Each house follows its own whim, without heed to its neighbor, pushing forward, standing back, presenting itself sideways or gable-end first, according to the shape of the ground and size of the lots. The basement is generally in cut stone; but the walls of the second story, which projects over the street, are built with old rough-hewn timbers painted a dull red and filled in with a mortar made of mud and straw.

Irregular windows with panes of glass as large as one's hand, niches with coarsely colored plaster statues, queer signs creaking on iron rods, high slate roofs capped with lead or surmounted with some chimerical animal in tin, give to the whole the air of a town of the Middle Ages, that had been

kept under glass for three or four centuries. The inhabitants contribute nothing to destroy this illusion. The peasants one meets in the streets market-days wear heavy white wooden shoes, brown gaiters coming up to the knees, short breeches full of plaits, a leather girdle, a long-skirted brown or blue coat, and a low hat, in the shadow of whose immense broad brim their marked and somewhat wild features are hardly discernible. Among themselves, young and old speak nothing but Low Breton, French being considered a learned tongue for the use of the gentry who have been to Vannes. The merchants spread out their wares as far as the middle of the street: a pile of cloth on a table, a cask of pork, a great heap of red and white soap, molasses, candles, — all these in picturesque confusion serve as baits to catch customers. If you go into a shop, a sort of den lighted only from the door, which you enter by descending four or five stone steps, the mistress of the place will sell you on the same table a pound of butter and two yards of ribbon: the *specialty* has not yet penetrated the good town of Auray. Accounts are kept in livres, sous, and deniers in the fashion of the old time before the Revolution; centimes exist only for the tax collector. In 1833 I heedlessly bought there an almanac that proved to be of the year of the coronation of Charles X. When afterwards I ventured to object to its antiquity, the dealer answered, with the entrest coolness, that it gave the days for the fairs, markets, and pardons all the same. Almanacs of such freshness, together with a few alphabets, church-service books, and store of prayer-books in Low Breton made up at that period the assortment of the sole bookseller's shop in the town. It was there, however, that I obtained a copy of a book, now become extremely rare, — the *Supplement to the History of France*, published by Father Loriequet in 1816.

Auray is a small port, and carries on a quite active coasting trade with Vannes, Lorient, and Belle-Ile. Houses have been built from time to time all along the quay so as to form a lower town, not much esteemed by the people of the upper town, but more alive and more familiar with affairs of this world. Between the two towns rises the still

frowning cuirass of stone, with its towers and its battlements, behind which Duguesclin took shelter. This remnant of the power of our dukes has a solidity and grandeur in marked contrast with the sorry houses that crowd about it, like a timorous flock of sheep. Time has taken no hold on these great stones, of a red and strong grain, that would bid defiance to artillery. On the towers, in place of the pointed roofs, of which no vestiges remain, worthy citizens have built small houses, all white with cheerful green blinds. They have arranged bits of gardens there, where there are bowers covered with white thorn and flowering elder. These slight plants and vines crown the battlements, crop out from gaping, half-ruined gates, and hang waving down the sides of the granite giant. It is good of an evening to come in from the sea to the mouth of the little stream that bears the same name as the town. Everything is still as in the open fields; the great masses of the wall stand out boldly against the sky, surrounded with an inextricable tangle of small houses, green trees, and pointed steeples. The coasting-luggers lie motionless, casting their black shadows on the water, and rippling over the shingle of the beach the river murmurs softly to the sea.

II.

I was living retired there towards the close of the year 1833, at an epoch when I was in search of my path through the wide world, drawn toward Paris by the passion of study, withheld in this quiet corner by love of the natal soil and the dear memories of childhood. If I add that I was living with the rector of Notre Dame, and in intimate relations with the most decided *chouans*, it is not thence to be understood that I am a devotee or a legitimist; although I was then but a child, I had lost nearly all claim to the first of these titles, and I never had any to the second. The Abbé Moisan had an ardent friendship for my father; I think that he owed to him his life under the first republic. While I was pursuing my studies at the college in Vannes, I had been in the habit of spending a part of the vacation at the parsonage of Auray, and felt myself at home there. I had my room, which was never given up to the neighboring vicars when they came, in groups of five or six, — as the custom of the Breton clergy is, — to demand the hospitality of the rector: Old Annah, as much mistress as servant of the house, who enjoyed a reputation for general crabbedness, following the example of her master, had taken me into her good graces, and treated me like one of the family.

The Abbé Moisan was then seventy years old. He was a tall man, astonishingly lean, with a big head and great hands, straight as a ramrod, despite his age, and the gait of a grenadier. When he walked with me of an evening in his garden, bareheaded, in his shirt-sleeves, cheerily smoking his pipe, you would have sooner taken him for an old soldier than a priest. He had, however, been ordained deacon at twenty-one; but his life had not been all spent in saying mass and hearing confession. He remained in France during the Reign of Terror, disguised as a farm laborer, following the plough, mowing, tending the horses, and passing with good reason for a first-rate farm-hand. When evening was come, he let himself out from the window of the hay-loft, and ran hither and thither through the night to exhort the peasants and receive their confessions. As soon as there were any

bands of *chouans*, he joined them as chaplain, of course. The "Blues" used to say that he had pulled a trigger with Cadoudal and Guillemot, which was a downright falsehood; but I can well believe that he more than once had to resist temptation in that direction. It is he who carried the messages from one troop to another, taking on numberless disguises and running numberless risks. In my mere infancy I had been rocked to sleep with the story of the adventures of Abbé Moisan, which were truly marvellous if the quarter that was told was true. When Bonaparte officially re-established religion, by giving to several constitutional bishops, with the Pope's assent, dioceses which they had usurped, and of which the titular holders were still living, there was found in various districts, under the name of the *Little Church*, a congregation of the faithful that aimed to be, and probably was, more catholic than the Pope, since it refused submission to bishops elected by the Revolution and reconfirmed by the Empire. Abbé Moisan belonged to this *Little Church*, and continued on that account to be persecuted when the Catholic clergy no longer were. He had lived the life of a proscribed man for twenty-two years, when the Restoration came. The Count of Artois obtained for him the Cross of Saint Louis, which he accepted respectfully and never wore. He had only to choose among the richest parishes. He desired nothing but the post of prison chaplain, which no one disputed with him. It was then less than ever a sinecure. The civil war and its consequences, which were prolonged for several years in the West, crowded the prisons with political offenders, and ordinary crimes multiplied by occasion of the troublous times. The jail at Vannes, to which M. Moisan was attached, differed widely from the prisons of our day, which in their exterior look like hospitals or barracks, and for their interior are objected to by a certain variety of philanthropists as being too comfortable. It was an old city gate-house, flanked by two high-roofed, pepper-box towers. It had neither inner nor outer court-yard. Prisoners could snuff a breath of fresh air on a narrow stone gallery, that connected the two towers above the gate, and had in its time served for the sentries to make their round. They were visible from the Rue des Chanoines, so that when there were any condemned to death, which happened often enough, these could be pointed out from there.

The Abbé Moisan, who in ordinary times hardly left the prison, except to go to Madame Normand's for his dinner, and to the chapel of Saint Vincent Ferrier to say his mass, did not come out at all when he had any condemned to death or to hard labor, and separated from them only on the scaffold or when they were taken away. He did not pass the time, as other priests are wont to do, in preaching or reciting prayers to them. He talked with them as a friend. If they were old *chouans* they had long stories to tell of their old campaigns. He put himself at their service for the least trifles, doing their poor commissions in the town. We used to see him hurrying on such errands past our windows, for we boarded at Madame Normand's close by the cathedral and the jail. The Abbé Le Ber would shout out to him from the distances, "Has he confessed?" "Not yet," he would answer. He was waiting for the hour of grace. And he awaited it day and night, lying in the cell of the prisoner on a bundle of straw. On the days of execution everybody was in the streets immediately after the morning *Angelus*. They prayed for the

condemned man and for the Abbé Moisan. When the death-bell began tolling at Saint Paterne, at the colleges, and at the seminary, it was the signal that the cortege had left the prison, — the escort of gendarmes on horseback, the condemned, with shorn hair, bare neck, his hands tied behind him, and his legs shackled, walking between the confessor and the executioner, and, close behind, the cart holding his coffin. My comrades used then to hurry along the Rue de Mené, that traverses the town; they crowded together on the steps of the Calvary, which is by the college gate, for the condemned usually knelt there and recited aloud a prayer, to which all present made response. I never had the heart to go there; but what I have seen many a time is the chain.

That has been abolished; but in those days criminals sentenced to the galleys went on foot, chained together by the neck, from Bicêtre, by Paris, to Brest or Toulon. The chain stopped at Vannes to take in the contingent of our assize court, and then the Abbé Moisan never failed to accompany his prisoners, embracing them, holding their hands, dressing their wounds when they were bruised by the iron collar or when the brand-mark was not healed over. And so he went on foot as far as Auray with all these men exasperated with fatigue and shame, calmly listening to their insults and oaths. He ate at the same boarding-house as myself, with the Abbé Le Ber, a jansenist priest and a republican, whom my friend, Dr. Guépin, knew very well, and with three or four collegians, one of whom, by the way, has since become Senator. He did not come the days of execution; he did not think of dinuer those days, but we used to see him come in the day following, pale as a sheet. No one dared speak to him, and we did not even speak to each other. He would unfold his napkin, look about him with an attempt to smile, restrain, with great effort, the tears that rose to his eyes, then swallow a glass of water and go away, taking with him a piece of dry bread. He was seriously ill in 1827, after the execution of the two Lebras, whom he always persisted in declaring innocent. It was then that Bishop de Lamothe constrained him to accept the cure of Auray.

This was not more distressing to him than to the pious women of his new parish. In the first days they surrounded his confessional, but he was accustomed to a different sort of penitents! They found him too rough and at the same time too indulgent, and deserted him in a body for his vicars. One of these was that Abbé Martin who has since been a celebrated preacher at Paris. M. Moisan asked nothing better than to be thus deserted. His success in the pulpit equalled that of the confessional. He once undertook to repeat a sermon of the Abbé Poule, but broke down at the second point of the argument, and never after preached except in Low Breton on Sunday at the first mass. He did a great deal of good, which did not, however, distinguish him from his brethren, for our Breton clergy, from the curé of the cathedral to the humblest priest of a chapel of ease, pass their lives in giving, and in asking that they may give again. When, toward the end of the Restoration, I went to install myself for a week or two in September at the Abbé Moisan's, I found him in low spirits, discouraged, sick. He suffered from feeling himself useless. He only revived a little when recounting his battles, as he called them, or when speaking of the condemned whom he had

conducted on their way to death. He spoke of them as if they were his children; there was not one of them whom he did not love and speak well of. Old Annah told me that his sadness returned when I was gone, and "that he had not enough to do."

What was strange was, that he seemed to grow young again after 1830. Everything about him also changed; he became the important man, or rather the idol of the town. I was not long in learning why. There had been in Brittany, after the "Glorious Days of July" a powerless attempt at chouannerie. The clergy for the most part threw themselves into it heart and soul. They began by obstinately refusing to chant the *Domine Salvum*. I recollect that the bishop, who was a Lamothe-Broons of an old legitimist family, was obliged to go in person, and have it chanted in his presence at Saint Paterne's, otherwise the Abbé Couëffic would have resisted to the end. From this first demonstration they went on to another, which was more dangerous: they advised the conscripts not to set out for their regiments. Advice from his confessor to a Breton peasant is a command. Immediately, from Auray to Ploërmel, there were bands of *réfractaires*, some of whom held the field against the national guards and regular troops. Several nobles offered them their chateaux for places of rendezvous. King Charles X., at Holyrood, gave an ex-major of cavalry a lieutenant-general's commission, like the one held by M de Puisaye in 1793. The same movement developed itself toward the marches of Brittany, especially at Vitre, where the disturbances were more serious. The Abbé Moisan was now in his element again. He did not take me into his confidence; I was too young and too little initiated; but I guessed by his air, by certain mysterious remarks, by the unusual affluence of visitors at the parsonage, and by the quite novel respect with which he was greeted in the street, that the rector was at war. The movement, however, was not of long duration. Two companies of movable gendarmes brought it to an end; but in the short space of eighteen months it cost a number of lives. Some perished as soldiers, by musket-shot, others on the scaffold; others, more wretched, went to die in prison at Brest, for government made a show of treating them as highway robbers, and not as political offenders. I may say of this impotent agitation, which will have no historian, and to which none of my hopes were attached, that it was the death-struggle of a noble sentiment.

Everything was irrevocably over when I became, in 1833, the guest of Abbé Moisan. I had just finished my college course, strictly at my own expense, giving lessons in writing and grammar, evening and morning, to pay my board and term bill. The Abbé, who was ambitious for his friends, wanted to see me one day professor at the college of Vannes, and urged my going to Rennes to pass examination for the bachelor's degree. He set forth that he would pay the cost of the journey, — Heaven knows where he would have found the money. I ended by going thither on foot, and obtaining entrance to the Normal School. My comrades never suspected that on holidays I always went without dinner. But I do not complain of having undergone some hardships in my childhood and youth, nor of having passed my early years as a free-thinker and republican, among Catholics and Carlists. The Abbé Moisan, who

was not capable of speaking four words together, and had never read anything but his breviary and the orders of the day of M. de la Houssaye, exerted, as I think, a happy influence on my mind. I still remember, all man of letters that I have come to be, our interminable discussions, in which he was infallibly beaten, and after which I passed whole nights in discussing his arguments with myself and concluding that he was right.

III.

Capital punishment was one of our grand subjects of controversy, for he had fairly given up hopes of my conversion, and often told me, with a deep sigh, laying his hand on my shoulder, "You are lost." I was never weary of questioning him about the condemned whom he had attended at death, and above all about those whom I had known before their condemnation;—there was more than one such. He had a singular mental defect: he believed they were all innocent, and that from the bottom of his heart. I think that he did not exclude from this universal absolution even those who had owned their crime. He devised some means of transforming them into martyrs, at worst they were victims of their education, or of circumstance, or of the state of society. For the Abbé who thundered against the Saint Simonians every morning after reading the *Gazette de France* was, without suspecting it, a radical socialist. I am speaking here, of course, of those convicted of ordinary crimes; as for the political offenders, he not merely believed them innocent, but he regarded them as heroes; and I who share none of his political opinions am inclined to think that he was right. It will be readily imagined that he was a declared enemy of the guillotine, as he also was of the iron-collar, of the brand-mark, of the galleys, and even of prolonged confinement. He would have anathematized cellular imprisonment, if the authorities of those days had exercised their pretended right of killing the moral and intellectual man while suffering the physical man to exist. His dream was a system of short confinement, more or less severe, according to the nature of the cases, always applied with a view to moral regeneration of the subject, and at the termination of which the more dangerous convicts might be transported to a colony where the State should leave them free under certain conditions. He did not deny to society the right of killing when it was in the case of legitimate self-defence; and for instance, by a curious exception for a partisan who had exposed himself a hundred times to capital condemnation, he really admitted the death penalty for political crimes. It was then, according to him, only one of the incidents of the fight. But what he denied for ordinary crimes was the condition of legitimate defence. He considered that for the maintenance of order and assurance of the common safety society had not, and never could have, need to shed blood. In his eyes, the death penalty was barbarous because it was useless. Those who talked of the benefit of example, and regarded the spectacle of the scaffold as a salutary moral lesson, he treated as blockheads or sophists. He maintained on the contrary that cruelty of punishments begets ferocity of manners. "Believe in my experience," he would say; "blood calls for blood. Men of bad instincts who attend an execution come away not terrified but demoralized." His grand argument was the uncertainty of human judgments. He was

inexhaustible on this head; he accumulated examples in proof, some of them of an overwhelming force, and all drawn from his personal recollections. His narrations were so many processes directed against the judges. He saw in them mere partisans who had the guillotine for their argument. It should be mentioned that he had seen the *prevotals* courts. He was used to say, among other things, that administrators of political justice rendered their decisions as soldiers obey an order; but, faithful to his principles, he added that that was what they were instituted for, and that it was their business to strike enemies and even the suspected. "What would you have a magistrate do who is himself a part of the government, to which he owes his place, from which he seeks promotion, who thinks as it does, since he serves it, when government tells him, while pointing out a political offender, 'I am in danger, defend me'?"

On this last point I entirely agreed with M. Moisan. It is not I surely who would have thought of suppressing the death penalty in political cases, to leave it in force for ordinary crimes. When I read the history of the Revolution, if my indignation, like that of any man of feeling, was aroused by the executions in mass, without judgment and without culpability, there were other executions which I found just, and which, I was sure, I would have subscribed to. I understand now why M. Moisan and I held such opinions on political law. He had lived under the Red Terror, and the Empire, and the White Terror of the early Restoration; I was myself surrounded with people who had lost their friends on the scaffold, or who had been sentenced and escaped death as by miracle. Every bloody repression begets reprisals; it is against nature to expect peace from it. The political scaffold makes not only assassins as the other scaffold does; it makes political judges.

I wish I could say at least that I shared the ideas of the ex-chaplain of the prisons in respect to common crimes; but born in 1815, between the execrated Terror and the blest Terror, I was too near the ages of blood. Around me I heard nothing but talk of answering blood with blood. I was furthermore influenced by the famous phrase in which Alphonse Karr, who has since been one of my friends, sums up all the arguments that can be brought against the abolition of the death penalty: "Let Messrs. the assassins, begin first."

We each of us repeated the same discourses, with the same warmth and the same success on either side on our way to Sainte Anne and Quiberon, and in our excursions to Vannes or to Saint-Gildas. When the Abbé could find nothing more to say, he would shut my mouth with the affair of the brothers Nayl, of which you shall presently read the account. This recollection of what was still so recent disturbed both of us, and we let our boat glide along the rocks of the coast, keeping silence and thinking of the terrible events we had so lately passed through. It was on our return from one of these excursions that he asked me to write the story of our three friends. The next day I wrote it all out at once, not to prove a proposition, as may be seen from what precedes, but as a narrative, and to fix our common memories of the events.

The worthy Abbé made me promise to publish it some day: "If ever you become an author," he added. Here it is. It has slept a long quarter of a century under my books of that day, with the

manuscripts that I accumulated then with the true literary zeal of a young graduate. When, twenty years later, I read over again these very simple but very truthful narrations, with a sentiment which must resemble that of a woman who, arrived at the threshold of old age, unexpectedly comes upon a dried flower or a faded ribbon at the bottom of a drawer. I could not resist the desire of publishing one or two of them, carefully hiding myself under a name taken in turn by every one who wished not to be recognized. To-day I let appear with my signature the one I entitled *The Death Penalty*, because a story is sometimes worth as much as an argument.

I cannot terminate this preface without adding that my ideas on the chief point have been entirely modified by study. I now hold that capital punishment and perpetual penalties may and consequently ought to be retrenched from our codes: in a word, I deny to man, whether in political or in ordinary criminal matters, the right to inflict on man either a physical suffering or a moral stigma that is irrevocable. I do not admit either infallibility in the judge or eternity of perversity in the criminal. During some time after the foundation of the Republic in 1848, I was connected with the administration of criminal justice; I have visited a great number of prisons, in all parts of Europe, from Mazas to Millbanks; I went to Portland to inform myself of the manner in which the English will replace the death penalty when they shall have abolished it. What these long studies have especially confirmed in me is the fear of the irrevocable. There is a house in Brittany which might have sufficed me for that, but for the obstinate struggle against myself, inspired by my unwillingness to substitute sentiment for reason. But it is no longer with me a question of humanity. In demanding that society should always be left the means for repairing an error, if I think much of the victim, I think more of society itself; and I am less afraid of the harm which a judicial error inflicts on a man than of the harm it does to the administration of justice.

I am no longer as fierce as the Abbé Moisan and I were in 1833, and I am not sure — although he was a man all of one piece, and Briton to the marrow of his bones — that he would still be guilty of the frightful inconsequence of preserving the death penalty for the vanquished while abolishing it for murderers. For my own part, I am converted on both points.

I saw at Nuremberg a museum of headsman's swords, of cleavers, and instruments for chopping off hands and thumbs, for grubbing out ears and for blinding. Death shows itself there not simply atrocious; by a refinement of the genius of the torturers, in some punishments it becomes ridiculous. It is there, by the way, that was invented, long before the French revolution, our sinister guillotine, with its grooved uprights, its clamp for the neck, its blade released by a spring and effecting the decapitation by the mere fall of its heavy weight. I wish that the last guillotines, the last garrots, the last gibbets might be carried thither from all corners of the civilized earth; I finally believe that forthwith the race of Messrs. the assassins, as Alphonse Karr styles them, would begin to die out. Politics would gain by it as well as morality. Civil wars would not perhaps be less frequent, but they surely would become less atrocious.

What I have retained, in this last respect, of the opinions of M. Moisan, is an ardent desire to see political justice — since we must give it that name — utterly separated from ordinary justice. Let it employ neither the same judges nor the same places of detention. Assuredly I believe that there are a just cause and odious parties in politics; but in every political sentence it is the victor who pronounces and by virtue of his quality as victor, whether in that quality he represents justice or injustice. When fortune turns, the accused changes place with the judge. The same code is found to be good. It is true, then, that political justice is a battle, and ordinary justice a doctrine. On one hand, a question of victory and defeat; on the other, a question of good and evil. The proof that a political condemnation strikes only the victim, and not the morality of his acts, is that, despite the violence of parties, no one has ever been dishonored by proscription.

I was visiting one day, in company with some friends, the House of Detention at Ghent, I think it was in 1853. The Director asked me, just as I was coming away, how long I had myself been a prisoner. I was obliged to answer that I had not been a prisoner at all. I remember that I felt rather humiliated at having to make this answer, and that it did not do me great honor in the minds of the bystanders, — of those especially who, not being my personal friends, were ignorant of the events of my humble life.

Human justice should always be able to release its prey. Let it release the guilty man cured, when it is a guilty man; let it release the vanquished man alive, when it is only a vanquished man. But above all, if it has been mistaken, let it be able to release its victim.

MAX MÜLLER'S LECTURE ON BUDDHISTIC NIHILISM.*

I MAY be mistaken, but my belief is that the subject which I have chosen for my discourse cannot be regarded as alien to the general interests of this assembly.

Buddhism in its numerous varieties continues still the religion of the majority of mankind, and will therefore always occupy a very prominent place in a comparative study of the religions of the world. But the science of comparative theology, although the youngest branch on the tree of human knowledge, will, for an accurate and fruitful study of antiquity, soon become as indispensable as comparative philology. For how can we truly understand and properly appreciate a people, its literature, art, politics, morals, and philosophy, its entire conception of life, without having comprehended its religion, not alone in its outer aspect, but in its innermost being, in its deepest far-reaching roots?

What our great poet almost prophetically once said of languages may also be said of religions, "He who knows only one knows none." As the true knowledge of a language requires a knowledge of languages, thus a true knowledge of a religion requires a knowledge of religions. And however bold the assertion may sound, that all the languages of mankind have an Oriental origin, true it is that all religions, like the suns, have risen from the East.

Here, therefore, in treating religions scientifically

* Delivered before the General Meeting of the Association of German Philologists, at Kiel, 28th September, 1889.

(those of the Aryan as well as those of the Semitic races) the Oriental scholar lawfully enters into the "plenum" of philology, if philology still is, as our President told us yesterday, what it once intended and wished to be, viz., the true Humanitas, which, like an Emperor of yore, could say of itself, "humani nihil a me alienum puto."

Now it has been the peculiar fate of the religion of Buddha, that among all the so-called false or heathenish religions, it almost alone has been praised by all and everybody for its elevated, pure, and humanizing character. One hardly trusts one's eyes on seeing Catholic and Protestant missionaries vie with each other in their praises of the Buddha; and even the attention of those who are indifferent to all that concerns religion must be arrested for a moment, when they learn from statistical accounts no religion, not even the Christian, has exercised so powerful an influence on the diminution of crime as the old simple doctrine of the Ascetic of Kapilavastu. Indeed, no better authority can be brought forward in this respect than that of a still living Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church. In his interesting work on the life of Buddha, the author, the Bishop of Ramatha, the Apostolic Vicar of Ava and Pegu, speaks with so much candor of the merits of the Buddhist religion, that we are often at a loss which most to admire, his courage or his learning. Thus he says in one place (page 494): "There are many moral precepts equally commanded and enforced in common by both creeds. It will not be deemed rash to assert that most of the moral truths, prescribed by the Gospel, are to be met with in the Buddhist scriptures." In another place Bishop Bigandet says (p. 495): "In reading the particulars of the life of the last Buddha Gaudama, it is impossible not to feel reminded of many circumstances relating to our Saviour's life, such as it has been sketched out by the Evangelists."

I might produce many even still stronger testimonies in honor of Buddha and Buddhism, but the above suffice for my purpose.

But then, on the other hand, it appears as if people had only permitted themselves to be so liberal in the praise of Buddha and Buddhism, because they could in the end, condemn a religion which, in spite of all its merits, culminated in Atheism and Nihilism. Thus we are told by Bishop Bigandet (p. viii.): "It may be said in favor of Buddhism that no philosophical-religious system has ever upheld, to an equal degree, the notions of a savior, and deliverer, and the necessity of his mission for procuring the salvation of man, in a Buddhist sense. The rôle of Buddha, from beginning to end, is that of a deliverer, who preaches a law designed to secure to man the deliverance from all the miseries he is laboring under. But by an inexplicable and deplorable eccentricity, the pretended savior after having taught man the way to deliver himself from the tyranny of his passions, leads him, after all, into the bottomless gulf of a total annihilation."

This language may have a slightly episcopal tinge, yet we find the same judgment, in almost identical words, pronounced by the most eminent scholars who have written on Buddhism. The warm discussions on this subject, which have recently taken place at the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* of Paris, are probably known to many of those who are here present; but better still, the work of the man whose place has not since been filled neither in the French Academy, nor on

the Council Board of German Science, — the work of Eugène Burnouf, the true founder of a scientific study of Buddhism. Even Burnouf, in his researches arrives at the same result, viz.: — that Buddhism as known to us from its Canonical books, in spite of its grand qualities, ends in Atheism and Nihilism.

Now, as to Atheism, it cannot be denied that if we call the old Gods of the Veda — Indra and Agni and Yama — Gods, Buddha was an Atheist. He does not believe in the divinity of these deities. What is noteworthy is that he does not by any means deny their bare existence, just as little as St. Augustine and other fathers of the Church endeavored to sublimate or entirely explain away the existence of the Olympian Gods. The founder of Buddhism treats the old Gods as superhuman beings, and promises the believers that they shall be after death reborn into the world of the Gods, and shall enjoy divine bliss with the Gods. Similarly he threatens the wicked that after death they shall meet with their punishment in the subterranean abodes and hells, where the Asuras, Sarpas, Nāgas, and other evil spirits dwell, beings whose existence was too firmly rooted in the popular belief and language than that even the founder of a new religion could have dared to reason them away. But, although Buddha assigned to these mediatized Gods and Devils, palaces, gardens, and a court, — not second to their former ones, — he yet deprived them of all their sovereign rights. Although, according to Buddha, the worlds of the Gods last for millions of years, they must perish at the end of every Kalpa, with the Gods and with the spirits, who in the circle of births have raised themselves to the world of the Gods. Indeed, the reorganization of the spirit world goes further still. Already before Buddha, the Brahmans had surmounted the low stand-point of mythological polytheism, and supplanting it by the idea of the Brahman, as the absolute divine or super-divine power. What, then, does Buddha decree? To this Brahman also he assigns a place in his universe. Over and above the world of the Gods with its six paradises, he heaps up sixteen Brahma worlds, not to be attained through virtue and piety, but through inner contemplation, through knowledge and enlightenment. The dwellers in these worlds are already purely spiritualized beings, without body, without weight, without desire, far above men and Gods. Indeed, the Buddhist architect rises to a still more towering height, heaping upon the Brahma-world four still higher worlds, which he calls the world of the formless. All these worlds are open to man, and the beings ascend and descend in the circle of time, according to the works they have performed, according to the truths they have recognized. But in all these worlds the law of change obtains; in none is there exemption from birth, age, and death. The world of the Gods will perish like that of men, even the world of the formless will not last forever; but the Buddha, the Enlightened and truly Free, stands higher, and will not be affected or disturbed by the collapse of the Universe: "Si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinae."

Now, however, we meet with a vein of irony which one would hardly have expected in Buddha. Gods and Devils he had located; to all mythological and philosophical acquisitions of the past he had done justice as far as possible. Even fabulous beings such as Nāgas, Gandharvas, and Garudas, had escaped the processes of dissolution, which was

to reach them later only at the hands of comparative mythology. There is only *one* idea, — the idea of a personal creator, in regard to which Buddha is relentless.

It is not only denied, but even its origin, like that of an ancient myth, is carefully explained by him in its minutest details. This is done in the *Brahma-gā-sūtra* as follows: Pray note that a destruction of the worlds occurs at the end of every kalpa, — a destruction which not only annihilates earth and hell, but also all the worlds of the Gods, and even the three lowest of the Brahma-worlds. A description of the duration of a kalpa can only be given in the language of Buddhism. Take a rock of four German cubic miles, touch it once in a hundred years with a piece of fine cloth, and the rock will sooner be reduced to dust than a kalpa will have attained its end. Thus it is said that at the end of the kalpa, after all the lower stories of the universe had been destroyed, and a new world had again been slowly formed, the spirits dwelling in the higher Brahma-worlds had remained inviolate. Then one of these spirits, a being without body, without weight, omnipresent and blessed within himself, descended, when his time had arrived, from the higher Brahma-world to the new formed nether Brahma-world. There he first dwelt alone; but by and by the desire arose in him not to remain alone any longer. At the moment of the awakening of this desire within him, a second being accidentally descended from the higher into the lower Brahma-world. Then and there the thought originated in the first being, "I am the Brahma, the great Brahma, the Highest, the Unconquerable, the Omniscient, the Lord and King of All. I am the Creator of all things, the Father of All. *This* being has also been created by me; for as soon as I desired not to remain alone, my desire brought forth this second being." The other beings as they gradually descended from the higher worlds likewise believed that the first comer had been their Creator, for was he not older and mightier and handsomer than they?

But this is not all; for although it would explain how one spirit could consider himself the creator of other spirits, it would leave unexplained the circumstances of men on earth believing in such a creator. This is explained in the following manner: "In the course of time one of these higher beings sank lower and lower, and was finally born as a man on earth. There by penances and deep meditation, he attained a state of inner enlightenment, which gives to man the faculty of remembering his former existences. He remembered the above narrated occurrences in the newly originated Brahma-world, and announced to mankind that there was a Creator, a Brahman, who had been prior to all other beings; that this Creator was eternal and immutable, while all beings created by him were mutable and mortal.

There is, I believe, an unmistakable note of animosity in this explanation, otherwise so alien to the character of Buddha, and the question naturally arises whether this can have been the doctrine of the founder of Buddhism himself. And herewith we at once approach our principal problem, — "Is it possible to distinguish between Buddhism and the personal teaching of Buddha?" We possess the Buddhist canon and have a right to consider all that we find in this canon as orthodox Buddhist doctrine. But as there has been no lack of efforts in Christian theology to distinguish between the doc-

trine of the founder of our religion and that of the writers of the Gospels, to go beyond the canon of the New Testament, and to make the *Logos* of the Master the only valid rule of our faith, so the same want was already felt at a very early period, among the followers of Buddha. King Asoka, the Indian Constantine, had to remind the assembled priests at the great council which had to settle the Buddhist canon, *that what had been said by Buddha that alone was well said*. Works attributed to Buddha, but declared as apocryphal, or even as heterodox, already existed at that time.

Thus we are not by any means without an authority for distinguishing between Buddhism and the teaching of Buddha; the question being only, is such a separation practicable for us?

My belief is that all honest inquirers must oppose a No to this question; and even Burnouf never ventured to cast a glance beyond the boundaries of the Buddhist canon. What he finds in the canonical books, in the so-called "Three Baskets," is to him the doctrine of Buddha, similarly as we must accept, as the doctrine of Christ, what is contained in the four Gospels.

Still the question ought to be asked again and again, whether, at least with regard to certain doctrines or facts, it may not be possible to make a step further in advance, even with the conviction that it cannot lead us to results of apodictic certainty. For if, as happens frequently, we find in the different parts of the canon views, not alone differing from, but even contradictory to each other, it follows, I think, that one only of them can belong to Buddha personally, and I believe that in such a case we have the right to choose, and the liberty to accept, *that* view as the original one, the one peculiar to Buddha, which least harmonizes with the later system of orthodox Buddhism.

As regards the denial of a Creator, or Atheism in the ordinary acceptation of the term, I do not think that any one passage from the books of the Canon known to us, can be quoted which contradicts it, or which in any way presupposes the belief in a personal God or a Creator. All that may be urged are the words said to have been spoken by Buddha at the moment when he became the Enlightened, the Buddha. They are as follows: "Without ceasing shall I run through a course of many births, looking for the maker of this tabernacle, — and painful is birth again and again. But now, maker of the tabernacle, thou hast been seen; thou shalt not make up this tabernacle again. All thy rafters are broken, thy ridge-pole is sundered; the mind, being sundered has attained to the extinction of all desires."

Here in the maker of the tabernacle, i. e. the body, one might be tempted to see a creator. But he who is acquainted with the general run of thought in Buddhism, soon finds that this architect of the house is only a poetical expression, and that whatever meaning may underlie it, it evidently signifies a force subordinated to the Buddha, the Enlightened.

But whilst we have no ground for exonerating the Buddha personally from the accusation of Atheism, the matter stands very differently as regards the charge of Nihilism. The Buddhist Nihilism has always been much more incomprehensible than mere Atheism. A kind of religion is still conceivable, when there is something firm somewhere, when a something, eternal and self-continuous, is recognized, if not *out* and *above* man, at least *within* him. But if, as Buddhism teaches, the soul after having

passed through all the phases of existence, all the worlds of the Gods and of the higher spirits, attains finally Nirvāna as its highest aim and last reward, i. e. be comes quite extinct, then religion is not any more what it ought to be, — a bridge from the finite to the infinite, but a trap-bridge hurling man into the abyss, at the very moment when he thought he had arrived at the stronghold of the eternal. According to the metaphysical doctrine of Buddhism, the soul cannot dissolve itself in a higher being, or be absorbed in the absolute substance, as was taught by the Brahmins and other mystics of ancient and modern times. For Buddhism knew not the Divine, the Eternal, the Absolute, and the soul even, as the I, or as the mere Self, the Atman, as called by the Brahmins, was represented in the orthodox Metaphysics of Buddhism as transient, as futile, as a mere phantom.

No person who reads with attention the metaphysical speculations on the Nirvāna contained in the Buddhist Canon, can arrive at any other conviction than that expressed by Burnouf, viz.: That Nirvāna, the highest aim, the *summum bonum* of Buddhism, is the absolute nothing.

Burnouf adds, however, that this doctrine only appears in its crude form in the third part of the Canon, the so-called Abhidharma, but not in the first and second parts, in the Sūtras, the sermons, and the Vinaya, the ethics, which together bear the name of Dharma or Law. He next points out that, according to some ancient authorities, this entire part of the Canon was designated as "not pronounced by Buddha." These are, at once, two important limitations. I add a third, and maintain that sayings of the Buddha occur in the first and second parts of the Canon, which are in open contradiction to this metaphysical Nihilism.

Now as regards the soul, or the self, the existence of which, according to the orthodox metaphysics, is purely phenomenal, a sentence attributed to the Buddha says, "Self is the Lord of Self, who else could be the Lord?" And again, "A man who controls himself enters the untrodden land through his own self-controlled self." But this untrodden land is the Nirvāna.

Nirvāna certainly means extinction, whatever its later arbitrary interpretations may have been, and seems, therefore, to imply, even etymologically, a real blowing out or passing away. But Nirvāna occurs also in the Brahmanic writings, as synonymous with Moksha, Nirvṛtti, and other words, all designating the highest stage of spiritual liberty and bliss, but not annihilation. Nirvāna may mean the extinction of many things, — of selfishness, desire, and sin, without going so far as the extinction of subjective consciousness. Further, if we consider that Buddha himself, after he had already seen Nirvāna, still remains on earth until his body falls a prey to death; that Buddha appears, in the legends, to his disciples even after his death, it seems to me that all these circumstances are hardly reconcilable with the orthodox metaphysical doctrine of Nirvāna.

What does it mean when Buddha calls reflection the path of immortality, and thoughtlessness the path of death? Buddhaghosha, a learned man of the fifth century, here explains immortality by Nirvāna, and that this was also Buddha's thought is clearly established by a passage following immediately after: "These wise people, meditative, steady, always possessed of strong powers, attain to Nirvāna, the highest happiness." Can this be

annihilation? and would such expressions have been used by the founder of this new religion, if what he called immortality had, in his own idea, been annihilation?

I could quote many more such passages did I not fear to tire you. Nirvāna occurs even in the purely moral sense of rest and absence of passion. "When a man can bear everything without uttering a sound," says Buddha, "he has attained Nirvāna." Quiet long-suffering he calls the highest Nirvāna; he who has conquered passion and hatred is said to enter into Nirvāna.

In other passages, Nirvāna is described as the result of just knowledge. There we read: "Hunger or desire is the worst ailment, the body the greatest of all evils; where this is properly known, there is Nirvāna, the greatest happiness."

When it is said in one passage that Rest (Sānti) is the highest bliss, it is said in another that Nirvāna is the highest bliss.

Buddha says: "The sages who injure nobody, and who always control their body, they will go to the unchangeable place (Nirvāna), where, if they have gone they will suffer no more."

Nirvāna is called the quiet place, the immortal place, even simply that which is immortal; and the expression occurs, that the wise dived into this immortal. As, according to Buddha, everything that was made, everything that was put together, passes away again, and resolves itself into its component parts, he calls in contradistinction, that which is not made, i. e. the uncreated and eternal, Nirvāna. He says: "When you have understood the destruction of all that was made, you will understand that which was not made." Whence it appears that even for him a certain something exists, which is not made, which is eternal and imperishable.

On considering such sayings, to which many more might be added, one recognizes in them a conception of Nirvāna, altogether irreconcilable with the Nihilism of the third part of the Buddhist Canon. The question in such matters is not of a more or less, but of an *aut-aut*. If these sayings have maintained themselves, in spite of their contradiction to orthodox metaphysics, the only explanation, in my opinion is, that they were too firmly fixed in the tradition which went back to Buddha and his disciples. What Bishop Bigandet and others represent as the popular view of the Nirvāna, in contradistinction to that of the Buddhist divines, was, in my opinion, the conception of Buddha and his disciples. It represented the entrance of the soul into rest, a subduing of all wishes and desires, indifference to joy and pain, to good and evil, an absorption of the soul in itself, and a freedom from the circle of existences from birth to death, and from death to a new birth. This is still the meaning which educated people attach to it, whilst Nirvāna suggests rather a kind of Mohammedan paradise or of blissful Elysian fields to the minds of the larger masses.

Only in the hands of the philosophers, to whom Buddhism owes its metaphysics, the Nirvāna, through constant negations, carried to an indefinite degree, through the excluding and abstracting of all that is not Nirvāna, at last became an empty Nothing, a philosophical myth. There is no lack of such philosophical myths either in the East or in the West. What has been fabled by philosophers of a Nothing, and of the terrors of a Nothing, is as much a myth as the myth of Eos and Tithonus. There is no more a nothing than there is an Eos or

a Chaos. All these are sickly, dying, or dead words, which, like shadows and ghosts, continue to haunt language, and succeed in deceiving for a while even the healthiest understanding.

Even modern philosophy is not afraid to say that there is a Nothing. We find passages in the German mystics, such as Eckhart and Tauler, where the abyss of the Nothing is spoken of quite in a Buddhist style. If Buddha had said, like St. Paul, "that what no eye hath seen, nor ear heard, neither has entered into the heart of man," was prepared in the Nirvāna for those who had advanced to the highest degree of spiritual perfection, such expressions would have been quite sufficient to serve as a proof to the philosophers by profession that this Nirvāna, which could not become an object of perception by the senses, nor of conception by the categories of the understanding, could be nothing, more nor less than the Nothing. Could we dare with Hegel to distinguish between a Nothing (Nichts) and a Not (Nicht), we might say that the Nirvāna had through a false dialectical process become from a relative Nothing an absolute Not.

This was the work of the theologians and of the orthodox philosophers. But a religion has never been founded by such teaching, and a man like Buddha, who knew mankind, must have known that he could not with such weapons overturn the tyranny of the Brahmins. Either we must bring ourselves to believe that Buddha taught his disciples two diametrically opposed doctrines on Nirvāna, say an exoteric and esoteric one, or we must allow that view of Nirvāna to have been the original view of the founder of this marvellous religion, which corresponds best with the simple, clear, and cautious character of Buddha.

And I have now said all that can be said in vindication of Buddha within the brief time allowed to these discourses. But I should be sorry if you carried away the impression that Buddhism contained nothing but empty, useless speculations; therefore permit me to read to you, in conclusion, a short Buddhist Parable, which will show you Buddhism in a more human form. It is borrowed from a work which will soon appear, and which contains the translation of the Parables used by the Buddhists to obtain acceptance for their doctrines amongst the people. I shall only omit some technical expressions and minor details which are of no importance:—

"Some time after this, Kisāgotami gave birth to a son. When the boy was able to walk by himself, he died. The young girl, in her love for it, carried the dead child clasped to her bosom, and went about from house to house, asking if any one would give her some medicine for it. When the neighbors saw this they said, 'Is the young girl mad that she carries about on her breast the dead body of her son?' But a wise man, thinking to himself, 'Alas! this Kisāgotami does not understand the law of death; I must comfort her,' said to her, 'My good girl, I cannot myself give medicine for it, but I know of a doctor who can attend to it.' The young girl said, 'If so, tell me who it is.' The wise man continued, 'Buddha can give medicine, you must go to him.'

"Kisāgotami went to Buddha, and doing homage to him, said, 'Lord and master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my boy?' Buddha replied, 'I know of some.' She asked, 'What medicine do you require?' He said, 'I want a handful of mustard-seed.' The girl promised to procure

it for him, but Buddha continued, 'I require some mustard-seed taken from a house where no son, husband, parent, or slave has died.' The girl said, 'Very good,' and went to ask for some at the different houses, carrying the dead body of her son astride on her hip. The people said, 'Here is some mustard-seed, take it.' Then she asked, 'In my friend's house has there died a son, a husband, a parent, or a slave?' They replied, 'Lady, what is this that you say? The living are few, but the dead are many.' Then she went to other houses, but one said, 'I have lost a son'; another, 'I have lost my parents'; another, 'I have lost my slave.' At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had died, from which to procure the mustard-seed, she began to think, 'This is a heavy task that I am engaged in. I am not the only one whose son is dead. In the whole of the Sāvatti country, everywhere children are dying, parents are dying.' Thinking thus, she was seized by fear, and putting away her affection for her child, she summoned up resolution, and left the dead body in a forest; then she went to Buddha and paid him homage. He said to her, 'Have you procured the handful of mustard-seed?' 'I have not,' she replied; 'the people of the village told me, 'The living are few, but the dead are many.' Buddha said to her, 'You thought that you alone had lost a son; the law of death is that among all living creatures there is no permanence.' When Buddha had finished preaching the law, Kisāgotami was established in the reward of the novitiate; and all the assembly who heard the law were established in the same reward.

"Some time afterwards, when Kisāgotami was one day engaged in the performance of her religious duties, she observed the lights (in the houses) now shining, now extinguished, and began to reflect, 'My state is like these lamps.' Buddha, who was then in the Gandhaku'i building, sent his sacred appearance to her, which said to her, just as if he himself was preaching, 'All living beings resemble the flame of these lamps, one moment lighted, the next extinguished; those only who have arrived at Nibbāna are at rest.' Kisāgotami, on hearing this, reached the stage of a saint possessed of intuitive knowledge."

Gentlemen, this is a specimen of the true Buddhism: this is the language, intelligible to the poor and the sick, which has endeared Buddhism to the hearts of millions,—not the silly, metaphysical phantasmagorias of worlds of Gods and worlds of Brahma, or final dissolution of the soul in Nirvāna,—no, the beautiful, the tender, the humanly true, which, like pure gold, lies buried in all religions, even in the sand of the Buddhist Canon.

AT SCARBOROUGH.

THE broken weather produced a broken season this autumn in most of the watering-places except in those where the system of huge hotels has of late years been successfully imported. There, while houses and lodgings are at a discount, the hotels are full, and when the rest of the town is being deserted the hotel visitors are the last to depart. A huge hotel, such as, for instance, the Grand Hotel at Scarborough, is a little city in itself; it has its walks, lounges, promenades, dances, music, concentrating within its own limits the frivolities of a large population. But then Scarborough is a peculiar place, and the Grand Hotel is its most peculiar in-

stitution. It is not so splendidly finished and well established as the more limited Royal Hotel, but then its enormous dimensions and its distinctive character make the question of its eventual success a very interesting problem. It is a little too much of an imitation, a defective imitation, of the Grand Hôtel on the Boulevards, a notion helped by the staff of French waiters, the reproduction of the celebrated Paris dining-room, the system of accounts, and on the whole we are left lagging considerably behind the French model. But it is only the second season, and it may achieve much still. I observed that the Yorkshire people themselves generally go into lodgings, which can be as handsome and expensive as any hotel-rooms, because they belong to family clans and have lots of their own people about them. But people who come from a great distance, or who are solitary, come to huge hotels where there is abundant liveliness and infinite chances of companionship. It is curious to note in how rudimentary a form the acquaintanceship is knocked up, and how duly and prosperously it proceeds. You speak a little to your next-door neighbor, perchance a lady, at the *table d'hôte*; perchance you settle down into the same proximity at dinner for several successive days; you get first a smile and then a nod. You are at liberty to ask for music and to turn over the music-leaves in the immense drawing-room; you make part in a sail to Whitby or Saltburn, or perhaps in a carriage expedition. The solitude is soon peopled with well-known forms, and even the loneliest man, with a moderate degree of tact and appearance, may find himself part and parcel of a very gay society.

The huge hotel system which has been imported into this country from Paris and New York may have inevitable drawbacks, but I imagine that it meets very exactly the social wants of a place like Scarborough. The *table d'hôte* system has never taken root in England, but it flourishes exceedingly well here and also at the Pavilion at Folkestone. I must, however, say in candor that the dinner need not be so long and the cookery might be better. People, however, get very hungry at Scarborough and do not eat scientifically. The people at the Grand are acting wisely in getting up a specialty for dancing. Dancing, as one of the fine arts, has been greatly declining in Yorkshire. Harrogate used to be famous for it; there was scarcely a hotel there where there was not dancing night after night, but now there is perhaps only one hotel in the place where the dancing is regularly kept up. They dance a good deal at the Grand. The Royal, and doubtless the other hotels on the South Cliff, have regular balls with their formal cards of admission, but these are rare. At the Grand they get up little balls or dancing parties two or three times a week, when you get what supper you like in the coffee-room with champagne-cup and claret-cup, and the dancing does not last much beyond two in the morning.

I have said that Scarborough has a distinctive character, and that distinctive character is undoubtedly flirtation. It is carried to an amazing height flagrantly and without disguise. Scarborough forms the great hunting-ground of the north. Girls confessedly go there to look up husbands, and men are confessedly looking out for wives. The north of England abounds in heiresses, and they crop up plentifully in Scarborough. Their belongings look very sharply after them, for the Detriments are busy here, loafing about on their narrow incomes,

and inquiring diligently into all the variations of the matrimonial market. A huge hotel affords excellent chances of flirtation. There is that public drawing-room, where, when all the world is withdrawn to the Spa, there is abundant solitude in quiet recesses, not to mention the walks that may be achieved in the hall, the corridors and the huge verandas. But for all that the flirtation is not to be carried on so quietly as might be supposed. There is as much gossip in a big hotel as in a small town. Dowagers and others watch each little game most intently and comment on it incessantly. Scarborough society likes a lord, and will allow a great deal to a man of rank. By the way, Scarborough has a lord of its own in the person of the popular Earl of Lonsborough, who has a beautiful place here, where he is about to receive the Prince of Wales. But Scarborough society knows its rights, and thinks a very middle-aged man of title unreasonable if he wants both youth and beauty at once in a bride; he ought to be content with the one or the other. Then gossip and rumor are busy in these vast shadowy halls. That pretty girl is hesitating whether she shall take that young man with two thousand a year or that old fellow with five. Perhaps the old fellow is deliberating whether he will marry the pretty portionless girl or take some more elderly lady with substantial property. It is soon keenly detected and then whispered about in the hotel that such a person "adores" such a lady.

Thenceforward to some it becomes a keen delight to watch the history of this little transaction. It is very remarkable to notice how many elderly men there are in pursuit of young wives at Scarborough. The other night I counted numbers of gray-haired men dancing at a ball, and a graybeard dancing, it must be confessed, is hardly a very pleasing object for contemplation. A business man feels that he must work hard and make "a little pile of his own" before he can seriously think of marriage. And so it comes to pass that in our more industrial counties young men are working while old men are wooing; and it is too much the case that young beauties prefer coin and a carriage to love and a cottage.

The fashionable town has overflowed from the South Cliff to the North Cliff. The North Cliff has the advantage of quietude and novelty, but it is very dull when compared with the South Cliff. This season the new pier has been opened. They have not yet had a band, and the new pier certainly strikes us as being dreary. The fashionable gatherings ought not to make any visitor oblivious of the great natural beauty of the scenery and the picturesqueness of the old town, that borough planted on the rock or scar. The sands are all alive with the happy children playing, with horsemen and horsewomen, with the scarlet postilions on the carriage-horses. Between the Grand Hotel and the jetty the sands are as well worn a track as Newberry Street itself. By the jetty and the lighthouse you see that Scarborough is a not inconsiderable port, and that many fishing-boats start here, boats of pleasure, traffic, and passage. The old town here rather reminds you of Hastings. Between lowly dwellings you go up a very steep street called Church Stairs Street, and very appropriately so, for it is a literal going up of stairs. It is like that steep street of Clovelly which has justly been described as "a cataract of houses." Then you emerge on the wide, desolate churchyard, swept by the northern storms; and you will do well to enter

that magnificent old church, with its associations of the battles that wrecked its choir.

Pleasant it is to pace that stupendous headland, where stand the reliquary ruins of the castle, and to look down the sheer precipices, where the sea-bird is flying between you and the wave, and examine the fosses, dykes, and scarped cliffs that remind you of the memorable siege. Across the bay and the ravine rises the opposing height called Oliver's Mount. The Scarborough people say that Oliver Cromwell here planted his cannon against the castle. They are, however, very much at fault in their history, for, as a matter of fact, Oliver Cromwell never "assisted" at the siege of Scarborough. Still, it is very well worth your while to climb up that long succession of terraces that conduct you to the summit of the Mount. There is the best attainable view of Scarborough from here. You see the sea, trending away, north and south, through a succession of points and bays, northwards to the moorlands of Whitby, and southwards to the white chalk cliffs of Flamborough Head, the favorite haunt of those "pilot" seagulls, whose shrill screams warn the mariners from the perilous rocks. On a clear day you may discern Castle Howard from here. It is one of the sights of Scarborough, but, it must be acknowledged, rather remote for a visit. Still, I did it, and thought it worth doing. There is something melancholy, however, in recalling the genius, taste, and activity of the last earl, and contrasting with it that comparative silence and solitude which belong to the rule of the present lord. It is as well that Admiral Howard does for Castle Howard what the lamented Lord Herbert did so long for Wilton. A day amid the statues and pictures, the gardens and woods of Castle Howard is an agreeable interlude for a stay at Scarborough.

But of course the great social charm of Scarborough is the Spa. The people here are simply delirious on the subject of their Spa. They frequent it morning, noon, and night. In my wanderings round the environs I was surprised to see how comparatively few were interesting themselves with the landscapes or with the antiquities. All Scarborough concentrates itself at the Spa. The Spa itself, considered simply as a Spa, is probably not much more than a snare, a mockery, and a delusion. Not one in a thousand cares for the medicated fountains. The Spa is a truly wonderful place. You may have seen all the best watering-places at home, — you may have seen many of the best abroad; but you must own that Scarborough Spa is absolutely unique, inimitable in its way. That cliff bridge, with its sixpenny admission for the whole day, is the most crowded of all thoroughfares. The whole cliff, as far as possible, is planted with hardy trees that can withstand the Norse gales, with masses of ferns and undergrowths, and winding paths through the woods. Then come terraces with flower-beds; and so you descend to the Spa buildings and the long wide terrace in front. Looking up from the terrace on a brilliant morning we see parterres of flowers, and still more bewildering parterres of living beauty. The scene is wonderful at night, especially if it is a moonlight night and the tide is up. Then the sea is plunging close beneath the balustrade, and the terrace is brilliantly lighted, and noble music is crashing, and crowds of men and splendidly attired women are pacing the terraces or wandering in the walks. Perhaps the provincial belles are in their dress a little too gaudy and gauzy, but every now and then

you meet with some perfectness of costume that tells of the best society in London and Paris. The "Grecian bend" has not, so far as I have observed, penetrated into Scarborough, but I am told that something which is called the "Alexandra limp" has come into fashion. There is a very fashionable young lady who wears a high-heeled boot on one foot and a low-heeled boot on the other, which is supposed to confer an elegant drawl on the attitude, and to produce a highly effective result. The vagaries of fashion are most curious, and some of the most abnormal specimens may be studied in such a place as Scarborough. I do not wonder that this queen of northern watering-places is such a passionate favorite with the North country folk, and, through the system of railways, with people all over the country. People come here again and again, and think that the year is lost which has not had its six weeks at Scarborough. You may stay later if you like, later than you would have thought possible for the eastern coast, through the earlier winter months, — so pure, bracing, and comparatively mild is the climate, — but when the east winds really set in, then let the narrow-chested beware, and take their swallow flight over the country to nestle beneath the cliffs of Torquay, or to sun themselves by the dark-blue waters that lave the Riviera.

LORD DERBY.

If it cannot be said that Lord Derby was in the highest sense of the word a great statesman, he certainly was a most wonderful man, and he was born to command. He was the most versatile politician of our time. As a debater he was in his best days more than a match for any adversary. Nearly twenty years ago the late Lord Aberdeen, who had heard the old oratorical giants, coupled Lord Derby with Mr. Gladstone as the two best speakers he had ever listened to. The fame of his encounters with O'Connell in his earlier years will long survive; while in more recent years, and until his voice grew thin and husky, a speech of his in the House of Lords was always a marvellous feat, and stamped him as the first of our orators. It was not in mastery of his own language alone that he excelled. His translations from foreign and classical languages would deserve to be remembered, even if he had no other title to a splendid repute. With a strong English character, too, his acquaintance with foreign politics was remarkable, — even minute, and it was no doubt as much through Lord Derby's influence among foreign statesmen as through his own good sense that in the last Tory Government Lord Stanley was enabled to conduct our foreign relations with more than ordinary success. He who was thus prominent as a statesman was not less prominent as a sportsman, and it has often been said, not without truth, that he would have esteemed it a greater triumph to see one of his horses win the Derby than to see his party win on the most important Division. If further proof of his many-sidedness were needed, there is evidence of it in the little volume of *Conversations on the Parables*, which, as a young man, he wrote for children; and in the further facts that he began life as an ardent Whig, that he passed into a Tory, and that he ended his political career by using all his power to pass a Radical measure of Parliamentary Reform. In nearly all these undertakings he stands out to view with a marked love of combat.

He had a strong fighting instinct, and did not much care what odds he had to contend against. He undertook to administer the Government of England on three several occasions with immense majorities against him; his delight in the Iliad, which he translated, was as much because of the din of battle which pervades it as for the grand style in which the battle is described; and his devotion to the Turf was but one more token of his love of contest. These fighting qualities, conjoined to much brilliancy of manner, a renowned lineage, and great estates, commanded the confidence of a powerful party, even though few victories attended his leadership, and though, notwithstanding his genial social faculty, he kept his followers generally at a distance. In this latter respect there was a contrast between him and his chief rival, Lord Palmerston, — both of them eminently sociable men. Every firm adherent of Lord Palmerston's could boast of a friendly word, perhaps a familiar conversation with his chief, while the rank and file of the Tories could make no such boast of the privileges they enjoyed in Lord Derby's company. In spite of these defects he won the fidelity, the admiration, and even the affection of no mean following, through the manliness of his character, which helped to conceal recklessness of policy and want of political foresight.

No family in the British Empire can show a more flourishing genealogical tree than that of Edward Geoffrey, fourteenth Earl of Derby. It is, perhaps, not much to say that his family is a very old one, though, indeed, the houses whose foundations were laid in the days of the Conqueror are but few. It is, however, something that in the long line of his ancestry there is an unwonted number of strongly marked men. The Earls of Derby were physically of the best breed in the country, — firm of fibre, full of animal vigor, healthy, and long-lived. Mentally, they were strong-willed, high-mettled, lovers of the fray, generous, chivalrous, humorous, balancing their genial instincts with plenty of pride, taming their fiery spirit with a remarkable wariness, often original, sometimes peculiar, and affecting to stand fast by their motto, — *Sans changer*. We have observed that, noting the peculiarity of the race, a recent writer has pointed it out as a curious coincidence that one of the old titles in the family was that of Lord Strange. But the name of Strange is not to be understood in the modern sense. It is a corruption of Strong, — a much truer epithet. The poets have not failed, indeed, to discover that there is but one word in the English language which rhymes to the name of Stanley. These manly Earls of Derby, Barons and Knights of Stanley, trace the stream of their blood beyond the Conquest, and one of the striking points in their history is that, almost invariably seeking out heiresses as their brides, they dropped their own name, which was at first Aldithley or Audley; on two several occasions, took the names of their Saxon wives; and are now identified with the Saxon family of Stanley, and with the still greater Saxon family of Smith. What renders the point most interesting is that much of the vigor of the race may be attributed to the inexclusive character of their marriages, as, indeed, it will be found in the Peerage generally that in all the lines of long descent the marriages were very mixed, and no great care was taken to preserve the purity of the blood.

The Earldom of Derby, though one of the oldest in the Peerage, has not yet belonged to the House of

Stanley for four centuries. This is a fact which may quell one's genealogical zeal until it is remembered that in the English aristocracy the antiquity of family and of title do not always go together. The younger branch of a great family may be ennobled while the elder still belongs to the commoners; and a new family may grasp at a Peerage which a more ancient house would regard as adding but little to its dignity. If Lord Derby's title is not four centuries old, his forefathers may be traced back for double that number of years. They are really, as we have said, a remarkable race, and well worthy of more ample notice than they have received from the writers of family history or than we can now afford to give to them. Suffice it to say, in passing, that the first Earl of Derby is famous in the reign of Henry VII.; that there is another in the reign of Mary, celebrated for his grand style and his princely hospitality; that one in the reign of Elizabeth also made his mark, and finds a place among noble authors; and that yet another, in the reign of Charles I., is still better known, his wife, who defended Lathom House, sharing in his renown. There is another celebrated Earl of Derby, who made a noise at the end of the last century, who was the grandfather of the Earl just dead, who was the boon companion of Charles Fox, who founded the great races of the Derby and the Oaks, and who chose for his second wife the actress, Miss Farren. He lived so late into the present century that when his grandson made his appearance in Parliament, and for some time afterwards, he was known not by any title of courtesy customary to an earl's heir, but as plain Mr. Stanley. The son of this nobleman, through whom the name of Derby in its connection with horses has become famous all over the world, was the thirteenth Earl of the name, lived a retired life, remained to the end of his days constant to the Whigs, and was best known for his devotion to natural history. His zoological collection of living animals at Knowsley was of rare value; he was President of the Linnæan and Zoological Societies; and the records of his scientific work may still be consulted with advantage. In 1798 he married his cousin, daughter of the Rev. Geoffrey Hornby, and his eldest son, the fourteenth Earl of Derby, now deceased, was born at Knowsley on the 29th of March in the following year. Lord Derby, therefore, at his death, was in his seventy-first year.

He is one of the many distinguished men who have been educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. But in speaking of his education we ought not to forget what he owes to his grandmother, — that is to say, his step-grandmother, who was married to his grandfather only two years before he himself was born. As Miss Farren, she was a very clever actress of high comedy, with not a little distinction of manner, and she bestowed great care on the elocution of the future statesman. Lord Derby as a speaker was remarkable for his natural manner, for his silvery voice, and for the ease with which he managed his breath through the intricate involutions of sentences that seemed to be interminable. By his own clearness of thought he learnt to make those long sentences in wonderfully clear and nervous English, — sentences so long and devious in their course that, listening to them in cool blood, critical hearers were often in expectation that the nominative at the beginning would never find a verb at the end; but they were always disappointed, for the sentences, however long and however involved, always came right at last.

But it was due to Miss Farren that he brought to perfection and made so much of the voice which gave these sentences wing. Its ringing notes can never be forgotten by those who once heard it. This perfection, however, came afterwards. As a youth he might excel in recitations, but he was chiefly remarkable for his love of sport, for his restlessness, for his impulsiveness, and for his scholarship. His career at Christ Church was distinguished, though he left the University without taking a degree. Why he did so it is difficult to understand, as he had great confidence in himself, and never feared a contest of any kind. Among other facts to be mentioned to his honor, it may be stated that he won the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse, the subject being "Syracuse." At the age of twenty-one, when he offered himself as a candidate for the borough of Stockbridge, there were few young men so gifted, so accomplished, or so full of spirit as Mr. Stanley; and the Whigs, who were then in very low estate, regarded him with more than common interest. The party was weak enough throughout the country and in the House of Commons; but it was very weak indeed in the House of Lords and in the list of those who might succeed to it. In this party—which had some reason to despond, and which did despond more than need be—young Stanley excited the greatest hopes. It has been said of him that he was the only brilliant eldest son produced by the British Peerage for a hundred years. This is an exaggeration, but there can be no doubt as to the exceptional character of his abilities, and as to the brilliancy of the promise with which his friends regarded him. They complained of him as not being much of a worker. A year or two later one of his relatives complained that he was always shooting,—shooting, eternally shooting; but, then, he was wonderfully ready, mastered a subject with great rapidity, and held his facts in memory with singular tenacity, so that he could do more work than most men with much less effort.

Although Mr. Stanley entered Parliament in 1821, he did not make his maiden speech until 1824. It was on a Manchester Gas Bill, and it was so remarkable for its clearness and ability that Sir James Mackintosh, who followed him in the debate, devoted the greater part of his speech, as reported in Hansard, to extolling the performance. "No man," he said, "could have witnessed with greater satisfaction than himself an accession to the talents of the House which was calculated to give lustre to its character and strengthen its influence; and this was more particularly a subject of satisfaction to him when he reflected that these talents were likely to be employed in supporting principles which he conscientiously believed to be most beneficial to the country." Mr. Stanley, however, made a still more striking display of oratorical power in speaking somewhat later on a motion of Joseph Hume's with regard to the Irish Church. At the same time this speech did not so well please his political friends, inasmuch as he declared himself unable to support Hume's proposition, which declared "that it is expedient to inquire whether the present Church Establishment in Ireland be not more than commensurate to the service to be performed, both as regards the number of persons employed and the incomes they receive." It is interesting to note that while Mr. Stanley voted against this motion, Lord John Russell voted in favor of it; and that, whereas Lord Russell has

now lived to see the policy which he recommended carried out, the last public act of Lord Derby was to protest vehemently against a measure which, when presented to him in the bud five-and-forty years before, it was almost his first public act to resist.

After this it does not appear that Mr. Stanley was much before the public until, in the short-lived Administration of Lord Goderich, he assumed office as Under-Secretary for the Colonies. In the interval he travelled a good deal, visited the United States in company with the present Speaker and the late Lord Taunton, married, and built himself a house upon one of his grandfather's estates in Ireland, where he is described (by an adversary, however) as living "in a style very uncongenial to all Irish notions of living, holding no intercourse with the gentry, but pacing rapidly along the high-road with a elouched hat and a thick staff, and known among the peasants as the 'odd gentleman from England.'" At the same time he changed his seat in Parliament from Stockbridge to Preston. His grandfather had a mansion in Preston, and nearly every house in the town, indeed, belonged to him. So it seemed natural enough that Mr. Stanley should represent it. Yet, strange to say, the people of Preston soon wearied of him. He was not conciliatory, and, stranger still, he contrived to make himself unpopular by refusing to subscribe to the Borough races. It was no part of his Parliamentary duties, he said, to subscribe to races. Therefore, when he was appointed to the Under-Secretaryship of the Colonies in Lord Goderich's Administration, and when he applied to his constituents for re-election, he was opposed, and that successfully, by Henry Hunt, better known as Orator Hunt. The family were very angry; the old Earl pulled down his mansion in the town, which he would never enter again; and it may be supposed that his disappointment did not make young Stanley less eager than before for Parliamentary Reform. Another seat was found for him at Windsor, where Sir Hussey Vivian retired in his favor. It may here be added that he sat for Windsor till 1832; that then he was elected for North Lancashire; and that he continued to represent that constituency till he went to the House of Lords.

Lord Goderich's Government never met Parliament, and Mr. Stanley's remarkable gifts were not fully displayed until, on the accession of Lord Grey to power, he was appointed Secretary for Ireland, the Marquis of Anglesey being Lord-Lieutenant. It was at this time that he made his chief mark as an orator. The people demanded Parliamentary Reform, and Mr. Stanley was one of those most ardent in the cause. There are many still living who speak with enthusiasm of the dash of his unstudied eloquence, both in and out of Parliament. He had all the irresistible impulse of youth, and he had the intense love of battle. He was ready in a moment to harangue a multitude. Up he would get on a chair or a table, and send forth a torrent of declamation that carried all before it. In the House of Commons he was naturally more restrained. Here he had to measure himself in debate with Peel and with the great O, as he was called. O'Connell entered Parliament with a tremendous reputation, and excited not a little fear. He was like the Philistine, Goliath of Gath, come to defy the Senate. Who could withstand him? Surely, not this stripling, Mr. Stanley, with whom O'Connell had begun his acquaintance by calling him in his coarse style con-

temptuous names. Mr. Stanley liked nothing better than a fight, and was quite willing to meet O'Connell on equal terms. He went into the contest with the zest of a pugilist. He spoke of O'Connell in those days as a "heavy weight," and of his encounters with him as "rounds"; and the universal opinion is that in these "rounds" the great Irishman, notwithstanding his eloquence, came off second best. Indeed, O'Connell soon learnt to hold the Irish Secretary in salutary awe, and showed his feeling in that respect by taunting Mr. Stanley with his haughtiness and scornful bearing. In reference to these taunts Sir Robert Peel made a pointed remark. "Often," he said, "have I heard the right honorable gentleman taunted with his aristocratic demeanor. I rather think I should hear fewer complaints on that score if he were a less powerful opponent in debate." This tribute of praise from the leader of the opposite party may be taken as proof of a success which could not be gainsaid.

Mr. Stanley was then, indeed, the chief delight of St. Stephen's, and it was the great Parliamentary pastime of the period to hear him and the burly Irish demagogue attack and reply to each other, — O'Connell, with his broad humor and his fervid passion, — humor and passion, however, which were more effective with a popular than with a senatorial audience, — Mr. Stanley, with his more delicate wit, his stinging retorts, and his straight-hitting arguments. Nothing was more remarkable than the contrast between the man and the orator. In private he was playful as a kitten, restless as a child, and one might wonder how such a big boy could ever be a sober statesman. On the other hand, when he got up to speak he was collected and calm, at least, as calm as any one can be in the passion of oratory, and there was, with all its boyish glee, an unexpected stateliness and rhythm in his style and fashion of address. Then, again, when he sat down, — we are speaking of his earlier days, — he would relapse into restlessness, now resting his feet in queer places, perhaps on a table, and now suddenly, as he felt the blow from an adversary curling them under his seat, and moving about.

Be his style, however, what it might, he was the delight of his friends, the terror of his foes, and the admiration of all. The best description of him is to be found in the verses of Lord Lytton, — in his poem of the New Timon. Lord Lytton probably felt that in this poem he did but scant justice to the powers of O'Connell, and therefore in another effort of his muse, devoted entirely to the oratory of St. Stephen's, he endeavored with characteristic candor to repair the wrong, writing as follows: —

"But not to Erin's coarser chief deny,
Large if his faults, time's large apology;
Child of a land that ne'er had known repose,
Our rights and blessings, Ireland's wrongs and woes;
Hate at St. Omer's into caution drilled,
In Dublin law-courts subtilized and skilled;
Hate in the man, whatever else appear
Fickle or false, was steadfast and sincere;
But with that hate a nobler passion dwelt,
To hate the Saxon was to love the Celt.
Had that fierce railer sprung from English sires,
His creed a Protestant's, his birth a squire's,
No blander Pollio, whom our Bar affords,
Had graced the woolpack and cajoled My Lords.
Pass by his faults, his art be here allowed,
Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd;
Hear him in Senates, second-rate at best,
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest;
Sought he to shine, thine certain to displease;
Tawdry, yet coarse-grained, tinsel upon frieze;
His Titan strength must couch what gave it birth,
Hear him to mobs and on his mother earth!"

Of O'Connell's great adversary, this is what

Lord Lytton says, not, however, confining his description to the splendid encounters of Mr. Stanley's youth: —

"One after one the lords of time advance —
Hark Stanley meets — how Stanley scorns, the glances!
The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash — the Rupert of Debate!
Nor govt nor toll his freshness can destroy,
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy;
First in the class and keenest in the ring,
He saps like Gladstone and he fights like Spring.
Ev'n at the feast his pluck pervades the board,
And dauntless gamecocks symbolize their lord.
Lo where atill at friend — if barred from foe —
He scours the ground and volunteers the blow,
And, tired with conquest over Dan and Suob,
Plants a sly bruiser on the nose of Bob;
Decorous Bob, too friendly to reprove,
Suggests fresh fighting in the next remove,
And prompts his chum, in hopes the vein to cool,
To the prim benches of the upper school.
Yet who not blazes with delighted smile
To the pure Saxon of that silver style?
In the clear style a heart as clear is seen,
Prompt to the rash — revolting from the mean."

In 1833 Mr. Stanley left the Irish Office and became Secretary of State for the Colonies, an office which he also afterwards filled under Sir Robert Peel. Of his Colonial administration there is but one thing to be said, — that under him slavery was abolished. This was a great and good work to do, and he entered heart and soul into it; yet he had so little to claim in the origination of this policy and in preparing the mind of the country for it that his name is not often remembered in connection with it. We are much more apt to think of the achievement as the work of Brougham and Wilberforce and Clarkson. It belongs, however, to Mr. Stanley's Administration of the Colonies, and when people ask, "What has he done? what great beneficial measure has he carried?" this must be set down to his account. With regard to his Colonial administration in other respects, the most we can say is, that there is nothing to say about it. But considering the circumstances, that is, after all, saying a good deal. Lord Derby was a man without many ideas in statesmanship. Give him a cause to fight, and he would fight like a hero. Give him an idea to express, and he could express it with great force and defend it with uncommon animation. But he was in statesmanship what he was in literature. He could not originate, he could only translate, he could only transmute. He found the Colonies in existence, and he found a policy at the Colonial Office. He could adopt that policy, and he administered it with skill.

But unfortunately for his reputation, the time had arrived when a new policy was necessary, when the Colonies had become so developed that some change was demanded in their relations with the mother country. It was not in the Mr. Stanley of Lord Grey's Administration, nor in the Lord Stanley of Sir Robert Peel's, to originate the change. Sir William Molesworth and his followers might cry aloud in the streets, and in the House of Commons; but theirs was a new idea, which had to make its way, and which had not yet found an entrance into the exceedingly quick yet unoriginate mind of Lord Derby. So it happens that of his Colonial policy, as a whole, we have nothing to say.

In this reference, however, to his Colonial policy we have touched on a remarkable fact, — namely, that Lord Stanley, having begun his political career as a Whig, had veered round to the Tories, and at length took office under Peel. In 1834 he separated himself from the Whigs on the question of the Irish

Church, — he, with Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and others, resisting the proposed appropriation of its surplus revenues to purposes of education. He lived to see the Irish Establishment entirely swept away, and no one was more strenuous than he in opposition to that reform. In judging of the course taken by a statesman so impulsive in temper and so hot in debate as Lord Derby, we have to look to his training for the origin of much in his conduct. His mother was the daughter of a clergyman, and he himself began his public life by writing an exposition of the Parables for children. Lord Derby was one of those men who can rarely get beyond what has been instilled into them. It was much the same in the matter of the Corn Laws. He was a handsome likeness of his grandfather, whose love of sport he inherited.

This grandfather did not die till 1834, when his grandson was 35 years of age. Is it to be supposed that Lord Derby imbibed nothing from his grandfather but addiction to sport? Nobody more heartily than the celebrated cockfighting Earl joined Fox in his opposition to the Free Trade schemes of Pitt, who had studied Adam Smith and was a convert to his views. Fox was dead against the French Commercial Treaty of Pitt, just as Lord Derby was dead against the French Commercial Treaty of Mr. Gladstone. And Lord Derby, therefore, when he resisted the Free Trade proposed by Sir Robert Peel, was but observing the traditions of his house. In 1834, when he resisted the Appropriation Clause, and in 1846, when he refused to join Peel in the repeal of the Corn Laws, he was only proving his incapacity to get beyond the influence of early education.

Lord Stanley, we have said, left office and the Whigs in 1834, carrying with him several friends, of whom the most able was Sir James Graham. It was with reference to this secession that O'Connell, in his most humorous manner, twitching his wig and rolling his eye, quoted the couplet after which H. B. made one of his best sketches: —

"Still down thy steep, romantic Ashbourne, glides
The Derby Dilly with its six innades."

The secession of the Derby Dilly put a stop for the time to all schemes for the appropriation of the funds of the Irish Church; and in the end, also, the Derby Dilly found its way into the Tory camp. On the fall of Lord Melbourne's first Ministry, indeed, when Peel in 1834 attempted to form a Government, he made overtures to Lord Stanley and his friends, which were rejected. Seven years later, when Lord Melbourne's Ministry could no longer resist the outcry of public opinion, and when Sir Robert Peel for the second time undertook to form a Government, these overtures were renewed and were accepted, Lord Stanley was a tower of strength to the Tory party, though he was much too independent, and too willing to smite friends as well as foes, to make its leader feel perfectly at ease with him. Sir Robert Peel was glad of an excuse to raise Lord Stanley before his time to the Upper House, and he had good reason for his distrust.

There came a time when the repeal of the Corn Laws could not be delayed. If Lord Stanley could have seen his way to stand by Peel in that emergency and to accept Free Trade, the Tory party would never have been broken up, for those who might still shout for Protection had no chief of name and influence enough to hold them together. But in that great crisis Lord Stanley was bound

by all the traditions of his family to resist Free Trade. His hereditary antipathy to the proposed change had no counterpoise in any personal sympathy with his political chief. His intellect was too playful to sympathize with the earnestness of such men as Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone. He could be grave when occasion required; but gravity rather bored him, and one may be allowed to doubt whether in his secret heart the awful solemnity and pompous verbosity of Peel's style when he was in a difficulty did not appear to him as something verging on humbug, just as at a later period he had no patience and little regard for the elaborate scrupulosity of Mr. Gladstone. The result in the great conjuncture of 1846 was that Lord Stanley broke loose from the sway of Peel. The rank and file of the Tories rallied round Lord Stanley; Peel fell never to rise to office again; and his immediate followers gradually went over to the opposite party.

This was the turning-point of Lord Stanley's career, for he was soon formally and by the advice of the Duke of Wellington installed in the leadership of the Tories. It may have been observed that there was unusual formality in the transfer of the leadership of the party from Sir Robert Peel to Lord Stanley, and that Lord Stanley showed unusual reluctance to accept a responsibility which no other man could possibly have undertaken with success. Why this formality? Why this reluctance? The fact is that the position of Lord Stanley was one of considerable delicacy, inasmuch as he was born and bred a Whig, and his alliance with the Tories was of very recent origin. If Lord Stanley had been a Tory from the first, there could have been no difficulty as to his at once stepping into the vacant place. His claims were pre-eminent, by reason of his vast influence and his unrivalled ability. The question was, How could he who had forsaken the Whig ranks but twelve years before, and who had joined the Tory ranks but five or six years before, assume the command of a party in which he might be regarded as a kind of alien? Would the Tories accept the leadership of their convert? The Duke of Wellington, therefore, came forward in the most authoritative manner to decide the question and to gazette Lord Stanley to the lead of his party.

That party was now little better than a forlorn hope. It was weak in its numbers and discredited in its aims. It was, indeed, almost a laughing-stock in the country. In Parliament there was a tremendous force arrayed against it, strong, not merely in numbers, but also in the ability, the experience, and the repute of the statesmen who were at the head of it. Lord Stanley, however, found in Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli lieutenants of great courage and force of character, men who could fight a losing battle with skill and keep the party together. They held on and fought manfully against overwhelming odds and every kind of disappointment, until at the end of six years they actually found their way into Downing Street.

They did so, however, not through their own strength, but through the dissensions of their adversaries. Those adversaries were many and powerful, but there was no one among them who was allowed to have commanding influence. In point of fact, Lord Palmerston, who was really the strongest man among them, and who in the end rose to supreme power, was then the object of not a little distrust, was attacked on all sides, and was eventually ejected from office. He took a speedy revenge by

turning out those who had turned him out. By these dissensions of their chiefs the Whigs were disorganized, and Lord Derby—who had succeeded to his title in 1851—was, in 1852, commanded by the Queen to form a Government. Although supported in the House of Commons only by a hopeless minority, he was courageous enough to undertake the duty imposed upon him, and made up a Cabinet of men almost all of whom were then new to their work, and some of them almost unknown. They tasted the sweets of office for a few months, but that was all. In these few months they were compelled to accept the policy of Free Trade, in opposition to which they had been banded together. In these few months, also, the opposing chiefs came to terms with each other, agreed to sink their differences, and to join in a coalition of “all the talents” under the rule of Lord Aberdeen.

Lord Derby and his friends, therefore, had very soon again to re-apse into the cold shade of Opposition. Unfortunately for them, not only were the “big battalions” against them; but also they had no policy that could be plainly put forward—all their policy was “looming in the future.” The leaders of the party were in their own minds liberal enough; but they dared not speak what they believed, for the main body of the party were obstinate and obstructive.

It must have been a relief to Lord Derby when he resigned the seals of office, held on such terms as he had been compelled to accept. He had gained this, however, by his year of office,—that he had brought a certain number of men into training, that he had shown them to be capable of routine work, and that he had placed them before the country as possible Ministers. He had now to bide his time in Opposition again, encouraging his followers by attacks, by great field days, and by the usual watchfulness of political warfare. The chief burden of this work, of course, fell upon Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons; but Lord Derby also bore his share of the burden through five more years of Opposition, at the end of which time he was again enabled to comfort his party with the spoils of office. It was still as before, however, through the dissensions of the opposite party, and not through the strength of his own following, that he was able to install them in Downing Street. Lord Aberdeen had retired, and Lord Palmerston was in power, but not yet with such absolute devotion from his party as he afterwards received. There were still mutineers among them, and one day, on account of his supposed subservience to France, they turned upon him and, with the assistance of the Tories, placed him in a minority which forced him to resign. Lord Derby, himself in a minority, accepted office in his place, and succeeded in forming a Ministry which was less weak than the one he had collected in 1852. A Ministry which could boast of such men as Lord Derby himself, Mr. Disraeli, Sir Edward Lytton, Lord Stanley, General Peel, Sir Hugh Cairns, Lord Robert Cecil, Sir John Pakington, Sir Stafford Northcote, could not well be described as wanting in Liberal ideas.

What it most wanted was to secure the support of Mr. Gladstone, who just then hung loose from party and represented, if not in numbers, yet in weight, a neutral party of not a little power which would go far to turn the scales in a Division. Mr. Gladstone declined to join Lord Derby's Cabinet; but he was not hostile to it, and he accepted a proposal made to him by Sir Edward Lytton, then at

the Colonial Office, that he should undertake a special mission to the Ionian Islands. It is generally supposed that this evidence of good-will might have been nurtured into a closer alliance between Mr. Gladstone and the Tory party; but Lord Derby had as little sympathy with Mr. Gladstone as with Sir R. Peel; he could not help making a poor jest about the fruitlessness of that mission to Greece; and Mr. Gladstone was lost to the Tories forever. Still, the Government was more than respectable, and all that it wanted for success was a majority. One thing is especially to be noted about it, and that is the presence in the Cabinet of a father and son, the father being Lord Derby himself, the son being the heir to his titles and a statesman of proved ability. It was a most extraordinary combination, but it may be doubted whether the father had a more perfect sympathy with the grave sobriety of the son than with the pompousness of Sir R. Peel or the terrible earnestness of Mr. Gladstone.

The Tory Ministry of 1858—59 made a good fight. In face of considerable resistance they carried their India Bill, by which the government of our most splendid dependency was transferred from the East India Company to the Sovereign; and in a most memorable debate on Lord Canning's Indian policy they completely routed their adversaries. Not only was Lord Derby's Government successful in its Indian policy, but in other respects also it made its mark. Thus the Colonial administration of Sir Edward Lytton showed a vigorous originality which gave great satisfaction; and the attempt of Mr. Disraeli to carry a measure of Parliamentary Reform, although it was unsuccessful, has extorted the praise even of his opponents. The House of Commons rejected this scheme, and the country, when it was appealed to, failed to give it support. But the real reason why Lord Derby's Government was displaced in 1859 was the condition of affairs abroad. It was the year of the Italian war; we seemed to be threatened with disturbance on all sides; questions of the utmost complication and of immense importance were pending; and it was felt to be of paramount necessity that the statesman who had shown most power to deal with foreign States and Courts should have the helm in his hands.

Our representatives might talk and divide on questions of home politics, such as that of Parliamentary Reform; but before and behind all was one dominant thought of the time, that our foreign relations needed the chief attention, and that Lord Palmerston should be at the head of affairs. Lord Palmerston came into power; held it easily for the remainder of his life, and was followed in office by Lord Russell. For seven long years the Tories languished in the wilderness; and if at length they got their reward, it was once more not through their own strength, but through the disorganization of the enemy bereft of its great leader.

In the seven years' interval Lord Derby began to show signs of advancing age. It was not in his mind, indeed, that he showed signs of decay, but in his frame. His walk became less elastic; his voice lost much of its wonderful tone; we began to hear often of severe illness; and it was understood that he was disinclined to enter again upon the toils of office. Still, he was willing to sacrifice himself to his party, and was always ready to take his share of work on any battle-day. No one joined more earnestly than he, for example, in the struggles of his party with Mr. Gladstone when the

French Treaty, with the financial questions relating to it, was under discussion. His speech on the repeal of the Paper Duty was a wonder in its way, — a marvel of felicitous statement and clear arrangement of financial details; but it could give those who heard it no adequate idea of his old style, — its music, its fire, its rapidity, its irresistible dash. It may be regarded, also, as a sign of age, though certainly not of decay, that he now reverted much to his books and to the studies of his youth. He set himself the task of translating the *Iliad*. He had been fond of translation in his youth, and had cultivated the art with some success, as a recent collection of his minor translations from various languages — Greek, Latin, Italian, and French — abundantly proves. And now, in his old age, the brilliant chief returned to his classical studies, and found that he could bear his gout better in company with the Greeks. That he should undertake the translation of Homer shows that he had lost nothing of his old self-confidence, and it cannot be denied that this confidence was justified. The translation is full of spirit; does honor both to Lord Derby's scholarship and to his poetical faculty; and we can well believe that it gave him great delight in its progress. He took as much interest in it as a boy author; liked to have it criticised, and enjoyed praise of his work. The work had been a labor of love to him, and he felt that he had been successful in it. We are not going to make invidious comparisons, nor to say that it supersedes other translations; but it was a work of which he had reason to be proud, which scholars may consult with advantage, and which those who like translations will always read with pleasure.

The later events of Lord Derby's career are so recent that a word about them will be enough. He led his party into power in the summer of 1866; during the next year the great Tory Chief induced his followers to pass an Act establishing Household Suffrage, and early in the following one he resigned the direction of his Government and of his party to Mr. Disraeli, himself retiring very much into private life, and content to serve rather as an adviser than as a commander of the Tory host. In this new position, only one year after he had resigned his command, he saw a strange thing happen, — the House of Lords on a question of high policy voting one way and he himself voting another. It is possible that had he continued to lead his party he would have voted for the second reading of the Irish Church Bill, but having resigned the command he was more free to vote according to his wishes.

Lord Derby's leadership of the Tory party, which extended over twenty-one years, shows two things very clearly, — one, that never was the leader of a great party so wanting in a declared policy; the other, that never was the leader of a great party so implicitly trusted. If we ask what is Tory policy, we are told that it is Conservative. But such men as Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley know well that a policy of mere conservatism is inert and incapable of continuance. There never was a greater mistake committed by a party than when the Tories took the word from Sir Robert Peel and called themselves Conservatives. Thenceforth they were tied down to the one principle of standing still. Mr. Disraeli saw the mistake, and it has been a constant habit of his to call his party Tories and not Conservatives. But the party, as a whole, is conscious

likely to forget that it is Conservative, its opponents take care to remind them of it. They are Conservative, and yet the business of active legislation is to reform. In opposition, therefore, they are sincere, for their efforts are all Conservative. The moment they get into office they are bound to legislate, and legislation is nothing if it does not improve and reform. Again and again Lord Derby has induced his party to throw their principles to the winds; to accept measures which they would fain rescind, and to propose measures which they have spent their lives in resisting. The way in which Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli combined to induce the party in 1867 to pass a measure of Radical Reform making the Parliamentary franchise depend on household suffrage, was miraculous. Mr. Disraeli boasted of having "educated" his party.

But what was the nature of their education? It was simply this, — they had been taught by severe experience and many bitter disappointments that they as a body were very dull; while it was impossible to deny that Lord Derby and his lieutenants were very clever. In other words, it had been drilled into them by events that they must distrust themselves and trust their leaders. They really did not know what was the Tory policy. It was supposed to be Conservative, but Conservative it was not. It was a mystery. It was all uncertainty. But there was Lord Derby, and he must know. Who was half so clever as Lord Derby? Who was such a good speaker as he? He who could at once translate Greek and manage a racing stud, who led the House of Lords and owned half Liverpool and the whole town of Bury, and who in his fourth score of years had all the playfulness of a schoolboy, was to the British Tory superhuman. Certainly, there was in this brilliant man of many gifts, of rare accomplishments, of splendid lineage, and of immense wealth the very stuff that, conjoined to his own self-confidence, his straightforward style, and his unfailing vivacity, should command submission. Submission was the more readily yielded because his style of command was not arrogant. He was carelessly and naturally playful. To see him in private it often seemed as if he had nothing to do but to be merry. His style was so natural that it became easy to yield to it; and no great party in the present century has yielded such perfect submission for such a length of time to one man as the Tories gave to their splendid chief, who won all the more confidence inasmuch as he never seemed to calculate, but to move straight on with the heroic force of impulse.

We have spoken of Lord Derby chiefly as a statesman. But, after all, it is the man — ever brilliant and impulsive — that has most won the admiration of his countrymen. He was a splendid specimen of an Englishman, and whether he was engaged in furious debate with demagogues, or in lowly conversation on religion with little children, or in parley with jockeys, while training *Toxophilite*, or rendering Homer into English verse, or in stately Latin discourse as the Chancellor of his University, or in joyous talk in a drawing-room among ladies whom he delighted to chaff, or in caring for the needs of Lancashire operatives, there was a force and a fire about him that acted like a spell. Of all his public acts none did him more honor and none made a deeper impression on the

have just alluded, — his conduct on the occasion of the cotton famine in Lancashire. No man in the kingdom sympathized more truly than he with the distress of the poor Lancashire spinners, and, perhaps, no man did so much as he for their relief. It was not simply that he gave them a princely donation; he worked hard for them in the committee which was established in their aid; he was, indeed, the life and soul of the committee, and for months at that bitter time he went about doing good by precept and example, so that myriads in Lancashire now bless his name. He will long live in memory as one of the most remarkable, and indeed irresistible, men of our time, — a man privately beloved and publicly admired, who showed extraordinary cleverness in many ways; was the greatest orator of his day, and was the most brilliant, though not the most successful, Parliamentary leader of the last half-century.

HENRY PARRY LIDDON AND ANGLICAN ORATORY.

WHAT is the exact position which preaching at the present day occupies in the "world and the church"? The critics and cynics say that the noun substantive "sermon" is the most dreary and repellent of all noun substantives, and, as a rule, society is very much disposed to indorse such an expression of opinion. When the silly season of the "Times" sets in, laymen often seem disposed to repay to the clergy a titling of those denunciations under which they themselves have groaned. One such writer ingeniously suggests that the sounding-board of the pulpit should be constructed like an extinguisher, and by a process of machinery should descend upon the pastor's head at the end of twenty-five minutes. Another considerably proposes that Westminster Abbey should be handed over to the permanent use of Mr. Spurgeon. Another insists that sermons should be confined to ten minutes; that it should be allowable to the congregation to withdraw before they commence; or, happiest expedient still, that the effete institution of sermons should be totally abolished. We believe that this is the object practically sought by those who would assign very curt limitations to the sermon. The question of short sermons is, however, distinct from the doctrine of no sermons at all.

The clergy sometimes, but much too rarely, preach very short sermons indeed, and we do not see why the practice should not be indefinitely extended. The Abbé Mullois, who is a great authority in France on such matters, argues that sermons of seven minutes' duration might suffice in a very great number of instances. Some of Dean Stanley's sermons — take the volume of those which he preached before the Prince of Wales — can be read in three minutes, and could be heard in five. Archdeacon Denison says that his sermon never exceeds ten minutes. Some of Mr. Kingsley's sermons are hardly a shade longer. The sermons preached in college chapel — sometimes and with too much reason called "commonplaces" — rarely if ever exceed ten minutes, and if they did there would probably be a college row. It would be a great accommodation to the public if a list of London churches could be issued where it would be guaranteed that the length of the sermon should not exceed from seven to ten minutes. We suspect that those churches would be much better attended than those where the incumbents slip over their

half-hour. In fact, there is hardly any limit to the possible brevity which may belong to the sermon. If the divine simply wishes to make a little exhortation or give some sound religious advice, he can do so in a very brief space, sometimes the briefer the better. We have heard of a sermon which was hardly any longer than its text. The preacher took the wise saying in the Proverbs about giving to the poor and lending to the Lord, and then only said, "My brethren, you have heard the terms of the loan, if you like the security, come down with your money." This veracious anecdote closes with the assertion that the collection which ensued was of the most triumphant description. But while a merely practical or hortatory discourse might be included within a very few minutes, it is obvious that a line of argument or a course of instruction would require an ampler allowance of time.

It is also generally asserted — with a solid substratum of truth — that the length of a sermon is in inverse proportion to its excellence. The clever remark of Dr. South is continually being repeated, that he had written a long sermon because he had not time to write a short one. There are limits, however, even to the power of condensation. Not even Dr. South could materially abridge a proposition of Euclid's or the Binomial Theorem. It would perhaps be about as difficult to abridge Butler or Barrow. A great deal of time is unnecessarily consumed in extemporary preaching and perhaps an equal amount by extemporary writing. Perhaps, if we could venture to be generous and candid, it would not be difficult to show that a portion of the blame might equally be divided between the preachers and the public. The public can stand contentedly a frightful amount of twaddle in parliament, on the platform, and in the law-courts, but they are utterly intolerant of what they may choose to consider half an hour's twaddle in the pulpit. We are bound to say that we never, or at least very rarely, hear downright twaddle talked in the pulpit. We get much verbiage, poor illustrations, thin, inconsequent reasonings; or sometimes the discourse is a mere cento of heats, with desultory, ill-arranged remarks thereon.

But the sermon has generally a meaning and always a good purpose, and it is odd if there is no crumb at all worth carrying away. We are afraid that George Herbert's old-fashioned consolation will hardly in these days be accepted; that if we get a lesson in patience, and the benediction that comes at the end of the sermon, we have hardly lost our pains. The reason of the weariness felt frequently is that people really do not care about the subject-matter of the sermon. It is like picture-criticism for those who do not care for pictures, or music-criticism for those who do not care for music. In many congregations many persons resemble school-boys puzzling over authors whose meaning they do not understand. Such persons are not the best judges of the limit of time within which a preacher should confine himself. The instances of the University sermons, both at Oxford and Cambridge, sufficiently prove that it is possible for pulpit orators to rivet the attention of cultivated audiences for upwards of an hour. We do not mention the case in Scotland, which we confess imperfectly to comprehend, — where congregations consider themselves defrauded if they get off with much less than that time. Without in the least degree vindicating the use of long sermons, and thinking strongly that most sermons might well be abbreviated, we believe

that there are circumstances and conditions under which long sermons could hardly be avoided, and in the interests of public education it is undesirable that they should.

A contrast is sometimes drawn between the French and English pulpit very much to the disadvantage of the latter. We noticed such a contrast in a recent number of the *Pall Mall*. The French carefully avoid the error of mixing up preaching, alms, and the confessional. They choose their best men for preaching, and assign them, temporarily, positions in which they are to do their very best. Hence we get the Conferences and such brilliant examples as *Père Felix* and *Lacordaire*. The French preacher makes preaching his business, and he does it well. The English preacher has an infinite variety of other business to do, and he does it execrably. He resembles the hero of the Homeric fragment:—

"Many things he did, but none he did well,
Blame the gods made neither a fisher nor a hunter."

He is obliged, on every hebdomadal occasion, whatever his inner feelings may be, to be devotional and hortatory. He has to give the inevitable sermon, in the conventional manner, at the regulation length. He has not got the moral courage to limit his sermons to ten minutes, if that will include all that he has really got to say, or to confess himself unprepared and read aloud the sermon of some better man, or to have a system of exchange with neighboring clergymen, which would enable him to write fewer and better sermons. The clergyman is surrounded with many secular influences: he is frequently little better than a relieving officer. He has to carry tracts to old women and play at croquet with young ladies. In fact, he is always fetching and carrying, after the fashion of a tame poodle. He has little time for that broad, generous culture which is necessary for excellence in any special culture. He who knows nothing but theology will be a very poor theologian indeed. Yet, after all, we are by no means disposed to admit that the real superiority rests with the French preacher; we question if the services at *Nôtre Dame* and the *Madeleine* are better attended than those at the *Abbey* and at *St. Paul's Cathedral*, although in these the same discrimination in the choice of preachers does not seem to exist, neither is the same high standard of excellence maintained. The churches in France are practically given over to women and children, but this is not yet the case in our own country. The country church is still filled by all the respectable families of a neighborhood. *Dean Hook* mentions some sharp fellow who was in the habit of making himself extremely witty in the periodicals at the expense of the clergy; but finding an opportunity of convincing himself of his own utter incompetence for public speaking, has since repentantly declared that he will never do so again.

The *Saturday Review* has occupied its readers with an appalling enumeration of the number of sermons preached every week in England. After stating the average number of thousands it proceeds to meditate on the frightful amount of bad preaching, verbiage, and wasted power suggested by such statistics. It would be easy, however, to give a much more appalling calculation. Only imagine the immense number of dinners that are cooked every day in the British Isles, with the waste, excess, and bad cookery connected with them. Yet it would not be easy to convince an

Englishman that he ought to omit a dinner in order to lessen that appalling average. In the same way so rooted is the sermon in popular habits that it would not be easy to induce the average congregation to do without it. Moreover, as a man cannot recollect any particular day what he had for dinner, but is quite sure that the dinner did him good, so the average Christian, though he cannot recollect what the sermon was about, is sure that it was a good influence that helped to keep him in good ways.

Yet it may be admitted that in several respects the influence of the pulpit is a declining influence. Popular preaching is not now what it once was. We remember the time when everybody seemed to have a pet parson and a pet doctor. But now there is a great deal of unbelief both in parsons and in doctors. We remember the time when it was popularly said that *Mr. Melvill*, *Dr. McNeile*, and *Canon Stowell* were the three greatest orators of the Anglican Church. Yet no one now goes out into the wilderness—that is, to *Barnes*—to hear *Mr. Melvill*; and we have heard the late *Canon Stowell* almost hooted down by an unsympathizing clerical audience; and we confess we have listened with considerable disappointment to the "great and good" *McNeile*. It may be said, and with truth, that the men had changed from what they had once been. But the times have changed also. *Mr. Melvill's* gorgeous mannerism, with its rhetoric and its ornamentation, is now out of date. *Mr. Melvill* has much better merits than these, and we have no doubt but future critics will seek for the best specimens of pulpit eloquence in volumes of his sermons. They contain passages absolutely unsurpassed in English literature for eloquence and force. But the public taste now prefers a simpler, rugged, and more sincere style. When *Melvill* used to preach, the church or chapel would be absolutely besieged. The steps of the altar and the pulpit stairs would be covered with clustering human zoöphytes, and the orator could scarcely make his way to and from the vestry. There is no copyright in sermons, and an enterprising publisher would print *Mr. Melvill's* as fast as they were delivered. We have seen similar scenes in Scotland when *Mr. Caird*, years ago now, would leave his Highland parish to preach in Glasgow or Edinburgh. Such scenes are now very rarely paralleled in England. Cheap literature has had a very great deal to do with this. A hundred subjects of intellectual interest are now generally discussed, and in London life these subjects are treated with peculiar intensity. If you would wish to know what the full power of the sermon can be, you should observe it in dissenting congregations in Wales and Cornwall. There they like their sermons hot and strong, and they certainly get them hot and strong. The sermon is there everything to a highly excitable and imaginative people,—poetry, literature, gossip, criticism, the drama, and what not. It is the one great intellectual stimulus of the week. Their cravings for intellectual pleasure can hardly be satisfied in any other way than this. Londoners have hardly got an idea of all that a sermon may be capable of being and effecting.

Yet surely *Mr. Liddon* might give them such an idea. We have heard *Dean Stanley* remark—and we fully indorse the remark—that he is the greatest preacher of the age. But it is not too much to say that if *Mr. Liddon* were not recog-

nized as a great orator, he would be more widely acknowledged to be a great writer. He contradicts the shallow criticism that the great objection to the sermon is the objection on the score of length.

Whoever goes to hear Mr. Liddon preach makes up his mind that he is going to listen to a sermon of at least an hour's duration. "On the evening of Good Friday, last year, 1868, the author heard the Rev. A. P. Liddon, at St. Paul's, and listened to him with unabated interest for an hour and twenty minutes." Thus writes Mr. Binney, an eminent Nonconformist minister, who has himself written a volume of sermons or essays of a very high degree of excellence. Moreover, his sermons are by means of that merely hortatory character which might wisely be compressed within a few minutes, albeit, by weak preachers they are often spun out to any conceivable limits. We observe that when Mr. Liddon comes to publish his sermons, he includes some passage or other within brackets, as being necessarily omitted at the time of delivery.

Mr. Liddon draws together such an audience as rarely excites the interests or anxiety of an orator. The announcement that he is to preach anywhere is one that widely excites curiosity and interest. A college don, Mr. Liddon has no regular charge, and he ordinarily reserves himself for great occasions, for cathedral or other preaching of the highest importance. The writer of this paper has travelled sixty miles to hear Mr. Liddon preach, and probably many persons have had a similar experience. Long before the hour of service commences, the cathedral or church is densely packed. If the admission is by ticket, the tickets have been disposed of days before, and hardly any amount of interest is sufficient to obtain one. On these occasions the clergy number very largely. The white ties and black coats are scattered everywhere about, including many of the most eminent clergy of the day, and at times various of our most eminent prelates.

Many other eminent men are gathered together, eminent in politics, in literature, in science, and art. The people are there in their thousands, with an enormous preponderance of the educated classes. Mr. Liddon's great reputation commenced with the high church party; but since that it has grown familiar to every educated man, and is fast fermenting the great masses of our population. There is an indefinable thrill of emotion amid the vast crowd that assembles to hear words of truth and teaching from a great man, — a contagion of emotion belonging to the hour and the scene. With a quiet rapid tread the preacher makes his way to the pulpit. With a natural, earnest gesture he at once buries his face in his hands to pray. When he fairly faces you, you are at once impressed with his striking and somewhat monastic appearance. Very probably he at once impresses you irresistibly with his likeness to St. Augustine in Ary Scheffer's celebrated picture of Augustine and Monica. The impression deepens upon you if you have ever been a student of Augustine's, as you follow the chain of the discourse and think you grow better acquainted with the orator. For a moment you might fancy that there was a monk before you. The impression is helped by the rapid and almost imperceptible act of adoration with which Mr. Liddon accompanies every mention of the name. There is a basis for this impression in the fact, which we have heard stated on the best authority, that Mr. Liddon

has spent years in studying preaching as it is on the Continent, and has formed himself on the best models in France and Italy. When you hear such a preacher as Mr. Lyne, — Brother or Father Ignatius as he is called, — you see merely the external mannerism and the imitated costume of the monk. But Mr. Liddon, disregarding mere externals, reproduces what is best in great Catholic orators, what is deepest founded in the deepest sense of humanity, — the passion, the tragedy, the will, the emotions of mankind. We think that it was something in this way that Fénelon preached in the Cathedral of Cambrai, or that Bossuet thundered in the chapel of Versailles. Mr. Liddon need shrink from no comparison with contemporary foreign eloquence. He is essentially our Lacordaire or Père Felix.

Almost in his first sentence we see the essential character of his oratory. His manuscript is by his side, but he is almost liberated from the chains which a manuscript imposes. He almost knows it by heart, and he declaims it in a grand but a peculiar kind of declamation. It is very remarkable how the greatest pulpit orators of the day are men who read their sermons, which is certainly contrary to the general idea and to ordinary experience. This was the case with such renowned pulpit orators as Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Melvill. The Bishop of Oxford is skilled in both plans, but seems to prefer the manuscript. The Bishop of Peterborough is strictly extemporaneous. Mr. Caird compounds, by learning his sermons off by heart. It is utterly impossible, the human mind being constituted as it is, that any sermon such as Mr. Liddon's could be spoken in extemporaneous sentences. You might as well expect a man to speak in lyrics or in epigrams. Those sermons have evidently been polished and repolished to the last degree of point and finish. This is an advantage which you may have with the written, but cannot have with the extemporized discourse. It is easy to see that Mr. Liddon's sermons have had an amount of thought and elaboration bestowed upon them which, in these days of swift writing and speaking, is, unfortunately, extremely rare. The leading characteristic of his oratory is the uniform high pressure of his impassioned speech. So to speak, there are no eminences or depressions in his oratory. He hardly ever slackens and then puts on speed. There is almost a monotony of eloquence. It is the equable speed and rush of the express train. The eye is kindled, the head thrown back as a war-horse; you detect the nervous, sinewy clutch of the fingers. No sooner have you been startled and attracted by the vivid original manner of the speaker than some modern name or allusion, some clear and trenchant thought seizes your attention, and at once brings you fairly abreast with some religious controversy of the time. As he clenches some argument or summarizes some analysis with a keen remorseless logic, for a moment the face becomes illumined with a smile of thankful triumph. That noted electric link that exists between orator and auditory is touched and thrilled, and the speaker feels that he is carrying with him the convictions as well as the hearts of his hearers. There is a pause — only too slight — before the preacher branches into another section of his subject. The mind is at extreme tension as you attempt to follow the course of the argument through those terse, glittering, incisive sentences, which follow so keenly and swiftly, like the steps of a mathematical dem-

onstrator. Presently that reasoning of the "severe impassioned" order has reached its climax. Hitherto he has been logical, but he is now slightly rhetorical. To use the Greek image, the closed fist is relaxed into the open palm. The orator now turns to the practical part of his subject and its peroration. If up to this point he has sought to convince the reason, he now concentrates his efforts on piercing the heart. There is some touch of exquisite pathos, of heart-stirring appeal, as when, last Easter Day, at St. Paul's, he quoted the lines from the "Lyra Apostolica":—

"And with the morn, those angel-faces smile,
That we have loved long since, and lost erewhile."

And very probably the final peroration is thrown into the form of simple, earnest prayer to the Deity, with an effect of awe and sublimity almost impossible to be described.

As the congregation issue forth from the church or cathedral portals,—and it is long before such masses are broken up,—on every side you hear eager discussion of the sermon. There is no doubt, in the first place, but the preacher has supplied his auditory with an immense intellectual stimulus.

On the oratorical question there is, we think, no doubt; but great as the effect has been it would have heightened if the manuscript had been absent. We have been assured by an eminent dignitary, who had the rare good fortune of hearing Chalmers preach an extemporary sermon, that the effect considerably transcended even the immense effect of his written orations. This might have been the case with Chalmers, whose sermons, after all, are somewhat too expanded and verbose; but such a mode of address could hardly coexist with the literary and dialectic skill of Mr. Liddon. After you have heard Mr. Liddon preach you find considerable difficulty in reconstructing even the skeleton (to use that Simonian word) of his discourse. You remember many a striking phrase, apt illustration, powerful appeal, but your attention has been so overpoweringly absorbed by the magnificent oratory, by the rush of vivid musical language, that you would willingly listen again untiringly to the sermon, or would desire to read it over quietly again and again. When you really come to read it in print, you perceive how closely it is articulated into divisions and subdivisions, which the preacher omitted in the preaching, probably because in the lapse of time the system of divisions has grown somewhat pedantic and old-fashioned. With most popular preachers the sermon dies in its birth, and is lost into thin air. But in the delivery of Mr. Liddon's sermon is only comprised a sectional part of its office. Mr. Liddon is now a considerable theological writer. We have his large volume of the "Bampton Lectures," a volume of University sermons, various scattered sermons, and we have the intimation that another volume of sermons will be shortly forthcoming. Multitudes who do not know him as a preacher know him as an author. In sacred authorship he occupies a very peculiar and distinctive place.

His first volume of sermons was originally entitled "Some Words for God." In deference to friendly criticism Mr. Liddon withdrew that title, and substituted the indistinctive title of "University Sermons." We rather regret this, because the original title gave an idea of the leading characteristic of all Mr. Liddon's written oratory. To him it is emphatically given that he should contend

earnestly for the faith, and meet the shifting forms of mental conflict and doubt. He is an Athanasius; if necessary, an *Athanasius contra mundum*. He has the keenest sympathy with all the stir and movement of the contemporary intellectual life of Europe. He is fully abreast; more than that, he is often in advance of the thought and philosophy of the day. He clearly discovers wherein lies the true stress and brunt of the religious battle of our time, and does not disguise from himself that the real issue is with sheer atheism and profligacy. In a noble sermon preached this summer in St. James's, Piccadilly, he says: "It seems to me that Roman Catholic and Protestant Dissenters must agree with members of the English Church so far as to admit that our deepest differences are insignificant in presence of a dreary materialism which utterly ignores the other world." There is something intensely vivid and lifelike in the mode in which Mr. Liddon meets the seething religious and ethical opinions of the day. He reproduces, exactly at the right moment, the thoughts which are uppermost in the minds of thinking men, and finding expression in the more serious and earnest of current publications. As we follow him from sermon to sermon, it is not difficult to detect the various intellectual tendencies of his sermons, to see at one point how he is combating some of the opinions of Mr. Mill, and at another how he has risen fresh from the perusal of the writings of Mr. Lecky; how, again, he is combating the English forms into which the French system of Comte has thrown itself, and how, again, he is meeting the latest German rationalists before their newest errors have become naturalized in England; once more, how he is crystallizing vague floating thought and difficulties on sacred subjects, or combating the full tide of secular opinion as found in such periodicals as the *Pall Mall Gazette* or the *Saturday Review*.

To any one who, in these days of turmoil and unrest, is dissatisfied and unhappy on those ultimate problems which must beset the mind of any thinking man, we would earnestly recommend the writings of Mr. Liddon, whether, as in the "Bampton Lectures," he makes a systematic and scientific exposition of orthodox truth and its counterfeits or opposites, or whether, as in his occasional sermons, he meets the desultory and guerilla attacks which are often best met by a similar system of defence.

There is sometimes greater audacity, sometimes a more familiar vein of reference and allusion, than some persons might think befitting the dignity and tranquil atmosphere of the pulpit. But there are times in which *frap pezwite et frappez fort* is the general motto. There is undoubtedly a subtle spirit of the age which he ought to be able to apprehend and seize, if he would truly meet its wants and necessities. The great secret of Mr. Liddon's power and influence is that he so thoroughly comprehends and meets the special characteristics, difficulties, peculiarities of the present time. As truly as Socrates has brought down philosophy into common life, does Mr. Liddon, who is often Socratic in his method, bring all details of life into a religious reference. It would be easy to adduce isolated passages of that bold, familiar way in which Mr. Liddon treats many subjects. We may refer to a few such passages, but we deeply feel that the reader ought to repeatedly peruse and make a careful analysis of a sermon of his before he can form an adequate idea of the consummate art and ability with which it is characterized. Here is a home-thrust at the periodi-

cal literature which is adverse to religious truth: "Look around and mark the varieties of intellect which enter in various ways into this conflict with religion. There is, first of all, mercenary intellect. This intellect writes or talks at the rate of so much per annum, and one given understanding. 'You take so much, and you write up that minister, you advocate that line of policy, you denounce this institution, attack that theory, you blacken that public man.' 'Done.' Necessity, it may be said, knows no law; and there is an inexpressibly sad proverb about poverty to the effect that it cannot afford to have a conscience. We need not care to examine that saying too narrowly. Some of us, perhaps, have known cases in which really noble souls have bent to a degradation from which they shrank in secret agony, and from which, long ago, they would have torn themselves away if the comfort and even the life of others had not been dependent on their sad, unworthy toil. Gladly, indeed, would I here be silent. But sometimes this hired intellect, in bondage to sharp necessity, or to the mere spirit of gain, passionately asserts its monopoly of freedom. It even tells us, the ministers of Christ, who have freely entered his service, and who rejoice in what it calls our fetters, that we are not free." Here, again, is some outspoken language on the difference between the legal and medical professions, such as is not often heard in the pulpit: "If you are hesitating between law and medicine, it must be admitted that modern English society seems to award a social pre-eminence to law. Yet surely the study of the framework of God's noblest earthly creatures is a higher study than that of any system of human jurisprudence, dashed as every such system must be by human caprice, by human short-sightedness, by human error. Surely, the practice of a profession, almost every activity of which is a fresh corporal work of mercy, must have an increasing attraction for those who, in the moral sense of the expression, seek 'things above.'

"Pardon me, brethren, if I speak too boldly in a matter on which there may fairly be difference of judgment; but I venture to hope, nay, to believe, that as public opinion becomes more Christian, a higher, nay, the very highest social consideration will be everywhere assigned to the members of that noble profession of medicine, which ministers with the one hand to the progress of advancing science, while with the other it daily lavishes its countless deeds of unknown, unacknowledged generosity and kindness on the suffering poor." Here, again, is a most interesting anecdote. "There is a well-authenticated tradition of a famous argument between that great scholar and divine, Bishop Horsley, and one to whom I may be permitted to refer with something of the reverent admiration, due most assuredly from the members of a great society, to a name which it must ever cherish with love and honor,—Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church. They sat, it is said, late into the night, pouring forth thought for which men would have given one of them at least scanty credit. They were debating the question whether God could be better reached by his creatures through the exercise of their intellect, or through the exercise of their affections. Unwillingly, but step by step, the Bishop, who advocated the claims of intellect, retreated before the arguments of his friend, till at length, in a spirit which did no less honor to his humility than to his candor, he exclaimed, 'Then my whole life has been one great mistake.' Mr. Liddon subjoins in a

note, "I am indebted to Dr. Pusey for this account; he received it from Bishop Lloyd."

We had marked a number of passages which we would willingly like to discuss, where the religious interest is united to a popular interest, a literary interest, and the interest that belongs both to mental and natural science. But our limits, and the difficult nature of the ground to be here traversed, warn us to forbear, and merely to entreat our readers to study the writings of the brightest and fullest-orbed mind in the Church of England. That mind rises fully above the dwarfed controversies of the national Church, and takes in with keenest glance all their respective relations to the Catholic Church throughout all the world.

There is hardly any thought or difficulty that has agitated Christian Europe but is here honestly and boldly stated and discussed from the Christian platform, whether connected with the names of Rousseau or Renan, Hegel or Schlegelmacher, Hobbes or Mill. The only preacher who approximates to the intense hold which Mr. Liddon possesses on the hearts and minds of his hearers is the Rev. Stopford Brooke, the biographer of Robertson, and the minister in York Street, St. James's. There is very considerable divergence between Mr. Liddon and Mr. Stopford Brooke in their views, and also in their corresponding intellectual character. There is a practice, a passion, a depth of speculation about Mr. Brooke in which he stands pre-eminent even to Mr. Liddon. Perhaps, however, Mr. Liddon would hardly desire to possess the intense originality which belongs to Mr. Brooke, and it must be confessed that originality is, after all, a dangerous gift for a preacher. Mr. Brooke's place in the church is so unique, and his recent volume of sermons so remarkable, that we have elsewhere sought to do justice to the subject.

We think, therefore, with the utmost confidence, that we may place Mr. Liddon first in the rank of the contemporary orators of the Anglican Church. We cannot but feel a deep feeling of regret, widespread, we are sure, that in this recent cloud of appointments he has not received episcopal preferment. We are not unmindful of the very great pulpit ability that at the present time exists among bishops and dignitaries of the Church. There are many who will refuse, even in favor of Mr. Liddon, to abandon their long and enduring preference of the Bishop of Oxford; and if we regarded mere oratory alone, as we have intimated, the Bishop of Peterborough would bear away the palm.

Dr. Magee is a born orator, while Mr. Liddon has superinduced intense culture upon his fervid style. Archbishop Thomson is noted for his thoughtful handling of philosophical subjects in the pulpit; at the same time most practical, most evangelic; with a grave earnestness rising into a pure, genuine eloquence. The present preacher at Lincoln's Inn, who succeeded Dr. Thomson, is Canon Cooke, who, while lacking the magic touch of eloquence, has the earnestness which is next to and the best part of eloquence, and is in the highest degree weighty and thoughtful. Dr. Moberly, the new Bishop of Salisbury, is one of those who, at the Oxford University pulpit, never failed to draw men largely around him. Of late years there seems to us to have been a distinct falling off in the character of London preaching. So many eminent men cease to hold charge in London. Thus we have lost such men as Thomson, Magee, Alford, Goulburn, Boyd, Dale, by cathedral or church elevation.

It can hardly be said that their successors have made or are likely to make quite the same mark. The most remarkable regular preacher left in London is probably Mr. Stopford Brooke. Far in the west, Mr. Molyneux, and far in the east, Dr. Row-sell, attract and keep together great congregations. Doubtless in the metropolis itself, and also in the provinces, there are men who may hereafter rise to great eminence; but those who have been accustomed for years past to watch the condition of the metropolitan pulpit will probably admit that at the present time there is in London a considerable dearth of pulpit oratory of the highest excellence. It is sometimes said, with what degree of justice or injustice we do not pretend to determine, that the same is the case throughout the country. It must, however, be recollected that in all professions, the Church especially, character rather than ability is the true test of excellence. More than eloquence, learning, fancy, there is need for Christian sincerity and active goodness. But though we willingly concede that these are the highest things, we see no reason for submitting to a low standard of excellence in matters on which depend the fundamental principle whether people will care to come to church and whether they will be attentive when they get there. We do not think that Mr. Liddon's eminent example is one that is susceptible of much general imitation. He would not be able himself to make such a prolonged and exhausting effort week by week, and no regular ordinary congregation would be competent to follow him. But there are certain demands which the laity are entitled to make upon the clergy, and the Church, if it is wise in this, its time of trial, will seek to meet them. The one accomplishment which brings some one to a level with the best and most cultured clergyman, is the power of extemporary speech, an accomplishment which in nearly every case is to be obtained by diligent effort. This generally succeeds in procuring the attention of the audience, and is a practice fraught with reflex good to the orator himself.

But let the clergyman not read mere homilies which would suit equally or ill any age of the Church's history, but let him comprehend and meet the special character and wants of the times in which his own lot is cast. Then let the preacher be sincere and true to himself, going just so far and no farther, as his own thoughts and feelings take him, avoiding all conventional goodness and assumption of mellifluous unction. Let him have the moral courage, if demands on his time and not business have driven him into a corner, to give a seven or ten minutes' sermon, something short and sweet, or tell his people that he is going to read them some other man's sermon. Above all, let them be men of broad thought and reading, cultivate habits of sympathy, toleration, and catholicity, that they may meet the moral and intellectual needs of their followers. The Anglican clergy needs not so much to be great orators, but the present elevation of the standard and tone. They may make themselves, through care, trustworthy guides of the people, and be a means of promoting balance and harmony in the state. It may not be given to them all to be Sons of Thunder, but they may all be "Sons of Consolation."

THE ART OF COAXING.

UNLESS some check shall shortly occur to stay

Emancipation, it seems not unlikely that this age may have to add another to the list of lost arts. There are two kinds of lost arts. First, there are those arts — such as the art of acoustic architecture, and some arts of coloring on clay and canvas — which we should be glad to recover, but cannot, because we have exhausted some material, or because the secret of some process has been forgotten, and cannot at present be rediscovered. These may be called extinct arts. And secondly, there are those lost arts which we might recover if we chose, but which we do not care to revive, because we have no longer any use for them, such as the art of making tapestry, or of embalming the dead. These may perhaps rather be called decayed than extinct arts, because there would be no insuperable difficulty, if occasion should arise, in reviving them. Whether, if once lost, the art of coaxing will have to be classed among the list of extinct, or only of decayed, arts, — whether, that is to say, the Female Emancipation will have so modified human nature that the secret of the process of coaxing will be utterly forgotten, and men and women will be utterly incapable of exercising any allurements upon members of their own or of the opposite sex, — or whether the art will only have fallen into disuse and discredit because found to be unnecessary, and unworthy of the reign of pure wisdom and perfect woman, it is not worth while to discuss. Of the fact that there is some probability of the ultimate disappearance of this famous art, there can be little doubt.

The women who were formerly such assiduous students of the art of coaxing, who felt that in the successful practice of that art lay the real secret of indirect government, and who, holding fast the sound doctrine that indirect government is far more powerful than direct government, contrived by means of an elaborate system of coaxing to get their own way in the world, are passed away; and their successors are playing a very different game. Other women have arisen who know not the value, and who despise the methods, of indirect influence; who are determined to govern directly, and forcibly; who think that power, like knowledge, is nothing unless they display it; and who will doubtless, if they prevail, add one more to the long list of instances of the wisdom of Hesiod's immortal saying, — "Fools, who know not how much more is Half than All!" Already the art of coaxing has been proscribed by the most advanced section of the women of the period. The modern Cornelia and her disciples would as soon think of cringing to man as of coaxing him. They mean to rule him in future with a rod of iron, and not to waste any more time on methods of indirect influence. If this party prevails, so that its principles become fashionable among women at large, it is obvious that the art of coaxing will cease to be exercised by woman upon man; and, as it is inconceivable that the emancipated and enlightened woman should be amenable to any other influences than that of pure reason, there will of course be no opportunity for the practice of the art by the women of the future upon one another, or by the men upon them. Our modern Cornelia is a hopelessly uncoaxable creature. To practise the art of coaxing upon the Rev. Mrs. Olympia Brown would be like stroking the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter. The only chance, therefore, for the preservation of the art is the possibility that men may continue to exercise it, in a

this is a poor prospect. The inferior sex will probably, in this as in other matters, imitate their betters; and the art will perish.

Perhaps a little consideration may show that the discredit into which this ancient art has fallen with woman militant is not altogether reasonable. Possibly the loss of the art, if it should become extinct, may one day be regretted even by woman triumphant. Several fallacies seem just now to be current in the school of Cornelia respecting the art of coaxing. One of these fallacious notions is that the art is a pitiful trick whereby the weak strive to get some share of influence in the affairs of life; and that it is not, and need not be, practised by the strong. If this were so, — if this venerable art were valuable only to the weak, — there would not be much to recommend it to the women of the future. But it is not true, any more than is its kindred fallacy of supposing that the art of coaxing is one which has hitherto been peculiar to women; that it has not been much practised by men, but is a specialty of womanhood. As on these two fallacies is built much of the contempt which Cornelia and her disciples display for the art, it may be worth while to consider them a little. To be weak and to be womanly, — these are the two bugbears against which the modern Amazon most hotly crusades. She despises the weakness of her sisters as much as she loathes her own womanhood. If it can be shown that the art of coaxing is not weak, much will have been done to conciliate her towards it. But if it can be shown that the art is not exclusively womanly, that will be a real hit; for her strongest objection to it will be removed.

Coaxing is the best mode of indirect government. "Many men, many minds," says the proverb; and it is not easy to see how the numbers or the differences of minds will be diminished by the association of woman with man in the business of government, or even by her ultimate supremacy. Perhaps a few centuries of petticoat supremacy may destroy the antagonism of wills, by causing us all to know what is best, and not only so, but also practise what we know. But it will take a long time to realize this woman's millennium, and until that consummation arrives there must be an antagonism of wills; and the woman of the future will find, as the men and women of the past have found, that there are only three ways of making antagonistic wills do her bidding, — namely, force, fraud, and coaxing.

Of these three there can be no doubt that coaxing is the more masterly process. It is more economical of power than force, and more sure of success than fraud, while it is far less demoralizing than either. Compulsion is a brutal process, which creates as much fresh opposition as that which it was designed to overcome, and which wastes so much power in mere friction that the result is always disproportionate to the effort. Fraud, is not, of course, brutal. It may be as ingenious and delicate a mechanism as coaxing. But there is the perpetual danger of detection; and detection implies ruin, or a recurrence to force. Force and fraud, too, are equally obnoxious to reaction, that special disease of extremes. The red spectre dogs the tyrant, just as the sceptical spirit haunts the miracle-monger. From these defects the art of coaxing is free. It wastes no power; on the contrary, it economizes even hostile forces by converting them into voluntary assistants. If detected, its success is not necessarily ruined. Some capital

coaxing is sometimes done with perfect openness on the part of the operator, and perfect consciousness on the part of the patient, who, though he knows that he is being made to submit his will to that of the coaxer, yet finds the process so agreeable that he acquiesces in it.

The art of coaxing does not depend for its success upon physical weakness only, like the rule of force, or upon the mere fallibility of opinion, like the rule of fraud. It strikes an alliance with the will, and, having secured its adherence, controls all the other powers and forces through that agency, without the least friction, the least uncertainty of result, or the least danger of reaction. It is a really scientific art, based on psychological verities, and as such ought to command the respect of Cornelia and other wise women. At any rate it is obvious that the use of the art is no sign of weakness, and that it cannot hitherto have been merely a woman's art. Had women held, as Cornelia pretends, a monopoly of this art, they would long ago have enslaved men, and completely tyrannized the world.

The most rudimentary kind of coaxing is mere blandishment. It works upon the senses, passions, or appetites. It is represented in the stories of Delilah, Judith, and Omphale, and in Milton's Eve. Such coaxing has not attained the rank of an art. It may be seen any day at the Zoological Gardens, and requires no comment. Sensuous coaxing, more or less refined according to the skill of the practitioner or the taste of the age, but still profoundly sensuous, appealing more to the appetites and passions than even to the feelings, has generally been the kind in which women have been most successful. The most celebrated and most refined woman-coaxers of history, such as Cleopatra and Mary Stuart, though they were perhaps not very beautiful in face, and though they owed much of their success to superior culture and talent, yet depended ultimately rather upon physical than upon mental effects for the completeness of their triumphs. They never, it will be observed, attempted, or else they failed, to influence really superior men. Plutarch's exquisite description of the coaxing of Antony by Cleopatra only makes us feel how impossible it was that she should succeed with Cæsar. As we advance in civilization, the art of coaxing acquires more intellectual elements, and refines away the grossness of its sensuous parts. It still appeals to the senses and feelings, and not to reason, otherwise it would be conviction, and not coaxing; but it puts this appeal in a delicate and subtle form, so that all grossness disappears. Such is the coaxing of the Homeric heroes.

All the best of them are proficient in the art, though of course Ulysses as the ablest, and Agamemnon as the most interested, one of the company surpass the others. The Homeric art of coaxing is far superior to that of Cleopatra, but it is still very rudimentary. It uses "soft and gainful speech," whereby it appeals to the feelings, — sometimes to the baser feelings of pride, vanity, and self-love; and sometimes to the nobler feelings of filial love, love of home, of friends, and of all that is just and good. It generally acts by physical as well as mental contact, trying to clasp the knees, and kiss the hands and feet, as well as to raise the emotions. There is much of mere blandishment in it. It is not unrefined, but it is quite as much sensuous as intellectual.

Perhaps the most perfect picture that antiquity affords us of the intellectual side of the art of coaxing is Plato's representation of the use of it by Soc-

rates. There we see the most perfect language that ever was coined for the purpose of coaxing used by the most perfect master of the study of human nature. Admirable as is, in its way, the coaxing speech of Ulysses to the Phæacian princess in the sixth *Odyssey*, the coaxing speeches of Socrates are still more admirable. They have a more difficult subject to handle, but they handle it with quite as much ability and success. They are more highly intellectual, and rest upon more delicate and subtle influences. And then there is the delicious vein of irony running all through them, and giving them a perpetual piquancy and freshness. The language and manner of Socrates were probably the most perfect instruments that have ever been known for coaxing highly cultivated men.

Nor has the art of coaxing been of less importance to public men in modern times. Indeed, it may almost be said that, in a civilized country like England, great men have generally been successful in public affairs in proportion as they possessed a mastery of this art, and have failed whenever they neglected or fell short in it. Lord Palmerston was a thorough master of the art of coaxing the House of Commons, and thereby the country.

It was not his custom to engage in the fruitless task of trying to argue down a motley representative assembly. He was almost as chary of arguments as of threats. As far as possible he avoided friction, and tried to influence the wills of his followers. Whatever was good in his policy was effected with the least waste of power, and whatever was bad was not made worse by fuss. In this respect, as in others, he afforded an interesting contrast with his colleague, Mr. Lowe; who, though not inferior to him in intellect or energy, has never tried, or has failed, to acquire the art of coaxing. When he had charge of an infinitesimally small measure of educational reform, he managed, by an imperious manner, by bitter words, by an unfortunate semblance of juggling, and by pressing arguments which proved too much, to create an opposition which very nearly overbalanced the influence of his party, and even the enthusiastic support of the *Times*; and which, though it only crippled and did not defeat his measure, ultimately drove him from office. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, has a partial but very unequal mastery of the art. He is totally unable to coax the House of Commons, and, whenever he has tried it, has ludicrously failed. But he is very successful in coaxing that part of the community which is vaguely styled "the working-classes." His celebrated "flesh and blood" oration has never yet received its due tribute from politicians, as a masterpiece in the art of coaxing the *canaille*. Those who regarded it only as an argument addressed to the House were amazed at its puerility; but those who saw that it was really a sop flung to the mob outside knew better. It has probably done more to make Mr. Gladstone the idol of the working-classes than years of consistent labor in their service would have accomplished.

ST. PAUL AND PROTESTANTISM.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

II.

WE have seen how Puritanism seems to come by its religion in the first instance theologically and from authority; Paul by his, on the other hand, psychologically and from experience. Even the

have not reached in the same order or by the same road. The miserable sense of sin from unrighteousness, the joyful witness of a good conscience from righteousness, these are points in which Puritanism and St. Paul meet. They are facts of human nature and can be verified by science. But whereas Puritanism, so far as science is concerned, ends with these facts, and rests the whole weight of its antecedent theurgy upon the testimony they offer, Paul begins with these facts, and has not yet, so far as we have followed him, called upon them to prove anything but themselves. The scientific difference, as we have already remarked, which this establishes between Paul and Puritanism is immense, and is all in Paul's favor. Sin and righteousness, together with their eternal accompaniments of fear and hope, misery and happiness, can prove themselves; but they can by no means prove, also, Puritanism's history of original sin, election, and justification. We have now to see whether Paul, in passing from the undoubted facts of experience with which he begins, to his religion properly so called, abandons in any essential points of his teaching the advantage with which he started, and ends, as Puritanism commences, with a batch of arbitrary and unscientific assumptions.

We left Paul in collision with a fact of human nature, but in itself a sterile fact, — a fact on which it is possible to dwell too long, though Puritanism has remained absorbed in the contemplation of it, and indeed has never properly got beyond it, — the sense of sin. This sense, however, it is also possible not to have strongly enough, and the Greeks, with all their great gifts, had not this sense strongly enough; its strength in the Hebrew people is one of this people's mainsprings. "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head; therefore my heart faileth me." *They are more than the hairs of mine head*; the motions of what Paul calls the law in our members are indeed a hydra-brood; when we are working against one fault, a dozen others crop up without our expecting it; and this it is which drives the man who deals seriously with himself to difficulty, nay, to despair. Paul did not need James to tell him that whoever offends on one point is, so far at least as his own conscience and inward satisfaction is concerned, guilty of all; he knew it himself, and the unrest this knowledge gave him was his very starting-point.

He knew, too, that nothing outward, no satisfaction of all the requirements men may make of us, no privileges of any sort can give peace of conscience, — of conscience, "whose praise is not of men but of God." He knew, also, that the law of the moral order stretches beyond us and our private conscience, is independent of our sense of having kept it, and stands absolute and what in itself it is; even therefore, though I may know nothing against myself, yet this is not enough, I may still not be just. Finally, he knew that merely to know all this and say it, is of no use, advances us nothing; "the kingdom of God is not in word but in power."

We have several times said that the Hebrew race apprehended God, — the universal order by which all things fulfil the law of their being, — chiefly as the moral order in human nature, and that it was their greatness that they apprehended him as this so distinctly and powerfully. But it is also characteristic of them, and perhaps it is what mainly dis-

Christianity, that they constantly thought, too, of God as the source of life and breath and all things, and of what they called "fulness of life," in all things. This way of thinking was common to them with the Greeks, but whereas the Greeks threw more delicacy and imagination into it, the Hebrews threw more energy and vital warmth. "God's righteousness," indeed, "standeth like the strong mountains, his judgments are like the great deep; he is a righteous judge, strong and patient, who is provoked every day."

This is the Hebrew's first and deepest conception of God, — as the source of the moral order. But God is also, to the Hebrews, "the rock from which we are hewn," the power by which we have been "upholden ever since we were born," that has "fashioned us and laid his hand upon us," and envelops us on every side, that has "made us fearfully and wonderfully," and whose "mercy is over all his works." He is the power that "saves both man and beast, gives them drink of his pleasures as out of the river," and with whom is "the well of life." In his speech at Athens, Paul shows how full he, too, was of this feeling; and in the famous passage in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where he asserts the existence of the natural moral law, the source he assigns to this law is not merely God in conscience, the righteous judge, but God in the world and the workings of the world, the eternal and divine power from which all life and energy proceed. This element in which we live and move and have our being, which stretches around and beyond the strictly moral element in us, around and beyond the finite sphere of what is originated, measured, and controlled by our own understanding and will, — this infinite element is very present to Paul's thoughts, and makes a profound impression on them. "No man," as the Hebrew psalm says, "hath quickened his own soul." Through every great spirit runs a train of feeling of this sort; and the power and depth which there undoubtedly is in Calvinism, comes from Calvinism's being possessed by it. Paul is not, like Calvinism, possessed by it; but it is always before his mind and strongly agitates his thoughts.

The voluntary, rational, and human world of righteousness, moral choice, effort, filled the first place in his spirit. But the necessary, mystical, and divine world of influence, sympathy, emotion, filled the second, and he could pass naturally from the one to the other. What he calls "the power that worketh in us," and that produces results transcending all our expectations and calculations, he instinctively sought to combine with our personal agencies of reason and conscience.

Of such a power and its operation some clear notion may be got by everybody who has ever had any overpowering attachment, or has been, according to the common expression, in love. Every one knows how being in love changes for the time a man's spiritual atmosphere, and makes animation and buoyancy where before there was flatness and dulness. One may even say that this is the reason why being in love is so popular with the whole human race, — because it relieves in so irresistible and delightful a manner the tedium or depression of commonplace human life. And not only does it change the atmosphere of our spirits, making air, light, and movement where before was stagnation and gloom, but it also sensibly and powerfully increases our faculties of action. It is matter of the

commonest remark how a timid man who is in love will show courage, or an indolent man will show diligence. Nay, a timid man who would be only the more paralyzed in a moment of danger by being told that it is his bounden duty as a man to show firmness, and that he must be ruined and disgraced forever if he does not, will show firmness quite easily from being in love.

An indolent man who shrinks back from vigorous effort only the more because he is told and knows that it is a man's business to show energy, and that it is shameful in him if he does not, will show energy quite easily from being in love. This, I say, we learn from the analogy of the most everyday experience, — that a powerful attachment will give a man spirits and confidence which he could by no mean call up or command of himself; and that in this mood he can do wonders which would not be possible to him without it.

We have seen how Paul felt himself to be for the sake of righteousness *apprehended*, to use his own expression, by Christ. "I seek," he says, "to apprehend that for which * also I am apprehended by Christ." This for which he is thus apprehended is — still to use his own words — *the righteousness of God*; not an incomplete and maimed righteousness, not a partial and unsatisfying establishment of the law of the spirit, dominant to-day, deposed to-morrow, effective at one or two points, failing in a hundred; but an entire conformity at all points with the divine moral order, the will of God, and, in consequence, a sense of harmony with this order, of acceptance with God. In some points Paul had always served this order with a clear conscience. He did not steal, he did not commit adultery.

But he was at the same time, he says himself, "a blasphemer and a persecutor and an insulter," and Christ enabled him to feel this. Here was his greatness, and the worth of his way of appropriating Christ. We have seen how Calvinism, too, — Calvinism which has built itself upon Paul, — is a blasphemer, when it speaks of good works done by those who do not hold the Calvinist doctrine. There would need no great sensitiveness of conscience, one would think, to show that Calvinism has often been, also, a persecutor and an insulter. But the difference between Paul's hold on Christ and Calvinism's is this: that Paul by studying Christ got to know himself and to transform his narrow conception of righteousness, while Calvinism studies both Christ and Paul after him to no such good purpose.

These, however, are but the veriest rudiments of the history of Paul's gain from Christ, as the particular impression mentioned is but the veriest fragment of the total impression produced on him. The sum and substance of that total impression may best be conveyed by two words, — *without sin*. We must here revert to what we have already said of the importance, for sound criticism of a man's ideas, of the order in which his ideas come. For us, who approach Christianity through a scholastic theology, it is Christ's divinity which establishes his being without sin. For Paul, who approached Christianity through his personal experience, it was Christ's being without sin which established his divinity.

The large and complete conception of righteousness to which he himself had slowly and late, and only by Christ's help, awakened, in Christ he saw existing absolutely and naturally. The devotion to

* Wherein is, perhaps, a more exact translation than *for which*; but the sense is the same.

this conception which made it meat and drink to carry it into effect, — a devotion of which he himself was strongly and deeply conscious, — he saw in Christ still stronger, by far, and deeper than in himself. But for attaining the righteousness of God, for reaching an absolute conformity with the moral order and with God's will, he saw no such impotence existing in Christ's case as in his own. For Christ, the uncertain conflict between the law in our members and the law of the spirit did not appear to exist. Those eternal vicissitudes of victory and defeat, which drove Paul to despair, in Christ were absent; smoothly and inevitably he followed the real and eternal order in preference to the momentary and apparent order. Obstacles outside him there were plenty, but obstacles within him there were none. He was led by the Spirit of God; he was dead to sin, he lived to God; and in this life to God he persevered even to the cruel bodily death of the cross. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, says Paul, are the sons of God. If this is so with even us, who live to God so feebly and who render such an imperfect obedience, how much more is he who lives to God entirely and who renders an unalterable obedience, the unique and only Son of God? This is undoubtedly the main line of movement which Paul's ideas respecting Christ follow. He had been trained, however, in the scholastic theology of Judaism, just as we are trained in the scholastic theology of Christianity; would that we were as little embarrassed with our training as he was!

The Jewish theological doctrine respecting the eternal word or wisdom of God, which was with God from the beginning before the oldest of his works, and through which the world was created, — this doctrine, which appears in the Book of Proverbs and again in the Book of Wisdom, Paul applied to Christ, and in the Epistle to the Colossians there is a remarkable passage with clear signs of his thus applying it. But then this metaphysical and theological basis to the historic being of Christ is something added by Paul from outside to his own essential ideas concerning Christ, something which fitted them and was naturally taken on to them; it is not an original part of his system, much less the ground of it. It fills a very different place in his system from the place which it fills in the system of John, who takes his starting-point from it. Paul's starting-point, it cannot be too often repeated, is the idea of righteousness; and his concern with Christ is as the clew to righteousness, not as the clew to transcendental ontology. Speculations in this region had no real attraction for Paul, notwithstanding the traces of an acquaintance with them which we find in his writings, and notwithstanding the great activity of his intellect; but this activity threw itself with an unerring instinct into a sphere where, with whatever travail and through whatever impediments to clear expression, directly practical religious results might yet be won, and not into any sphere of abstract speculation.

Much more visible and important than his identification of Christ with the divine hypostasis known as the Logos, is Paul's identification of him with the Messiah. Ever present is his recognition of him as the Messiah to whom all the law and prophets pointed, of whom the heart of the Jewish race was full, and on whom the Jewish instructors of Paul's youth had dwelt abundantly. The Jewish language and ideas respecting the end of the world and the Messiah's kingdom, his day, his presence, his appearing,

his glory, Paul applied to Christ, and constantly used. Of the force and reality which these ideas and expressions had for him, there can be no question; as to his use of them, only two remarks are needed. One is, that in him these Jewish ideas — as any one will feel who calls to mind a genuine display of them like that in the Apocalypse — are spiritualized; and as he advances in his course they are spiritualized increasingly. The other remark is that important as these ideas are in Paul, of them, too, the importance is only secondary, compared with that of the great central matter of his thoughts: *the righteousness of God, the non-fulfilment of it by man, the fulfilment of it by Christ.*

Once more we are led to a result favorable to the scientific value of Paul's teaching. That Christ was the divine Logos, the second person of the Trinity, science can neither deny nor affirm; that he was the Jewish Messiah, who will some day appear in the sky with the sound of trumpets, to put an end to the actual kingdoms of the world and to establish his own kingdom, science can neither deny nor affirm. The very terms of which these propositions are composed are such as science is unable to handle. But that the Christ of the Bible follows the universal order and the will of God, without being let and hindered as we are by the motions of private passion and by self-will, this is evident to whoever can read the Bible with open eyes.

It is just what any criticism of the Gospel-history, which sees that history as it really is, tells us; it is the scientific result of that history. And this is the result which pre-eminently occupies Paul. Of Christ's life and death, the all-importance for us, according to Paul, is that by means of them, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly"; should be enabled to "bear fruit to God" in "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faith, mildness, self-control." Their scope was "to redeem us from all iniquity, and make us purely zealous for good works." Paul adds, that we are to live thus in the actual world which now is, "with the expectation of the appearing of the glory of God and Christ." By nature and habit, Paul used these words to mean a Messianic coming and kingdom. Later Christianity has transferred them, as it has transferred so much else of Paul's, to a life beyond the grave; but it has by no means spiritualized them. Paul, as his spiritual growth advanced, spiritualized them more and more; he came to think, in using them, more and more of a gradual inward transformation of the world by a conformity like Christ's to the will of God, than of a Messianic advent. Yet even then they are always second with him, and not first; the essence of saving grace is always to make us righteous, to bring us into conformity with the divine law, to enable us to "bear fruit to God."

"Christ gave himself for us that he might ransom us from iniquity." First of all, he rendered an unbroken obedience to the law of the spirit; he served the Spirit of God; he came, not to do his own will, but the will of God. The law of the spirit makes men one; it is only by the law in our members that we are many. Secondly, therefore, he had an unflinching sense of what we have called, using an expressive modern term, the *solidarity* of men; that it was not God's will that one of his human creatures should perish. Thirdly, he persevered in this uninterrupted obedience to the law of the spirit, in this unflinching sense of human solidarity, even to the

death; though everything befell him which might break the one or tire out the other. Lastly, he had in himself, in all he said and did, that ineffable force of attraction which doubled the virtue of everything said or done by him. If ever there was a case in which the wonder-working power of attachment might employ itself and work its wonders, it was here. Paul felt the power penetrate him; and he felt, also, how by perfectly identifying himself through it with Christ, and in no other way, could he ever get the confidence and the force to do as Christ did. He thus found a point in which the mighty world outside man, and the weak world inside him, seemed to combine for his salvation. The struggling stream of duty, which had not volume enough to bear him to his goal, was suddenly reinforced by the immense wave of sympathy and emotion. To this new and potent influence Paul gave the name of *faith*. The word points, no doubt, to "coming by hearing," and has a reminiscence, for Paul, of his not having with his own eyes, like the original disciples, seen Christ, and of his special mission being to Gentiles who had not seen Christ either.

But the essential meaning of the word is "power of holding on to the unseen," "fidelity." Other attachments demand fidelity in absence to an object which at some time or other, nevertheless, has been seen; this attachment demands fidelity to an object which both is absent and has never been seen by us. It is therefore rightly called not constancy, but faith; a power, pre-eminently, of fast attachment to the unseen. Identifying ourselves with Christ through this attachment, we become as he was; we live with his thoughts and feelings, and we participate, therefore, in his freedom from the ruinous law in our members, in his obedience to the saving law of the spirit, in his conformity to the eternal order, in the joy and peace of his life to God. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," says Paul, "freed me from the law of sin and death." This is what is done for us by *faith*.

In this word *faith* we reach a word round which the ceaseless stream of religious exhortation and discussion has for ages circled. Even for those who misconceive Paul's line of ideas most completely, faith is so evidently the central point in his system that their thoughts cannot but centre upon it. Puritanism, as is well known, has talked of little else but faith. And the word is of such a nature, that the true clew once lost which Paul has given us to its meaning, every man may put into it almost anything he likes, all the fancies of his superstition or of his fanaticism.

To say, therefore, that to have faith in Christ means to be attached to Christ, to embrace Christ, is not enough; the question is, to be attached to him *how*, to embrace him *how*? A favorite expression of popular theology conveys perfectly the popular definition of faith: *to rest in the finished work of the Saviour*. In the scientific language of Calvinism, to embrace Christ, to have saving faith, is "to give our consent heartily to the covenant of grace, and so to receive the benefit of justification, whereby God pardons all our sins and accepts us as righteous for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us." This is mere theurgy, of which, so far as we have yet gone, we have not found a trace in Paul. Wesley, with his genius for godliness, struggled all his life for some deeper and more edifying account of that faith, which he felt working wonders in his own soul, than that it was a hearty con-

sent to the covenant of grace and an acceptance of the benefit of Christ's imputed righteousness. Yet this amiable and gracious spirit, but intellectually slight and shallow compared to Paul, beat his wings in vain. Paul, nevertheless, had solved the problem for him, if only he could have had eyes to see Paul's solution. "He that believes in Christ," says Wesley, "discerns spiritual things; he is enabled to taste, see, hear, and feel God." There is nothing practical and solid here. A company of Cornish revivalists will have no difficulty in tasting, seeing, hearing, and feeling God, twenty times over, to-night, and yet may be none the better for it to-morrow morning. When Paul said, *Have faith in Christ*, these words did not mean, for him, "Give your hearty belief and consent to the covenant of grace, accept the offered benefit of justification through Christ's imputed righteousness." They did not mean, "Try and discern spiritual things, try and taste, see, hear, and feel God." They did not mean, "Rest in the finished work of Christ the Saviour." No, they meant: *Die with him!*

The object of this essay is not religious edification, but the true criticism of a great and misunderstood author. Yet it is impossible to be in presence of this Pauline conception of faith without remarking on the incomparable power of edification which it contains. It is indeed a crowning evidence of that piercing practical religious sense which we have attributed to Paul. It is at once mystical and rational; and it enlists in its service the best forces of both worlds, — the world of reason and morals, and the world of sympathy and emotion. The world of reason and duty has an excellent clew to action, but wants motive-power; the world of sympathy and influence has an irresistible force of motive-power, but wants a clew for directing its exertion. The danger of the one world is weariness in well-doing; the danger of the other is sterile raptures and immoral fanaticism. Paul takes from both worlds what can help him, and leaves what cannot. The elemental power of sympathy and emotion in us, a power which extends beyond the limits of our own will and conscious activity, which we cannot measure and control, and which in each of us differs immensely in force, volume, and mode of manifestation, he calls into full play, and sets it to work with all its strength and in all its variety. But one unalterable object is assigned by him to this power: *to die with Christ to the law of the flesh, to live with Christ to the law of the mind*.

Paul's repeated and minute lists of practices and feelings to be followed or suppressed now take a heightened significance. They were the matter by which his faith tried itself and knew itself. Those multitudinous motions of appetite and self-will which reason and conscience disapproved, reason and conscience could yet not govern, and had to yield to them. This, as we have seen, is what drove Paul almost to despair. Well, then, how did Paul's faith help him here? It enabled him to reinforce duty by affection. In the central need of his nature, the desire to govern these motions of unrighteousness, it enabled him to say: *Die to them! Christ did*. If any man be in Christ, said Paul, — that is, if any man identifies himself with Christ by attachment so that he enters into his feelings and lives with his life, — he is a new creature; he can do, and does, what Christ did. First, he suffers with him. Christ, throughout his life and in his death, presented his body a living sacrifice to God; every self-willed impulse blindly

trying to assert itself without respect of the universal order, he died to. You, says Paul to his disciple, are to do the same. Never mind how various and multitudinous the impulses are,—impulses to intemperance, concupiscence, covetousness, pride, sloth, envy, malignity, anger, clamor, bitterness, harshness, unmercifulness. Die to them all, and to each as it comes! Christ did. If you cannot, your attachment, your faith, must be one that goes but a very little way.

In an ordinary human attachment, out of love to a woman, out of love to a friend, out of love to a child, you can suppress quite easily, because by sympathy you become one with them and their feelings, this or that impulse of selfishness which happens to conflict with them, and which hitherto you have obeyed. All impulses of selfishness conflict with Christ's feelings, he showed it by dying to them all; if you are one with him by faith and sympathy, you can die to them also. Then, secondly, if you thus die with him, you become transformed by the renewing of your mind, and rise with him. The law of the spirit of life which is in Christ becomes the law of your life also, and frees you from the law of sin and death. You rise with him to that harmonious conformity with the real and eternal order, that sense of pleasing God who trieth the hearts, which is life and peace, and which grows more and more till it becomes glory. If you suffer with him therefore, you shall also be glorified with him.

The real worth of this mystical conception depends on the fitness of the character and history of Christ for inspiring such an enthusiasm of attachment and devotion as that which Paul's notion of faith implies. If the character and history are eminently such as to inspire it, then Paul has no doubt found a mighty aid towards the attainment of that righteousness of which Christ's life afforded the admirable pattern. A great solicitude is always shown by popular Christianity to establish a radical difference between Christ and a teacher like Socrates. Ordinary theologians establish this difference by transcendental distinctions into which science cannot follow them.

But what makes for science the radical difference between Jesus and Socrates is, that such a conception as Paul's would, if applied to Socrates, be out of place and ineffective. Socrates inspired boundless friendship and esteem; but the inspiration of reason and conscience is the one inspiration which comes from him, and which impels us to live righteously as he did. A penetrating enthusiasm of love, sympathy, pity, adoration, reinforcing the inspiration of reason and duty, does not belong to Socrates. With Jesus it is different. On this point it is needless to argue; history has proved. In the midst of errors the most prosaic, the most immoral, the most unscriptural, concerning God, Christ, and righteousness, the immense emotion of love and sympathy inspired by the person and character of Jesus, has had to work almost by itself alone for righteousness; and it has worked wonders. The surpassing religious grandeur of Paul's conception of faith is that it seizes a real salutary emotional force of incalculable magnitude, and reinforces moral effort with it.

Paul's mystical conception is not complete without its relation of us to our fellow-men, as well as its relation of us to Christ. Whoever identifies himself with Christ, identifies himself with Christ's idea of the solidarity of men. The whole race is

conceived as one body, having to die and rise with Christ, and forming, by the joint action of its regenerate members, the mystical body of Christ. Hence the truth of that which Bishop Wilson says: "It is not so much our neighbor's interest as our own that we love him."

Christ's life, with which we by faith identify ourselves, is not complete, his aspiration after the eternal order is not satisfied, so long as only Christ himself follows this order, or only this or that individual amongst us men follows it. The same law of emotion and sympathy, therefore, which prevails in our inward self-discipline, is to prevail in our dealings with others. The motions of sin in ourselves we succeed in mortifying, not by saying to ourselves that they are sinful, but by sympathy with Christ in his mortification of them. In like manner, our duties towards our neighbor we perform, not in deference to external commands and prohibitions, but through identifying ourselves with him, by sympathy with Christ who identified himself with him. Therefore, we owe no man anything but to love one another; and he who loves his neighbor fulfils the law towards him, because he seeks to do him good and forbears to do him harm just as if he was himself. Mr. Lecky cannot see that the command to speak the truth to one's neighbor is a command which has a natural sanction; But according to these Pauline ideas it has a clear natural sanction; for if my neighbor is merely an extension of myself, deceiving my neighbor is the same as deceiving myself; and than self-deceit there is nothing by nature more baneful. And on this ground Paul puts the injunction; he says, "Speak every man truth to his neighbor, for we are members one of another."

This direction to identify ourselves in Christ with our neighbors is hard and startling, no doubt, like the direction to identify ourselves with Christ and die with him. But it is also, like that direction, inspiring; and not, like a set of mere mechanical commands and prohibitions, lifeless and unaiding. It shows a profound practical religious sense, and rests upon facts of human nature which experience can follow and appreciate.

The three essential terms of Pauline theology are not, therefore, as popular theology makes them: *calling, justification, sanctification*; they are rather these: *dying with Christ, resurrection from the dead, growing into Christ*.* The order in which these terms are placed indicates what we have already pointed out elsewhere, the true Pauline sense of the expression, *resurrection from the dead*. In Paul's ideas the expression has no essential connection with physical death. It is true, popular theology connects it with this almost exclusively, and regards any other use of it as purely figurative and secondary. For popular theology, Christ's resurrection is his bodily resurrection on earth after his physical death on the cross; the believer's resurrection is his bodily resurrection in a future world, the golden city of our hymns and of the Apocalypse. For this theology, the force of Christ's resurrection is that it is a miracle which guarantees the promised future miracle of our own resurrection.

It is a common remark with Biblical critics, even with able and candid Biblical critics, that Christ's resurrection, in this sense of a physical miracle, is the central object of Paul's thoughts and the foundation of all his theology. Nay, the preoccupation

* ἀποβαίνειν σὺν Χριστῷ, Col. II. 20; ἐκ νεκρῶν ἐκ νεκρῶν, Phil. III. 11; αἰθέρις εἰς Χριστόν, Eph. IV. 15.

with this idea has altered the very text of our documents; so that whereas Paul wrote, "Christ died and lived," we read, "Christ died and rose again and revived." But whoever has carefully followed Paul's line of thought as we have endeavored to trace it will see that in his mature theology, as the Epistle to the Romans exhibits it, it cannot be this physical and miraculous aspect of the resurrection which holds the first place in his mind; for under this aspect the resurrection does not fit in with the ideas which he is developing.

Not for a moment do we deny that in Paul's earlier theology, and notably in the Epistles to the Thessalonians and Corinthians, the physical and miraculous aspect of the resurrection, both Christ's and the believer's is primary and predominant. Not for a moment do we deny that to the end of his life, after the Epistle to the Romans, after the Epistle to the Philippians, if he had been asked whether he held the doctrine of the resurrection in its physical and miraculous sense, as well as in his own spiritual and mystical sense, he would have replied with entire conviction that he did. Very likely it would have been impossible to him to imagine his theology without it. But,

"Below the surface-stream, shallow and light,
Of what we say we feel — below the stream,
As light, of what we think we feel — there flows
With noiseless current strong, obscure, and deep,
The central stream of what we feel indeed";

and by this alone are we truly characterized. Paul's originality lies in the effort to make the significance of all the processes, however mystical, of the religious life, palpable even to the intellect, with a view of strengthening, in this way, their hold upon us and their command of all our nature. Sooner or later he was sure to be drawn to treat the process of resurrection with this endeavor. He did so treat it; and what is original and essential in him is his doing so.

Paul's conception of life and death inevitably came to govern his conception of resurrection. What, indeed, as we have seen, is for Paul life, and what is death? Not the ordinary physical life and death; — death, for him, is living after the flesh, obedience to sin; life is mortifying by the spirit the deeds of the flesh, obedience to righteousness. Resurrection, in its essential sense, is therefore for Paul, the rising, within the sphere of our visible earthly existence, from death in this sense to life in this sense. It is indubitable that, so far as the human believer's resurrection is concerned, this is so; else how could Paul say to the Colossians (to take only one out of a hundred clear texts showing the same thing), "*If ye then have risen with Christ, seek the things that are above.*" But when Paul repeats again and again, in the Epistle to the Romans, that the matter of our faith is "that God raised Jesus from the dead," the essential meaning of this resurrection, also, is just the same.

Real life for Paul, begins with the mystical death which frees us from the dominion of the external shalls and shall nots of the law.* From the moment, therefore, Christ was content to do God's will he died. Paul's point is, that Christ in his earthly existence obeyed the law of the spirit and bore fruit to God, and that the believer should, in his earthly existence, do the same. That Christ "died to sin," that he "pleased not himself," and that, consequently, through all his life here, he was

risen and living to God, is what occupies Paul. Christ's physical resurrection after he was crucified is neither in point of time nor in point of character the resurrection on which Paul, following his essential line of thought, wanted to fix the believer's mind. The resurrection Paul was striving after for himself and others was a resurrection *now* and a resurrection to *righteousness*. But Christ's obeying God and not pleasing himself culminated in his death on the cross; and the self-sacrificing obedience of his whole life, which was summed up in this great, final act, is, therefore, constantly regarded by Paul under the figure of this final act, as is also the believer's conformity to Christ's obedience. The believer is crucified with Christ when he mortifies by the spirit the deeds of unrighteousness; Christ was crucified when he pleased not himself, and came to do not his own will but God's.

It is the same with life as with death; it turns on no physical event, but on that central concern of Paul's thoughts, — righteousness. If we have the spirit of Christ we live, as he did, by the spirit, "serve the Spirit of God,"* and follow the eternal order; the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Christ is the same, — the one eternal moral order. If we are led by the Spirit of God we are the sons of God, — and share with Christ the heritage of the sons of God, — eternal life, peace, felicity, glory. The spirit, therefore, is life *because of righteousness*. And when, through identifying ourselves with Christ, we reach Christ's righteousness, then eternal life begins for us, — a continuous and ascending life, for the eternal order never dies, and the more we transform ourselves into servants of righteousness and organs of the eternal order, the more we are and desire to be this eternal order and nothing else. Even in this life we are "seated in heavenly places," as Christ is, so entirely, for Paul, is righteousness the true life and the true heaven. But the transformation cannot be completed here; the physical death is regarded by Paul as a stage at which it ceases to be impeded. However, at this stage we quit, as he himself says, the ground of experience and enter upon the ground of hope. But, by a sublime analogy, he fetches from the travail of the whole universe proof of the necessity and beneficence of the law of transformation. Christ entered into his glory when he had made his physical death itself a crowning witness to his obedience to righteousness; we, in like manner, within the limits of this earthly life and before we have yet persevered to the end, must not look for full adoption, for the glorious revelation in us of the sons of God.

[Concluded next week.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE English journals are crowded with records of crimes, chiefly wife-murders.

MR. G. H. LEWES has just lost his second son, aged twenty-five, after a painful, lingering illness.

IN despatching the remains of Mr. Peabody to this country in an English man-of-war, Queen Victoria pays a truly royal tribute to the dead.

THE Lady's Own Paper, in announcing the retirement of Mr. Bigelow from the editorship of the N. E. Times, is very careful not to say anything about "The Biglow Papers."

* See Rom. vii. 1-6.

* According to the true reading in Phil. iii. 8.

A "HISTORY OF OPERAS," by M. Felix Clement, comprising the analysis and nomenclature of French and foreign works, from the origin of opera to our day, is commenced in the columns of *Le Menestrel*.

We publish in this number the first instalment of "The Death Penalty" (*La Peine de Mort*), by Jules Simon, translated expressly for EVERY SATURDAY. M. Simon's narrative is a model of pathetic art, and is just now the literary sensation in Paris.

AN enterprising British house-agent is vigorously advertising a villa which adjoins Mr. Tennyson's house, and is recommending it for the view it commands of the grounds of the Poet. The view of the Poet is not included in the lease, but is sold by implication.

FIGARO publishes a few figures showing the circulation of some of the most popular journals in France. The issue for last month was: *Figaro*, 1,704,000 copies; *Peuple*, 1,430,000; *National*, 1,200,000; *Siccle*, 1,050,000; *Rappel*, 930,000; *Liberte*, 450,000. The *Peuple* and *National* are sou papers, the former the organ of the Emperor, and the latter of the moderate party.

THE newspaper accounts of Lord Derby assert that he was the author of a little book for children in explanation of the Scripture parables. "This," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "is a mistake. The author of the work in question was either his father or his grandfather. We believe the claim is due to Edward, the twelfth Earl of Derby, who died in 1834, and was grandfather of the lately deceased statesman."

LE FIGARO says of Sainte Beuvé that few people ever wore mourning so often as he did. He made an ideal of the character and future of his famous contemporaries, which was seldom realized. When he perceived that he must renounce his chimera he put crape on his hat, and simply said, "Such an one is dead, and I am wearing mourning for him." Thus he mourned for Lamartine, Lamennais, Victor Hugo, Buloz, Chateaubriand, and Béranger.

THE following strange occurrence is vouched for by a South London magazine. It would appear that "at a concert given a short time since in Walworth a gentleman startled the audience by reciting Paul's defence in Greek. In order to keep up the idea of the apostle as a prisoner, the reciter was led on to the platform by a long heavy chain, which was bound round his waist. He did not however, consider it necessary to dispense with his white kid gloves. The Greek, the chain, and the gloves, together had a curious effect.

THE great improvements that have been lately introduced in all species of firearms are eclipsed by the discovery made by a Captain Piazza, who belongs to the Italian army, but who is ready to sell his invention to the first bidder. His object is the benevolent one of freeing the world of war. In a pamphlet now circulating among the officers of the army in Paris, entitled, "L'Abolition des Armées Permanentes," he endeavors to explain that by means of a small machine, which he is ready to sell for a few hundred francs, he can insure such precision of fire for large guns and small arms that the most ignorant man will be able to calculate without

difficulty the distance of the object he is aiming at, and the height of the trajectory, and also be certain that he will hit his mark. True merit is so often unrecognized that no one will be surprised to hear Captain Piazza has as yet met with no purchaser of his machine, and is still open to a bid.

THE number of women studying medicine at the University of Zurich increases steadily in geometric progression. Four years ago there was but one, the next year there were two, the next year four, last year there were eight, and there are now sixteen. We are assured (it is true by a partisan of the movement) that none of the inconveniences which it was feared might arise from women being allowed to share the school with men have at present been experienced, the classes are as large as ever, and the dean reports that the innovation has undoubtedly improved the discipline of the school.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Times forwards a picturesque account of a sudden rise of the Nile which took place last month. He was sleeping in a house, in a village four miles south of the Pyramids, when he was awakened by a Bedouin, who warned him that the river was rising, and he fled first to the roof and afterwards to a rising ground, where the whole village had collected. The river rose steadily, "monopolizing even the noise," and as it rose, "house after house surged and came down with a dull souse into the water," amidst the wailings of the Arabs. With the last house, however, the wailings ceased, the men stood resigned, the women seemed to find the incident a relief from monotony, and the old Sheikh of the village went about gravely encouraging each in turn. The writer had constructed a raft, but the Sheikh thought Allah was merciful, the raft too frail, and the current too strong, and declined the responsibility. Aid, however, was procured at last, and the good-humored, patient people were rescued.

THE Pall Mall Gazette publishes a ghastly complaint from one of its innumerable correspondents. It is evidently Mr. Bob Sawyer who writes:—

"The scarcity of bodies supplied for dissection in our metropolitan medical schools is becoming more and more marked each year. Formerly, on the first day of October, which is the commencement of the medical session, bodies were in readiness on which the students might study anatomy practically; whereas, at the beginning of the present week only eight subjects in all had been distributed among the eleven metropolitan medical schools. If this want continue much longer, men will have to go to the continental schools, or the study of anatomy will be very imperfectly pursued, whereby the advancement of surgery will receive a mortal wound,—the public being the sufferers. Either the stringent 'Anatomy Act' must be revised, or existing impediments to a proper supply of subjects under its working must be removed. In Paris bodies can be obtained for dissection or for the practice of operations for five francs each, whilst in London they cost upwards of £3 each. The experiment of bringing up unclaimed bodies from the country workhouses has been attempted, but the expense attending their carriage to London has rendered it impracticable. Not many years ago a system of secret exportation was for some time successfully carried on from Liverpool to the Scottish medical schools, as great difficulty was experienced in obtaining them

there otherwise. The conviction and punishment of the offenders under the prosecution of the late Sir Charles Crompton effectually put a stop to the proceeding, but gave rise to an increased amount of 'body-snatching.'

A WRITER in the Theatrical and Musical Review tells the following rather tough story of Malibran: "The famous Malibran almost always fainted at the conclusion of *Otello*. The reason of this was as follows: When quite a child she accompanied her father the famous Garcia, to New York, where he was engaged as tenor at the opera. One Monday he returned to his daughter, who was also his pupil, and informed her that the *prima donna* was seriously ill, and that she must be ready to play Desdemona on Wednesday. She knew the music perfectly, but as she had never sung on a public stage she naturally wished to get off this sudden and unexpected *début*; but Garcia would not hear of it. With a brutality which, by the way, was not unusual with him, he told her that she must sing the part, and that if she did not come up to his expectations he would kill her on the spot, for which purpose he should on that night take a real dagger instead of a stage one. The night arrived, and Malibran achieved quite a success. All went well until the last act. Then as Othello was stealing up to the recumbent Desdemona a shrill scream ran through the house, and Malibran, jumping up from the couch, rushed off the stage. The curtain was let down, and the opera came to an untimely end. It was soon discovered that Malibran was missing. Search was instituted for her by the police, but for two days she could not be found. Then she was discovered hiding behind some timber in a timber-yard half dead with fright and starvation. The effect of this, her first appearance in the part, was so indelibly imprinted on her recollection that whenever she sang it the circumstances came back to her and often resulted in a fainting fit at the close of the opera. As an intimate friend of Malibran's, who heard the story from her own lips, I can vouch for its authenticity."

A FLORENCE newspaper, *L'Italie*, extracts from the "Annales de la Médecine et de la Chirurgie Étrangère" the following extraordinary history, which is quite as ingenious as About's "Nose of a Notary," or his "Man with the Broken Ear." In relating the circumstances the Italian paper does not give implicit credence to the statement.

"On the 18th of April, 1868, in the prison of Villarcia (province of Minas-Geraes), in Brazil, two men named Aveiro and Carines were executed at the same time. In Brazil executions take place with closed doors, in the interior of the prison. Dr. Lorenzo y Carmo, of Rio Janeiro, well known by savans for his remarkable works on electricity applied to physiology, his surgical skill, and his success in autoplasmic operations, obtained permission to profit by this event in order to experiment on the power of electricity, and illustrate its analogy with some of the phenomena of life. The numerous experiments hitherto attempted have been made on the head and trunk separately. Dr. Lorenzo y Carmo's design was, if possible, to unite the head to the neck after decapitation. The heads of the two criminals fell within a few minutes of each other into the same basket; first that of Carines, then that of Aveiro. Immediately after this second execution a compression was effected by a pupil of

Dr. Lorenzo on the carotid arteries of one of the heads so as to stop the hemorrhage. The body was then placed on a bed already prepared, and Dr. Lorenzo stuck the head as exactly as possible on the section and kept it in that position. The cells of a powerful electric pile were applied to the base of the neck and on the breast. Under this influence, as in former experiments, the respiratory movements were at once perceptible. As the blood, which penetrated in abundance through the surface of the scar, threatened to stop the passage of air, Dr. Lorenzo had recourse to tracheotomy. Respiration then ensued regularly. The head was fastened to the body by stitches and by a special apparatus. The physiologist wished to ascertain for how long a time this appearance of life could thus be artificially maintained. His astonishment was great when he saw that at the end of two hours not only did respiration still continue under the influence of the electric current, but that circulation had even resumed a certain regularity. The pulse beat feebly, but sensibly. The experiment was continued without intermission.

"At the end of sixty-two hours it was evident, to the astonishment of every one, that a process of cicatrization had commenced on the lips of the section. A little later signs of life manifested themselves spontaneously in the head and limbs till then deprived of motion. At this moment the director of the prison arriving for the first time in the experiment room observed that by a singular mistake, due to the haste of the operation, the head of Carines had been taken for that of Aveiro, and had been applied to the body of the latter. The experiment was continued notwithstanding. Three days later the respiratory movements reproduced themselves and electricity was suppressed. Dr. Lorenzo y Carmo, and his assistants were stupefied, frightened at a result so unexpected, and at the power of an agent which, in their hands, had restored life to a body whose right to exist the law had forfeited.

"The learned surgeon, who had only had in view a simple physiological experiment, employed all his skill to continue this work, which science, aided against all expectation by nature, had so singularly commenced. He assisted the process of cicatrization, which progressed under the most favorable conditions. By means of an œsophagian probe liquid nourishment was introduced into the stomach. At the end of about three months the cicatrization was complete, and motion, though still difficult, became more and more extended. At length, at the end of seven months and a half, Aveiro-Carines was able to rise and walk, feeling only a slight stiffness in the neck and a feebleness in the limbs.

"So ends this remarkable story. Who can tell the results of scientific investigation carried so far? In families natural defects may be remedied by readjusting heads and bodies not originally proportioned for each other, and human beings dissatisfied with their sex may, under the benevolent system of Dr. Lorenzo y Carmo repair the error of their origin. It will be a question for lawyers to determine to what nationality these future beings are to belong if head and body have previously owed a separate allegiance. But if the system holds good in violent deaths, surely it may be applied to deaths ensuing, as the coroners' juries have it, from natural causes. In this case we might preserve our statesmen and celebrities forever. Opponents of the system would, however, be found in heirs-apparent."

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THE DEATH PENALTY.

A NARRATIVE.

BY JULES SIMON.

[Translated from the French by MR. W. H. HUNTINGTON for EVERY SATURDAY.]

PART SECOND.

I.

EVERY one knows that after the revolution of 1830, there was a sort of revival of chouannery in Brittany. I was then quite young, and could have only instincts and feelings in regard to political matters. For the rest, my father was republican, and I was so from obedience, awaiting my becoming so from study and reflection. My opinions rendered it easy for me to be impartial. They made me no enemies; my republicanism was tolerated as reverry is tolerated in a poet. My family had sent me to the college at Vannes, where I learned a little Latin and a little French under the direction of the Abbé Ropert, an excellent man, who did not know much of either. There were a hundred of us scholars in the second class, of whom I was the youngest, for in that country, which has perhaps advanced since, but was then behindhand with the world, the population of the colleges was made up, for the most part, of overgrown boys, removed from the plough by the vanity of their parents or the liberality of their curés to prepare themselves for the priesthood. I still remember my fellow-disciples, in short jacket and wooden shoes, with their long hair and their twenty-five years, but who, because they were collegians and because every condition of life has its privileges, were as thoroughly boys as myself. They were not so, however, in their political sentiments, and there was, perhaps, not one of them who was not chouan to the tips of his fingers. Our college had deserted in a body under the first revolution, to go and fight in the Landes under Cadoudal. Our superiors were not a little proud of this grand feat of arms of our predecessors, and took care to remind us of it from time to time, with a self-complacency that was quite infectious. It is not astonishing, therefore, that several of our fellows joined Guillemot's band during the vacation of 1831. At our return next term we younger ones had our ears filled with the marvellous recitals of their campaign. I venture to think that they were slightly embellished. There was one who had set fire to a barn; others had kept the field for days together against a company of movable

gendarmery; others had plundered a diligence that was taking the money from the sub-collector at Ploërmel to Vannes. Guyomar, who was one of the most brilliant in the class of rhetoric, affirmed that he had held the conductor under his knee for more than half an hour; and although he had not his equal for turning a Latin verse, he was prouder of this nocturnal expedition than of his best distichs. I have always had a suspicion that he borrowed the most of his stirring reports from *Jean Shogar*, a novel that was an immense favorite with us, for he was by nature wholly averse to anything like disorder and violence. Then there was Raynal, who boasted of having torn down the tri-colored flag that hung over the door of the town-hall, with his own hand, in open day. Three officers of the customs wanted to prevent him, but he had shouted *Vive le Roi!* so vigorously, and all the fellows of Sarzeau and of Port Navalo had gathered about him so promptly, that the officers concluded resistance was quite impossible, and quietly sheathed their swords again.

The oldest of our comrades was a peasant from Saint Allouestre, who was to take orders in a few months. He had two brothers, one of whom, the oldest of the family, was a farmer, and the other, who was entering the third class, had just been drawn in the conscription of that year. The name of the brothers was Nayl, and although they were peasants they made a good figure among us, seeing that their father was something of a farmer and that they were admitted, on all hands, to be the best scholars in the college. They were never heard talking chouannery, and none could have told whether they were Whites or Blues. When Guyomar or another was narrating his exploits to an admiring circle, they stopped to listen like the rest, but without expressing their opinion, contenting themselves at the finest passages with exchanging a smile with each other. For the rest they were shy, quiet fellows, as properly behaved as girls, always exact to the hour, walking off by themselves on holidays, — for they were devoted to each other, — and so attentive to their religious duties that Abbé Flohy, the chaplain, always held them up to us as a model. They were my neighbors, lodging in the

Rue des Chanoines, close by the cathedral in the house of a widow, who kept a table for eight or ten scholars. I have often been to see them in their little room, where they were all three crowded in, when the oldest brother came to town, and I sat on the bed seeing there were only three chairs.

We used to con our lessons together or read some book we had borrowed from one of the vicars of Saint Patern. We were entirely our own masters after class hours, yet I am sure we should not have been steadier or more studious if we had been shut up in a seminary. I should have laughed indeed, when we embraced each other the morning after the distribution of prizes before going home to our parents, if any one had told me that four months later I should see my three comrades sentenced to death.

II.

My family was then living in Belle Isle. The lugger that brought me back at the opening of term was obliged to beat through the Morbihan, and could not enter the channel till about nine in the morning. I was late for the mass of the Saint Esprit, and went straight from the boat to the chapel. My first care as soon as I reached my seat was to cast a glance around in search of my friends, but I could discover them nowhere, which greatly surprised me; for none of us ventured on liberties with the regulations, and nothing short of serious illness was excuse for absence. Several of my comrades at a distance answered my cheerful nods of recognition with a grave air that increased my uneasiness. I was on nettles till the end of the ceremony, and did not wait till we were out of the church to ask Guyomar what had become of the Nayls, and if there was anything new.

"Then you know nothing at Belle Isle of what is going on?" he asked.

"Why, no," I replied; "we have heard of the murder at Bignan; but no other news from the Continent has reached us."

"Exactly," said he, "it is just that death of M. Brossard which makes us all so sad, and we cannot yet understand how the Nayls could have done it."

"The Nayls!" I exclaimed; "and what have they to do with this horrible affair?" For even after Guyomar's words my mind still would not take in the idea that he accused them of being the assassins. When he repeated the charge, adding that the three brothers were in prison, and that they would be tried at the coming assizes, I felt my blood chill; everything turned about me, and I fell fainting on the steps of the chapel. I was carried to my lodgings, where I lay helpless for some hours. As soon as I had recovered strength enough to rise, I went to M. Le Névé, our principal, hoping still that I had been deceived, and wishing, at any rate, to be enlightened about the matter, and learn all the details.

I had no need to question him; for as soon as he saw me he came forward, giving me his hand and weeping. "But they are innocent," he said; "I would take my oath of it, and yet appearances are all against them. I am summoned as witness. I will do them justice. I will tell all the good I know of them. Children that I have brought up, whom I have known for these ten years, and who are an example for the whole college, cannot be murderers. Have no fear, we will save them. Jourdan has promised me to save them."

Although the principal's confident assurances did

not entirely remove my anxiety, they helped to calm my agitation. I learned that the family had arrived in Vannes two days before, and hastened to call on them. There were the father and mother, and the wife of the eldest son, who was already married, although he was but twenty-four years old. I found the women seated in a corner, their aprons thrown over their heads and weeping bitterly. The old man was standing, holding his penbach in his hand, his gaze fixed and vacant. As I entered the women broke out in louder wailing, interrupted by heart-rending sobs. The father grasped my hand and held it long in his. Finally, I led him near the only window, and making a great effort to speak, for my heart was choking my throat, I said, "Are they guilty?" He hardly moved his lips, and uttered but a single phrase. It made me shudder. The father had answered, "I believe so."

III.

I was beginning to believe so too, while constantly repeating to myself, "We will save them!" M. Le Névé had informed me of two or three circumstances that threw me into terrible doubt. He had told me that Father Nayl was a determined chouan, whose hostility was so notorious that the prefect had placed a guard in his house to watch his movements. Jean Pierre, the third son, had reached the age for military conscription that year. We had supposed, from the number that he drew, that he was exonerated from military service. It proved, on the contrary, when the reviewing commission had completed their examinations, to be within the limits of the draft allotted to his district. He had immediately left his father's house to avoid serving, and his two brothers had followed him. In that and the preceding year, at least one fourth of the young soldiers had deserted rather than be enrolled among the Blues, and there were several bands of refractories roving through the country, tracked from village to village by the movable gendarmery. This little troop, swollen by numerous tributary malcontents, and by such as cherished the hope of reviving the chouannery, was usually broken up into bands of fifteen or twenty, but gathered together sometimes, to the number of seven or eight hundred, whether to count their forces or essay some bold adventure.

Every peasant was their friend, and when, toward nightfall, three knocks were heard on the window, the farmer hastened to open the door, which was well barricaded within as soon as they entered. The farmer's wife then put buckwheat cakes, bread, pork, and a pitcher of cider on the table; the farm hands filled their pipes for them, cleaned their guns, renewed their supplies, and drew out for them from the common chest their best shoes, gaiters, coats, whatever could soften the hardship of their lives. When supper was over they recited the prayer together. Then the women went to bed, and the men, blowing out the resin candle, sat before the fireplace, speaking evil of government and discussing plans of vengeance and insurrection. Often such meetings were broken in on by the barking of a dog, that announced the approach of strangers. Then every man sprang to his gun, and the master of the house went up to the garret window to try to see what was going on without. If it was the gendarmes, they counted them and counted themselves. Oftenest they tried to fly, to hide under the hay, to make a hole in the thatch of the roof and escape by the rear of the

house, while the door was getting itself slowly opened. But sometimes they appealed to force, and the gendarmes found themselves caught in a trap. Blood had flowed in many a rencounter, and, as it befalls in civil wars, there was hatred on both sides,—a hatred that grew day by day. The soldiers kept count of the comrades they had lost; the refractories, by dint of living in outlawry and gun in hand, took on more savageness of manners. A fact of quite recent occurrence had exasperated them. It had been reported and repeated throughout the country that the government of July had abolished the penalty of the galleys for political offences. Nevertheless, Nagat and the two brothers Jégu, who had stopped the mail-coach between Ploërmel and Malestroît, had been condemned to hard labor for twenty years. It was lost breath for the Blues to say that it was a case of plotted robbery committed at night on the highway; Breton peasants were deaf of that ear. They knew that the Jégus were refractories, that the government money taken from the mail had been remitted intact to the military chest of the little insurrectionary army. The crime, then, that had sent their friends to the galleys at Brest was evidently a political crime. It was evident, then, that government combined trick with brute force in the means it used against them. They were killed and they were cheated; conflagrations and assassinations were the response to this and some other condemnations of a like kind. At that moment, perhaps, there needed only an able, enterprising man to give the agitation formidable development.

Orders had been given to all the mayors to denounce to the superior authorities the refractories who were in hiding in their communes. This order was posted at the door of all the town halls. Within an hour, just beneath the official placard, another was to be read, in which all mayors who obeyed the orders of government were threatened with death. At Landévant, a small commune near Hennebont, this daring menace was openly posted just after vespers, in presence of all the village and of the mayor's adjunct, who did not dare to open his mouth.

Nothing was more precarious than the position of these magistrates, the most of whom had not at their command a gendarme, or a custom-house officer, or so much as an ordinary country policeman. Some of them were at heart with the insurgents, and warned them in advance of the approach of the gendarmes. There were villages where it was hard to find a single Blue; in others the mayor was the only functionary who knew how to read. M. Lorois, the prefect, had conceived it to be a wise policy to appoint to municipal offices, everywhere that it was possible, old soldiers either of the Republic or of the Empire. But such men, so lately released from proscription, so unexpectedly become magistrates, wanted both social authority and confidence in themselves. It was necessary to bring both menaces and promises to bear in order to obtain from them here and there some timid notifications.

Once or twice the king's attorney came to know through them of the rendezvous of a band, and was able to effect some arrests. The chouans resolved to take vengeance on the informers in a way that should produce a striking effect. I say the chouans; perhaps I am wrong, but at any rate they took that name, formerly made illustrious by noble daring, which many of them, doubtless,

moved by love of evil-doing, void of any political faith, were unworthy to bear.

Bignan is a large burg of the canton of Saint Jean Brévelay, not far from Locminé. It has a considerable trade in hemp and cattle, so that it is the residence of six or eight large dealers, half peasants, half bourgeois, who go only to the first mass of a Sunday, and have the reputation, not without reason, of being violent Blues. M. Brossard, an ex-official in the revenue department, deprived of his post under Charles X., was the best educated man of this little group. He had been appointed mayor after the 29th of July, and had distinguished himself in the first year of his administration by refusing to march behind the canopy, girt with his official scarf, in the procession of the *Fête Dieu*. An act which, as a necessary consequence, made him the oracle of all the Blues of Bignan and its vicinity, and an object of execration to the chouans. His friends warned him to have a care of himself; but he paid no heed to their counsels, and could be met with at any time alone in the high-banked roads outside the village, where it is as easy to kill a man as to shoot at a target.

When the notice from the prefecture relative to the refractories reached him, he resolved to post it himself after the grand mass, and to make a speech to the people. He was rather given to such displays, for he was much of an orator, and, like all men who are conscious of their gift of eloquence, he was fond of speaking. He awaited, then, the close of the grand mass, and when the bell had rung for the *Angelus*, which they always say in Brittany after the *Te missa est* before the congregation disperses, he marched out solemnly from the town-house, preceded by the town drummer and a little boy of twelve years or so, whom he styled his secretary. First, he ordered the ban to be beaten, then he took off his cap, mounted on a great stone, read aloud the proclamation of the prefect, made boast of having himself instigated it, and closed with a most emphatic declaration of his zeal to obey its injunctions, and of his determination to purge the commune of the brigands by whom it was infested.

Eight of these brigands were present right in front of him, with their friends and relatives; and it was at their choice to have made an end of the mayor then and there. He was perfectly aware of the fact; but he did not blench for an instant under their fierce glances. He fastened the placard to the wall with his own hands, descended from his pedestal, carefully folded up his tricolored scarf, put it in his pocket, and walked straight up to that one of the refractories who passed for the chief of the band.

"Well, Jean Brien," he said, "you have heard! You know what is left for you to do. I give you twenty-four hours to be off. If at the end of twenty-four hours you are not out of the commune, I write to the King's prosecuting attorney, and shall have you seized in your bed."

"You will not do that, M. Brossard," said Jean Brien. "You are a Blue, but you were born in our country. You know very well that I am at my father's; you will not inform against me."

"I will denounce you—you and the rest—as sure as there is a God," replied M. Brossard; "so you are fully warned."

No one took up the word. The mayor pushed his way through the crowd with some difficulty, and crossed the street to enter a wine shop, where he seated himself to play a game of cards with the

revenue collector and an itinerant merchant, named Gautron, who had come to Bignan for the approaching fair.

The peasants remained for a long time in compact groups about the door of the town-house. But no one touched the proclamation, or even attempted, as had been done elsewhere, to affix a seditious one beneath it. The wine shops did a poor business that day, for no one quitted the churchyard between mass and vespers. All the peasants remained there, motionless, not talking among themselves, not crying out, the men standing, the women seated on the tombstones. The mother of Jean Brien approached him two or three times, and motioned to take him by the arm. He gently put her off, and drew aside with the other refractories. At the last stroke of the vesper bell everybody entered the church. The mayor then came to the door of the wine shop, looked across to his intact hand-bill, and turning to his confederates with profound satisfaction, remarked, "All that is wanted is to have a little firmness."

The Hemp Fair fell on the following Wednesday, and the gendarmes of Plumelec were to come to Bignan for the day. Under the circumstances, however, no one was surprised to see arrive as early as Tuesday a score of men of the 43d of the line, headed by a sergeant, and as many movable gendarmes.

The mayor made himself very busy with the installing of his garrison. He kept the sub-officers to supper, and advised them that the refractories had not quitted the commune, that they had assembled at Kerdroguen, about half a league distant, in the house of a rich miller, who had more than once joined them in the field during the past year; that young men strangers to the country, had been seen slipping through the garden into the mill; that there were, perhaps, twenty of them in all, — well armed for the most part, — and that it was necessary to arrest them that night, because they might find defenders among the peasants, who would be flocking along the roads from early morning of the next day.

The adjunct, who had been a sergeant in the army, undertook to guide the soldiers and the movable gendarmes through the fields, so as to take the mill in the rear, while the gendarmes from Plumelec should come up by the road straight to the door. As for the mayor, he declared himself fully competent to do all the police service of the burg alone, until the return of the expedition. This was rather a rash promise, for in the Breton villages on fair days the population is astir by four o'clock in the morning. There is unpacking of merchandise and setting up of stalls; slices of pork begin to sing in the frying-pans; the cider-barrels are tapped; the blind and the halt lift up their voices; the mountebanks are nailing together their booth with loud hammer-strokes, and the cattle mingle their lowing with the noisy confusion. But M. Brossard was only the more delighted at having so fine an opportunity for the display of his zeal and activity. After the departure of his guests he threw himself on his bed without undressing, recommended his adjunct to wake him as soon as the prisoners were brought in and fell peacefully asleep.

The night was dark. The soldiers went out of the village in different directions, and reassembled at a little distance. They were not a quarter of an hour in reaching Kerdroguen, and about midnight the house was surrounded. Hidden behind a clump of apple-trees that grew almost to a level

with the roof, — the mill being at the base of a slope, — the adjunct discerned the officer from Plumelec arriving with his four men, and heard him knock at the door of the mill. Immediately a dog fell a-barking; but no one answered from within. The men in ambuscade put their hands on their gunlocks and held themselves ready at the slightest signal to run to the aid of their comrades. No movement was discoverable in or about the house, and when the dog ceased barking, nothing was heard but the gurgling of the water under the paddles of the wheel.

During this expectant interval, which lasted a full quarter of an hour, the officer repeatedly beat on the door, calling to the miller by name, and warning him that he should be obliged to use force if it were not presently opened. At last, receiving no answer, he gave orders to break in the door. At this moment most of the soldiers hastened up to lend their aid to the operation, but the door yielded at the first blow, and the company entered.

Within all was dark as an oven. The adjunct struck fire, and some resin candles were soon lighted. A careful search then began in the first chamber. The table-cloth was on the great chest with the plates and mugs; it was evident that fifteen or twenty persons had supped there. Two beds, one placed above the other, as is usual in Breton cottages, had not been disturbed. Of the four or five guns that ordinarily garnished the chimney, not one was to be seen.

Suddenly steps were heard in the upper story. The room where the soldiers were immediately became as silent as the grave. All raised their eyes to the ill-jointed planks that served for a ceiling; they seemed to see the muzzle of a gun in every crack. A rickety ladder led to the upper floor. The sergeant rushed to it, like a soldier who sees a bomb fall within ten paces of his company and devotes his life to save his comrades. Some resolute men followed him. They raised the trap-door, and found themselves in the upper story of the mill, in presence of the mother and wife of the miller. In this fortress, so easy of defence, there was no other garrison. They groped under the beds and the chests, ransacked every corner of the mill, thrust their swords into more than one sack of grain, tried the lathes that sustained the thatch, to make sure they were firmly nailed and had not let the fugitives escape by the roof. At last, it was proved past doubting that the band had left before they reached the mill. The affair was a hopeless failure. The sergeant cried for rage. He was the last to leave, and wanted to go down the bank to see if any one were concealed along the stream. He had to be forced away and reasoned into something like calmness.

It was now nearly three in the morning, so minute and persistent had been the examination of the localities. The troops resumed the route to Bignan, on the active lookout all the way, questioning the trees and thickets with watchful eye. No discovery rewarded their vigilance. There was nothing left for it but to wake up the mayor and report their disappointment.

IV.

M. Brossard dwelt in the centre of the burg. He occupied a small new house having two windows on the street. On the ground-floor were two rooms, — a kitchen on one side, and a dining room on the other, separated by an entry-way and staircase.

The mayor's chamber was above the dining-room; a large room adjoining this chamber was unoccupied, and contained only two or three large clothes-presses. Above, in an unpartitioned garret, slept the old peasant woman, utterly deaf, who kept the house in order, and occasionally did a little cooking when M. Brossard did not dine at the White Horse. The main door opening on the street was never closed with more than the latch. A bell within, which was set in motion by the opening of the door, sufficed for the protection of M. Brossard, in a country where they commit a murder sometimes, but where they almost never rob. On a shelf in the entry were a lantern and matches, at hand for the mayor when he came home after nightfall.

The adjunct, who knew the ways of the house, left the soldiers stationed before the door, went in with the three non-commissioned officers, lighted the lantern, ascended the staircase, and came near falling against the chamber door. At the instant, the brigadier of gendarmery suddenly caught him by the arm.

"Here is water on the floor," he said.

The adjunct looked and saw a puddle at his feet. He quickly held down the lantern and uttered a loud cry. His three companions had stooped at the same time as himself, and were all three regarding this pool with horror.

The brigadier was the first to rise.

"It is blood," he said; "there has been mischief here!" They burst at once into the sleeping-room of the mayor.

Except a penetrating offensive odor, they remarked at first nothing unusual. The furniture was not deranged; the white curtains fell on both sides of the bed where the mayor was lying. They approached him and saw that the sheets were spotted with blood, but they had been carefully spread over the body. The adjunct laid his hand upon it; it was already cold. When he raised the sheet to feel the heart, the three officers uttered a cry of horror. There was the proclamation, threatening the chovans, fastened with a knife thrust in the victim's breast. The gendarme from Plumelec, who had had experience in drawing up the preparatory report in similar cases, now set about examining the room. He went to the secretary; the key was in the lock and he opened it. Everything was in order; the money was untouched in the drawer. A chest of drawers, containing linen and other effects, had not been disturbed. A writing-table of stained wood was in the state M. Brossard had left it. The pens, inkstand, pencils, paper were arranged in the same order they had been left in over night. The floor was covered with mud and blood; it was evident that more than fifteen persons had entered there, and that they came from walking in wet roads. Traces even were observed of the kind of clayey earth that is found on this Kerdroguen road. The marks of heavy nailed shoes and wooden shoes were still visible in the moist dirt, where the butts of guns had also left their traces. The officer searched under the bed, turned up the foot-rug by the side of it, and shook the curtains, without finding anything that might lead to a knowledge of who were the guilty actors. It was only at the moment of quitting the room that the adjunct perceived behind a chair a hat that he did not recognize as having belonged to the mayor. He took it up, and, examining it by the light of the lantern, could see the following

words written on the inside: "Jean Pierre Nayl, student in the College at Vannes, Rue des Chanoines, No. 17."

While the above researches were carried on, the gendarmes and soldiers were scouring the country on all sides. Among the attendants at the fair next day, sentiments were divided. Some approved the assassination; the larger number blamed it; the legitimists in particular loudly expressed their indignation; no one, however, stirred a foot to aid the gendarmes in their search. Jean Brien, who was looked on as the leader of the enterprise, could not be found; but they succeeded in laying hands on Jean Pierre Nayl and his two brothers.

It was proved that he had set out with them to join the band of Bignan four days before the murder. They were arrested at a charcoal burner's hut within gunshot of Saint Allouestre. They made no resistance and quietly submitted to be conducted to the jail at Vannes. Everybody knew them in the Rue du Mené and everybody pitied them as they passed there in open day, the three tied to each other by a rope. Widow Guillemin, at whose house they lodged, had the courage to go and kiss them in the middle of the street, and tell them she had no doubt of their innocence.

It was known at Vannes, a few days after, that on the Sunday preceding the murder, old Father Nayl had declared before all the world on the bowling-ground, that if a mayor denounced refractories he ought to have *his business settled for him*; that it would be a right thing to do, and that he only hoped, if his sons were denounced, that they might have time to revenge themselves before they were caught.

MARY GRESLEY.

AN EDITOR'S STORY.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

WE have known many prettier girls than Mary Gresley, and many handsomer women,—but we never knew girl or woman gifted with a face which in supplication was more assuasive, in grief more sad, in mirth more merry. It was a face that compelled sympathy, and it did so with the conviction on the mind of the sympathizer that the girl was altogether unconscious of her own power. In her intercourse with us there was, alas! much more of sorrow than of mirth, and we may truly say that in her sufferings we suffered; but still there came to us from our intercourse with her much of delight mingled with the sorrow; and that delight arose, partly no doubt, from her woman's charms,—from the bright eye, the beseeching mouth, the soft little hand, and the feminine grace of her unpretending garments,—but chiefly, we think, from the extreme humanity of the girl. She had, little, indeed none, of that which the world calls society, but yet she was pre-eminently social. Her troubles were very heavy, but she was making ever an unconscious effort to throw them aside, and to be jocund in spite of their weight. She would even laugh at them, and at herself as bearing them. She was a little fair-haired creature, with broad brow and small nose and dimpled chin, with no brightness of complexion, no luxuriance of hair, no swelling glory of bust and shoulders; but with a pair of eyes which, as they looked at you, would be gemmed always either with a tear or with some spark of laughter, and with a mouth in the corners of which was ever lurking some little spark of humor, unless when

some unspoken prayer seemed to be hanging on her lips. Of woman's vanity she had absolutely none. Of her corporeal self, as having charms to rivet man's love, she thought no more than does a dog. It was a fault with her that she lacked that quality of womanhood. To be loved was to her all the world; unconscious desire for the admiration of men was as strong in her as in other women; and her instinct taught her, as such instincts do teach all women, that such love and admiration were to be the fruit of what feminine gifts she possessed; but the gifts on which she depended — depending on them without thinking on the matter — were her softness, her trust, her woman's weakness, and that power of supplicating by her eye without putting her petition into words which was absolutely irresistible. Where is the man of fifty, who in the course of his life has not learned to love some woman simply because it has come in his way to help her, and to be good to her in her struggles? And if added to that source of affection there be brightness, some spark of humor, social gifts, and a strong flavor of that which we have ventured to call humanity, such love may become almost a passion without the addition of much real beauty.

But in thus talking of love we must guard ourselves somewhat from miscomprehension. In love with Mary Gresley, after the common sense of the word, we never were, nor would it have become us to be so. Had such a state of being unfortunately befallen us, we certainly should be silent on the subject. We were married and old; she was very young, and engaged to be married, always talking to us of her engagement as a thing fixed as the stars. She looked upon us, no doubt, — after she had ceased to regard us simply in our editorial capacity, — as a subsidiary old uncle whom Providence had supplied to her, in order, that if it were possible, the troubles of her life might be somewhat eased by assistance to her from that special quarter. We regarded her first almost as a child, and then as a young woman to whom we owed that sort of protecting care which a graybeard should ever be ready to give to the weakness of feminine adolescence. Nevertheless, we were in love with her, and we think such a state of love to be a wholesome and natural condition. We might, indeed, have loved her grandmother, — but the love would have been very different. Had circumstances brought us into connection with her grandmother, we hope we should have done our duty, and had that old lady been our friend, we should, we trust, have done it with alacrity. But in our intercourse with Mary Gresley there was more than that. She charmed us. We learned to love the hue of that dark gray stuff frock which she seemed always to wear. When she would sit in the low arm-chair opposite to us, looking up into our eyes as we spoke to her words which must often have stabbed her little heart, we were wont to caress her with that inward undemonstrative embrace that one spirit is able to confer upon another. We thought of her constantly, perplexing our mind for her succor. We forgave all her faults. We exaggerated her virtues. We exerted ourselves for her with a zeal that was perhaps fatuous. Though we attempted sometimes to look black at her, telling her that our time was too precious to be wasted in conversation with her, she soon learned to know how welcome she was to us. Her glove — which, by the by, was never tattered, though she was very poor — was an object of regard to us. Her grand-

mother's gloves would have been as unacceptable to us as any other morsel of old kid or cotton. Our heart bled for her. Now the heart may suffer much for the sorrows of a male friend, but it may hardly for such be said to bleed. We loved her, in short, as we should not have loved her, but that she was young and gentle, and could smile, — and, above all, but that she looked at us with those bright, beseeching, tear-laden eyes.

Sterne, in his latter days, when very near his end, wrote passionate love-letters to various women, and has been called hard names by Thackeray, — not for writing them, but because he thus showed himself to be incapable of that sincerity which should have bound him to one love. We do not ourselves much admire the sentimentalism of Sterne, finding the expression of it to be mawkish, and thinking that too often he misses the pathos for which he strives from a want of appreciation on his own part of that which is really vigorous in language and touching in sentiment. But we think that Thackeray has been somewhat wrong in throwing that blame on Sterne's heart which should have been attributed to his taste. The love which he declared when he was old and sick and dying — a worn-out wreck of a man — disgusts us, not because it was felt, or not felt, but because it was told; — and told as though the teller meant to offer more than that warmth of sympathy which woman's strength and woman's weakness combined will ever produce in the hearts of certain men. This is a sympathy with which neither age, nor crutches, nor matrimony, nor position of any sort need consider itself to be incompatible. It is unreasoning, and perhaps irrational. It gives to outward form and grace that which only inward merit can deserve. It is very dangerous because, unless watched, it leads to words which express that which is not intended. But, though it may be controlled, it cannot be killed. He, who is of his nature open to such impression, will feel it while breath remains to him. It was that which destroyed the character and happiness of Swift, and which made Sterne contemptible. We do not doubt that such unreasoning sympathy, exacted by feminine attraction, was always strong in Johnson's heart; but Johnson was strong over all, and could guard himself equally from misconduct and from ridicule. Such sympathy with women, such incapability of withstanding the feminine magnet was very strong with Goethe, who could guard himself from ridicule, but not from misconduct. To us the child of whom we are speaking — for she was so then — was ever a child. But she bore in her hand the power of that magnet, and we admit that the needle within our bosom was swayed by it. Her story — such as we have to tell it — was as follows.

Mary Gresley, at the time when we first knew her, was eighteen years old, and was the daughter of a medical practitioner, who had lived and died in a small town in one of the northern counties. For facility in telling our story we will call that town Cornboro. Dr. Gresley, as he seemed to have been called, though without proper claim to the title, had been a diligent man, and fairly successful, — except in this, that he died before he had been able to provide for those whom he left behind him. The widow still had her own modest fortune, amounting to some eighty pounds a year; and that, with the furniture of her house, was her whole wealth, when she found herself thus left with

the weight of the world upon her shoulders. There was one other daughter older than Mary, whom we never saw, but who was always mentioned as poor Fanny. There had been no sons, and the family consisted of the mother and the two girls. Mary had been only fifteen when her father died, and up to that time had been regarded quite as a child by all who had known her. Mrs. Gresley, in the hour of her need, did as widows do in such cases. She sought advice from her clergyman and neighbors, and was counselled to take a lodger into her house. No lodger could be found so fitting as the curate, and when Mary was seventeen years old, she and the curate were engaged to be married. The curate paid thirty pounds a year for his lodgings, and on this, with their own little income, the widow and her two daughters had managed to live. The engagement was known to them all as soon as it had been known to Mary. The love-making, indeed, had gone on beneath the eyes of the mother. There had been not only no deceit, no privacy, no separate interests, but, as far as we ever knew, no question as to prudence in the making of the engagement. The two young people had been brought together, had loved each other, as was so natural, and had become engaged as a matter of course. It was an event as easy to be foretold, or at least as easy to be believed, as the pairing of two birds. From what we heard of this curate, the Rev. Arthur Donne, — for we never saw him, — we fancy that he was a simple, pious, commonplace young man, imbued with a strong idea that in being made a priest he had been invested with a nobility and with some special capacity beyond that of other men, slight in body, weak in health, but honest, true, and warm-hearted. Then, the engagement having been completed, there arose the question of matrimony. The salary of the curate was a hundred a year. The whole income of the vicar, an old man, was, after payment made to his curate, two hundred a year. Could the curate, in such circumstances, afford to take to himself a penniless wife of seventeen? Mrs. Gresley was willing that the marriage should take place, and that they should all do as best they might on their joint income. The vicar's wife, who seems to have been a strong-minded, sage, though somewhat hard woman, took Mary aside, and told her that such a thing must not be. There would come, she said, children, and destitution, and ruin. She knew perhaps more than Mary knew when Mary told us her story, sitting opposite to us in the low arm-chair. It was the advice of the vicar's wife that the engagement should be broken off; but that, if the breaking of the engagement were impossible, there should be an indefinite period of waiting. Such engagements cannot be broken off. Young hearts will not consent to be thus torn asunder. The vicar's wife was too strong for them to get themselves married in her teeth, and the period of indefinite waiting was commenced.

And now for a moment we will go farther back among Mary's youthful days. Child as she seemed to be, she had in very early years taken a pen in her hand. The reader need hardly be told that had not such been the case there would not have arisen any cause for friendship between her and me. We are telling an Editor's tale, and it was in our editorial capacity that Mary first came to us. Well, — in her earliest attempts, in her very young days, she wrote, — Heaven knows what; poetry first no doubt; then, God help her, a tragedy;

after that, when the curate-influence first commenced, tales for the conversion of the ungodly; — and at last, before her engagement was a fact, having tried her wing at fiction, in the form of those false little dialogues between Tom the Saint and Bob the Sinner, she had completed a novel in one volume. She was then seventeen, was engaged to be married, and had completed her novel! Passing her in the street you would almost have taken her for a child to whom you might give an orange.

Hitherto her work had come from ambition, — or from a feeling of somewhat restless piety inspired by the curate. Now there arose in her young mind the question whether such talent as she possessed might not be turned to account for ways and means, and used to shorten, perhaps absolutely to annihilate, that uncertain period of waiting. The first novel was seen by "a man of letters" in her neighborhood, who pronounced it to be very clever; — not indeed fit as yet for publication, faulty in grammar, faulty even in spelling, — how I loved the tear that shone in her eye as she confessed this delinquency! — faulty of course in construction, and faulty in character; — but still clever. The man of letters had told her that she must begin again.

Unfortunate man of letters in having thrust upon him so terrible a task! In such circumstances what is the candid, honest, soft-hearted man of letters to do? "Go, girl, and mend your stockings. Learn to make a pie. If you work hard, it may be that some day your intellect will suffice to you to read a book and understand it. For the writing of a book that shall either interest or instruct a brother human being many gifts are required. Have you just reason to believe that they have been given to you?" That is what the candid, honest man of letters says who is not soft-hearted; — and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it will probably be the truth. The soft-hearted man of letters remembers that this case may be the hundredth; and, unless the blotted manuscript submitted to him is conclusive against such possibility, he reconciles it to his conscience to tune his counsel to that hope. Who can say that he is wrong? Unless such evidence be conclusive, who can venture to declare that this aspirant may not be the one who shall succeed? Who in such emergency does not remember the day in which he also was one of the hundred of whom the ninety-and-nine must fail? — and will not remember also the many convictions on his own mind that he certainly would not be the one appointed? The man of letters in the neighborhood of Cornboro to whom poor Mary's manuscript was shown was not sufficiently hard-hearted to make any strong attempt to deter her. He made no reference to the easy stockings, or the wholesome pie, — pointed out the manifest faults which he saw, and added — we do not doubt with much more energy than he threw into his words of censure — his comfortable assurance that there was great promise in the work. Mary Gresley that evening burned the manuscript, and began another, with the dictionary close at her elbow.

Then, during her work, there occurred two circumstances which brought upon her — and indeed, upon the household to which she belonged — intense sorrow and greatly increased trouble. The first of these applied more especially to herself. The Rev. Arthur Donne did not approve of novels, — of other novels than those dialogues between

Tom and Bob, of the falsehood of which he was unconscious, — and expressed a desire that the writing of them should be abandoned. How far the lover went in his attempt to enforce obedience we, of course, could not know; but he pronounced the edict, and the edict, though not obeyed, created tribulation. Then there came forth another edict which had to be obeyed, — an edict from the probable successor of the late Dr. Gresley, — ordering the poor curate to seek employment in some clime more congenial to his state of health than that in which he was then living. He was told that his throat and lungs and general apparatus for living and preaching were not strong enough for those hyperborean springs, and that he must seek a southern climate. He did do so, and, before I became acquainted with Mary, had transferred his services to a small town in Dorsetshire. The engagement, of course, was to be as valid as ever, though matrimony must be postponed, more indefinitely even than heretofore. But if Mary could write novels and sell them, then how glorious would it be to follow her lover into Dorsetshire! The Rev. Arthur Donne went, and the curate who came in his place was a married man, wanting a house, and not lodgings. So Mary Gresley persevered with her second novel, and completed it before she was eighteen.

The literary friend in the neighborhood — to the chance of whose acquaintance I was indebted for my subsequent friendship with Mary Gresley — found this work to be a great improvement on the first. He was an elderly man, who had been engaged nearly all his life in the conduct of a scientific and agricultural periodical, and was the last man whom I should have taken as a sound critic on works of fiction; but with spelling, grammatical construction, and the composition of sentences he was acquainted; and he assured Mary that her progress had been great. Should she burn that second story? she asked him. She would if he so recommended, and begin another the next day. Such was not his advice. "I have a friend in London," said he, "who has to do with such things, and you shall go to him. I will give you a letter." He gave her the fatal letter, and she came to us.

She came up to town with her novel; but not only with her novel, for she brought her mother with her. So great was her eloquence, so excellent her suasive power either with her tongue or by that look of supplication in her face, that she induced her mother to abandon her home in Cornboro, and trust herself to London lodgings. The house was let furnished to the new curate, and when I first heard of the Gresleys they were living on the second floor in a small street near to the Euston Square station. Poor Fanny, as she was called, was left in some humble home at Cornboro, and Mary travelled up to try her fortune in the great city. When we came to know her well we expressed our doubts as to the wisdom of such a step. Yes, the vicar's wife had been strong against the move. Mary confessed as much. That lady had spoken most forcible words, had uttered terrible predictions, had told sundry truths. But Mary had prevailed and the journey was made, and the lodgings were taken.

We can now come to the day on which we first saw her. She did not write, but came direct to us with her manuscript in her hand. "A young woman, sir, wants to see you," said the clerk, in that tone to which we were so well accustomed, and

which indicated the dislike which he had learned from us to the reception of unknown visitors.

"Young woman! What young woman?"

"Well, sir, she is a very young woman, — quite a girl like."

"I suppose she has got a name. Who sent her? I cannot see any young woman without knowing why. What does she want?"

"Got a manuscript in her hand, sir."

"I've no doubt she has and a ton of manuscript in drawers and cupboards. Tell her to write. I won't see any woman, young or old, without knowing who she is." The man retired, and soon returned with an envelope belonging to the office, on which was written, "Miss Mary Gresley, late of Cornboro." He also brought me a note from "the man of letters" down in Dorsetshire. "Of what sort is she?" I asked, looking at the introduction.

"She ain't amiss as to looks," said the clerk; "and she's modest-like." Now certainly it is the fact that all female literary aspirants are not "modest-like." We read our friend's letter through while poor Mary was standing at the counter below. How eagerly should we have run to greet her, to save her from the gaze of the public, to welcome her at least with a chair and the warmth of our editorial fire, had we guessed then what were her qualities! It was not long before she knew the way up to our sanctum without any clerk to show her, and not long before we knew well the sound of that low but not timid knock at our door, made, always with the handle of the parasol, with which her advent was heralded. We will confess that there was always music to our ears in that light tap from the little round wooden knob. The man of letters in Dorsetshire, whom we had known well for many years, had been never known to us with intimacy. We had bought with him and sold with him, had talked with him, and, perhaps, walked with him; but he was not one with whom we had eaten or drunk, or prayed. A dull, well-instructed, honest man he was, fond of his money, and, as we had thought, as unlikely as any man to be waked to enthusiasm by the ambitious dreams of a young girl. But Mary had been potent even over him, and he had written to me, saying that Miss Gresley was a young lady of exceeding promise, in respect of whom he had a strong presentiment that she would rise, if not to eminence, at least to a good position as a writer. "But she is very young," he added. Having read this letter, we at last desired our clerk to send the lady up.

We remember her step as she came to the door timid enough then, — hesitating but yet with an assumed lightness, as though she was determined to show us that she was not ashamed of what she was doing. She had on her head a light straw hat such as then was very unusual in London, — and is not now; we believe, commonly worn in the streets of the metropolis by ladies who believe themselves to know what they are about. But it was a hat worn up on her head, and not a straw plate done up with ribbons, and reaching down the incline of the forehead as far as the top of the nose. And she was dressed in a gray stuff frock, with a little black band round her waist. As far as our memory goes, we never saw her in any other dress, or with other hat or bonnet on her head. "And what can we do for you, — Miss Gresley?" we said, standing up and holding the literary gentleman's letter in our hand. We had almost said, "my dear," seeing her youth and remembering our own age. We were afterwards glad that we had not

so addressed her; though it came before long that we did call her "my dear,"—in quite another spirit.

She recoiled a little from the tone of our voice, but recovered herself at once. "Mr. — thinks that you can do something for me. I have written a novel, and I have brought it to you."

"You are very young, are you not, to have written a novel?"

"I am young," she said, "but perhaps older than you think. I am eighteen." Then for the first time there came into her eye that gleam of a merry humor which never was allowed to dwell there long, but which was so alluring when it showed itself.

"That is a ripe age," we said, laughing, and then we bade her seat herself. At once we began to pour forth that long and dull and ugly lesson which is so common to our life, in which we tried to explain to our unwilling pupil that of all respectable professions for young women literature is the most uncertain, the most heart-breaking, and the most dangerous. "You hear of the few who are remunerated," we said; "but you hear nothing of the thousands that fail."

"It is so noble!" she replied.

"But so hopeless."

"There are those who succeed."

"Yes, indeed. Even in a lottery one must gain the prize; but they who trust to lotteries break their hearts."

"But literature is not a lottery. If I am fit, I shall succeed. Mr. — thinks I may succeed." Many more words of wisdom we spoke to her, and well do we remember her reply when we had run all our line off the reel, and had completed our sermon. "I shall go on all the same," she said. "I shall try, and try again, — and again."

Her power over us, to a certain extent, was soon established. Of course we promised to read the MS., and turned it over, no doubt with an anxious countenance, to see of what nature was the writing. There is a feminine scrawl of a nature so terrible that the task of reading becomes worse than the treadmill. "I know I can write well, — though I am not quite sure about the spelling," said Mary, as she observed the glance of our eyes. She spoke truly. The writing was good, though the erasures and alterations were very numerous. And then the story was intended to fill only one volume. "I will copy it for you if you wish it," said Mary. "Though there are so many scratchings out, it has been copied once." We would not for worlds have given her such labor, and then we promised to read the tale. We forget how it was brought about, but she told us at that interview that her mother had obtained leave from the pastry-cook round the corner to sit there waiting till Mary should rejoin her. "I thought it would be trouble enough for you to have one of us here," she said, with her little laugh when I asked her why she had not brought her mother on with her. I own that I felt that she had been wise; and when I told her that if she would call on me again that day week I would then have read at any rate so much of her work as would enable me to give her my opinion, I did not invite her to bring her mother with her. I knew that I could talk more freely to the girl without the mother's presence. Even when you are past fifty, and intend only to preach a sermon, you do not wish to have a mother present.

When she was gone we took up the roll of paper and examined it. We looked at the division into chapters, at the various mottoes the poor child had

chosen, pronounced to ourselves the name of the story, — it was simply the name of the heroine, an easy-going, unaffected, well-chosen name, — and read the last page of it. On such occasions the reader of the work begins his task almost with a conviction that the labor which he is about to undertake will be utterly thrown away. He feels all but sure that the matter will be bad, that it will be better for all parties, writer, intended readers, and intended publisher, that the written words should not be conveyed into type, — that it will be his duty after some fashion to convey that unwelcome opinion to the writer, and that the writer will go away incredulous, and accusing mentally the Mentor of the moment of all manner of literary sins, among which ignorance, jealousy, and falsehood will, in the poor author's imagination, be most prominent. And yet when the writer was asking for that opinion, declaring his especial desire that the opinion should be candid, protesting that his present wish is to have some gauge of his own capability, and that he has come to you believing you to be above others able to give him that gauge, — while his petition to you was being made, he was in every respect sincere. He had come desirous to measure himself, and had believed that you could measure him. When coming he did not think that you would declare him to be an Apollo. He had told himself, no doubt, how probable it was that you would point out to him that he was a dwarf. You find him to be an ordinary man, measuring perhaps five feet seven, and unable to reach the standard of the particular regiment in which he is ambitious of serving. You tell him so in what civillest words you know, and you are at once convicted in his mind of jealousy, ignorance, and falsehood! And yet he is perhaps a most excellent fellow, — and capable of performing the best of service, only in some other regiment! As we looked at Miss Gresley's manuscript, tumbling it through our hands, we expected even from her some such result. She had gained two things from us already by her outward and inward gifts, such as they were, — first that we would read her story, and secondly that we would read it quickly; but she had not as yet gained from us any belief that by reading it we could serve it.

We did read it, — the most of it before we left our editorial chair on that afternoon, so that we lost altogether the daily walk so essential to our editorial health, and were put to the expense of a cab on our return home. And we incurred some minimum of domestic discomfort from the fact that we did not reach our own door till twenty minutes after our appointed dinner hour. "I have this moment come from the office as hard as a cab could bring me," we said in answer to the mildest of reproaches, explaining nothing as to the nature of the cause which had kept us so long at our work.

We must not allow our readers to suppose that the intensity of our application had arisen from the overwhelming interest of the story. It was not that the story entranced us, but that our feeling for the writer grew as we read the story. It was simple, unaffected, and almost painfully unsensational. It contained, as I came to perceive afterwards, little more than a recital of what her imagination told her might too probably be the result of her own engagement. It was the story of two young people who become engaged and cannot be married. After a course of years the man, with many true arguments, asks to be absolved. The woman yields

with an expressed conviction that her lover is right, settles herself down for maiden life, then breaks her heart and dies. The character of the man was utterly untrue to Nature. That of the woman was true, but commonplace. Other interest, or other character there was none. The dialogues between the lovers were many and tedious, and hardly a word was spoken between them which two lovers really would have uttered. It was clearly not a work as to which I could tell my little friend that she might depend upon it for fame or fortune. When I had finished it I was obliged to tell myself that I could not advise her even to publish it. But yet I could not say that she had mistaken her own powers or applied herself to a profession beyond her reach. There was a grace and delicacy in her work which were charming. Occasionally she escaped from the trammels of grammar, but only so far that it would be a pleasure to point out to her her errors. There was not a word that a young lady should not have written; and there were throughout the whole evident signs of honest work. We had six days to think it over between our completion of the task and her second visit.

She came exactly at the hour appointed, and seated herself at once in the arm-chair before us as soon as the young man had closed the door behind him. There had been no great occasion for nervousness at her first visit, and she had then, by an evident effort, overcome the diffidence incidental to a meeting with a stranger. But now she did not attempt to conceal her anxiety. "Well," she said, leaning forward, and looking up into our face, with her two hands folded together.

Even though Truth, standing full panoplied at our elbow, had positively demanded it, we could not have told her then to mend her stockings and bake her pies and desert the calling that she had chosen. She was simply irresistible, and would, we fear, have constrained us into falsehood had the question been between falsehood and absolute reprobation of her work. To have spoken hard, heart-breaking words to her, would have been like striking a child when it comes to kiss you. We fear that we were not absolutely true at first, and that by that absence of truth we made subsequent pain more painful. "Well," she said, looking up into our face. "Have you read it?" We told her that we had read every word of it. "And it is no good?"

We fear that we began by telling her that it certainly was good, — after a fashion, very good, — considering her youth and necessary inexperience, very good indeed. As we said this she shook her head, and sent out a spark or two from her eyes, intimating her conviction that excuses or quasi praise founded on her youth would avail her nothing. "Would anybody buy it from me?" she asked. No, we did not think that any publisher would pay her money for it. "Would they print it for me without costing me anything?" Then we told her the truth as nearly as we could. She lacked experience; and if, as she had declared to us before, she was determined to persevere, she must try again, and must learn more of that lesson of the world's ways which was so necessary to those who attempted to teach that lesson to others. "But I shall try again at once," she said. We shook our head, endeavoring to shake it kindly. "Curren Bell was only a young girl when she succeeded," she added. The injury which Curren Bell did after this fashion was almost equal to that perpetrated by Jack Sheppard.

She remained with us then for above an hour, — for more than two probably, though the time was not specially marked by us; and before her visit was brought to a close she had told us of her engagement with the curate. Indeed, we believe that the greater part of her little history as hitherto narrated was made known to us on that occasion. We asked after her mother early in the interview, and learned that she was not on this occasion kept waiting at the pastry-cook's shop. Mary had come alone, making use of some friendly omnibus, of which she had learned the route. When she told us that she and her mother had come up to London solely with the view of forwarding her views in her intended profession, we ventured to ask whether it would not be wiser for them to return to Cornboro, seeing how improbable it was that she would have matter fit for the press within any short period. Then she explained that they had calculated that they would be able to live in London for twelve months, if they spent nothing except on absolute necessities. The poor girl seemed to keep back nothing from us. "We have clothes that will carry us through, and we shall be very careful. I came in an omnibus; but I shall walk if you will let me come again." Then she asked me for advice. How was she to set about further work with the best chance of turning it to account?

It had been altogether the fault of that retired literary gentleman down in the North, who had obtained what standing he had in the world of letters by writing about guano and the cattle plague. Divested of all responsibility, and fearing no further trouble to himself, he had ventured to tell this girl that her work was full of promise. Promise means probability, and in this case there was nothing beyond a most remote chance. That she and her mother should have left their little household gods, and come up to London on such a chance, was a thing terrible to the mind. But we felt before these two hours were over that we could not throw her off now. We had become old friends, and there had been that between us which gave her a positive claim upon our time. She had sat in our arm-chair, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees and her hands stretched out, till we, caught by the charm of her unstudied intimacy, had wheeled round our chair, and had placed ourselves, as nearly as the circumstances would admit, in the same position. The magnetism had already begun to act upon us. We soon found ourselves taking it for granted that she was to remain in London and begin another book. It was impossible to resist her. Before the interview was over, we, who had been conversant with all these matters before she was born; we, who had latterly come to regard our own editorial fault as being chiefly that of personal harshness; we, who had repulsed aspirant novelists by the score, — we had consented to be a party to the creation, if not to the actual writing, of this new book!

It was to be done after this fashion. She was to fabricate a plot, and to bring it to us, written on two sides of a sheet of letter paper. On the reverse sides we were to criticise this plot, and prepare emendations. Then she was to make out skeletons of the men and women who were afterwards to be clothed with flesh and made alive with blood, and covered with cuticles. After that she was to arrange her proportions; and at last, before she began to write the story, she was to describe in detail such part of it as was to be told in each chapter. On

every advancing wavelet of the work we were to give her our written remarks. All this we promised to do because of the quiver in her lip, and the alternate tear and sparkle in her eye. "Now that I have found a friend, I feel sure that I can do it," she said, as she held our hand tightly before she left us.

In about a month, during which she had twice written to us, and twice been answered, she came with her plot. It was the old story, with some additions and some change. There was matrimony instead of death at the end, and an old aunt was brought in for the purpose of relenting and producing an income. We added a few details, feeling as we did so that we were the very worst of bochers. We doubt now whether the old, sad, simple story was not the better of the two. Then, after another lengthened interview, we sent our pupil back to create her skeletons. When she came with the skeletons we were dear friends, and we had learned to call her Mary. Then it was that she first sat at our editorial table, and wrote a love-letter to the curate. It was then mid-winter, wanting but a few days to Christmas, and Arthur, as she called him, did not like the cold weather. "He does not say so," she said, "but I fear he is ill. Don't you think there are some people with whom everything is unfortunate?" She wrote her letter, and had recovered her spirits before she took her leave.

We then proposed to her to bring her mother to dine with us on Christmas Day. We had made a clean breast of it at home in regard to our heart-flutterings, and had been met with a suggestion that some kindness might with propriety be shown to the old lady as well as to the young one. We had felt grateful to the old lady for not coming to our office with her daughter, and had at once assented. When we made the suggestion to Mary there came first a blush over all her face, and then there followed the well-known smile before the blush was gone. "You'll all be dressed fine," she said. We protested that not a garment would be changed by any of the family after the decent church-going in the morning. "Just as I am?" she asked. "Just as you are," we said, looking at the dear gray frock, adding some mocking assertion that no possible combination of millinery could improve her. "And mamma will be just the same? Then we will come," she said. We told her an absolute falsehood, as to some necessity which would take us in a cab to Euston Square on the afternoon of that Christmas Day, so that we could call and bring them both to our house without trouble or expense. "You sha'n't do anything of the kind," she said. However we swore to our falsehood, — perceiving, as we did so, that she did not believe a word of it; but in the matter of the cab we had our own way.

We found the mother to be what we had expected, — a weak, ladylike, lachrymose old lady, endowed with a profound admiration for her daughter, and so bashful that she could not at all enjoy her plum-pudding. We think that Mary did enjoy hers thoroughly. She made a little speech to the mistress of the house, praising ourselves with warm words and tearful eyes, and immediately won the heart of a new friend. She allied herself warmly to our daughters, put up with the school-boy pleasantries of our sons, and before the evening was over was dressed up as a ghost for the amusement of some neighboring children who were brought in to play snapdragon. Mrs. Gresley, as she drank her tea and crumbled her bit of cake, seated on a distant sofa, was

not so happy, partly because she remembered her old gown, and partly because our wife was a stranger to her. Mary had forgotten both circumstances before the dinner was half over. She was the sweetest ghost that ever was seen. How pleasant would be our ideas of departed spirits if such ghosts would visit us frequently!

They repeated their visits to us not unfrequently during the twelve months; but as the whole interest attaching to our intercourse had reference to circumstances which took place in that editorial room of ours, it will not be necessary to refer further to the hours, very pleasant to ourselves, which she spent with us in our domestic life. She was ever made welcome when she came, and was known by us as a dear, well-bred, modest, clever little girl. The novel went on. That catalogue of the skeletons gave us more trouble than all the rest, and many were the tears which she shed over it, and sad were the misgivings by which she was afflicted, though never vanquished! How was it to be expected that a girl of eighteen should portray characters such as she had never known? In her intercourse with the curate all the intellect had been on her side. She had loved him because it was requisite to her to love some one; and now, as she had loved him, she was as true as steel to him. But there had been almost nothing for her to learn from him. The plan of the novel went on, and as it did so we became more and more despondent as to its success. And through it all we knew how contrary it was to our own judgment to expect, even to dream of, anything but failure. Though we went on working with her, finding it to be quite impossible to resist her entreaties, we did tell her from day to day that, even presuming she were entitled to hope for ultimate success, she must go through an apprenticeship of ten years before she could reach it. Then she would sit silent, repressing her tears, and searching for arguments with which to support her cause.

"Working hard is apprenticeship," she said to us once.

"Yes, Mary; but the work will be more useful, and the apprenticeship more wholesome, if you will take them for what they are worth."

"I shall be dead in ten years," she said.

"If you thought so you would not intend to marry Mr. Donne. But even, were it certain that such would be your fate, how can that alter the state of things? The world will know nothing of that; and if it did, would the world buy your book out of pity?"

"I want nobody to pity me," she said; "but I want you to help me." So we went on helping her. At the end of four months she had not put pen to paper on the absolute body of her projected novel; and yet she had worked daily at it, arranging its future construction.

During the next month, when we were in the middle of March, a gleam of real success came to her. We had told her frankly that we would publish nothing of hers in the periodical which we were ourselves conducting. She had become too dear to us for us not to feel that were we to do so, we should be doing it rather for her sake than for that of our readers. But we did procure for her the publication of two short stories elsewhere. For these she received twelve guineas, and it seemed to her that she had found an El Dorado of literary wealth. I shall never forget her ecstasy when she knew that her work would be printed, or her renewed triumph when the first humble check was given into her

hands. There are those who will think that such a triumph, 'as connected with literature, must be sordid. For ourselves, we are ready to acknowledge that money payment for work done is the best and most honest test of success. We are sure that it is so felt by young barristers and young doctors, and we do not see why rejoicing on such realization of long-cherished hope should be more vile with the literary aspirant than with them. "What do you think I'll do first with it?" she said. We thought she meant to send something to her lover, and we told her so. "I'll buy mamma a bonnet to go to church in. I did n't tell you before, but she has n't been these three Sundays because she has n't one fit to be seen." I changed the check for her, and she went off and bought the bonnet.

Though I was successful for her in regard to the two stories, I could not go beyond that. We could have filled pages of periodicals with her writing had we been willing that she should work without remuneration. She herself was anxious for such work, thinking that it would lead to something better. But we opposed it, and, indeed, would not permit it, believing that work so done can be serviceable to none but those who accept it that pages may be filled without cost.

During the whole winter, while she was thus working, she was in a state of alarm about her lover. Her hope was ever that when warm weather came he would again be well and strong. We know nothing sadder than such hope founded on such source. For does not the winter follow the summer, and then again comes the killing spring? At this time she used to read us passages from his letters, in which he seemed to speak of little but his own health. In her literary ambition he never seemed to have taken part since she had declared her intention of writing profane novels. As regarded him, his sole merit to us seemed to be in his truth to her. He told her that in his opinion they two were as much joined together as though the service of the Church had bound them; but even in saying that he spoke ever of himself and not of her. Well, — May came, dangerous, doubtful, deceitful May, and he was worse. Then, for the first time, the dread word, Consumption, passed her lips. It had already passed ours mentally a score of times. We asked her what she herself would wish to do. Would she desire to go down to Dorsetshire and see him? She thought awhile, and said that she would wait a little longer.

The novel went on, and at length, in June, she was writing the actual words on which, as she thought, so much depended. She had really brought the story into some shape in the arrangement of her chapters; and sometimes even I began to hope. There were moments in which with her hope was almost certainty. Towards the end of June Mr. Donne declared himself to be better. He was to have a holiday in August, and then he intended to run up to London and see his betrothed. He still gave details, which were distressing to us, of his own symptoms; but it was manifest that he himself was not desponding, and she was governed in her trust or in her despair altogether by him. But when August came the period of his visit was postponed. The heat had made him weak, and he was to come in September.

Early in August we ourselves went away for our annual recreation, — not that we shoot grouse, or that we have any strong opinion that August and September are the best months in the year for holi-

day making, — but that everybody does go in August. We ourselves are not specially fond of August. In many places to which one goes a touring mosquitos bite in that month. The heat, too, prevents one from walking. The inns are all full, and the railways crowded. April and May are twice pleasanter months in which to see the world and the country. But fashion is everything, and no man or woman will stay in town in August for whom there exists any practicability of leaving it. We went on the 10th, — just as though we had a moor, and one of the last things we did before our departure was to read and revise the last written chapter of Mary's story.

About the end of September we returned, and up to that time the lover had not come to London. Immediately on our return we wrote to Mary, and the next morning she was with us. She had seated herself on her usual chair before she spoke, and we had taken her hand and asked after herself and her mother. Then, with something of mirth in our tone, we demanded the work which she had done since our departure. "He is dying," she replied.

She did not weep as she spoke. It was not on such occasions as this that the tears filled her eyes. But there was in her face a look of fixed and settled misery, which convinced us that she at least did not doubt the truth of her own assertion. We muttered something as to our hope that she was mistaken. "The doctor there has written to tell mamma that it is so. Here is his letter." The doctor's letter was a good letter, written with more of assurance than doctors can generally allow themselves to express. "I fear that I am justified in telling you," said the doctor, "that it can only be a question of weeks." We got up and took her hand. There was not a word to be uttered.

"I must go to him," she said after a pause.

"Well, — yes. It will be better."

"But we have no money." It must be explained now that offers of slight, very slight, pecuniary aid had been made by us both to Mary and her mother on more than one occasion. These had been refused with adamant firmness, but always with something of mirth, or at least of humor, attached to the refusal. The mother would simply refer to the daughter, and Mary would declare that they could manage to see the twelvemonth through and go back to Cornboro, without becoming absolute beggars. She would allude to their joint wardrobe, and would confess that there would not have been a pair of boots between them but for that twelve guineas; and indeed she seemed to have stretched that modest income so as to cover a legion of purchases. And of these things she was never ashamed to speak. We think there must have been at least two gray frocks, because the frocks were always clean, and never absolutely shabby. Our girls at home declared that they had seen three. Of her frock, as it happened, she never spoke to us, but the new boots and the new gloves, "and ever so many things that I can't tell you about, which we really could n't have gone without," all came out of the twelve guineas. That she had taken, not only with delight, but with triumph. But pecuniary assistance from ourselves she had always refused. "It would be a gift," she would say.

"Have it as you like."

"But people don't give other people money."

"Don't they? That's all you know about the world."

"Yes, to beggars. We hope we need n't come

to that." It was thus that she always answered us, — but always with something of laughter in her eye, as though their poverty was a joke. Now, when the demand upon her was for that which did not concern her personal comfort, which referred to a matter felt by her to be vitally important, she declared, without a minute's hesitation, that she had not money for the journey.

"Of course you can have money," we said. "I suppose you will go at once?"

"O yes, — at once; that is, in a day or two, — after he shall have received my letter. Why should I wait?" We sat down to write a check, and she, seeing what we were doing, asked how much it was to be. "No, — half that will do," she said. "Mamma will not go. We have talked it over and decided it. Yes, I know all about that. I am going to see my lover, — my dying lover; and I have to beg for the money to take me to him. Of course I am a young girl; but in such a condition am I to stand upon the ceremony of being taken care of? A housemaid would n't want to be taken care of at eighteen." We did exactly as she bade us, and then attempted to comfort her while the young man went to get money for the check. What consolation was possible? It was simply necessary to admit with frankness that sorrow had come from which there could be no present release. "Yes," she said. "Time will cure it, — in a way. One dies in time, and then of course it is all cured." "One hears of this kind of thing often," she said afterwards, still leaning forward in her chair, still with something of the old expression in her eyes, — something almost of humor in spite of her grief; "but it is the girl who dies. When it is the girl there is n't, after all, so much harm done. A man goes about the world and can shake it off; and then, there are plenty of girls." We could not tell her how infinitely more important, to our thinking, was her life than that of him whom she was going to see now for the last time; but there did spring up within our mind a feeling, greatly opposed to that conviction which formerly we had endeavored to impress upon herself, — that she was destined to make for herself a successful career.

She went, and remained by her lover's bedside for three weeks. She wrote constantly to her mother, and once or twice to ourselves. She never again allowed herself to entertain a gleam of hope, and she spoke of her sorrow as a thing accomplished. In her last interview with us she had hardly alluded to her novel, and in her letters she never mentioned it. But she did say one word which made us guess what was coming. "You will find me greatly changed in one thing," she said; "so much changed that I need never have troubled you." The day of her return to London was twice postponed, but at last she was brought to leave him. Stern necessity was too strong for her. Let her pinch herself as she might, she must live down in Dorsetshire, — and could not live on his means, which were as narrow as her own. She left him; and on the day after her arrival in London she walked across from Euston Square to our office.

"Yes," she said, "it is all over. I shall never see him again on this side of heaven's gates." I do not know that we ever saw a tear in her eyes produced by her own sorrow. She was possessed of some wonderful strength which seemed to suffice for the bearing of any burden. Then she paused, and we could only sit silent, with our eyes fixed upon the rug. "I have made him a promise," she

said at last. Of course we asked her what was the promise, though at the moment we thought that we knew. "I will make no more attempt at novel-writing."

"Such a promise should not have been asked, — or given," we said, vehemently.

"It should have been asked, — because he thought it right," she answered. "And of course it was given. Must he not know better than I do? Is he not one of God's ordained priests? In all the world is there one so bound to obey him as I?" There was nothing to be said for it at such a moment as that. There is no enthusiasm equal to that produced by a death-bed parting. "I grieve greatly," she said, "that you should have had so much vain labor with a poor girl who can never profit by it."

"I don't believe the labor will have been vain," we answered, having altogether changed those views of ours as to the futility of the pursuit which she had adopted.

"I have destroyed it all," she said.

"What! burned the novel?"

"Every scrap of it. I told him that I would do so, and that he should know that I had done it. Every page was burned after I got home last night, and then I wrote to him before I went to bed."

"Do you mean that you think it wicked that people should write novels?" we asked.

"He thinks it to be a misapplication of God's gifts, and that has been enough for me. He shall judge for me, but I will not judge for others. And what does it matter? I do not want to write a novel now."

They remained in London till the end of the year for which the married curate had taken their house, and then they returned to Cornboro. We saw them frequently while they were still in town, and despatched them by the train to the north just when the winter was beginning. At that time the young clergyman was still living down in Dorsetshire, but he was lying in his grave when Christmas came. Mary never saw him again, nor did she attend his funeral. She wrote to us frequently then, as she did for years afterwards. "I should have liked to have stood at his grave," she said; "but it was a luxury of sorrow that I wished to enjoy, and they who cannot earn luxuries should not have them. They were going to manage it for me here, but I knew I was right to refuse it." Right, indeed! As far as we knew her, she never moved a single point from what was right.

All these things happened many years ago. Mary Gresley, on her return to Cornboro, apprenticed herself, as it were, to the married curate there, and called herself, I think, a female Scripture reader. I know that she spent her days in working hard for the religious aid of the poor around her. From time to time we endeavored to instigate her to literary work; and she answered our letters by sending us wonderful little dialogues between Tom the Saint and Bob the Sinner. We are in no humor to criticise them now; but we can assert, that though that mode of religious teaching is most distasteful to us, the literary merit shown even in such works as these was very manifest. And there came to be apparent in them a gleam of humor which would sometimes make us think that she was sitting opposite to us and looking at us, and that she was Tom the Saint, and that we were Bob the Sinner. We said what we could to turn her from her chosen path, throwing into our letters

all the eloquence and all the thought of which we were masters; but our eloquence and our thought were equally in vain.

At last, when eight years had passed over her head after the death of Mr. Donne, she married a missionary who was going out to some forlorn country on the confines of African colonization; and there she died. We saw her on board the ship in which she sailed, and before we parted there had come that tear into her eyes, the old look of supplication on her lips, and the gleam of mirth across her face. We kissed her once, — for the first and only time, — as we bade God bless her!

ST. PAUL AND PROTESTANTISM.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

II. (Concluded.)

THAT Paul, as we have said, accepted the physical miracle of Christ's resurrection and ascension as a part of the signs and wonders which accompanied Christianity, there can be no doubt. Just in the same manner he accepted the eschatology, as it is called, of his nation, — their doctrine of the final things and of the summons by a trumpet in the sky to judgment; he accepted Satan, hierarchies of angels, and an approaching end of the world. What we deny is, that his acceptance of the former gives his teaching its essential characters, any more than his acceptance of the latter. We should but be continuing, with strict logical development, Paul's essential line of thought, if we said that the true ascension and glorified reign of Christ was the triumph and reign of his spirit, his real life, far more operative after his death on the cross than before it; and that in this sense most truly he and all who persevere to the end as he did are "sown in weakness but raised in power." Paul himself, however, did not distinctly continue his thoughts thus, and neither will we do so for him. How far Paul himself knew that he had gone in his irresistible bent to find, for each of the data of his religion, that side of moral and spiritual significance which, as a mere sign and wonder, it had not and could not have; — what data he himself was conscious of having transferred, through following this bent, from the first rank in importance to the second; — we cannot know with any certainty.

That the bent existed, that Paul felt it existed, and that it establishes a wide difference between the earliest epistles and the latest, is beyond question. Already, in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, he declares that, "though he had henceforth known Christ after the flesh, yet henceforth he knew him so no more"; and in the Epistle to the Romans, accordingly, he rejects the notion of dwelling on the miraculous Christ, of the descent into hell, and of the ascent into heaven, and fixes the believer's attention solely on the spirit of Christ and on the effects produced by an acquaintance with it. In the same epistle, in like manner, the kingdom of God, of which to the Thessalonians he described the advent in such materializing and popularly Judaic language, has become "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit."

These ideas, we repeat, may never have excluded others, which absorbed the most part of Paul's contemporaries as they absorb popular religion at this day. To popular religion, the real kingdom of God is the New Jerusalem with its jaspers and emeralds; righteousness and peace and joy are only the kingdom of God figuratively. The real

sitting in heavenly places is the sitting on throne in a land of pure delight after we are dead; serving the Spirit of God is only sitting in heavenly places figuratively. Science exactly reverses this process; for science, the spiritual notion is the real one, the material notion is figurative. The astonishing greatness of Paul is that, coming when and where and whence he did, he yet grasped the spiritual notion, if not exclusively and fully, yet firmly and predominantly; more and more predominantly through all the last years of his life. And what makes him original and himself, is not what he shares with his contemporaries and with modern popular religion, but this which he develops of his own; and this which he develops of his own is just of a nature to make his religion a theology instead of a theurgy, and at bottom a scientific instead of a non-scientific structure. "Die and re-exist!" says Goethe, — an unsuspected witness, certainly, to the psychological and scientific profoundness of Paul's conception of life and death: "Die and re-exist! for so long as this is not accomplished, thou art but a troubled guest upon an earth of gloom."*

The three cardinal points in Paul's theology are not, therefore, we repeat, those commonly assigned by Puritanism, calling, justification, sanctification; they are these: *dying with Christ, resurrection from the dead, growing into Christ*. And we will venture, moreover, to affirm that the more the Epistle to the Romans is read and reread with a clear mind, the more will the conviction strengthen, that the sense indicated by the order in which we here class the second main term of Paul's conception is the essential sense which Paul himself attaches to this term, in every single place where in that epistle he has used it. Not tradition and not theory, but a simple impartial study of the development of Paul's central line of thought, brings us to the conclusion, that from the very outset of the epistle, where Paul speaks of Christ as "declared to be the Son of God with power according to the spirit of holiness by resurrection from the dead," to the very end, the essential sense in which Paul uses the term *resurrection* is that of a rising, in this visible earthly existence; from the death of obedience to blind, selfish impulse, to the life of obedience to the eternal moral order; — in Christ's case first, as the pattern for us to follow; in the believer's case afterwards, as following Christ's pattern through identifying himself with him.

We have thus reached Paul's fundamental conception without even a glimpse of the fundamental conceptions of Puritanism, which, nevertheless, professes to have learnt its doctrine from St. Paul and from his Epistle to the Romans. Once, for a moment, the term *faith* brought us in contact with the doctrine of Puritanism, but only to see that the essential sense given to this word by Paul, Puritanism had missed entirely. Other parts, then, of the Epistle to the Romans than those by which we have been occupied must have chiefly fixed the attention of Puritanism. And so it has in truth been. Yet the parts of the Epistle to the Romans that have occupied us are undoubtedly the parts which not our own theories and inclinations, for we have approached the matter without any, but an impartial criticism of Paul's real line of thought must elevate as the most important. If a somewhat

* *Stirb und werde!*
Denn so lang du das nicht hast,
Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
Auf der dunkeln Erde.

pedantic form of expression may be forgiven for the sake of clearness, we may say that of the eleven first chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, — the chapters which convey Paul's theology, though not, as we have seen, with any scholastic purpose or in any formal scientific mode of exposition, — of these eleven chapters, the first, second, and third are, in a scale of importance fixed by a scientific criticism of Paul's line of thought, sub-primary; the fourth and fifth are secondary; the sixth and eighth are primary; the seventh chapter is sub-primary; the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters are secondary. Furthermore, to the contents of the separate chapters themselves this scale must be carried on, so far as to mark that of the two great primary chapters, — the sixth and the eighth; the eighth is primary down only to the end of the twenty-eighth verse; from thence to the end it is, however eloquent, yet for the purpose of a scientific criticism of Paul's essential theology, only secondary. The first chapter is to the Gentiles; — its purport is: You have not righteousness. The second is to the Jews; — its purport is: No more have you, though you think you have. The third chapter announces faith in Christ as the one source of righteousness for all men. The fourth chapter gives to the notion of righteousness through faith the sanction of the Old Testament and of the history of Abraham. The fifth insists on the causes for thankfulness and exultation in the boon of righteousness through faith in Christ, and applies illustratively, with this design, the history of Adam. The sixth chapter comes to the all-important question, "What is that faith in Christ which I, Paul, mean?" and answers it. The seventh illustrates and explains the answer. But the eighth, down to the end of the twenty-eighth verse, develops and completes the answer. The rest of the eighth chapter expresses the sense of safety and gratitude which the solution is fitted to inspire. The ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters uphold the second chapter's thesis, — so hard to a Jew, so easy to us, — that righteousness is not by the Jewish law; but dwell with hope and joy on a final result of things which is to be favorable to Israel.

We shall be pardoned this somewhat formal analysis in consideration of the clearness with which it enables us to survey the Puritan scheme of original sin, predestination, and justification. The historical transgression of Adam occupies, it will be observed, in Paul's ideas, by no means the primary, fundamental, all-important place which it holds in the ideas of Puritanism. "This is our original sin, the bitter root of all our actual transgressions, in thought, word, and deed." Ah, no! Paul did not go to the Book of Genesis for his authentic information on this head. He went to experience for it. "I see," he says, "a law in my members fighting against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity." This is the essential testimony respecting the rise of sin to Paul, — this rise of it in his own heart and in the heart of all the men who hear him. At quite a later stage in his conception of the religious life, in quite a subordinate capacity, and for the mere purpose of illustration, comes in the allusion to Adam and to what is called original sin. Paul's desire for righteousness has carried him to Christ and to the conception of the righteousness which is of God by faith, and he is expressing his gratitude, delight, wonder, at the boon he has discovered. For the purpose of exalting it he reverts to the well-known story of

Adam. It cannot even be said that Paul Judaizes in his use here of this story; so entirely does he subordinate it to his purpose of illustration, using it just as he might have used it had he believed, which undoubtedly he did not, that it was merely a symbolical legend, though a very primitive and profound one, as well as perfectly familiar to himself and his hearers. "Think," he says, "how in Adam's fall one man's one transgression involved all men in a punishment; then estimate the blessedness of our boon in Christ, where one man's one righteousness involves a world of transgressors in blessing!" This is not a scientific doctrine of corruption inherited through Adam's fall; it is a rhetorical use of Adam's fall in a passing allusion to it.

We come to predestination. We have seen how Paul's consciousness of the power in which we live and move and have our being was twofold. He conceived this divine power, and with profound truth, as not only the fountain of morals and reason, but also as the fountain of life and affection. He thus rested on the thought of God as a creator, sustainer, father, as well as on the thought of him as a moral lawgiver and judge. "The Lord is righteous in all his ways." But not only so. Also, "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He opens his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." The power and originality of Paul's theology consists in his making these two notions combine for a religious result. What man could not do by the warnings of God the judge, he does, in Paul's theology, by the inspiration of God the creator and father. What he could not do through the power of reason and duty, he does through the power of sympathy and emotion. This is grace, this is the free gift of God, who gives abundantly beyond all that we ask or think, and calls things that are not as though they were. The sense of life, peace, and joy, which comes through identification with Christ, brings with it a deep and grateful consciousness that this sense is none of our own getting and making. "It is not of him that willeth or of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." As moral agents, for whom alone exist all the predicaments of merit and demerit, praise and blame, effort and failure, vice and virtue, we are impotent and lost; — we are saved through our affections, it is as sentient beings we are saved! Well might Paul cry out, as this mystical but profound and beneficent conception filled his soul: "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Well might he say, in the gratitude which cannot find words enough to express its sense of boundless favor, that those who reached peace with God through identification with Christ were vessels of mercy, marked from endless ages; that they had been foreknown, predestinated, called, justified, glorified.

It may be regretted, for the sake of the clear understanding of his essential doctrine, that Paul did not stop here. It might seem as if the word, "prothesis," *purpose*, lured him on into speculative mazes, and involved him, at last, in an embarrassment, from which he impatiently tore himself by the harsh, unedifying image of the clay and the potter. But this is not so. These allurements of speculation, which have been fatal to so many of his interpreters, never mastered Paul. He was led into difficulty by the tendency which we have already noticed as making his real imperfection both

as a thinker and as a writer,—the tendency to Judaize. Already, in the fourth chapter, this tendency had led him to seem to rest his doctrine of justification by faith upon the case of Abraham, whereas in truth, it needs all the good-will in the world, and some effort of ingenuity, even to bring the case of Abraham within the operation of this doctrine. That righteousness is life, that all men by themselves fail of righteousness, that only through identification with Christ can they reach it,—these propositions, for us at any rate, prove themselves much better than they are proved by the thesis that Abraham in old age believed God's promise that his seed should yet be as the stars for multitude, and that this was counted to him for righteousness. The sanction thus apparently given to the idea that faith is a mere belief, or opinion of the mind, has put thousands of Paul's readers on a false track. But Paul's dealings with Abraham did not end here. To establish his doctrine of righteousness by faith, he had to eradicate the notion that the Jews were specially privileged, and that, having the Mosaic law, they did not need anything farther. For us, this one verse of the tenth chapter: *There is no difference between Jew and Greek, for it is the same Lord of all, who is rich to all that call upon him*,—and these four words of another verse: *For righteousness, heart-faith necessary!*—effect far more for Paul's object than his three chapters bristling with Old Testament quotations. By quotation, however, he was to proceed, in order to invest his doctrine with the talismanic virtues of a verbal sanction from the law and the prophets. He shows, therefore, that the law and the prophets had said that only a remnant, an *elect remnant*, of Israel should be saved, and that the rest should be blinded. But to say that peace with God through Christ inspires such an abounding sense of gratitude, and of its not being our work, that we can only speak of ourselves as *called and chosen* to it, is one thing; in so speaking, we are on the ground of personal experience. But to say that God has blinded and reprobated other men, so that they shall not reach this blessing, is to quit the ground of personal experience, and to begin employing the magnified and non-natural man in the next street. We then require, in order to account for his proceedings, such an analogy as that of the clay and the potter. This is Calvinism, and St. Paul undoubtedly falls into it. But the important thing to remark is, that this Calvinism, which with the Calvinist is primary, is with Paul secondary or even less than secondary. What with Calvinists is their fundamental idea, the centre of their theology, is for Paul an idea added to his central ideas, and extraneous to them; brought in incidentally, and due to the necessities of a bad mode of recommending and enforcing his thesis. It is as if Newton had introduced into his exposition of the law of gravitation an incidental statement, perhaps erroneous, about light or colors; and we were then to make this statement the head and front of Newton's law. The theological idea of reprobation was an idea of Jewish theology as of ours, an idea familiar to Paul and a part of his training, an idea which probably he never consciously abandoned. But its complete secondariness in him is clearly established by other considerations than those which we have drawn from the place and manner of his introduction of it. The very phrase about the clay and the potter is not Paul's own; he does but repeat a stock theological figur. Jeremiah

had said, in the Lord's name, to Israel, "Behold, as the clay in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel." And the son of Sirach comes yet nearer to Paul's very words: "As the clay is in the potter's hand to fashion it at his pleasure, so man is in the hand of him that made him, to render to them as liketh him best." Is an original man's essential, characteristic idea, that which he adopts thus bodily from some one else? But take Paul's truly essential idea. "We are buried with Christ through baptism into death, that like as he was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Did Jeremiah say that? Is any one the author of it except Paul? Then there should Calvinism have looked for Paul's secret, and not in the commonplace about the potter and the vessels of wrath. A commonplace, which is so entirely a commonplace to him, that he contradicts it even while he is Judaizing; for in the very batch of chapters we are discussing he says: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Still more clear is, on this point, his real mind, when he is not Judaizing: "God is the saviour of all men, specially of those that believe." And anything, finally, which might seem dangerous in the grateful sense of a calling, choosing, and leading by eternal goodness,—a notion as natural as the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination is monstrous,—Paul abundantly supplies in more than one striking passage; as, for instance, in that incomparable third chapter of the Philippians (from which, and from the sixth and eighth chapters of the Romans, Paul's whole theology, if all his other writings were lost, might be reconstructed), where he expresses his humble consciousness that the mystical resurrection which is his aim, glory, and salvation, he does not yet, and cannot, completely attain.

The grand doctrine, then, which Calvinistic Puritanism has gathered from Paul, turns out to be a secondary notion of his, which he himself, too, has contradicted or corrected. But, at any rate, "Christ meritoriously obtained eternal redemption for us." We rely entirely, as the quarterly organ of Puritanism has just told us in its hundredth number, on "the sacrificial Atonement of the Divine Son of God." God, his justice being satisfied by Christ's bearing according to compact our guilt and dying in our stead, is appeased and set free to exercise towards us his mercy, and to justify and sanctify us in consideration of Christ's righteousness imputed to us, if we give our hearty belief and consent to the satisfaction thus made. This hearty belief being given, "we rest," to use the consecrated expression already quoted, "in the finished work of a Saviour." This is now, as predestination formerly was, the favorite thesis of popular theology. And, like the doctrine of predestination, it professes to be specially derived from St. Paul.

But whoever has followed attentively the main line of St. Paul's theology, as we have tried to show it, will see at once that in St. Paul's essential ideas this popular notion of a substitution, a sacrifice, and an imputation of alien merit has no place. Paul knows nothing of a sacrificial atonement; what Paul knows of is a reconciling sacrifice. The real substitution, for Paul, is not the substitution of Christ in men's stead as victim on the cross to God's offended justice; it is the substitution by which the believer, in his own person, repeats Christ's dying to sin. Paul says, in real

truth, to our Puritans with their magical and mechanical salvation, just what he said to the men of circumcision: "If I preach, resting in the finished work of a Saviour, *why am I yet persecuted? why do I die daily? then is the stumbling-block of the cross annulled.* That hard, that wellnigh impossible doctrine that our whole course must be a crucifixion and a resurrection, even as Christ's whole course was a crucifixion and a resurrection, becomes superfluous. Yet this is my central doctrine."

The notion of God, as a magnified and non-natural man, appeased by a sacrifice, and remitting, in consideration of it, his wrath against those who had offended him,—this notion of God, which science repels, was equally repelled, in spite of all that his nation, time, and training had in them to favor it, by the profound religious sense of Paul. In none of his epistles is the reconciling work of Christ really presented under this aspect. One great epistle there is which does present it under this aspect,—the Epistle to the Hebrews. If other proof were wanting, this alone would make it impossible that the Epistle to the Hebrews should be Paul's; and indeed of all the epistles which bear his name, it is the only one which may not, in spite of the hesitation caused by some difficulties, be finally attributed to him. The Epistle to the Hebrews is full of beauty and power; and what may be called the exterior conduct of its argument is as able and satisfying as Paul's exterior conduct of his argument is generally embarrassed. Its details are full of what is edifying; but its central conception of Christ's death, as a perfect sacrifice which consummated the imperfect sacrifices of the Jewish law, is a mere notion of the understanding, and is not a religious idea. The tradition which ascribes to Apollos the Epistle to the Hebrews derives corroboration from the one account of him which we have; that "he was an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures." The Epistle to the Hebrews is just such a performance as might naturally have come from an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures, and in whom the intelligence and the powers of combining, type-establishing, and expounding, somewhat dominated the religious perceptions. Turn it which way you will, the notion of vicarious sacrifice, which the Epistle to the Hebrews delivers, will never truly speak to the religious sense, or bear fruit for true religion. It is no blame to Apollos if he was led astray by this notion of vicarious sacrifice, for the whole world was full of it, up to his time, in his time, and since his time; and it has driven theologians before it like sheep. The wonder is, not that Apollos should have adopted it, but that Paul should have been enabled, through the incomparable power and energy of religious perception informing his intellectual perception, steadily to put it aside. Figures drawn from this dominant notion he used, for it has so saturated the imagination and language of humanity that its figures pass naturally and irresistibly into all our speech; popular Puritanism consists of the notion from the Epistle to the Hebrews set forth with Paul's figures. But the notion itself Paul had put aside, and had substituted for it a better.

The term *sacrifice* contains three notions: the notion of winning the favor or buying off the wrath of a powerful being by giving him something precious; the notion of parting with something precious; and the notion of expiation, not in the sense

of buying off wrath or satisfying a claim, but of suffering in that wherein we have sinned. The first notion is, at bottom, merely superstitious, and belongs to the ignorant and fear-ridden childhood humanity; it is the main element, however, in the Puritan conception of justification. The second notion explains itself; it is the main element in the Pauline conception of justification. The third notion may easily be misdealt with; but it has a profound truth; something of it has no doubt made its way into the Puritan conception of justification, and inspires whatever in that conception is true and wholesome; in Paul's conception of justification there is much of it. Christ parted with what, to men in general, is the most precious of things,—individual self and selfishness; he pleased not himself, obeyed the Spirit of God, died to sin and to the law in our members, consummated upon the cross this death; that is Paul's essential notion of Christ's sacrifice. This proceeding "*condemned sin in the flesh*"; that notion, also, is very present along with the other to Paul's mind. Through the solidarity of men, eminent suffering, by an eminent person, becomes representative; therefore, in that death of Christ to selfish impulse which his crucifixion crowns and symbolizes, the race solemnly suffers wherein the race had sinned, and condemns that wherein it had sinned. This is the expiatory aspect of Christ's death for the imagination; its expiatory aspect from a moral point of view is that such a solemn and dolorous condemnation of sin does actually loosen sin's hold and attraction upon us who regard it,—makes it easier for us to die to sin.*

Christ's sacrifice, and the condemnation of sin it contained, was made for us while we were yet sinners; it was made irrespectively of our power or inclination to sympathize with it and appreciate it. Yet, even thus, the sacrifice reconciled us to God, to the eternal order; for it contained the means, the only possible means, of our being brought into harmony with this order. Christ, however, was delivered for our sins while we were yet sinners. But presently the influence of the pregnant act gains us. Then come the sympathy for the act and the appreciation of it, which its doer never regarded; faith in him enters into us, masters us. We identify ourselves with him; we repeat, through the power of this identification, his death to the law of the flesh and self-pleasing, his condemnation of sin in the flesh; the death how imperfectly, the condemnation how remorsefully! But we rise with him to life, the only true life, of imitation of God, of putting on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness, of following the eternal law of the moral order which by ourselves we could not follow. Then God justifies us; we have the righteousness of God and the sense of having it; we are freed from the oppressing sense of eternal order guiltily outraged and sternly retributive; we act in joyful conformity with God's will, instead of in miserable rebellion to it; we are in harmony with the universal order and feel that we are in harmony with it. If, then, Christ was delivered for our sins, he was raised for our justification. If by his death we were reconciled to God, by the means being thus provided for our else im-

* The first aspect is presented in Gal. iii. 13; the second in Gal. i. 4. In the first aspect Christ is the *ἀντίλυτρον* or ransom: in the second, the *μαρτύριον* or witness. Popular theology prefers to regard him as the *ἀντίλυτρον*; Paul preferred to regard him as the *μαρτύριον*,—the *testimony*, in his life and in his death, to the power and goodness of God.

possible access to God, much more, when we have availed ourselves of these means and died with him, are we saved by his life of which we partake. Henceforward we are not only justified but sanctified; not only in harmony with the eternal order and at peace with God, but consecrated* and unalterably devoted to them; and from this devotion comes an ever-growing union with God in Christ, an advance, as St. Paul says, from glory to glory.

This is Paul's conception of Christ's sacrifice. His figures of ransom, redemption, propitiation, blood, offering, all attach themselves to his central idea of *identification with Christ through dying with him*, and are strictly subservient to it. This language of Paul's has its own beauty and propriety; it is imaginative language; there is no need for turning it, as Puritanism has done, into the methodical language of the schools. But if it is to be turned into methodical language, then it is the language into which we have translated it that translates it truly.

We have seen how it fares with one of the two great tenets which Puritanism has extracted from St. Paul, — the tenet of predestination. We now see how it fares with the other, the tenet of justification. Paul's figures our Puritans have taken literally, while for his central idea they have substituted another, which is not his. And his central idea they have turned into a figure, and have let it almost disappear out of their mind. His essential idea lost, his figures misused, an idea essentially not his substituted for his, — the unifying patchwork thus made, Puritanism has stamped with Paul's name and called the gospel. It thunders at Romanism for not preaching it, it casts off Anglicanism for not setting it forth alone and unreservedly, it founds organizations of its own to give full effect to it; these organizations guide politics, govern statesmen, destroy institutions; — and they are based upon a blunder!

It is to Protestantism, and this its Puritan gospel, that the reproaches thrown on St. Paul, for shutting up religion of the heart into theories of the head about election and justification, rightly attach. St. Paul himself, as we have seen, begins with seeking righteousness and ends with finding it; from first to last, the practical religious sense never deserts him. If he could have seen and heard our preachers of predestination and justification, they are just the people he would have called "diseased about questions and word-battlings." He would have told Puritanism that every Sunday, when in all its countless chapels it reads him and preaches from him, the veil is upon its heart. The moment it reads him right, a veil will seem to be taken away from its heart, it will feel as though scales were fallen from its eyes.

But leaving Puritanism and its errors, let us turn again for a moment, before we end, to the glorious apostle who has occupied us so long. He died, and mankind's familiar fancies of appeasement and vicarious sacrifice, from which, by a prodigy of religious insight, Paul had been able to disengage the death of Christ, rushed over it and made it their own. Back rolled upon the human soul the mist which the fires of Paul's spiritual genius had dispersed for a few short years. The mind of the whole world was imbrued in the idea

of blood, and only through the false idea of sacrifice did they reach Paul's true one. Paul's idea of dying with Christ the *Imitation* elevates more conspicuously than any Protestant treatise elevates it; but it elevates it environed and enfolded with the idea of appeasement, — of the magnified and non-natural man wrath-filled and blood-exacting, the human victim adding his peculiar sufferings to those of the divine. Meanwhile another danger was preparing. Gifted men had brought to the study of St. Paul the habits of the Greek and Roman schools, and philosophized where Paul Orientalized. Augustine, a great genius, — who can doubt it? — nay, a great religious genius, but unlike Paul in this, and inferior to him, that he confused the boundaries of metaphysics and religion,* which Paul never did, — Augustine set the example of finding in Paul's eastern speech, just as it stood, the formal propositions of western dialectics. Last came the interpreter in whose slowly relaxing grasp we still lie, — the heavy-handed Protestant Philistine. Sincere, gross of perception, prosaic, he saw in Paul's mystical idea of man's investiture with the righteousness of God nothing but a strict legal transaction, and reserved all his imagination for Hell and the New Jerusalem and his foretaste of them. A so-called Pauline scheme was in every one's mouth; but the ideas of the true Paul lay lost and buried.

Every one who has been at Rome has been taken to see the Church of St. Paul, rebuilt after a destruction by fire forty years ago. The church stands a mile or two out of the city, on the way to Ostia and the desert. The interior has all the costly magnificence of Italian churches; on the ceiling is written in gilded letters, "*Doctor Gentium*." Gold glitters and marbles gleam, but man and his movement are not there. The traveller has left at a distance the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*; around him reigns solitude. There is Paul, with the mystery which was hid from ages and from generations, which was manifested by him for some half-score years, and which then was buried with him in his grave. Not in our day will he relive, with his incessant effort to spiritualize, with his incessant effort to make the intellect follow and secure the religious perception in all its workings. Of those who care for religion, the multitude of us want the materialism of the Apocalypse; the few want a vague religiosity. Science, which more and more teaches us to find in the unapparent the real, will gradually serve to conquer the materialism of popular religion. The friends of vague religiosity, on the other hand, will be more and more taught by experience that a theology, a scientific appreciation of the facts of religion,† is wanted for religion; but a theology which is a true theology, not a false. Both these influences will work for Paul's re-emergence. The doctrine of Paul will arise out of the tomb where for centuries it has lain covered; it will edify the Church of the future; it will have the consent of happier generations, the applause of less superstitious ages. All, all will be too little to pay half

* The endless words which Puritanism has wasted upon *sanctification*, a magical filling with goodness and holiness, flow from a mere mistake in translating; *ἀγιασμός* means consecration, a setting apart to holy service.

* Compare Paul's "blessed and only potentate, king of kings, and lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in light, unapproachable," with Augustine's "*Deum sine quantitate magnam, sine qualitate bonum, sine tempore sempiternum, sine morte vitam, sine infirmitate fortem, sine mendacio verum, sine situ ubique præsentem, sine loco ubique totum*," &c. The works of this great saint are encumbered with too many pages of such elaborate futilities.

† This excellent definition is Monsieur Reuss's, whose book I have already mentioned.

the debt which the Church of God owes to this "least of the apostles, who was not fit to be called an apostle, because he persecuted the Church of God."

COLOSSAL FORTUNES.

WE have often thought that it would be very pleasant to possess a princely fortune. There is a pleasure, well understood by novelists, in simply calling up before our imagination vast sums of money and magnificent landed estates. We always like the last page, in which the various couples in whom we have taken an interest receive their portions with the boundless liberality of a good-natured writer of fiction. We admire the young lady in the model novel with five hundred thousand acres in a ring-fence in Norfolk, a county in Scotland, a castle in Wales, a villa at Richmond, a corner-house in Belgrave Square, and eighty thousand a year in the Three per Cents; and we feel a sympathetic thrill when Miriam de Mendoza takes a thousand-pound note from a bundle on the piano to light the extinguished chibouk of Lord Codringsby. If there is a pleasure in meeting with such gorgeous millionnaires even in fairy-land, how pleasant it must be to be ranked amongst their counterparts in real life! Of course the moralist has plenty of apothegms wherewith to damp our satisfaction. There are various little sayings about the blessings of mediocrity, the delight of making an honest living by the sweat of one's brow, and so on, which seem rather to savor of the remark about sour grapes. Could any of these severe gentlemen withstand the infinite charms of boundless wealth, if really within their reach? We admit, indeed, that there is probably a certain limitation even to the conveniences of money. We could be tolerably content, say, with a hundred thousand a year, and can imagine a doubt whether the addition of an equal sum to our annual income might not, after that point, begin to give more trouble than it was worth. After one had enough to satisfy every possible want, to give free play to all one's tastes in art, literature, or science, to have the most comfortable of houses, and the best of all possible eating and drinking, we might doubt whether an addition to our wealth might not bring more responsibility than amusement. We have heard it said that a man who resolves to spend all his income upon himself finds it very difficult, after he has passed a certain point, to find any new way of employing his fortune satisfactorily. Of course it is always open to a man to muddle away his money, in gambling or charity, to any conceivable extent; but there is practically a limit to the sum which can be spent directly upon one's self. What that limit may be it is, of course, very difficult to fix in practice; but there is no great temptation to be so rich that your wealth becomes a burden. Putting this question out of sight, and it is one that has little practical interest for most people, the natural expression of the feelings of the unregenerate man is that summed up so forcibly in Clough's ballad:—

"How pleasant it is to have money, heigho!
How pleasant it is to have money!"

And as much of it as possible.

Few, however, of the poorer classes will content themselves with this reflection on hearing of one of those vast fortunes whose existence is occasionally brought before us. We are, it may be, a little too jealous, or possibly a little too philosophical or too

humane, to look upon them with that simple pleasure with which we contemplate a work of art, or with which ladies will gloat over the stores in a jeweller's shop-window. We are driven to reason about it, and to ask whether colossal fortunes are, or can be made, good things for the country in which they exist. Our reflections probably take the form of a simple argument for demonstrating the benefits of equality. It is plain that the sum of human happiness will be greater, if a hundred men have each a thousand a year, than if one man had a hundred thousand a year and the rest nothing. After the first few thousands, every additional thousand accumulated upon a single possession gives him less additional pleasure than its predecessors. To raise an income of twenty to one of twenty-one thousand a year gives very little extra gratification to its owner; he may keep another horse or two, and buy a few more pictures, but, all his chief wants being gratified, he can at most add a few comparatively insignificant luxuries to his stock. On the other hand, the addition of the same income to a man who was previously in the depths of poverty may lift him definitely to a higher level, and make his life one of comfort, instead of one of constant toil and vexation. The argument proves conclusively that, given a certain total of revenue in a country, it will produce more happiness when widely distributed than when divided into very unequal lumps. The ordinary complaint about the rich growing richer and the poor poorer seems generally to imply a tacit assumption of this kind. It is supposed that there is only a certain quantity of wealth in the country, and that, if one man gets a larger share, it must necessarily be made up from those of his poorer neighbors. If this were the real state of the case, it should be the greatest object of philanthropists to devise some means by which wealth might be made to flow uniformly over the whole surface of the country, instead of gathering in irregular masses, and being spread thinly in one quarter and thickly in another.

Without asking whether this is applicable to any particular cases, it is plain that it omits one essential element of the question. The assumption that the whole amount of wealth is a fixed quantity is the reverse of the truth. Nothing, moreover, can be plainer than that a rapid growth of wealth is favorable to the development of large fortunes, and that reciprocally the possession of large fortunes is in many ways favorable to a rapid growth of wealth. Some of the most striking phenomena in American society are due to the first of these truths. There was a time when the genuine democratic ideal was partially realized there, and when, as it is said, every man in Connecticut was rich enough to keep a one-horse chaise, and scarcely anybody rich enough to keep a chaise with two horses. That halcyon period has long gone by; and it is plain enough that, if American democracy levels everything else, it has at least no tendency to level fortunes. We seem to be approaching an epoch when such men as Vanderbilt and Drew will be the most prominent figures in the great Republic. The growth of such enormous commercial centres as New York and Chicago inevitably tends to centralization of wealth. A shrewd speculator who is at the centre towards which so many streams of fortune are constantly flowing has immense opportunities of growing rich, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, beyond the dreams of avarice. There is no probability that the tendency will be diminished. The

difference between the democracies of the future and the old-fashioned aristocracies is not that there will be greater equality of wealth in the democracies, but that fortunes will be more mobile, and will not give rise to families permanently raised above their neighbors. We may look forward, in short, with far more confidence to a period of gigantic fortunes than to one in which everybody will be moderately comfortable. The dreams of socialists may be destined at some future time to take concrete shape; but so far as we can say from experience, the reverse of the process for which they pray is more likely to take place. Not only will great land-owners become rich by the simple process of sitting still and looking on at the development of the country, but even if landed estates should be summarily cut up and distributed equally amongst the population, some more radical change would be required to check the development of huge commercial fortunes. We shall have bankers, and manufacturers, and railway proprietors, whose wealth would seem to us to be fabulous, even if the most stringent legislation should enforce the minute partition of the soil. Great fortunes, too, are the cause as well as the consequence of a rapid increase of wealth. No way of getting rich, it is well known, is so certain as the possession of a good deal of money. In many departments of trade there is a marked tendency to the concentration of fortunes, because the unity of management, the increased power of organization, and other causes, give a decided economical advantage to the possessors of large capitals. Enterprises become possible to them which require long foresight and the power of waiting for distant results, though they may be ultimately enormously profitable. Nor, however much may be done within a certain sphere by co-operation, has it as yet given proofs of being able successfully to contend in any wide field with individual management.

If, then, we assume that the world will continue to grow richer, it is highly probable that we shall also witness a steady accumulation of colossal fortunes. And it is therefore wiser, instead of sighing after a chimerical equality, to ask in what way they may be made useful. If fortunes increase, the number of those who regard them with envy certainly does not diminish; and though the poverty of the multitude may be in no sense produced by the accumulation of capital, it certainly makes it desirable for capitalists to occupy a position as little invidious as possible. Very rich men may be regarded with pleasure from a purely artistic point of view; but there are a good many paupers, who do not care much for art, and have a very strong appreciation of the pleasure of getting a slice of their neighbor's cake. A miser, according to political economists, is probably doing a great deal of good by his investments, whilst the spendthrift is damaging the world as well as himself. But the spendthrift is the popular character, because the immediate and tangible results of his conduct are apparently advantageous; from which it may be inferred that the miser would do wisely to dispel the popular illusion as much as possible, and to make the good effects of his saving tangible not only to the philosopher, but to the vulgar mind. Otherwise the vulgar mind may get into an unphilosophical state of irritation. The advantages, indeed, of a liberal use of wealth are too obvious to require illustration. Everybody who has any money to spend is glad to insist upon the unanswerable reasons for spending it upon himself. We

are delighted to demonstrate that there ought to be a refined and cultivated class in the community, and further to decide that we, who have the money, ought to be the refined and cultivated class. Indeed, if charity reached such a pitch that everybody gave away all that may strictly be called superfluous, we should speedily become a nation of very commonplace semi-paupers; and the only, though amply sufficient, reason for not insisting upon the practice of spending a large part of our incomes on luxury as a solemn duty is that we are quite ready enough to do it without any sense of duty at all. When, however, our income reaches above a certain point, it is difficult not to go to excess in the discharge of this duty. What is to be done, then, is a question which concerns very few people. In an ideal state of things a man would perhaps consider himself simply as an officer intrusted with a large part of the national earnings, to be spent for the good of the world at large.

The late Mr. Peabody, whose death we learn with sincere regret as we write, seems to have discovered one way of approaching to this conception; and people with small incomes must often have thought that if they had a great deal more than they could possibly spend upon themselves they would endeavor to rival so noble an example. When they come to be tried, they generally find it hard to act up to the notion; and indeed the difficulty of giving away many thousands without doing more harm than good is so enormous that it is scarcely to be desired, as it certainly is not to be expected, that the example will often be literally followed out. We can only hope, in a general way, that the growth of large fortunes and the increased publicity of expenditure may gradually generate an increased sense of responsibility. There is one other circumstance which tends in the same direction, and whose action may be faintly observed in America. It is often remarked that rich men are there more liberal and public-spirited in the use of wealth. This is partly owing to the principle that what comes easily goes easily; and that, in a country where people are accustomed to the sudden growth and equally sudden disappearance of large fortunes, a man learns to care less about so transitory a possession. It is also due to the collateral result that a man who has no motive for founding a great family is without one powerful motive for retaining wealth. A decline of the old aristocratic feeling implies that the son of a very rich man will be more generally disposed to start on his own resources, and to look forward to a life of more or less hard work. There is both good and evil in this result. A man perhaps is more often hurt than benefited by inheriting a large fortune; whilst, on the other hand, it is very desirable that everybody should as a matter of course look forward to life in a counting-house or an office. Without entering upon so large a subject, we need only remark that the tendency of which this is an example is favorable to a more generous use of vast wealth, as well as to its frequent accumulation.

THE EXECUTION BY HARA-KIRI.

BY ALGERNON BERTRAM MITFORD, SECRETARY TO
H. M.'S LEGATION IN JAPAN.

I WAS sent officially to witness the execution by *Hara-Kiri* (self-immolation by disembowelling) of Taki Zenzaburo, the officer of the Prince of Bizen.

He it was who gave the order to fire on the foreign settlement at Hiogo. As the *Hara-Kiri* is one of the Japanese customs which has excited the greatest curiosity in Europe, although, owing to the fact that it had never hitherto been witnessed by foreigners, it has seemed little better than a fable, I will relate what occurred.

The ceremony, which was ordered by the Mikado himself, took place at 10.30 at night in the Temple of Seigukuji, the head-quarters of the Satsuma troops at Hiogo. A witness was sent from each of the foreign legations. We were seven foreigners in all.

We were conducted to the temple by officers of the Princes of Satsuma and Choshii. Although the ceremony was to be conducted in the most private manner, the casual remarks which we overheard in the streets, and a crowd lining the principal entrance to the temple, showed that it was a matter of no little interest to the public. The courtyard of the temple presented a most picturesque sight; it was crowded with soldiers standing about in knots round large fires, which threw a dim, flickering light over the heavy eaves and quaint gable-ends of the sacred buildings. We were shown into an inner room, where we were to wait until the preparation for the ceremony was completed; in the next room to us were the high Japanese officers. After a long interval, which seemed doubly long from the silence which prevailed, Itô Shunské, the provisional Governor of Hiogo, came and took down our names, and informed us that seven *kenshi*, sheriffs or witnesses, would attend on the part of the Japanese. He and another officer represented the Mikado; two captains of Satsuma's infantry, and two of Choshii's, with a representative of the Prince of Bizen, the clan of the condemned man, completed the number, which was probably arranged in order to tally with that of the foreigners. Itô Shunské further inquired whether we wished to put any questions to the prisoner. We replied in the negative.

A further delay then ensued, after which we were invited to follow the Japanese witnesses into the *hondo* or main hall of the temple, where the ceremony was to be performed. It was an imposing scene. A large hall with a high roof supported by dark pillars of wood. From the ceiling hung a profusion of those huge gilt lamps and ornaments peculiar to Buddhist temples. In front of the high altar, where the floor, covered with beautiful white mats, is raised some three or four inches from the ground, was laid a rug of scarlet felt. Tall candles placed at regular intervals gave out a dim, mysterious light, just sufficient to let all the proceedings be seen. The seven Japanese took their places on the left of the raised floor, the seven foreigners on the right. No other person was present.

After an interval of a few minutes of anxious suspense, Taki Zenzaburo, a stalwart man thirty-two years of age, with a noble air, walked into the hall attired in his dress of ceremony, with the peculiar hempen cloth wings which are worn on great occasions. He was accompanied by a *kaishaku* and three officers, who wore the *zimbari* or war surcoat with gold-tissue facings. The word *kaishaku*, it should be observed, is one to which our word *executioner* is no equivalent term. The office is that of a gentleman: in many cases it is performed by a kinsman or friend of the condemned, and the relation between them is rather that of principal and second than that of victim and executioner. In this instance

the *kaishaku* was a pupil of Taki Zenzaburo, and was selected by the friends of the latter from among their own number for his skill in swordsmanship.

With the *kaishaku* on his left hand, Taki Zenzaburo advanced slowly towards the Japanese witnesses, and the two bowed before them, then drawing near to the foreigners they saluted us in the same way, perhaps even with more deference: in each case the salutation was ceremoniously returned. Slowly, and with great dignity, the condemned man mounted on to the raised floor, prostrated himself before the high altar twice, and seated * himself on the felt carpet with his back to the high altar, the *kaishaku* crouching on his left-hand side. One of the three attendant officers then came forward bearing a stand of the kind used in temples for offerings, on which, wrapped in paper, lay the *wakizashi*, the short sword or dirk of the Japanese, nine inches and a half in length, with a point and an edge as sharp as a razor's. This he handed, prostrating himself, to the condemned man, who received it reverently, raising it to his head with both hands, and placed it in front of himself.

After another profound obeisance, Taki Zenzaburo, in a voice which betrayed just so much emotion and hesitation as might be expected from a man who is making a painful confession, but with no sign of fear either in his face or manner, spoke as follows:—

"I, and I alone, unwarrantably gave the order to fire on the foreigners at Kôbé, and again as they tried to escape. For this crime I disembowel myself, and I beg you who are present to do me the honor of witnessing the act."

Bowing once more, the speaker allowed his upper garments to slip down to his girdle, and remained naked to the waist. Carefully, according to custom, he tucked his sleeves under his knees to prevent himself from falling backwards, for a noble Japanese gentleman should die falling forwards. Deliberately, with a steady hand, he took the dirk that lay before him; he looked at it wistfully, almost affectionately; for a moment he seemed to collect his thoughts for the last time, and then, stabbing himself deeply below the waist on the left-hand side, he drew it slowly across to the right side, and turning the dirk in the wound, gave a slight cut upwards. During this sickeningly painful operation he never moved a muscle of his face. When he drew out the dirk he leaned forward and stretched out his neck; an expression of pain for the first time crossed his face, but he uttered no sound. At that moment the *kaishaku*, who, still crouching by his side, had been keenly watching his every movement, sprang to his feet, poised his sword for a second in the air; there was a flash, a heavy, ugly thud, a crashing fall; with one blow the head had been severed from the body.

A dead silence followed, broken only by the hideous noise of the blood gushing out of the inert heap before us, which but a moment before had been a brave and chivalrous man. It was horrible.

The *kaishaku* made a low bow, wiped his sword, and retired from the raised floor; and the stained dirk was solemnly borne away, a bloody proof of the execution.

The two representatives of the Mikado then left their places, and crossing over to where the foreign

* Seated himself, — that is, in the Japanese fashion, his knees and toes touching the ground, and his body resting on his heels. In this position, which is one of respect, he remained until his death.

witnesses sat, called us to witness that the sentence of death upon Taki Zenzaburo had been faithfully carried out. The ceremony being at an end, we left the temple.

The ceremony, to which the place and the hour gave an additional solemnity, was characterized throughout by that extreme dignity and punctiliousness which are the distinctive marks of the proceedings of Japanese gentlemen of rank; and it is important to note this fact, because it carries with it the conviction that the dead man was indeed the officer who had committed the crime, and no substitute. While profoundly impressed by the terrible scene, it was impossible at the same time not to be filled with admiration of the firm and manly bearing of the sufferer, and of the nerve with which the *kaishaku* performed his last duty to his master. Nothing could more strongly show the force of education. The *samurai*, or gentleman of the military class, from his earliest years learns to look upon the *Hara-Kiri* as a ceremony in which some day he may be called upon to play a part as principal or second. In old-fashioned families, which hold to the traditions of ancient chivalry, the child is instructed in the right and familiarized with the idea as an honorable expiation of crime or blotting-out of disgrace. If the hour comes, he is prepared for it, and bravely faces an ordeal which early training has robbed of half its horrors. In what other country in the world does a man learn that the last tribute of affection which he may have to pay to his best friend may be to act as his executioner?

Since I wrote the above, we have heard that, before his entry into the fatal hall, Taki Zenzaburo called round him all those of his own clan who were present, many of whom had carried out his order to fire, and addressing them in a short speech, acknowledged the heinousness of his crime and the justice of his sentence, and warned them solemnly to avoid any repetition of attacks upon foreigners. They were also addressed by the officers of the Mikado, who urged them to bear no ill-will against us on account of the fate of their fellow-clansman. They declared that they entertained no such feeling.

The opinion has been expressed that it would have been politic for the foreign representatives at the last moment to have interceded for the life of Taki Zenzaburo. The question is believed to have been debated among the representatives themselves. My own belief is that mercy, although it might have produced the desired effect among the more civilized clans, would have been mistaken for weakness and fear by those wilder people who have not yet a personal knowledge of foreigners. The offence—an attack upon the flags and subjects of all the Treaty Powers, which lack of skill, not of will, alone prevented from ending in an universal massacre—was the gravest that has been committed upon foreigners since their residence in Japan. Death was undoubtedly deserved, and the form chosen was in Japanese eyes merciful and yet judicial. The crime might have involved a war and cost hundreds of lives; it was wiped out by one death. I believe that in the interest of Japan as well as in our own, the course pursued was wise, and it was very satisfactory to me to find that one of the ablest Japanese ministers, Gotô Shojiro, with whom I had a discussion upon the subject, was quite of my opinion.

The ceremonies observed at the *Hara-Kiri* appear to vary slightly in detail in different parts of

Japan; but the following memorandum upon the subject of the rite, as it is practised at Yeddo, clearly establishes its judicial character. I translated it from a paper drawn up for me by a Japanese who was able to speak of what he had seen himself. Three different ceremonies are described:—

1st. Ceremonies observed at the *Hara-Kiri* of a *Hatamoto* (petty noble of the Tycoon's court) in prison. This is conducted with great secrecy. Six mats are spread in a large courtyard of the prison; an *ometsuké* (officer whose duties appear to consist in the surveillance of other officers), assisted by two other *ometsukés* of the second and third class, acts as *kenshi* or sheriff, and sits in front of the mats. The condemned man, attired in his dress of ceremony, and wearing his wings of hempen cloth, sits in the centre of the mats. At each of the four corners of the mats sits a prison official. Two officers of the Governor of the city act as *kaishaku* (executioners or seconds), and take their place, one on the right hand, and the other on the left hand of the condemned.

The *kaishaku* on the left side, announcing his name and surname, says, bowing, "I have the honor to act as a *kaishaku* to you; have you any last wishes to confide to me?" The condemned man thanks him and accepts the offer or not, as the case may be. He then bows to the sheriff, and a wooden dirk nine and a half inches long is placed before him at a distance of three feet, wrapped in paper and lying on a stand such as is used for offerings in temples. As he reaches forward to take the wooden sword and stretches out his neck, the *kaishaku* on his left-hand side draws his sword and strikes off his head. The *kaishaku* on the right-hand side takes up the head and shows it to the sheriff. The body is given to the relations of the deceased for burial. His property is confiscated.

2d. The ceremonies observed at the *Hara-Kiri* of a *daimio's* retainer. When the retainer of a *daimio* is condemned to perform the *Hara-Kiri*, four mats are placed in the yard of the *yashiki* or palace. The condemned man, dressed in his robes of ceremony, and wearing his wings of hempen cloth, sits in the centre. An officer acts as sheriff, with a sub-sheriff under him. Two officers, who act as *kaishaku*, are on the right and left of the condemned man; four officers are placed at the corners of the mats. The *kaishaku*, as in the former case, offers to execute the last wishes of the condemned. A dirk nine and a half inches long is placed before him on a stand. In this case the dirk is a real dirk, which the man takes and stabs himself with on the left side, below the navel, drawing it across to the right side. At this moment, when he leans forward in pain, the *kaishaku* on the left-hand side cuts off his head. The *kaishaku* on the right-hand side takes up the head, and shows it to the sheriff. The body is given to the relations for burial. In most cases the property of the deceased is confiscated.

3d. Self-immolation of a *daimio* on account of disgrace. When a *daimio* has been guilty of treason or offended against the Tycoon,* inasmuch as the family is disgraced, and an apology could neither be offered nor accepted, the offended *daimio* disembowels himself. Calling his councillors around him, he confides to them his last will and testament for transmission to the Tycoon. Then, clothing

* The events of the last three months have rendered treason against the Tycoon a thing of the past.

himself in his court dress, he disembowels himself, and cuts his own throat. His councillors then report the matter to the Government, and a coroner is sent to investigate it. To him the retainers hand the last will and testament of their lord, and he takes it to the Gorōjii (1st Council), who transmit it to the Tycoon. If the offence has been heinous, such as would involve the ruin of the whole family, by the clemency of the Tycoon, half the property may be confiscated, and half returned to the heir; if the offence is trivial, the property is inherited intact by the heir, and the family do not suffer.

In all cases where the criminal disembowels himself of his own accord without condemnation and without investigation, inasmuch as he is no longer able to defend himself, the offence is considered as non-proven, and the property is not confiscated.

There are many stories on record of extraordinary heroism being displayed in the *Hara-Kiri*. The case of a young fellow, only twenty years old, of the Choshu clan, which was told me the other day by an eye-witness, deserves mention as a marvellous instance of determination. Not content with giving himself the one necessary cut, he slashed himself thrice horizontally and twice vertically. Then he stabbed himself in the throat until the dirk protruded on the other side, with its sharp edge to the front; setting his teeth in one supreme effort, he drove the knife forward with both hands through his throat, and fell dead.

One more story, and I have done. The Tycoon, beaten on every side, and having fled ignominiously to Yeddo, is said to have determined to fight no more, but to yield everything. A member of his second council went to him and said, "Sir, the only way for you now to retrieve the honor of the family of Tokugawa is to disembowel yourself; and to prove to you that I am sincere and disinterested in what I say, I am here ready to disembowel myself with you." The Tycoon flew into a great rage, saying that he would listen to no such nonsense, and left the room. His faithful retainer, to prove his honesty, retired to another part of the castle, and solemnly performed the *Hara-Kiri*.

QUIN, THE ACTOR.

AFTER the Restoration three great tragic actors followed each other in succession, — Betterton, Booth, and Quin. The latter reigned supreme when Garrick rose and eclipsed, we may almost say, dethroned him. It was the triumph of sparkling, brilliant nature over labored, ponderous art. Churchill accuses Quin of sameness; he says, no matter what he played, he lacked variety. The man superseded the actor, — "Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff, — still 't was Quin." Yet he allows him much merit; witness the following lines: —

"Quin, from afar, lured by the scent of fame,
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. . . .
His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong,
In many tides of sense they rolled along,
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labored artifice of speech."

And Chetwood says he was the chief pillar that supported all the theatres wherever he performed.

Quin was not only celebrated as an actor, but also as a *gourmand*, and constitutional joker. The smart sayings he actually uttered suffice to fill a goodly volume, while those fathered on him would swell the bulk to two or three more. They are

generally so well known that, with but a few exceptions, the recapitulation would be tiresome. We therefore spare our readers the *decies repetita placebit*, which may be true though we do not believe in it, and pass on to biography.

Soon after the death of Mr. Quin, a pamphlet appeared, entitled "The Life of James Quin, Comedian," with the History of the Stage, from his commencing Actor to his Retreat to Bath. 12mo, printed for Bladon, 1766. From that life, which abounds in misstatements and inaccuracies, the account in the "Biographical Dictionary," published in 1767, is taken, where it has since continued to misinform the reader through several editions. It is almost unnecessary to add that no regard is due to the authority of this pamphlet, or of the Biographical Dictionary in this particular instance. In 1805, a memoir of Quin appeared in the "Theatrical Dictionary." In 1831, Galt included Quin in his "Lives of the Players," while various desultory particulars respecting him are to be found in "His Majesty's Servants," by Dr. Doran, published so recently as 1864. All the different lives of Garrick abound in *Quiniana*.

James Quin was born in King Street, Covent Garden, on the 24th of February, 1693. His ancestors were of an ancient family in the kingdom of Ireland. His father, James Quin, was bred at Trinity College, Dublin, from whence he came to England, entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar; but his father, Mark Quin, who had been Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1676, dying about that period, and leaving him a plentiful estate, he quitted England in 1700, for his native country, taking with him his son, the subject of our present narrative.

The marriage of Quin's father was attended with circumstances which affected the interest of his son so materially as probably to influence his future destination in life. His mother was a reputed widow, who had been married to a person in the mercantile line, and who left her, to pursue some traffic or particular business in the West Indies. He had been absent nearly seven years, without her having received any letter from, or the least information respecting him. He was even given out to be dead, which report was universally credited. She went into mourning for him, and some time after, Quin's father, who is said to have then possessed an estate of £1,000 a year, paid his addresses to her, and married her. The consequence of this marriage was James Quin. His parents continued for some time in an undisturbed state of happiness, when the first husband returned, claimed his wife, and obtained possession of her. Quin the elder retired with his son, to whom he is said to have left his property. Victor says this was stated by the actor to two gentlemen, some time before his death. Another and more probable account, derived from Chetwood, is, that the estate was suffered to pass to the heir-at-law, and the illegitimacy of James Quin being proved, he was dispossessed of it, and left to shift for himself.

Our actor received his early education in Dublin, under Dr. Jones, until the death of his father in 1710, when the progress of it was interrupted, we may presume, by the litigation which arose respecting his estate. It is generally admitted that he was deficient in literature; and it has been said that he laughed at those who pored over books by way of inquiry after knowledge, affirming that he read men, — that the world was the best book.

This account seems to be founded in truth, and proves the strength of his natural understanding, which enabled him to establish so considerable a reputation as a man of sense and ability.

Deprived thus of the property he expected, and with no profession to support him, though intended for the law, Quin appears to have reached the age of twenty-one. He had, therefore, nothing to rely upon but the exercise of his talents, and with these he supplied the deficiencies of fortune. The theatre in Dublin was then struggling for an establishment, and there he made his first essay. The part he performed was Abel in the "Committee," in the year 1714; and he represented a few other characters, as Cleon in "Timon of Athens," the Prince of Tanais in "Tamerlane," and so on, but all of equal insignificance. After performing for one season in Dublin, he was advised by Chetwood, the prompter, not to smother his rising genius in a kingdom where there was, at that time, no great encouragement for merit. This advice he adopted, and came to London, where he was immediately received into the company at Drury Lane. He subsequently repaid the friendship of Chetwood by a recommendation which enabled the latter to follow him to the English metropolis.

At that period it was usual for young actors to take inferior characters, and to rise gradationally, as they displayed skill and improvement. In conformity to this practice the parts allotted to Quin were not calculated to procure much celebrity for him.

He acted the Lieutenant of the Tower in Rowe's "Lady Jane Grey," the Steward in Gay's "What d'ye call it?" and Vulture in "The Country Lasses"; all produced in 1715. In December, 1716, he obtained a part of more consequence, — *Antenor* in Mrs. Centliore's "Cruel Gift"; but in the beginning of the next year we find him degraded to speak about a dozen lines as the Second Player in "Three Hours after Marriage."

Accident, however, had just before procured him an opportunity which he did not neglect. An order had been sent from the Lord Chamberlain to revive the play of "Tamerlane," on the 4th of November, 1716. It had accordingly been got up with great magnificence. On the third night, Mills, who performed Bajazet, was suddenly taken ill, and application was made to Quin to read the part; a task which he executed so much to the satisfaction of the audience, that he received a considerable share of applause. The next night he made himself perfect, and the bursts of approbation were redoubled. . . .

But he grew impatient of his slow progress at Drury Lane, and determined upon trying his fortune next at Rich's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, then under the management of Keene and Christopher Bullock. Chetwood insinuates that envy influenced some of the Drury Lane authorities to depress so rising an actor. Be that as it may, he continued at the theatre he had chosen seventeen years, and during that period supported without discredit the same characters which were then admirably sustained at the rival establishment.

Not long after he quitted Drury Lane, an unfortunate transaction took place, which threatened to interrupt, if not entirely to stop his theatrical pursuits. This was an unlucky encounter between him and Bowen, which ended fatally to the latter. From the evidence given at the trial, it appeared that on the 17th of April, 1718, about four or five

o'clock in the afternoon, Bowen and Quin met accidentally at the Fleece Tavern in Cornhill. They drank together in a friendly manner, jested with each other for some time, until at length the conversation turned on their stage performances. Bowen said that Quin had acted Tamerlane in a loose sort of manner; and Quin, in retort, observed that his opponent had no occasion to value himself on his own performances, since Mr. Johnson, who had but seldom represented Jacomo in the "Libertine," played it as well as he who had acted it often. Those observations probably irritated them both, and the conversation changed, but to another subject not better calculated to restore good-humor, — the honesty of each party. In the course of the altercation, Bowen asserted that he was as honest a man as any in the world, which occasioned a story about his political tenets to be introduced by Quin. Both parties being warm, a wager was laid on the subject, which was determined in favor of Quin, on his relating that Bowen sometimes drank the health of the Duke of Ormond, and at others refused it; at the same time asking the referee, how he could be as honest a man as any in the world, who acted upon two different principles? The gentleman who had been selected as umpire then told Bowen that if he insisted upon his claim, he must give it against him. Here the dispute seemed to have ended, nothing in the rest of the conversation indicating any remains of resentment in either party. Soon afterwards, however, Bowen arose, threw down his share of the reckoning, and left the company. In about a quarter of an hour, Quin was called out by a porter sent by Bowen, and Quin and Bowen both went together, first to the Swan Tavern, and then to the Pope's Head, where a rencontre took place, in which Bowen received a wound of which he died within three days after. In the course of the evidence it was sworn that Bowen, after he had received the wound, declared that there had been nothing but fair play, that he was in the wrong, and that if he died he freely forgave his antagonist.

On this evidence Quin was, on the 10th of July, found guilty of manslaughter, and soon after returned to his employment on the stage. This unhappy incident was not calculated to impress a favorable opinion of his temper on the public mind. When it is fairly considered in all its circumstances, it leaves not much stain upon his character. Nearly twenty years later, he had the misfortune to be entangled in a second quarrel, which ended equally in a case of homicide.

There was in the theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields a subaltern player, or "faggot," as the professional term went, whose name never made its appearance in the bills; Williams was his appellation, a native of Wales, and not the least choleric of his countrymen. He performed the Messenger in "Cato," and saying "Cæsar sends health to Cato," pronounced the last word *Keeto*. This struck so discordantly on Quin's ear, that he instantly replied, "Would he had sent it by a better messenger!" Williams's hot blood boiled over, and he vowed revenge. He followed Quin into the green-room when he came off the stage, and after representing the injury he had done him by making him appear ridiculous in the eyes of the audience, and thereby hurting him in his profession, he then called him to account as a gentleman, and insisted on satisfaction. Quin endeavored to rally him out of his passion, but this only added fuel to the rage of his antagonist, who, without further remonstrance, retired and waited

for Quin upon the piazza; as he approached, Williams drew upon him, and a duel ensued, in which Williams fell. Again, Quin came to fisticuffs with Aaron Hill, on some criticism which had displeased him, and finally fought a third duel in Covent Garden with Theophilus Cibber, in which both were slightly wounded, and then returned to the company they had left at a tavern, and abused each other in choice Billingsgate, until stopped by general interference.

Theophilus Cibber was a compound of coxcomb and the braggadocio Pistol he so often represented. He was thoroughly worthless and contemptible in a moral sense: connived, it was said, at his accomplished wife's adultery, and then obtained ten pounds in an action for damages against her seducer. He was drowned in the wreck of a packet, on his passage from Parkgate to Dublin, in 1759.

But though Quin was pugnacious and irascible, sarcastic on the bewitching Woffington, and positively rude to the sharp-tongued Clive, he was anything but a morose character. He had a warm heart and a generous disposition, of which he gave many remarkable proofs. Amongst the most noted was his conduct to Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," for whom he professed and felt the highest esteem. Hearing that Thomson was confined in a sponging-house, for a debt of about seventy pounds, he repaired to the place. Thomson was a little disconcerted at seeing him, and the more so as Quin announced that he had come to sup with him, and that, as he supposed, it would have been inconvenient to have had the supper dressed at the place they were in, he had ordered it from an adjacent tavern, and, as a prelude, half a dozen of claret was introduced. The repast being over, Quin said, "It is time now we should balance accounts. The pleasure I have had in perusing your works I cannot estimate at less than a hundred pounds, and I insist on now acquitting the debt." On saying this, he put down a note and took his leave, without waiting for a reply. But Quin had soon the pleasure to see him in affluence, Thomson having obtained the place, not requiring residence, of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands. After Thomson's death, Quin delivered the prologue to his "Coriolanus," written by Lord Lyttelton; in it his feelings so completely mastered him, that it has always been commemorated as one of the tenderest exhibitions that ever the stage displayed.

Quin had a sort of pupil, whom he had helped to bring upon the stage, named Richard Winstone. He was not without talent, but one of those ill-starred beings who never prospered do what he might. The great actor distinguished him by especial notice, and occasionally admitted him to his convivial enjoyments. Winstone once quarrelled with the manager, and abruptly leaving London, contrary to the advice of his patron, went strolling into Wales. After two years' absence, on his return from Swansea to Bristol by sea, he was nearly drowned, having encountered a storm which stranded the ship, and occasioned the loss of all his clothes and what little money he had in his strong box. In this situation he scrambled up to London, and going to one of his old haunts in the purlieus of Covent Garden, went to bed, and sulked for two days without getting out of it. Quin by accident heard of the plight he was in, and immediately calling on the manager, had Winstone restored to his former salary, and his name actually advertised in

the bills for the next day's performance. He then called upon his tailor, who, having Winstone's measure, went with him to Monmouth Street and bought a full suit. Thus accoutred, Quin called upon his old friend, whom he found in bed, very melancholy. After some conversation, in which Winstone related all his misfortunes, Quin asked him why he was not at rehearsal. This at first astonished poor Winstone, till the other explaining the circumstance of his re-engagement, he fell upon his knees with gratitude. "But, my dear friend," says Winstone, "what shall I do for clothes and a little money?" "As for the clothes," replied Quin, "there they are; but as for money, you must put your hand in your own pocket." Winstone did so, and on searching the breeches pocket, found ten guineas, which his friend's humanity had placed there.

When Miss Bellamy came out, Quin took her warmly by the hand, and ever continued to her the kindness and affection of a father. His attachment to Ryan was a life-long affair. After his final retirement he came up from Bath on two successive occasions to play Falstaff for his benefit, by which act of kindness Ryan cleared large sums.

The same favor being solicited a third time Quin, who had lost some of his front teeth, declined in the following lines: "I would play for you if I could, but I will not whistle Falstaff for any man. I have willed you £1,000; if you want money you may have it at once, and save my executors trouble."

During his early career Quin made a great advance when Rich revived the "Merry Wives of Windsor," in 1720. There was no one in the company willing to undertake the part of Falstaff. Quin boldly offered to venture it. "How," said Rich, taking a double pinch of snuff, "you attempt Falstaff? Why you might as well think of acting Cato after Booth! The character of Falstaff, young man, is quite another affair from what you think"—and taking an increased pinch of snuff,—"it is not a little, snivelling part that—that—in short, any one can do. There is not a man amongst you that has any idea of it but myself. It is quite beyond your mark. Don't think of it for a moment, young man." Quin, however, persevered, carried his point, and in his hands Falstaff became one of the established ornaments of the English stage.

In 1731 all the great actors had died or retired, and Quin found himself without a competitor. But his full merit was not allowed him until he succeeded Booth as Cato in 1733-4. In undertaking a part so completely identified with his predecessor he showed great good taste. Instead of announcing his name in the bills in the ordinary form, he paid a just compliment to the town and the merits of Booth by having it stated that the part of Cato would be only attempted by Mr. Quin. The propriety of this announcement was duly appreciated. A full house was the consequence, and the actor did not disappoint it when he said, speaking of the death of his son Marcus, "Thanks to the gods—my boy has done his duty!" the whole audience were so affected that there was a universal shout of "Booth outdone!" Nor was this all; he was encored in the famous soliloquy, and tradition still continues to repeat that Cato as embodied by Quin was one of the finest parts ever represented on any stage.

In 1739, Quin, then in the height of his reputa-

tion, visited Dublin as a star. He was accompanied by Gifford. They drew crowded houses. Quin's benefit at Smock Alley reached £126, at that time esteemed a great sum. He went again in 1741-2 to the Aungier Street theatre, and opened in his grand part of Cato to as crowded an audience as the house could contain. Next came Mrs. Clive in Lappet, and then Ryan in Iago to Quin's Othello. Mrs. Clive so far mistook her abilities as to play Lady Townly and Cordelia to Quin's Lord Townly and Lear, but she made ample amends by her Nell, "Virgin Unmasked," and "Country Wife." Quin went with the company to Cork and Limerick, and returned to Dublin before the close of the year. On the 21st of December, Mrs. Cibber made her first appearance in Ireland as Indiana to Quin's Young Bevil in the "Conscious Lovers." Her agreement with the proprietors was for £800, which they were well enabled to pay from the money she drew, though her first night the receipts fell under £10. The state of the Irish stage was then so low that it was often found that the whole amount of the house was not more than sufficient to discharge Mr. Quin's engagement; but so attentive was he to his own interest, and so rigid in demanding his bond, that he more than once refused to let the curtain be drawn until the money was regularly brought to him. He returned to London in 1742, and does not appear to have obtained an immediate engagement. Garrick had risen during his absence and eclipsed him. Some accounts say that Quin went again to Ireland in 1743 on the chance of an engagement, but not effecting his object, returned in disgust.

From 1743 to 1747 Quin continued to oppose the sweeping popularity of Garrick, but with indifferent success. In 1747 came on the great engagement at Covent Garden, where they were fairly pitted against each other, and appeared together in the "Fair Penitent" as Horatio and Lothario, in "Henry IV." as Falstaff and Hotspur, and in "Jane Shore" as Gloster and Hastings. In the first and last Garrick carried away the palm. In the second Quin left him behind. Hotspur was comparatively a failure, to be classed with Garrick's Othello and Gil Blas.

He resigned it after the fifth night, and never resumed the part again. Some incorrect biographers have stated that during this competition "Venice Preserved," "The Distressed Mother," and "Julius Cæsar" were also produced, and have even gone so far as to describe certain effects produced by the contending champions. This is purely fabulous. The three plays above named were in contemplation, but certainly not acted. The bills preserved in the British Museum, with the registry of dates and performances in Genest's history of the stage, prove this beyond dispute.

At the end of the season of 1748, Quin having taken offence at the conduct of Rich, his manager, retired in a fit of resentment from the theatre, although then under engagements. Some time after, having indulged his spleen, he began to relent, and wrote as follows: "I am at Bath. — QUIN." The answer was equally laconic: "Stay there and be damned. — RICH." However, they ultimately made up the quarrel, and Quin returned to him. On the 15th of May, 1751, he appeared for the last time as an engaged actor as Horatio in the "Fair Penitent," to the Lothario of Barry and the Calista of Mrs. Cibber. We have already seen that for two successive years after he came up from Bath to

which gay city he had retired to act Falstaff for his friend Ryan's benefit.

Quin was sixty when he finally retired. Not long before, he performed Chamont in the "Orphan" a fiery young soldier, in a long, grisly, half-powdered wig, hanging low on each side of his breast, and down the back; a heavy scarlet coat and waistcoat, trimmed with broad gold lace, black velvet breeches, a black silk neckcloth, black stockings, high-heeled square-toed shoes, with old-fashioned stone buckles; and a pair of stiff high-topped white gloves, with a broad, old scalloped hat. Were the youthful brother of Monimeci to appear on the stage in such a dress now, Otway's affecting tragedy would produce more laughter than tears.

While speaking of the Orphan the following epistolical digression, touching the foundation of the play, may not be considered altogether irrelevant.

The father of Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, retired, on the death of his lady, to the borders of Hampshire. His family consisted of two sons, and a young lady, the daughter of a friend lately deceased, whom he adopted as his own child. This lady, being singularly beautiful, as well as amiable in her disposition, attracted the affections of both the brothers; the elder, however, was the favorite, and he privately married her, which the other not knowing, and overhearing an appointment of the lovers to meet the next night in her bedchamber, he contrived to get his brother otherwise employed, and made the signal of admission himself, thinking it a mere intrigue; unfortunately he succeeded. On discovery, the lady lost her reason, and soon after died. The two brothers fought, and the elder fell. The father broke his heart in a few months afterwards. The younger brother, Charles Brandon, the unintentional author of all this family misery, quitted England in despair, with a fixed determination of never returning. Being abroad for several years, his nearest relations supposed him dead, and began to take the necessary steps for obtaining his estates; when, roused by this intelligence, he returned privately to England, and for a time took obscure lodgings in the vicinity of his family mansion.

While he was in this retreat, the young king (Henry VIII.) who had just buried his father, was one day hunting on the confines of Hampshire, when he heard the cries of a female in distress in an adjoining wood. His gallantry immediately summoned him to the place, though he then happened to be detached from all his courtiers, when he saw two ruffians attempting to violate the honor of a young lady. The king instantly drew on them, and a scuffle ensued, which roused the revelry of Charles Brandon, who was taking his morning's walk in an adjacent thicket. He immediately ranged himself on the side of the king, whom he then did not know, and, by his dexterity, soon disarmed one of the ruffians, while the other fled. The king, charmed with this act of gallantry, so congenial to his own mind, inquired the name and family of the stranger, and not only repossessed him of his patrimonial estates, but took him under his immediate protection.

It was this same Charles Brandon who afterwards privately married Henry's sister, Margaret, Queen Dowager of France, which marriage the king not only forgave, but created him Duke of Suffolk, and continued his favor towards him to the last hour of the Duke's life.

He died before Henry, and the latter showed in

his attachment to this nobleman, that notwithstanding his fits of capriciousness and cruelty, he was capable of a cordial and steady friendship. He was sitting in council when the news of Suffolk's death reached him, and he publicly took that occasion, both to express his own sorrow, and to commemorate the merits of the deceased. He declared that during the whole course of their acquaintance his brother-in-law had not made a single attempt to injure any one; "and are there any of you, my lords, who can say as much?" When the king subjoined these words, says the historian, he looked round on all their faces, and appeared to enjoy the confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally threw upon them. Otway took his plot from the facts above narrated; but to avoid, perhaps, interfering with a circumstance which might affect some noble families, at that time living, he laid the scene of his tragedy in Bohemia. There was, and in all probability is still, at Woburn Abbey, the seat of the Dukes of Bedford, a large painting of the above-named incident.

Quin lived and died a bachelor. Although a sensualist rather than an anchorite, no illegitimate offspring were ever laid to his charge. When asked why, in his independent circumstances, he did not marry, take a house, and set up an equipage, he replied, "I carry a coach, a wife, and a dinner always in my pocket, and I can either take the number, obtain a divorce, or turn off my cook whenever I please."

The Prince of Wales, father of George III., considering Quin a first-rate elocutionist, appointed him to instruct his children in good English. Under his tuition they acted several plays at Leicester House, "Cato" being one, in which Prince George represented Portius. Galt says he was rewarded with a pension on the civil list for his services, but this is, at least, apocryphal. When Quin heard of the graceful manner in which George III. delivered his first speech in Parliament, he cried out, "Ay, I taught the boy to speak."

This celebrated actor enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate* at Bath for fourteen years, during which time he lived in the best society, and was much courted for his convivial habits, and habitual pleasantries. One day he was ironically complimented by a noble lord who was a placeman on his happy retreat from public life. "Look ye, my lord," said he, "perhaps 'tis a sinecure your lordship would not accept of; but I can assure you I gave up £1,400 a year for it." This was probably the same illustrious peer who said to him, "Quin, what a pity it is that such a clever fellow as you are should be a player!" "What would your lordship have me?" was the reply, — "a lord?" Quin had not, however, always the wit on his side. Once, on a journey to Somersetshire, having put up for a few days at a farm-house, he turned his horse to grass and lost him. Upon asking a country fellow if there were any thieves or horse-stealers in the neighborhood, Hodge answered, "No; we be all honest folk here, but there 's one Quin, I think they call him, a strolling play-actor from Lunnun; mayhap he may have stole him."

While Quin was on the stage his best parts were reputed to be Cato, Brutus, Zanga, the Falstaffs, Pierre, Apemantus, Bishop Gardiner in "Lady Jane Grey," the Ghost in "Hamlet," Volpone, and Ventidius. His Othello, Macbeth, Chamont, young Bevil, Lear, and Richard were all bad; and nothing

could be more absurd than his persisting to act these characters in opposition to Garrick and Barry. In Sir John Brute, his natural requisites exceeded those of Garrick, and there were many who in that part gave him the pre-eminence over his great competitor. Churchill amongst others adopted that opinion. He says, "In Brute he shone unequalled; all agree Garrick's not half so great a Brute as he."

It was observed of Beau Nash, the king of Bath, that though he was very curious about other people's pedigrees, he seldom mentioned his own. Quin was one night somewhat severe upon him on this subject, and compared him to Gil Blas, who was ashamed of his father. "Look ye, James," said Nash, "I seldom mention my father in company, not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me."

One evening Quin was drinking a bottle with Mallet the poet, and having given his opinion rather too freely on some of that very indifferent bard's productions, he got so out of temper that his companion could not please him in anything he said for the remainder of the evening. At length, he offered to wager a dozen of claret that Mallet did not contradict the next thing he said. "What's that?" asked Mallet. "Why," replied Quin, "that you are the greatest poet in England." He was one night going on the stage in the character of Cato when Mrs. Cibber pulled him back, to tell him he had a hole in his stocking. "Darned stockings I detest," said Quin; "that seems premeditated poverty." When, in his last illness, the faculty were much divided in their opinion concerning his recovery, his apothecary never had any doubt about it. One day, after feeling his patient's pulse, Quin asked him what he thought now. "Why, sir," answered the disciple of Galen, "I think you 'll do very well if we can raise a sweat." "Then," said Quin, "only send in your bill, and I warrant you the thing is done."

The first time Quin was invited to dine upon turtle, — he must have been then a very young man, — he was asked whether he preferred the *callipash* to the *callipee*; and upon his acknowledging his ignorance, the donor of the treat, a West Indian, burst into a loud laugh, saying, "He thought so great an epicure as Mr. Quin could not be unacquainted with the exquisite niceties of such an elegant dish." "It may be an elegant dish," said Quin, "but if it had been fit for Christians we should have been acquainted with it as soon as the wild Indians."

Having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very choice table, to dine with him, Quin waited upon his lordship and found the regale far from answering his expectations.

Upon his taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, arranged themselves in the hall. Quin, finding that if he disbursed, as was the expected custom, to the whole regiment, it would dip rather heavily into his pocket, asked which was the cook? She readily answered, "Me, sir." He then inquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other; when he said to the first, "Here 's half a crown for my eating," and to the other, "Here 's five shillings for my wine, but I never made so bad a dinner for the money in my life."

But his sayings, though usually coarse and broadly humorous, were not always so; sometimes he

deviated into refinement and delicacy. Being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, "It is," said he, "in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam, we always see more of heaven than of earth." On another occasion, a lady, in speaking of transmigration, inquired of him, "What creature's form would you hereafter prefer to inhabit?" The lady had a very beautiful neck; Quin looked at it and said, "A fly's, madam, that I might sometimes have the pleasure of resting on your ladyship's neck."

While Quin continued to be an actor, professional jealousy operated as a check upon any great intimacy or cordiality between him and Garrick; but when all competition had ceased they reciprocated cordial friendship. The visits of the former to Hampton became frequent. The last time occurred in 1765, shortly after Garrick's return from Italy. While at this seat of hospitality, an eruption came out on his hand, which it was apprehended would turn to a mortification, and occasion the loss of it. This circumstance affected his spirits and threw him into a hypochondria, which brought on a fever when he was out of all danger on account of his hand. During his illness he had taken such quantities of bark as to occasion an incessant drought, which nothing could assuage, and being willing to live as long as he could without pain, he discontinued taking any medicine for upwards of a week before his death, and during that period was in good spirits.

The day before he died he drank a bottle of claret, and being sensible of his approaching end, he said, "He could wish that the last tragic scene was over, though he was in hopes he should be able to go through it with becoming dignity." In this expectation he was not disappointed; he died at his house in Bath, Tuesday, January 21st, 1766, aged seventy-four, about four o'clock in the morning, and on the Friday following was interred in the Abbey Church. His will is a regular curiosity in that line. Half his earnings he sank for an annuity. The other moiety he retained in his own hands that he might leave tokens of regard and legacies to all who had any claim on him. In the list he included two or three who had none, simply for the reason, as stated, that having promised to do so, he was not inclined to retract his word once given. A marble tablet is erected to his memory, consisting of a bust in relief, under which are inscribed the following elegant lines from the pen of David Garrick:—

"That tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more:
Close'd are those eyes the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue what Shakespeare writ!
Cold is that hand, which living was stretch'd forth
At friendship's call, to succor modest worth.
Here lies James Quin, — deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould, however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last."

DR. CUMMING AND THE COUNCIL.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

THERE is a story told of the first Liberator, — one ought to be particular, for the dynasty is supposed to be continued in the person of the present Premier, — which is not unworthy of being recorded. The great Daniel, when taking a sauntering ride in the neighborhood of his house at Caherciveen, had occasion to ask an urchin to open a gate for him. The little fellow complied with much alacrity, and looked up with such an honest pleas-

ure at rendering the slight service, that O'Connell, by way of saying something, — anything, — asked, "What's your name, boy?" "Daniel O'Connell, sir," replied he, stoutly. "And who's your father?" demanded the astonished Liberator. "Daniel O'Connell, sir." O'Connell muttered a word or two below his breath, and then added aloud, "When I see you again I'll give you sixpence."

Riding briskly on, he soon forgot the incident, and fell to thinking of much graver matters, when, after some miles of way, he found his path obstructed by some fallen timber, which a boy was stoutly endeavoring to remove. On looking more closely he discovered it to be the same he had met in the morning. "What!" cried he, "how do you come to be here now?" "You said, sir, the next time you seen me you'd give me sixpence," said the little fellow, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Here it is," said Daniel; "you are my son, — the devil a doubt of it!" I am not sure I should have remembered this story if I had not been reminded of it by the correspondence between the Pope and Dr. Cumming, though I have to own that all resemblance between the incidents breaks down in the catastrophe.

Like the urchin on the gate, Dr. Cumming, with the same hazy notion of how the paternity is to be established, persists in assuring the Holy Father that he is his son; and like O'Connell, the Pope, not anticipating any ill consequences from the acknowledgment, nods him an easy recognition, and rides on. Cumming, charmed with what he construes to himself to be a favorable reception, and thinking doubtless to what good purpose he could turn such a valuable relationship, albeit not perfectly legitimate, takes a short cut across the fields, and comes up with his Holiness again — but this time grown more confident, it is to say, how he'd like to have a little talk with the Holy Father on the subject of the family property.

It is here that the Pope behaves less generously than the Liberator. Instead of recognizing in the bumptious urchin traits of unblushing impudence and roguery; instead of seeing how inevitably all that craft and subtlety point to an identity of origin, — he is only indignant at the persistent impertinence, and tells him to be off — that he knows nothing of him at all, and that it never occurred to him to let him inside his house, or permit him to claim kith or kindred with him.

There is no doubt his Holiness might have been more gracious; he was expecting a large party, and the presence of a poor relation the more or less would not have marred the festivity; and it would have been a fine thing for the out-at-elbows connection to be able to go about snob-fashion talking of that evening I spent at the Vatican, with what Pius said to me, and what I observed to Antonelli, — all the more comfortably that he need never dread a contradiction. Perhaps the Pope saw this; perhaps it was the very peril he desired to avoid.

That the intruder could have seriously disturbed the harmony of the company could scarcely have been feared; the overwhelming majority against him could have given him scant chance of such success; nor is it to be presumed that he is so possessed of the gift of tongues that, were he even tolerated, he could express himself in any language, ancient or modern, which would be intelligible to the assembly.

What he wanted was in reality pretty much what Alpine clubbists seem to aspire to, to say he was "there," and to make such capital out of that fact as it was capable of.

Any one at all conversant with the Continent must have met from time to time certain zealous, but not remarkably sagacious, clergymen of the Established Church on their way to Rome, under the impression that they had a special mission to expose the errors of Romanism and convert the Pope. The formula which expressed this mission was, "Going to beard the lion in his den."

I cannot say how often I have heard this courageous determination from very pale-faced, nervous young parsons, whose hectic cheeks alternately flushed and paled as they uttered the menace. It was possible to question the good sense of this proceeding, but no one could doubt of its sincerity.

Giving them every credit for intention and capacity, it is still somewhat absurd to suppose that the dogmas of Romanism must be assailed at Rome. Surely we need not go to Japan to discuss the Happy Dispatch, or take lodgings at Cork to revise the duty on butter!

The supposed bearding of the lion, then, is of all heroic achievements one of the safest, and not a whit more hazardous than the visit of a very frisky lamb to the king of beasts in the Zoo,—well knowing that he is enclosed within the stout bars of a strong cage, and thinking of nothing less than the bleatings of his noisy challenger.

Nothing short of enormous vanity—a clerical error very often—could make any man imagine that the small arm of his controversial ability could avail anything against that massive old fortress of craft and subtlety which it has taken ages to build and to strengthen. Certainly no layman,—no man occupied in the hard work of life, conversant with the ways, the thoughts, and the passions of his fellow-men—could have fallen into such a palpable blunder. Nor is it very easy to imagine greater discomfiture that could befall these men than to be taken at their word, and find themselves confronted with the most trained scholars of controversy, the most acute and practised dialecticians, the world possesses.

The practice, however, had in a great measure fallen into disuse. Whether it was that the parsons found a number of other pleasant things to do at Rome, or that the lion did not know, when he was tickled by straws poked through his cage, that he was being "bearded," I cannot say; but so it was, for some years back, there has been little done in the way of "bearding."

Dr. Cumming has, however, shown us that the spirit survives, and declares he is ready for this bold enterprise. It is true he has read of Savonarola, and he prepares his friends to hear very gloomy news of him. Lest he should have the misfortune to be burned before he was heard,—to grace a pile before he had adorned a platform,—he prudently asks, "Does the Pope expect me?" and Dr. Manning assures him that his Holiness never so much as heard of him: in fact, strange as it may seem, the great Doctor has reversed the adage, and has to learn "that it is only in his own country he is a prophet."

So far as I can ascertain, there is a large number of people who would hesitate before intrusting the advocacy of the Reformed Church to Doctor Cumming. They have tolerably strong convictions of the truth of their creed at this moment, and they

would be proportionately unwilling to shake the grounds of their belief by any weakness in its defence.

There was some years ago a trial for murder in Ireland, where the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case, and directed the jury to a verdict of not guilty. A well-known lawyer, who desired, however, to do something for the fee he had received for the defence, claimed the privilege of addressing the Court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr. B.," said the judge; "but, to prevent accidents, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

Now I should be glad to "prevent accidents" here, and I am quite as well pleased that the Doctor is not to be heard for the defence. When one thinks of all the trouble and explanation it costs him to make foreigners understand that the knickerbockered youths of slouching gait and volunteer awkwardness are not "Coldstreams" nor "Fusi-leers," it is a relief not to be obliged to state that "Dr. Cumming from Scotland," as the Pope calls him, is neither a Bishop of St. David's nor a Dean of Westminster.

It is not impossible, however, that the Pope may read our newspapers, and may have seen what interruption to public business, and what ridicule upon the administration of law, was lately thrown by the importunate insistence of an old lady to plead her own case before the highest tribunal of the land. With the dread of such a scene at the Vatican as we have lately witnessed at Westminster, and with the consciousness that in confuting or suppressing such an advocate there is no victory, his Holiness may well be reluctant to incur the amount of shame such an exhibition is sure to evoke.

O'Connell was so proud of the boy's acuteness, that he was charmed to acknowledge the paternity. Not so the Pope; perhaps, indeed, craft and knavery were qualities that he regarded as a mere drug, and that in importing such to Rome the poor Doctor was but bringing coals to Newcastle; and perhaps, too, the Protestant craft was such very Brummagem subtlety, that his Holiness, who knew the real metal, could afford to despise it: at all events, he declines to receive Dr. Cumming except he come on his knees as a penitent, prepared "to cast away all preconceived and adverse opinions, and to lay aside all desire of disputation." Now this is surely a hard condition. The Doctor knows what an *éclat* it would give him,—what power and what prestige he might derive from the mere fact that he had been to Rome,—how triumphantly he could relate on his return what he had or what he would have said,—how he had routed that learned conclave,—"fluttered those Volscians" of cardinals; and all this, while, of our own bishops,—the regulars of the Church,—not one had offered himself for the crusade. What a triumph would it have been, then, to that Garibaldi of Theology, that he had gone alone and unaided, armed with such rusty old weapons as he could find, and engaged the ancient enemy of his faith, at the very gates of his own stronghold!

The Doctor is modest, certainly; he hears of a great concert, and he merely asks leave to come and play a little solo on the bagpipe, of his own composing; he does not pretend it will suit the general character of the music; nor does he affect to say that it will harmonize with any part of the performance. It's only a little Scotch air, he says, but there are people so fond of it down in Aberdeen—

shire, they might, perhaps, like to hear it at Rome. The Pope, however, wants the oratorio to go off well, and he dreads discords; and if this strange performer with his wind-bag gets in, Heaven knows what disturbance may follow!

"You acknowledged I was your son a few days ago," cries Cumming, reproachfully.

"I don't know that I did," replies the Pope; "but as I have a very large illegitimate family, it's not impossible you may belong to them. At all events, I don't desire your company when I am entertaining my respectable relations. Except you bind yourself to say nothing about the connection, and hold your tongue, I decline to receive you." O'Connell was more generous, and it only cost him sixpence!

THE EARLY YEARS OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

It is impossible to find any fault with this book,* and it is nearly as difficult to find anything particular in it to praise. The writer has stored up in his memory many kindly and minute reminiscences of Alexander Smith, — an undoubted poet, who seems to us to have been rather hardly entreated by the reading public, — and he has noted down these random recollections in an easy, gossiping, amiable fashion, which has just a trifle of dullness in its composition. That dullness we trace chiefly to the want of anything like incident in the story which Mr. Brisbane tells. Smith's early life was singularly uneventful, and, always apart from his one great ambition, remarkably commonplace. Constitutionally shy and timid, the author of the "Life-Drama" seems never to have been visited with those strange freaks of self-assertion and theatrical vaporings which have prefaced many a sober and thoughtful manhood. It is true, there are some letters quoted by Mr. Brisbane which show Smith, then a young man, aiming at a good deal of self-conscious fine writing; and, indeed, whoever has read Smith's poems will look with some curiosity on certain phrases and notions which are the rude germs of lines that subsequently became famous. As an instance of this we quote one letter, — a very boyish production, for which one must make great allowances: —

MONDAY EVENING.

DEAR TOM, — As we talked this night last week, a few stars were visible in my spirit sky; those visible looked dreary and cold. One has gone out since. Let it go. A star, "my life's star," burneth, and *will* burn: when it sets I set.

Your letter, I need not say, was read with interest. You have my sincere thanks. You have been very frank with me of late; I will return you like for like. I will unclasp my soul to you, and you may read what I had hoped one day to have avowed proudly; or, that hope failing, to have buried it forever, — a dead hope in a dead heart.

You may recollect, on the evening which has given rise to this epistle, you made a guess as to what mine aspirations tended — you guessed poetry. I made some evasive answer. I could not then say "Ay." I can now say you guessed aright. It has been the seventh heaven of my aspirations for years; a passion running as deep as the aboriginal waters of my being. At the present moment the "passion poesy" standeth on the necks of all others like a king, and it will ultimately swallow them as the serpent of Moses swallowed the serpents of the Egyptian magicians. It is with a feeling of humiliation I make this confession. I know not how you will receive it. I trust, however, you will do

me justice in your thoughts; that you will not place me in the category with the D—s, K—s, J—s. I believe my spirit is something different from theirs, — deeper and sincerer. I am unconscious of that pitiful vanity (the Alpha and Omega of their hopes) to see one's name in print, — the immortality of five minutes in the "poet's corner." Above all, don't laugh or sneer, however much you may pity. I could bear sneers on this point from no one, least of all from you. I might keep silent, but I would suffer like a martyr in his shirt of fire. Believe me it's no laughing matter. Underneath those wide doming heavens, that ancient sun, those pitying stars, of all the miseries this is the chiefest — when one has the soul, blood, heart, pulses of an angel — all but the wings! This is egotism with a vengeance, but we are all egotists; and all we are, feel, or see, — this universe of souls, stars and suns, is but a sublime egotism of Deity.

You tell me you wish I should yet fill a pulpit: this may never be. I speak in sober sadness when I say I am unfit for public life. That fire once burnt brightly on the hearthstone of my heart, — the flame flickered, waned, and died; a mighty wind scattered the red embers like autumn leaves; the hearthstone is now cold; I do not wish to fill a pulpit.

You may be inclined to ask, "What do you intend to do?" I might say, "Nothing." To attempt to become a preacher is useless: incapacity *within* — *without* difficulties no capacity could overcome — prevent it. What I would like is just some way of living which would feed and cover this carcase, and allow much time to roam through book-world, and the world of my own spirit, like the new-born Adam in the new-born Eden. You may say this life I desire to lead will not be a useful one for my fellows. Granted! I do not intend to gird on an apron and become waiter to the world.

If you judge me by the length of my letter you may think me rather ungrateful. I am at the confessional, and, *certainly*, the confession is no pleasant task. I do not know, however, that anything more need be said. I have unbosomed myself as well as I could. I fear this night's work will lessen your esteem for me, as I have fallen somewhat in my own in the course of it. If it so be, I will be the only loser. Jog along, Tom; the road of life is rough, but the eternities are ahead. We will reach them soon.

Yours truly,

A. SMITH.

Alexander Smith was born in Kilmarnock in 1830, and while in his boyhood was removed to Glasgow. His father was a designer, and such was the occupation to which Alexander was brought up. At a very early period of his history, however, literature seems to have won his allegiance; his tendencies in that direction being largely fostered by his becoming a member of a sort of small literary society which some lads had formed in Glasgow. Mr. Brisbane, having been himself a member, is rather proud of Smith's connection with the society, and claims for it the honor of having "produced" the poet. We have a suspicion, however, that men of Smith's ability and ambition manage to fight their way and find their level pretty much in defiance of conditions which may raise or lower men of less strength of will; and the inability of the Addisonian society to confer greatness on the other young men who, like Smith, had vague literary sympathies would seem to show that as a poet-producing machine its power was limited. The people who did help Alexander Smith were one or two critics who took up his poems, and did them a cruel kindness by praising them most injudiciously. This premature trumpeting forth of the arrival of a new poet only earned for Smith in after days the reaction of an unmerited neglect; and people who were quite unable to judge of any kind of poetry, and who did not perceive that his later works were infinitely superior to the crude

* By the Rev. T. Brisbane: London.

and rhetorical "Life-Drama," were at least justified in saying that the "City Poems" and "Edwin of Deira" showed a falling away from the position which the poet on the authority of his first critics had gained.

Yet the "Life-Drama" contains some charming lyrics, many passages of noble description, and here and there a suggestive glimpse of character; while the later poems, more mature in conception and more finished and beautiful in execution, ought to have given Smith a front rank among our minor poets. Undeserved praise, however, was followed by undeserved neglect; and the poet, with now and then an impulsive effort in the old direction, subsided into an essayist. Here his poetic sympathies served him in good stead; and there are passages to be found in his prose-writings which it would be difficult to surpass in the range of English prose literature. Smith continued an essayist to the end—indeed, his very last effort, if we mistake not, was an unfinished essay for the London Review—and would seem to have given up all thought of sustained poetical labor. They who are curious about the details of his early career may find something to interest them in this little book, which, although it is the work of a friend, is written in an honest and impartial mood. We are not of opinion that the world has much to do with the private life of its poets, and painters, and authors; and we have often to lament the unwise fashion in which friends and relatives pander to a foolish curiosity, which delights in nothing so much as in learning the domestic habits, the peculiarities, and weaknesses, of its heroes. In the case of Alexander Smith there was nothing to conceal; he does not seem even to have been visited with those boyish follies which most biographers love to think characteristic of young genius. Mr. Brisbane writes in a kindly and temperate spirit, and does not make too much of his hero.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE King of Italy has been trying to build up his health in retirement at his hunting seat at San Rossore, near Pisa.

THE death of Lord Westminster places another Garter at the disposal of Mr. Gladstone. The honorable gentleman has a garter for each leg now.

TWO enormous blocks of marble have arrived in St. Petersburg, each weighing 72,000 pounds. They will form the pedestal to the statue of the Empress Catherine II.

VISCOUNT AMBERLEY who spent several months in this country a year or two since, is contributing to the Fortnightly Review a series of papers on "The Latter Day Saints."

A BALLET is in preparation in St. Petersburg, wherein the stage is to represent a piano-forte keyboard, on the keys of which, Lydia, the heroine of the ballet, is to go through her steps.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS is engaged on a new story. The work will come out in the old serial form,—the first part to appear in March. The title of the novel has not been announced.

DEJAZET, who holds her own almost as marvelously as Ninon de l'Enclos, is playing in *l'ert-Vert* at a Paris theatre. She performed in this play in 1814 before the allied sovereigns.

WESTLAND MARSTON has written a new play for Mr. Sothorn, to be produced at the Haymarket theatre on Christmas.

THE next number of the Fortnightly Review will contain a poem by Mr. Swinburne, in an entirely new measure. The poem will be entitled "The Complaint of Mona Lisa," and is from Boccaccio.

SIR WENTWORTH DILKE has become sole proprietor of the Athenæum, having bought out the interest of Mr. Holmes, the printer, who retires from the business, after nearly forty years' labor, with a handsome competency.

OFFENBACH has given place to Oliver Goldsmith at the St. James's Theatre, London, and the "Period" perpetrates the following clever epigram:—

"A Schneider's undress suits once held the place
Where now a Goldsmith's ring has richer grace.
The law of fascination is more strict:
She stoops to Conquer now; before, she Kicked."

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS, the well-known dramatic writer, author of "The Marble Heart," and other pieces, which have obtained popularity on the stage, has appeared before the Court of Bankruptcy. He ascribes his failure to insufficiency of income to meet necessary expenditure.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS, it is said, will resume and conclude his farewell readings early in the new year. They will be twelve in number, but none of them will be given out of London. There will be two morning readings,—an arrangement made at the instance of several actors and actresses who have not the opportunity of spending an evening with "Boots at the Holly-tree Inn," or with Mr. Dick Swiveller.

THE duello is still prevalent in France. A fatal duel has just taken place between two officers of the 6th Hussars quartered at Castres. After the combat had lasted about twenty minutes, and Captain Cléménçon had received two slight wounds and Captain Baignol three, the seconds interfered. Captain Cléménçon, however, declared that the affair could only terminate with the death of himself or his adversary. Swords were again crossed, and after a few passes Captain Cléménçon was run through the heart.

THE Abbé Liszt is to pass several months at the Chateau of Szeged, in Hungary, the house of his friend Baron Anguss, where he will meet several European celebrities, amongst whom will be the painter Kaulback, the chemist Liebig, and Hans de Bulow. Naturally, music will bear a principal share in the amusements, and the four principal manufacturers of pianos in Germany have sent him their best instruments. During the winter he expects to finish the grand oratorio on which he has been engaged the whole of this year.

THE London Post observes that it may be said of Mr. Peabody, as Sir James Mackintosh said of Mr. Grattan, that he was one of the few private men whose private virtues are followed by public fame, and whose private virtues may be cited as examples for those who would follow in his public steps. In laying the foundation of wholesome and cheerful homes for the working classes he acted up to a high sense of duty, and touched the mainspring of civilization. He made his means the measure of his philanthropy, and in his whole life and con-

duct he displayed a purity of character that could not fail to elevate and refine the feelings which his generosity inspired.

THE question of premature burial continues to excite much interest in France. So many cases of persons being buried alive or only narrowly escaping that fate have occurred within the few last months, that several writers have begun an earnest crusade against the existing laws. M. Ramboson has just published a very elaborate treatise on the subject, and if the data he furnishes are correct there can be no doubt that the present obligatory interment twenty-four hours after officially pronounced decease involves a very serious risk of being buried alive. According to medical men who have made the subject their special study there is no infallible sign of death but incipient decomposition which does not necessarily manifest itself before the third day.

THE rise of the Neva has caused great alarm in St. Petersburg. At the last advices the Neva had already overflowed its banks, and guns were being fired to warn the tenants of ground-floors to remove themselves and their families to higher stories, or else to abandon the city. In the lower quarters the inhabitants were rapidly deserting. This is the first flood that has taken place at St. Petersburg for five-and-forty years. The last was in 1824, when 462 houses were destroyed, and 3,600 seriously damaged; 20,000 people were then left without shelter, and 600 were drowned. It is impossible to over-estimate the misery produced by catastrophes of this kind. In 1824 it was as though the whole city had gone into mourning. Festivities were everywhere suspended, and the money destined for the usual round of winter amusements all went to relieve the thousands of unhappy people whom the inundation had either thrown out of work or turned out of doors. To make matters worse, the cessation of balls and parties caused a stagnation in trade, and innumerable bankruptcies, so that to all classes the trial was a long and a cruel one.

"AZAMAT BATUK," an occasional correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, who writes very much like Matthew Arnold, has discovered an infant musical phenomenon. This is Azamat Batuk's account of it: "I was the other day in a newspaper shop, and heard somebody singing on the street an Italian and afterwards a German song quite uncommon in England, and with a correctness which struck me very much. On looking out I saw it was a boy of about twelve years of age sitting on the doorstep nursing two little children. On my inquiry about the boy, it appeared that the children he nursed belonged to some neighbor, and that he was himself but an errand-boy in a greengrocer's shop. Not wishing to create any illusion in the boy about his capacities, I preferred to speak to the mistress of the shop, and her answer was that 'He's always about that sort of thing'; that it is the kindest and the best boy she ever had, and that he belongs to a very poor family. I could not make myself a good idea of the compass of his voice, but its modulations and the correctness of his ear gave me the apprehension that there is an unusual artistic capacity in this boy. I am sorry that my means, as well as the circumstance of my being in a foreign land, do not permit my doing anything for this boy. But perhaps some of your readers will afford him an opportunity of developing what seems to be a considerable talent. The shop is 4 New Church Street, Alpha Road, N. W."

INTERCESSION.

"Ave Caesar Imperator, mortituum te salute."

I.

O DEATH, a little more, and then the worm;
A little longer, O Death, a little yet,
Before the grave gape and the grave-worm fret;
Before the sanguine-spotted hand infirm
Be rottenness, and that foul brain, the germ
Of all ill things and thoughts, be stopped and set;
A little while, O Death, ere he forget,
A small space more of life, a little term;
A little longer ere he and thou be met,
Ere in that hand that fed thee to thy mind
The poison-cup of life be overset;
A little respite of disastrous breath,
Till the soul lift up her lost eyes, and find
Nor God nor help nor hope, but thee, O Death.

II.

Shall a man die before his dying day,
Death? and for him though the utter day be nigh,
Not yet, not yet we give him leave to die;
We give him grace not yet that men should say
He is dead, wiped out, perished and past away.
Till the last bitterness of life go by,
Thou shalt not slay him; till those last dregs run
dry,
O thou last lord of life! thou shalt not slay.
Let the lips live a little while and lie,
The hand a little, and falter, and fail of strength,
And the soul shudder and sicken at the sky;
Yea, let him live, though God nor man would let
Save for the curse's sake; then at bitter length,
Lord, will we yield him to thee, but not yet.

III.

Hath he not deeds to do and days to see
Yet ere the day that is to see him dead?
Beats there no brain yet in the poisonous head,
Throbs there no treason? if no such thing there be,
If no such thought, surely this is not he.
Look to the hands then; are the hands not red?
What are the shadows about this man's bed?
Death, was not this the cup-bearer to thee?
Nay, let him live then, till in this life's stead
Even he shall pray for that thou hast to give;
Till seeing his hopes and not his memories fled
Even he shall cry upon thee a bitter cry,
That life is worse than death; then let him live,
Till death seem worse than life; then let him
die.

IV.

O watcher at the guardless gate of kings,
O doorkeeper that serving at their feast
Hast in thine hand their doomsday drink, and
seest
With eyeless sight the soul of unseen things;
Thou in whose ear the dumb time coming sings,
Death, priest and king that makest of king and
priest
A name, a dream, a less thing than the least,
Hover awhile above him with closed wings,
Till the coiled soul, an evil snake-shaped beast,
Eat its base bodily lair of flesh away;
If haply, or ever its cursed life have ceased,
Or ever thy cold hands cover his head
From sight of France and freedom and broad
day,
He may see these and wither and be dead.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PARIS, September, 1899.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VIII.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1869.

[No. 206.]

THE DEATH PENALTY.

A NARRATIVE.

By JULES SIMON.

[Translated from the French by Mr. W. H. HUNTINGTON for EVERY SATURDAY.]

PART THIRD.

V.

ALL these details pained me inexpressibly. The king's prosecutor had sent to Kerdroguen for a boy, who, you would have said, was twelve or thirteen years, whose business was to take the grain to the mill and the flour to customers. It turned that this child was twenty years old and was on the point of drawing in the conscription. He was a respectable witness. He knew the Nays, to whom he had often lent his horse, when returning without a load, and when they had made a long distance on foot, for it was five good leagues from Saint Allouestre to Bignan. At the outset of the examination he tried to feign ignorance, and pretended that he was not acquainted with any of the brothers; but in this attempt he broke down, for it was proved to him, as clear as day, that he knew them all three perfectly well. As was proper, he was threatened with punishment for false testimony. Alarmed at this, he distinctly avowed that the three had eaten supper in his master's house the evening of the crime, that each of them had a gun, that they went away with the band to go to the mayor's, that he had even accompanied them a part of the way, but that at the entrance of the burg, he had been ordered back, and that stones were thrown at him to force him to return the quicker to the mill.

This deposition was the more overwhelming that it had been made unwillingly; so that the presence of the prisoners with arms at the place of the crime was positively proved. It could not indeed be demonstrated that they had themselves laid violent hands on the unhappy Brossard, and we were all fully persuaded that their only complicity in the assassination was their presence at it; but what could their advocate do? acquittal was impossible and condemnation could only be condemnation to death or to hard labor for life.

When I called upon M. Jourdan, who had charge of the defence, I found him very much discouraged. "They claim to be innocent," he said to me; "they declare that they were carried by force into the chamber of the victim, and that they struggled with

the assassins; but it is a weak defence, which I hardly dare to put forward. Before having seen them, I thought myself able to establish an *alibi*; I counted on their youth, on their previous good conduct; but their statement renders me powerless. It is evident that they are guilty, and I shall not be able to prevent conviction."

All my efforts to gain admission to the jail were futile. It had been foreseen that the scholars would beg to see their comrades, and orders had been issued to refuse all permission. I acknowledge that my soul was distracted.

This giant crime so near me appalled me. I asked myself if one could feel sure of one's self after having witnessed a transformation so complete and deplorable. Sometimes I tried to convince myself that political fanaticism was an excuse; but my conscience spoke immediately, and so forcibly, that I blushed to have hesitated. I felt painfully affected between shame, horror, and the remains of pity. It was in vain that I endeavored to resume my studies; my spirit was weighed down by this unhappy trial; I dreamed of it day and night. Even when I could have been able to forget it, I had near me a spectacle which recalled it incessantly, — the Nayl family.

I saw them daily. They had only me to visit them, — would I could say to console them!

Towards six in the evening I was freed from the occupations of the day, and used to go immediately to their inn. I remember that I always hastened my steps on the way thither, in the hope of learning something new, and that, having reached the foot of the stairs, I stopped there sometimes a quarter of an hour, without daring to go up. I was sure of finding them all there; for they went out but for an hour every day to go to the jail. The father was always standing by the window; the mother sat weeping on a stool by the fireplace. For the daughter-in-law, I can never express the respect and admiration with which she inspired me. She was no heroine of romance, far from it; she had a plain face, and coarse hands accustomed to field labor and washing and hemp stripping. She wore the ugly costume of the women of Saint Allouestre and Saint Jean Brévelay, a long stiff

head-dress of starched linen that falls half-way to the waist, and a cloth petticoat. Her mind matched her person, not too acute nor too gross. I suppose she was intelligent enough to manage a common farm-house and govern one or two female servants. But what was noble in her was her self-devotion and her courage. After the first days given up to wailing, she came to understand that these two old folks were falling to her charge, for the blow that God had let them be stricken with, had almost destroyed their minds.

Forthwith she dried her eyes and set herself to work to nourish, comfort, and care for them, like a good mother. It was plain at first sight, on entering this sad abode, that she alone still really lived; the other two might have been mere corpses but for the torture of their poignant grief. While working without relaxation,—sweeping, washing, cooking,—she ever had an eye to her poor old-wards. Now she brought his pipe ready filled to her father; now when passing by her mother, she threw her arms about her neck and printed a warm kiss on her lips. If M. Jourdan came,—and he always made haste to come whenever he caught a gleam of hope,—Marion heard him mounting the winding stairs, and went to meet him. She indicated what words he must use to keep up a little hope in those two hearts,—not enough to deceive them, but enough to help out their lives a few more days. She did not cheat herself; she felt that she was mortally wounded; but she acted like those captains who call up all their strength to order the last charge with a firm voice, ready to drop dead when the start is once given. But where she was particularly admirable, was in her conviction of the innocence of her husband and of his two brothers. "They did not do it, I tell you. What I wonder at is that they did not let themselves be killed to save him; but you may be sure they were held back by force. I know my husband; I know the two brothers. I hold up my hand before God for them!" Her voice and accent, when she spoke in this way, went to the soul. Sometimes the old man would say, but hesitatingly for his heart and his misery belied his doctrine; "They did right—" Then she put her hand on his mouth. "Silence, father," she would say to him; "does not a wife know her husband? He never did any such thing, so sure as I hope for Paradise." And then going up to her mother: "Come, mother, you tell him so; do justice to your own blood. They will make martyrs of them perhaps,"—and here a sob interrupted her words,— "but it is that day will see a crime committed." One day, when I was present at one of these scenes, she perceived that I was weeping.

"But tell him so then, you too!" she cried out, grasping my hand with convulsive force; "you, their friend, who have lived with them; you, who have prayed to the good God with them, tell him that they are innocent!"

"Yes!" I exclaimed, for her faith took possession of me; and while looking at her, I found again in my thoughts my poor friends such as I had known them,—so pure, and simple, and good, and far removed from anything like fanaticism,— "yes, I believe it,—believe it as you do!"

"Now God be praised!" the poor woman cried out; "now you see yourself, father," and she pushed me towards him. But the old man turned away, perhaps to hide his tears. I went out from there, my head on fire, my blood all burning.

There was a calvary hard by, at the door of the Church du Mené. I threw myself on my knees before it, without heed to the passers-by. The world was indifferent to me in such suffering. I heard them say, "That is a friend of the prisoners"; but no mockery went with the words. They are a good people; they had rather wept with me if they had dared.

VI.

When the day for the trial came I promised myself to be in the front rank of the spectators, so that the eyes of the accused could rest on me. Guymar was to hold himself in readiness to run to the father on the slightest occasion. Abbé Le Ber, who, notwithstanding the difference of age, was a friend for us, had been engaged, without great difficulty, to walk up and down before the seminary during the day, waiting to accompany Guymar, if, as was too much to be feared, there should be bad news to tell.

We were at the 17th December. Snow had fallen through the night, and over the snow was frozen sleet. The trial was to begin at nine o'clock; at eight o'clock I knocked at the door of the family. "Come in, we are ready," said the voice of Marion. I found them all dressed and prepared to go out.

"This is tempting Providence," I protested, "to take the mother there."

The remark evoked no word of reply. The father solemnly crossed himself, and went in advance, the two women followed, sustaining each other. After having descended two steps, Marion ran hastily back, and returned with a chaplet that hung on the wall, which she placed in the hand of the old mother. It was idle to resist; I followed them.

The court-room was crammed, and there was a throng about the door; but way was made for us, and we reached the bar that separates the public from the space reserved for the court. The king's prosecutor was already in his place. He turned pale at seeing us, and, calling to M. Jourdan, whispered him something.

"I am quite agreed with you," replied M. Jourdan aloud; "but neither your authority nor my request would have the slightest effect."

The features of the prosecutor expressed a painful resignation; and I am sure he thought at that moment that never before had duty been so stern for him. Shortly after he had chairs brought, that the women might be seated. I felt them tremble and shudder by the side of me. The judges were now announced, and almost at the same time the accused were brought in.

VII.

I do not undertake to explain how it is that those two long hearings have left nothing but a most confused impression on my memory, while I can recall in their least details all the other incidents of this sorrowful story. Firmly persuaded that an acquittal was impossible, and preferring for my friends the scaffold to the galleys, I attended there as if at the beginning of a long torture rather than at a legal trial.

The poor boys had grown pale and haggard with anxiety and captivity. They came in, however, with a firm enough step; but when they saw those two women and the old father two paces from their bench, their courage forsook them. Jean

Louis was near enough to reach his hand to his wife, who covered it with tears and kisses. After that he turned his face to the court, and I saw clearly that none of them meant to look again on our side.

I paid no attention to the reading of the indictment, which could only rehearse facts unhappily too well known; but M. Jourdan whispered me that it was drawn up with dangerous ability, and that the jury was unfavorably disposed. I observed indeed, that during the reading of this document, which was very long, the impressions of the audience seemed to grow more and more hostile. It was entirely composed of inhabitants of the town, for whom a chouan was an enemy, and who, having for a year and more heard nothing talked of but violent robberies, assassinations, fires, and lawless gangs roving through the country, were animated with the common desire of seeing these disorders put an end to by a severe repression. The sentiment of pity excited by the family of the accused as they entered the hall was soon forgotten in listening to the moving details of the death of M. Brossard. The king's attorney had felt it his duty to introduce into the indictment everything that told to the honor of the victim; he was manifestly a worthy, open-handed, loyal man, and could be justly entitled the benefactor of his commune. In denouncing the refractories he had but fulfilled the strict duty of his office. Was it not also the duty of every good citizen to combat a rebellion so disastrous to the district, and which, under a political disguise, was, in reality, mere brigandage? M. Brossard had pushed moderation to its last limits, since he had allowed the guilty parties a given time within which to quit the country. Nay, it was more than moderation, it was indulgent weakness. And yet they had gone to surprise him in his sleep; they had, so to speak, hacked him in pieces; for the indictment gave the number of the wounds, and the hearers shuddered at the recital of the ferocity of the murderers. They recalled with horror that knife nailing a proclamation to the dead man's breast, and asked each other what bounds the assassins would set to their audacity.

The examination was listened to with manifest signs of ill-will. Jean Louis, the eldest, who answered first, distinctly affirmed that he had taken no part in the murder; that he had even done his utmost to prevent it, but that he had been held fast, he and his brothers, in a corner of the chamber, while the crime was consummated. The judge president noted the extreme improbability of such allegation.

"Why, if they were opposed to the assassination, did they accompany the assassins. — They were forced to do so. — For what purpose? — Impossible to explain. — But when men go on an expedition of this nature, they do not take persons with them purely for the sake of securing testimony afterwards against themselves?" To this the accused made no reply. "You are all three vigorous; Brossard was a man of unusual strength. If you had struggled, you might at least have served to give the alarm. A murder in the centre of a village is impossible, even by numbers, in presence of three resolute men." No answer.

When the turn of the youngest brother came, and he was asked why, instead of joining his regiment, he threw himself into the band of the refractories, he showed confusion and made no reply.

"Was it your father who advised you to this course?"

"I did as the others did," he answered; "but as for the murder neither I nor my brothers were engaged in it; we would have suffered death to prevent it —"

"Silence!" said the president, sharply; "let us at least have no hypocrisy."

Several witnesses were heard, to prove that the brothers Nayl had been for a week with the refractories of the canton of Saint Jean Brévelay; that they accompanied the band to Kerdroguen and supped at the miller's; and that, finally, they entered with the others the house of the mayor.

These depositions, bearing on known and avowed facts, offered no interest. Neighbors testified that they had heard no noise, which proved that there had been no struggle. From the house situated opposite that of M. Brossard, the light had been seen in his chamber and the shadows of a number of persons; but this had excited no attention, it being natural that he should be in conference that night with the soldiers and gendarmes.

The deposition of the doctor was a terrible one. He stated that, according to all appearances, Brossard had been seized and tightly held by the legs and arms, and had thus been killed without the possibility of an attempt to defend himself. He had received eighteen strokes with a knife, of which the wounds were horrible. The assassins had continued to wreak their fury on the corpse, for he must have died from the first blows.

These details produced such an effect that the court rising, after a fatiguing session, immediately on the close of the doctor's deposition, the judge president deemed it prudent to take measures for preventing the escort of the prisoners from traversing the groups of excited people. In the courtroom next morning the emotion of the crowd was not yet allayed; and they were rehearsing aloud one to another, awaiting the entrance of the judges, this and that particular of the doctor's testimony.

There only remained to be heard the witnesses for the defence and the pleadings. M. Jourdan had passed several hours with the accused after the yesterday's session, and the energy of their protestations had finally triumphed over his doubts. But in telling me this, he added, despondingly, that all minds were made up, and that the pressing work now was to make the family accept the idea of a petition for mercy.

The principal witness for the defence was the venerable curé of Saint Allouestre, an old man of seventy-six years, who moved the audience for a moment by the earnestness of his protestations.

"Do you believe them capable of a bad action?" asked M. Jourdan, — "capable of a murder?"

But when the witness had answered these questions, the king's prosecutor inquired of him what were the opinions of the family? Was not the father of the accused the same Nayl who, in 1802, along with Sapinaud and the Abbé Moisan, succeeded in landing on the coast by Saint Gildas ten thousand muskets sent from England? Had he not kept for thirty years, hung up in his house by the side of the crucifix, the sword of a captain of volunteers, whom he had slain with his own hand? Might not such a man, after having urged his sons to join the refractories, suggest to them the idea of the murder? Nay, had the curé himself nothing to reproach himself with? Since the Revolution, the *Domine Salvum* had not been chanted in the

parish of Saint Allouestre. Not one of its young conscripts for the last two years had joined his regiment. The bishop had written him on the subject. And what was his response to his ecclesiastical chief, his spiritual father? "I cannot condemn a course of conduct which I should have pursued at their age. I cannot recommend the taking of an oath, which I would not take, if it were required of me." The king's attorney had the letter there among his papers, and read from the very manuscript. The curé had carried his fanaticism to the length of preaching insurrection in hardly veiled terms. Had he not, one Sunday after sermon, recited aloud, on the steps of the altar, a Pater and an Ave Maria for "our brave young men"? No one doubted as to the application—

M. Jourdan endeavored to interfere between his witness and the prosecutor, but the latter held fast to the curé, sternly admonishing him of his duties and of the responsibility he was incurring.

The examination of witnesses was over. Before formally pronouncing its termination, the judge president addressed the three brothers, reminding them that no testimony had been given in support of the incredible assumption on which they rested their defence.

"I repeat to you," he added, "what has been set forth in the indictment: If it be true that you are the victims of the assassins and not their accomplices, they are your most cruel enemies, and you owe them no consideration. It is easy for you to put justice on their track. They alone are your exculpatory witnesses; there can be no others. Your obstinate refusal to denounce them will be brought against you as an enhancing proof that you have nothing to look for from their testimony. Jean Louis," he said, addressing himself to the eldest of the brothers, "you have a young wife whom you love. I point out to you the sole means of saving yourself—"

Marion had started up convulsively at hearing herself named. Her husband also rose. His face grew red and then all pale. He opened his lips as if he would speak, but uttered no word. His two brothers had half risen, turning their faces towards him. He gazed on Marion, who looked like a corpse; but she said in an undertone, yet so as to be heard by the judges on the bench, "Die rather!"

Her husband turned towards the court and spoke with a firm voice: "I have nothing to say; I am innocent!"

The pleadings could not be long. The jury gave but a few moments to deliberation; and the court presently pronounced its decree, sentencing the three men to the penalty of death. I had exhausted myself in fruitless efforts to lead away the parents. The president himself had sent an official of the tribunal to beseech them to withdraw; but they remained till the end. To see them at that last moment, you would have said their minds were wandering.

THE OLDEST HUMAN REMAINS IN EUROPE.

BY P. MARTIN DUNCAN, SECRETARY OF THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE questions of the origin and primitive condition of the human race, are gradually assuming such great importance, that it is absolutely necessary to reconsider the value of the evidence which has been

published in support of the high antiquity of certain portions of the skeletons of men found in sediments. Not many years since it was a favorite dogma that human bones could not be preserved for any long period without decomposition taking place, and that they were therefore not liable to become fossilized. But year after year there has appeared some evidence in opposition to this theory, and now there are many specimens of human bones which have been dug up from sediments whose positions indicate a very considerable antiquity. Some of the specimens were obtained during the careful and scientific excavation of caverns by qualified geologists, and others were discovered under less satisfactory circumstances. There has been great doubt expressed about the discovery of some of the human remains, and much suspicion exists about others. Their extreme rarity, and the facilities for deception, have been advanced as arguments against the fact of any human bones having been really found in positions where they must have remained undisturbed during great changes in the physical geography of the neighborhood. Moreover, the indisposition to concede a high antiquity to man has tended to the rejection of trustworthy evidence to the contrary.

There has always been a great disinclination to associate man with the extinct mammalia. He was supposed to belong essentially to the existing state of things. Moreover, there has been a strong objection to the possibility of great physico-geographical changes having occurred during the human period. But now that paleontology and natural history have combined to prove the vast antiquity of many existing species of animals, there is no reason, if the book of nature is alone studied, why man should not have a corresponding age. The antiquity is of course measured by certain geological changes in continents, and alterations in the relative positions of sediments, rivers, and seas.

Opinions overcame many facts in the early part of this century, and every discovery of human remains in association with the extinct fauna was discredited. It had occurred over and over again that huge reptilian bones, or those of the mammoth and whale, had been ignorantly decided to be those of giants. These mistakes, coupled with the dogma about the impossibility of the preservation of human bones, affected the judgment of some very distinguished men. Of late years the speculations of some biologists respecting the simian characteristics of certain portions of the human crania that were found in very old deposits, have made the subject of the antiquity of man very distasteful and unpopular. But from an early date in this century, well authenticated instances of the discovery of human bones in association with the remains of the extinct fauna have been carefully detailed in many first-class scientific journals. The late Dr. Buckland, although an enthusiastic geologist, appears to have been influenced by the opinions concerning the impossibility of the preservation of human bones in deposits for any very long period. Those who are acquainted with the general characteristics of very early burials, and who have read Lartet's description of the caves in the valley of the Vézère, must be struck by Buckland's very off-hand determination of the age of the so-called red lady of the Paviland.

During some excavations in the Goat's Hole Cave, fifteen miles west of Swansea, Dr. Buckland came upon traces of human remains in close contiguity with the skull of a mammoth. The left side of a

human skeleton was found surrounded by red earth and stained of the same color; it had some small ivory rods close to it and some common shells of the sea-shore also. Six inches of earth covered the skeleton, which was in the same kind of soil and on the same level with the head of the mammoth. This huge cranium was covered with a much greater depth of soil, but was further from the opening of the cave than the human remains. Dr. Buckland pronounced these to be, comparatively speaking, modern as regards the date of their sepulture, and to have no relation to the mammoth's head as regards their deposition. He was of opinion that the bone earth of the cave had often been disturbed by excavators, and that the skeleton was that of a woman who had died long after the sediment had been deposited. Dr. Falconer took Dr. Buckland's view of the age of the red lady, and drew attention to the similarity of the ivory rods to those which were common on both sides of the English Channel in prehistoric times. Since Dr. Buckland described the cave many have visited it, and there is one important fact upon which all are agreed, and that is that flint instruments of palæolithic age were found on the surface of the remains of the bone earth. The force of the expression that repeated excavations have been made in the cave, is lost when there are such proofs of the antiquity of the bone earth. No one was likely to bury anything there of late years, for the cave is very difficult of access. That the red lady was buried, there can be little doubt, but it is evident, from the nature of the surrounding deposits, and the character of the funeral accessories, that this took place in palæolithic times. The skeleton, or rather what remains of it, is not, however, that of a woman, but of a tall male. It is worthy of the attention of anatomists, and is very interesting to antiquaries, for it is the only considerable portion of the human frame found in Great Britain in association with the extinct mammalia.

Aimé Boue, a German geologist of excellent reputation, found some human bones at Lahr under that silt of the Old Rhine which is called the loess. The discovery was neglected, and the matter dropped. Nevertheless, the details of the excellent observer were recorded, and have lately been substantiated by a corresponding discovery at Eguisheim, near Colmar. Aimé Boue had not a class of readers that would accept the inferences which must be drawn, respecting time, from the consideration of the position of the remains beneath the loess; and probably there were not half a dozen men in the world that could make up their minds about the age of this deposit. This question will be carefully considered further on.

About this time a human jaw was found near Maestricht, at a depth of nineteen feet from the surface, in a stratum of sandy loam which rested upon gravel.

After Aimé Boue's discovery, the remains of man associated with those of the reindeer, in clay, were found by M. Tournai, in a cave at Bize, near Narbonne. This able anatomist and antiquary grasped the importance of the discovery, and he made the first attempt at a classification of post-tertiary geology. He established a human period, — Anthropoienne, — and divided it into ante-historic and historic sub-periods. This was in 1828.

In 1833, Schmerling published his "*Recherches sur les ossemens Fossiles découvertes dans les Cavernes de la Province de Liège.*" He described

the details of his discovery of the human skull at Engis, and sent the specimen to Paris. The cave in which it was found had been opened under the personal superintendence of Schmerling. The remains were discovered at a depth of a metre and a half underneath an osseous brecchia formed of the remains of small animals and which contained the tooth of rhinoceros and some of those of the horse, and of ruminants. Remains of rhinoceros, horse hyæna, and bear, surrounded the skull on every side (*de toute part*). Moreover, from another observation of Schmerling's, it is evident that the mammoth was associated with the human remains, which he says were *entourés de ceux d'éléphant de rhinoceros, et des carnassiers.*

The great Parisian anatomists were as unprepared for the discovery of the association of human remains with those of the extinct mammalia as their fellow-savans. Schmerling's labors were discredited, and the great age of the Engis skull was denied, because it presented the closest resemblance to many ordinary and modern crania. It was supposed by the advocates of the progressive development theory, that some alteration in the contour and shape of the bones of the head must have occurred in man during the vast ages that must have elapsed since the mammoth died out in Europe. The Engis skull was too human, and therefore the voice of authority was not heard in its favor. Schmerling was, however, a first-class comparative osteologist, and his work was so carefully compiled from his own notes that it could not be forgotten. He described the different kinds of gravels and clays in which the animal and human remains were found, and divided them into two series. He did not see the geological value of his divisions, for the science was still in the midst of its struggle to get out of the hands of the cataclysmatists. But he distinctly noticed one gravel which was at the bottom of the caves, and whose stones were not of the rock of the neighborhood, and a second gravel and clay, whose angular masses were composed of the limestone out of which the rivers and caves were worn or excavated. He noticed that some very ossiferous earth exactly resembled the soil which caps the top of the hills of the neighborhood. Thirty years elapsed, and Dupont began to describe the caverns of the Lesse, close to the seat of Schmerling's labor. The science of geology had greatly increased in the mean time, and the effects of fluvial erosion, and the phenomena of making and moving gravel had been particularly studied. If any evidence were required to prove the correctness of Schmerling's work, it has been offered over and over again by Dupont, whose classification of the sediments containing the osseous remains in the caves is simply an extension of the ideas of the great Belgian anatomist.

The soil that capped the hills around Liège, and which Schmerling noticed to be ossiferous, is an extension of that loess under which Aimé Boue had discovered human remains. But this geological fact was not satisfactorily determined when the Neanderthal skull and bones were discovered. Dupont's researches had not shown geologists clearly what the loess was, and, indeed, he had not written on the subject. His elaborate investigations, which form the only satisfactory groundwork for the study of the antiquity of man in relation to geology, were not before the world when the skull and bones just mentioned were found in a fissure leading from the plateau above the valley of the Neander down

into the ravine. The fissure communicated with the cliff face of the valley at whose base flowed the river, and its upper outlet was on the surface of the country, all of which is more or less covered by the loess. This loess filled the fissure, and in it were the bones. The skull was peculiar in shape, and it attracted great attention. Its position in the great deposit of silt or loess which covered the country around the Rhine and its branches and extended far to the east, and which had been worn down by the great river and its affluents until it formed here and there cliffs hundreds of feet in height, indicated extraordinary changes in the physical geography of Europe during and after the time of the early men. Aimé Boué's discovery was not considered, Schmerling was still comparatively unread. The shape of the bones appeared to cause distinguished savans to run riot, and the Neanderthal skull became one of the wonders of the age. Yet, if there could be no doubt thrown upon the deposition of the skull in original and unmoved loess, there is now abundance of evidence to show that its antiquity is greatly inferior to the Engis skull, and to those human remains found by Dupont in some of the caves in the valley of the Lesse. Such remains, for instance, as the lower jaw, found in the cave of La Naulette, and the bones and skulls discovered in the caverns named Du Frontal and La Rosette. But there is every reason for believing that the fissure in the Neanderthal rock was not filled during the deposition of the loess, and that the upper opening and the cavity was closed at that time. If this theory is correct the loess may have drifted down the fissure at any time between its deposition and the historic period or afterwards. The body whose bones were found in the midst of the silt in the fissure may have been washed down, or its possessor may have fallen down during the in-wash of the sediment. The excavation of the valley close by does not appear to be necessarily associated with the deposition of the loess in the fissure. The Neanderthal skull cannot, therefore, be considered of any value as a type of great antiquity. It should be placed after the human remains found by Aimé Boué at Lahr, and by Faudel at Eguisheim in the chronology of man.

M. Faudel has described the position of the human frontal and parietal bones that were found close to the hill called Bühl at Eguisheim near Colmar. ("Ann. des Sciences Nat." v. serie, tom. vi. p. 361.) There is a cliff formed of an old sandstone deposit, close to Eguisheim, and the hill of Bühl is a slight elevation which rests against it. The hill slopes off into a plain which extends towards Colmar. The under part of the hill is formed by a tertiary limestone, which dips towards the plain at an angle of from fifteen to twenty degrees. The upper part is formed of the loess or upper silt of the second glacial extension, and it is thick on the flanks, but thin on the top of the hill. At the base of the hill some of the old Alpine gravel of the first extension of the glaciers is found, and it is covered by the loess just mentioned to the extent of two or three metres. Some bones of the stag were found in sinking cellars in the loess in 1865, and shortly afterwards the human remains were exhumed. Some elephantine remains were found in the old gravel, but none were discovered in the true silty loess. The human remains were found in the silty loess, and consisted of a frontal and parietal bone; they were separated, but could be

united easily. The loess contained the usual shells of the deposit. *Helix hispida*, Lin.; *Pupa muscorum*, Drap.; *Succinea oblonga*, Drap.

The jaw discovered by Crahey, of Louvain, and which is known as the Maestricht jaw, was found above the old Alpine gravel and in the lowest part of the loess. The old gravel had been much disturbed and its elephantine fossils had been ploughed up by the torrents that accompanied the formation of the lowest part of the silty loess, consequently there is a great mixture of the faunas of the deposit. The jaw may be fairly considered to be of the same geological age as the remains at Lahr and Eguisheim.

The antiquity of the human remains found in France in the gravels of the Somme and Seine, in the Grotto des Feés, in the caves of Perigord, and in those of the southeastern part of the country has been the subject of much discussion. Many of the French anthropologists hold to their original opinion that the lower jaw-bone discovered in the gravel at Abbeville was not introduced there a short time previously to the visit of the "finder," and that it was deposited with the sediment that surrounded it. They assert that other bones were found there subsequently. A careful examination of the evidence that has been published concerning the Abbeville jaw proves that there is much reason for doubting its antiquity, and when the collateral proof of the successful and abortive attempts at deception respecting many of the flint implements said to have been found in the same gravel as the jaw are considered, there is nothing left but to put the mandible on one side as an untrustworthy piece of humanity. The lower jaw discovered in the Grotto des Feés was associated with the remains of the extinct mammalia, and a careful examination of the evidence leads to the belief that although the cave had often been disturbed, the bone was not introduced artificially, but was washed in with the remains of mammoth, rhinoceros, and bear. The fact of the cave having been frequented for years before its excavation renders the artificial introduction of the bone possible, and although such a proceeding was most improbable, the value of the relic to the anatomist and to the student of early man is seriously affected.

M. Reboux found human bones in the gravels of the Seine, and they are known as the Clichy-Montmartre remains. There can be no doubt about their having been found where they are stated to have been met with, but their age is not satisfactorily determined. Considering the evidence brought forward, these bones may be associated with those of the palæolithic age, but not with those of the age of the mammoth.

The skeletons found in the cave at Cro-Magnon, in the valley of the Vézère in Perigord, may be taken as the types, as regards age, of the osseous remains discovered in Southwestern and Southern France, associated with the antiquities of the reindeer period. Bruniquel, Bize, and other caves have yielded portions of human skeletons, but the admirable condition and the extraordinary development of the Cro-Magnon skulls, femora, and tibiae, offer such opportunities for study and comparison that they necessarily have attracted the greatest attention. The Cro-Magnon skeletons were found on the top of the remains of a shelter or cave, which was nearly filled. They belonged to individuals who had been buried, and one had certainly died a violent death. There were no antiquities found above

them, and beneath were the relics of the reindeer age. There were several old hearths in the cave, one over the other; they were formed of charcoal, charred bones and ashes, and they were separated by masses of limestone which had fallen time after time from the roof. In the lowest of the hearths was part of the tusk of a mammoth. The age of these skeletons cannot be decided by means of any geological data, and it can only be estimated in a very comparative and unsatisfactory manner by considering the antiquities of the other caves of the valley. The discoverer of the bones, M. Lartet, and their describer, M. P. Broca, consider them to belong to the age of the mammoth. To this opinion I cannot defer, and I would rather give them the age of the reindeer in M. Lartet's classification of prehistoric archæology.

In Northern Italy there is a great difficulty in deciding the exact relation of some very old bones to the Alpine silt or loess, which, like that of the rivers to the Alps, covers much of the country.

There is an old and a new Alpine gravel and silt, south of the Alps, just as there is to the north; and the position of the skull discovered at Olmo in these sediments is unsatisfactorily determined. The older sediment consists of the down-wash of the great moraines and glacier mud that followed the retreat of the glaciers when the so-called glacial period of Europe and the north ceased. This sediment, the first Alpine gravel, contains the remains of the great mammalia. The younger silt is the product of the second glacialization of the Alps. It is the wash-down of the moraine mud of the glaciers which extended far into the Italian plains during the period when the great mammalia became comparatively extinct, and the Arctic animals typified by the reindeer, musk sheep, and glutton roamed through Western Europe. This second Alpine gravel may have been formed or rather spread over the plains at any period between the end of the second glacial period and the departure of the Arctic animals from amongst the Western European fauna. Consequently bones covered by it have not the same geological value as those found amongst the older or first gravel. M. Cocchi's description of the discovery leads to the belief that the Olmo skull is like that of the Neanderthal, very likely very old and perhaps comparatively modern. It is reasonable, however, to give a palæolithic date to the Olmo skull.

The age of the human bones discovered by M. Dupont has now to be considered, and it will be observed that by bringing these remains in careful association with the geology of Belgium, a classification of the antiquity of all the human remains noticed can be founded upon very satisfactory reasoning. Europe, north and south of the Alps, in the Alps, and to their east and west, and in and about the Pyrenees, has experienced some grand changes in its physical geography since man first appeared on the western area. The geological phenomena that prove this, show a relative contemporaneity as regards the conditions in the Alps, Pyrenees, Vosges, and Ardennes. There are evidences of two great extensions of the glaciers, and of the former presence of coast-lines now either worn away or submerged. What the phenomena of life were on the continent of Europe when the glacial conditions extended to the Thames, when icebergs grounded in the Channel, and when glaciers, hundreds of miles long, descended from the mountainous districts of Europe, no one can

imagine. But it is evident that this glacialization was terminated by a general and very gradual upheaval of the whole of Europe. With increased warmth came huge rivers that spread their gravels and cut their way down as the land rose. These gravels were not formed from the rock subjacent to them, but of materials from a distance. Such a gravel formed of crystalline and gneissic rocks covers much of the elevated land of Belgium, near Liège and Dinant. It is known as the Ardennes gravel; it is water-worn and round. It was washed down from the Vosges and Ardennes as their glaciers retreated, and as that part of Belgium became upheaved. This gravel is the geological equivalent of the old Alpine gravel of the Rhine, and of the first gravel of the Italians plains. As the Belgian plains arose they were cut into by the streams, and this gravel was washed down them, and into their caves. At last a period of rest came, and the deep and narrow valleys of the Lesse were still carrying down the mud and stone of the Ardennes gravel. This was the age of the great mammalia, and it is in the mud and gravels of this period that the jaw of the Naulette Cave was found and the Engis skull discovered. The high level gravels of England and of the Somme Valley belong to the earliest part of this period during which Europe was inhabited by not less than four species of elephants.

A gradual depression of the European area succeeded the period of rest. The second extension of the glaciers occurred, and the greater part of the pachyderms and many carnivora became extinct. Again a period of upheaval commenced, and the Belgian valleys were choked up with their own wear and tear,—not with the Ardennes gravel which was covered with it. As the land rose and the glaciers retreated, vast floods brought down the moraine and glacial mud, and, finding the outlets choked, deposited their silt or loess to the thickness of hundreds of feet. Still the continent arose, and the Rhine began to cut its way through the loess, and the Belgian valleys were nearly emptied of their contents.

This second gravel of the valley is angular, and consists of the minerals of the carboniferous limestone of their sides. It is covered here and there by the fine silt or loess, and both sediments were formed about the same time. The angular gravel is the lowest member of the loess, and the silt the upper. It is beneath and amongst this upper member that the Neanderthal, the Eguisheim, the Lahr, and the Maestricht remains were found, and thus their remote antiquity disappears.

Amongst the gravel and the silt are found the remains of the reindeer. There were caves which were open after the deposit of the Ardennes gravel, and within them human remains were buried. These have subsequently been covered up with the angular gravel before it was washed out of the valleys. Such skeletons as those of the caves Du Frontal, Chaleux, and La Rosette are covered with the angular gravel. Consequently their age dates before the filling up of the valleys with the second gravel. The great mammalia had ceased to be prominent members of the fauna when the sepulture of the cave Du Frontal was closed with a dalle. The time that may have elapsed between the sepulture and the filling up of the valleys may have been as great as that which it took to clear them out again and to re-elevate the country. It leads one back far before the formation of the loess, and

yet the reindeer was the most prominent member of the fauna.

The results of M. Dupont's studies show that palæolithic man lived during the excavation of the valleys and the filling of the caves more or less with Ardennes gravel. The jaw of La Naulette and the Engis skull are the Belgian human remains of this period. The jaw of the Grotto des Fécés is also of this age. These are the only examples of human bones that will bear criticism, and which can be referred to the mammoth age. M. Dupont proves that after the excavation of the Belgian valleys, and the deposition of the Ardennes gravel within their caves, men were buried in the cave Du Frontal and included in the sediments at Chaleux and in the cave of La Rosette. No traces of the mammoth (except at Chaleux, where a huge bone was found not belonging to a contemporaneous elephant) were discovered with these remains which belong to the reindeer period. After the sepulture at the cave Du Frontal, the valleys were deepened, a period of rest occurred, and then commenced the formation of the angular gravel and loess already mentioned. The angular gravel must have filled up the narrow valleys to the depth of 70 metres. Then the silty loess was deposited on the plateau. Subsequently, as the country rose, the angular gravel was nearly cleared out the valleys. The remains of the men of the reindeer period are also to be found in the upper silty loess, and the Eguisheim, Maestricht, and Lahr remains are instances. Above the loess no traces of palæolithic man are to be found, but those of the neolithic age abound. In spite of the new readings of Julius Cæsar's words, *bos cervus*, the remains of reindeer are not found amongst the relics of the Allemanni. The Olmo skull is of the same general age as the Eguisheim and Lahr remains, and to this period the skeletons of Cro-Magnon, of Bruniquel, of Bize, and very probably of Paviland may be appended. The age of the Cléchi-Montmartre bones is still in doubt, and those discovered in the sepulture of Aurignac were too much disturbed before they were carefully examined, to be considered of any exact antiquarian value.

THE LEGEND OF DUNBLANE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

"It was in the year 1793," said my uncle, "that I made the acquaintance of William Dunblane, afterwards Lord Dunblane at the University of St. Andrews. His bachelor uncle, the then lord, was not a very rich man, and he was a stingy one. William's father, too, was still alive, so that the young man was somewhat straitened as to money. We were just of an age, and my father was very liberal to me. Our relative positions, therefore, were more equal at that time than they afterwards became; and, in spite of the great difference of rank, Dunblane singled me out to be his favorite companion. I cannot say why this was, unless it may have been that I was a more patient listener than many other young fellows, to his long stories about his ancestry, and that while, I always endeavored to tell him the truth, I was more indulgent to this weakness of family pride than the rest were. They used to laugh at him, at first; but that, he soon showed them, he would never stand. He was very strong, and very passionate; and his face at such moments became as that of one possessed with a devil."

It was in these words that my uncle, Mr Carthews,

senior partner in the firm of Carthews and Bontor, of Aberdeen and Calcutta, used generally to begin the following strange narrative. Like many Scotchmen of his day, he had a somewhat inordinate reverence for rank; but it was balanced, in his case, by a business-like appreciation of the value of money. What is of more import, however, to the matter in hand, was his strict and fearless adherence to truth, joined to an extremely kind nature. These characteristics were conspicuous in every transaction of a long life. He was a shrewd, upright man, universally respected in the city where he passed the best part of his life: "stiff in opinions," occasionally prolix but of a sound clear judgment, and unimpeached honesty. In the narrative, therefore, which I shall try to give, as far as possible, in my uncle's own words, there is, I am confident, no wilful misrepresentation, no jot or tittle added to the facts, as he believed them to be. And his opinion of those facts, I take it, was formed very deliberately. I heard him tell the story repeatedly, yet it never varied in the smallest particular; and I know it invariably impressed his hearers with a sense of horrible reality. Imagine that the ladies have left the room; three or four men are seated round the polished mahogany; my uncle, a white-haired, keen-eyed man of seventy, bids us draw our chairs nearer the fire, and, passing round a magnum of his fine old port, he thus continues the story of which I have given the opening words, with that incisive Scotch accent, and in that measured phrase which seems to weigh each word in the balance and reject it if found wanting.

Dunblane was an unpopular man. Men could not make him out. His manner was often disagreeable, and he was subject to moody fits, when he would speak to no one. He was capable of kind and generous acts, but implacable in his dislikes; and he never forgot an injury. I could manage him better than any one, and he would generally stand the truth from me; but his rage was a terrible thing to witness. I have never seen anything like it. Men used to say, "Keep clear of Dunblane when the fit is on him; he will stick at nothing."

The French Revolution was then at its height. Dunblane was a hot royalist, and used to be thrown into fresh transports of fury with the news of every act subversive of the king's authority. One night a man, in my room, who professed Republican sentiments, defended the conduct of the Assembly in imprisoning the royal family. Dunblane got up and flung a bottle at his head. There was a fine row, and it was arranged that the two men must fight the next morning. I secretly gave notice to the authorities, however, who interfered, and some sort of peace was patched up; but Dunblane never spoke to his antagonist again as long as he was in the university. I mention this as I happen to recall the circumstance, just to give you an idea of the man's violence, and of the depth of his resentment.

I can remember, too, a conversation we had one day about marriage. He had been complaining of his poverty, but said that, nevertheless, he meant to marry early.

"You see, it is necessary that I should have an heir lest the direct line become extinct. There is no one after me."

"Do nothing in a hurry," I replied. "It would be a great misfortune, no doubt, that the title and estates should pass away to another branch of the family, but it would be a still greater one to have

your whole life embittered by an unhappy marriage. You are young; you have life before you. Be quite sure it is for your happiness, ere you take such a step as this."

His reply was very characteristic.

"O," he said, "it is all very well for you to talk, who have plenty of money, and have no great name as an inheritance. We trace back our descent for six hundred years; it is a duty we owe to the country to keep up the family. If I was fortunate enough to be in your position, I should please myself. But as it is everything else is of secondary importance. My lord is always telling me so, and I suppose he is right. I must marry a woman with money, and I must have an heir. You don't know," he added, with the black look gathering on his brow, "how essential this is."

I assured him that I fully recognized the obligations which a great name and title entail, but that I could not think that to contract a hasty, ill-considered marriage could ever answer in the long run.

"Ah!" he said. "Then you have never heard the old prophecy in the family:—

'When five Dunblanes have had no son,
Then shall the line direct be run.'

My uncle is the *fourth* lord who has had no son. If he should survive my father, and that I should succeed him, I shall be the *fifth*. You see now how necessary it is I should marry early."

"On account of a foolish distich!" I replied. His superstition almost amounted to an insanity; and I never would give in to it, though I confess that I have known more curious cases of such prophecies being fulfilled than any sceptical Englishman would believe. However, that has nothing to say to the matter in hand. Dunblane repeatedly referred to this prediction, which had evidently taken a hold upon his mind, not to be shaken by any words of mine. He would brood for hours over this and similar subjects. And among them, I have little doubt, was one to which he never referred at that time, seeing that I treated his superstitions with unbecoming levity,—a subject of which I had no knowledge for many years afterwards, but which was destined to have a fatal influence on his life.

In '96 I left college, and was sent out to our branch house in Calcutta. I heard the following year of Dunblane's marriage to a Miss Cameron, an orphan of good family, though not noble, said to possess both wealth and beauty; and I heard no more. He never wrote to me, nor did I expect it. Our lines of life were now quite different, and though I knew that he would always retain a friendly recollection of me, correspondence was another matter. I was a man of business, and engrossed in affairs in which he could take no interest; while I, on the other hand, knew nothing of the persons and the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I shall always regret that he did *not* write to me during those years, though probably no written words of mine could have been of any avail in arresting him; but I have occasionally found, in life, that the truth, though discarded at the time, will come back at some unexpected moment and give the Devil the lie. Now the Devil had it all his own way with Dunblane for years. His father, to whom I think he was really attached, was dead; his uncle, whom he disliked and feared, would not die. The uncle, I am told, proposed this marriage to him, and though Dunblane was indifferent—or more than indifferent—to the lady, he consented to marry her.

This was the fatal error which nothing could retrieve. It was the first step down hill, after which the descent became more and more rapid every year.

In 1803 Lord Dunblane did, at last, die, and, a few months later, my own father's death recalled me to Aberdeen, where I took his place as head of the house. One day, about a year after my return, George Pilson (you remember Pilson and Pilson, the attorneys?—very respectable firm) was in my office, and chanced to speak of Dunblane Castle, where he had lately been. His father, I found out, was Lord Dunblane's man of business; and I questioned George as to his lordship's present condition and mode of life. His answer was far from satisfactory.

"His lordship's strangeness and his violent ebullitions of temper have increased very much upon him of late," he said. "It is supposed that this is greatly owing to the fact that after nearly eight years of marriage there is no heir to the title. Then his wife is a person singularly unsuited to him in all ways. Her ladyship is handsome, but wanting in common sense, garrulous in the extreme, laughing immoderately in and out of season, and, if I may be allowed to express an opinion on such a point, deficient in the dignity befitting her station. These things are perpetual blisters, I fancy, to his lordship. Her ladyship, in a word, is what may be called a 'provoking woman,' and as his lordship is not the most patient of men, you may guess the consequences."

I replied that I was more sorry than surprised; from what I knew of Lord Dunblane I never expected that such a marriage—*one purely of interest*—could turn out well. "And yet," I added, "if he had fallen into other hands, I think he might have become a very different man. There were germs of good in him."

At this George Pilson remained silent for a few moments,—a silence which I thought most eloquent. He then proceeded to speak of the castle, which he described as one of the finest monuments of the fifteenth century remaining in the country.

"His lordship is very justly proud of it," he said, "though with his pride is mingled a certain superstitious awe, as, no doubt, you know? I dare say he has often spoken to you of the secret room in the castle?"

"No," I replied, "I do not remember that he ever did. What is there special about this room?"

He replied, "No one knows exactly where it is except the owner, the heir, and one other person, who happens, at present, to be my father. The family superstition concerning this room is very strong, and I believe they shrink from speaking of it."

"But what does it arise from?" I inquired.

He said, "The legend runs that some former Lord of Dunblane sold himself to the Devil in this room; the plain English of which is, I imagine, that he committed some foul crime there. At all events, this room has remained shut up for centuries; and it was predicted by one of those sibyls, who were given to such utterances, that, if ever the secret were made known, the ruin of the house would follow."

"Why," I exclaimed, "this is the second prophecy that has been made about the Dunblanes! One pays dearly for belonging to these great families if one is to be subject to all these superstitions. Do you know if the room is ever opened?"

"Yes, I believe so, once a year; when, if possible, the three who are in possession of the secret meet here. My father never speaks on the subject, of course, nor does Lord Dunblane."

I asked who the heir-at-law was. He told me they had had difficulty in finding him out. He was in some office in London, and in very poor circumstances, being descended from a younger branch of the Dunblanes, who had gone to settle in England in the beginning of the last century.

After some further conversation, Pilson took his leave, and I thought very little more about Lord Dunblane and his affairs, having concerns of my own which fully occupied my thoughts at that time.

Some weeks later I received, to my surprise, a letter from Lord Dunblane, saying that he had just heard from his man of business, Mr. Pilson, that I was returned from India, and living in Aberdeen; and that it would give him great pleasure to see me again, if I would pay him a visit at Dunblane Castle. He named a day when he was expecting a party; but added that if this time was not convenient to me, I could write myself, and propose some later date. It would have been ungracious to have refused such an invitation. Indeed, I was fully sensible of the honor, though I anticipated but little pleasure from this visit, under the present circumstances. A press of business retained me in Aberdeen just then, but I promised to write, and I did write, some weeks later, to his lordship, proposing to accompany Mr. Pilson, who informed me that he was going to Dunblane Castle; for I reflected that as the stage would take me no further than Nairn, we could share a post-chaise together, which would lighten the cost of a journey, in which business had no part. His lordship replied, in a few lines, to say I should be welcome; and accordingly, on the 10th of April, 1804, Pilson and I left Aberdeen by the stage, which started at 6 A. M., and reached Dunblane Castle late that afternoon. It was getting dusk as we drove up to this magnificent remnant of the feudal age,—a pile which impressed one with a sense of the power which must have belonged to the Dunblanes in past ages, and heightened their claim to consideration, in my eyes at least, more than the finest modern palace could have done. It was the grandest specimen of this style of architecture I ever saw, of vast extent, its sky-outline bristling with pointed turrets, its gray walls crowning a steep height covered with venerable Scotch firs, a dry moat surrounding it, and a gateway leading into a court-yard, which occupied nearly an acre, and round which the castle was built.

Lord Dunblane met us in the hall. The nine years which had elapsed since we had parted had wrought changes in us both, no doubt; but in the man I saw before me I should scarcely have recognized my fellow-student had I met him in the streets of Aberdeen. He was grown very large, and on his face, which was lined far beyond his years, the hard, wild look which had been transient formerly had settled down, apparently, into its habitual expression. He received me kindly, but there was no smile, as he shook my hand. The light had died out of the face, never to be rekindled. He told me I should have but a dull visit, he feared. "Had you come six weeks ago, when I wanted you, you would have met a country gathering; not that I like that sort of thing: I hate it; but you and I were always very different, Carthews. Now you will find no one; and I have a good deal of business with Mr. Pilson, so that I must leave Lady

Dunblane to entertain you." I assured him that I should be perfectly happy, exploring the beauties of the park and adjoining forest, and begged him not to consider me for a moment. After that he led me up stairs to the drawing-room, where Lady Dunblane was seated alone.

The first impression produced on every one by her ladyship's beauty could not but be favorable. She was a brunette; tall, with lively eyes and brilliant teeth, which she showed a great deal when she laughed, and dark-brown hair, cut short and dishevelled in loose waves over her head. Upon this occasion, however, I saw nothing but a curl or two; for she wore a species of helmet, much affected, as I afterwards learnt, by women of condition, in that day, whose husbands commanded regiments of yeomanry, as did Lord Dunblane. Being the first head-gear of the kind which I had seen, its singularity struck me; but her ladyship carried this curious erection of buckram, fur, and tinsel, with a grace which forbade a thought of ridicule. Her beautiful figure was set off by a spenser of scarlet cloth, and a tight-fitting skirt of some white material which appeared to have been damped, it clung so close to her person. It was evident that her ladyship was not neglectful of her appearance, nor unmindful of the impression she made upon even an humble individual like myself. She came forward and greeted me with infinite suavity, saying:—

"It is amiable of you, Mr. Carthews, to come and take pity on our solitude. We see no one from one week's end to another in this castle of Otranto (you have read Mr. Walpole's romance?), where all is so gloomy and mysterious that, as I tell my lord, I am really alarmed sometimes at the sound of my own voice!"

"I wish that occurred rather oftener," muttered his lordship. She continued, laughing, "Our only society are the ghosts. You don't mind them, I hope? They are all of the oldest families, for we are mighty select here, you must know. If they visit you, you must esteem it a great honor, Mr. Carthews."

I replied in the same strain, that I felt myself to be wholly unworthy of that honor; but that, if they came, I would try and receive them with becoming courtesy.

"Like my parrot," cried her ladyship, laughing. "He and my spaniel sleep in my room; and sometimes, in the dead of night, he calls out, 'Pray, come in, and take a chair!' which startles me from my sleep, and frightens me out of my senses!"

His lordship said something about her having no senses to be frightened out of, I believe, and something about "brutes." She caught up the word, with a laugh,—

"Brutes? O yes; one gets accustomed to the society of brutes of any sort, when one has nothing else all day."

Such amenities passed between the two were of constant occurrence, I suppose, for they produced little effect beyond deepening the scowl on his lordship's face. As to me, I felt very uncomfortable, and the charm of Lady Dunblane's beauty had already melted away. Though not a stupid woman, I saw she was a very foolish one. How she dared to aggravate a man of such a temperament as her husband's amazed me. It was just like a child handling fire. She rattled away and laughed all that evening with little intermission. Lord Dunblane scarcely opened his lips. Over the wine Pilson and I talked; but his lordship stared mood-

ily at the fire, and said nothing. I began to think I had made a mistake in coming all the way from Aberdeen for this. To play the part of chorus to a matrimonial duet of the most discordant character was not pleasant; and if my former friend was so self-absorbed as to be unable to speak to me, the sooner I left him the better. I suppose something of this sort struck him, for he said, as he wished me good night, "You must not mind my silence and absence of mind, Carthews. I am very glad to see you here; but my present position gives me many anxieties. I am irritated and worried until, by Heaven! I feel at times as if I should go mad."

Well, I went to bed, and slept soundly. I never was an imaginative man, you see, or the room I was in might have conjured up some of those spiritual visitants her ladyship had joked about, evidently to her lord's annoyance. Not that it was any worse than the other rooms in the castle. I take it they were all oak-panelled, with hideous family portraits grinning from the wall upon the occupants of the vast draped beds, in one of which I slept without waking, until the servant brought in my hot water for shaving. It was a bright morning, and at breakfast I found my host in better spirits than he had seemed the previous evening. I could not help speculating whether this could be in consequence of Lady Dunblane's absence. She never came down to breakfast, I found. Her maid, a most formidable-looking female, with red hair, and the muscles of a gillie, came in, I remember, with a tray, and took her ladyship's chocolate up to her. This person, I was afterwards told, had been born on the estate, and was devoted to Dunblane. She had been ill-spoken of as a girl; but Dunblane's mother had befriended and made this Elsie her body servant, and Dunblane had insisted, when he married, on her filling the same office to his wife, much to that lady's annoyance, who wished for a modish waiting-woman from Edinburgh or London. So much for this ill-favored specimen of her sex, to whom I never spoke in my life, but who impressed me very unfavorably whenever I saw her. After breakfast his lordship took me over the castle, and gave me all the historical associations connected with it, showing me, with great pride, the bed in which Queen Mary had slept, a yew-tree, said to have been planted by Robert Bruce, and the suit of armor borne by Dunblane of Dunblane at the battle of Bannockburn. He dilated on the glories of his house with more animation than I had yet observed; then suddenly the cloud came over him. "And to think," he said, "that all this must pass into another line,—into hands that have been debased by trade" (which was not polite to me; but he entirely forgot my presence for the moment, I am sure); "to think that people who have hardly a drop of old blood in their veins, who have intermarried for generations with Smiths and Browns, and plebeian names of that kind, should come to inherit *this*, which they have no feeling for, no pride in—by G—d, it is enough to wring one's heart!"

And this was the way he went on, from time to time, bursting out in imprecations on his fate in having no heir, and upon the evil star which had risen over his house. It was in vain that I pointed out that he was young still, and in good health, and must not abandon hope. He shook his head gloomily. "The prophecy is against me; it is no use.

'When five Dunblanes have had no son,

It is clear enough, is it not? I am doomed. I should have known it. When did such a prophecy ever come wrong? What a cursed fool I was to marry!"

So I thought; to marry, that is to say, as he had done; but I abstained from saying so. By and by his lordship took Mr. Pilson to his study, where they were engaged for some hours over business; and I was left alone to ramble about the castle, inside and out, as I would.

Remembering the story I had heard of a secret room, I counted all the windows outside, and then, returning to the castle, traversed every passage, mounted every turret, and opened every door I could, to see if the number of windows corresponded. With the help of the serving-man, whom I met on the stairs, and who knew all the rooms in the castle, he said, I accounted for each window satisfactorily. And after two hours' diligent endeavor to solve this mystery, I arrived at the conclusion that there could be no room,—it was all humbug. I was at a time of life, you see, when overconfidence in one's own powers is apt to lead one to very false conclusions.

At luncheon Lady Dunblane appeared, and an incident, which left a painful impression on my mind, took place on that occasion. Dunblane had a peculiar aversion to her ladyship's spaniel. Strict orders were given that he was to be confined to her ladyship's own suite of rooms, and on no account to be allowed beyond them. But some door had inadvertently been left open, and while we were at luncheon, the spaniel ran barking into the room, round and round the table, and finally straight between his lordship's legs, who was at that moment smarting under one of his wife's sallies. He roared out in a voice of thunder,—

"How often have I told you, ma'am, to keep that infernal little beast in your own room?" and he kicked out so viciously, that he sent the poor animal spinning along the oak floor to the further end of the room, where he lay howling. His mistress ran up, and seized him in her arms; the creature's leg was broken. Her ladyship shrieked, and stamped, and my lord swore; and, thoroughly sickened with the whole scene, I rose and left the room. Pilson joined me in the hall.

"What is to be the end of all this?" I said to him.

His answer was, "I am afraid to think."

"Lord Dunblane," I said, "seems to me to be losing all self-restraint. If he goes on thus, what will become of him?"

Pilson looked round him, then leaned forward and whispered, "He will end his days in a mad-house." Dunblane shut himself into his room for the rest of the afternoon. By and by her ladyship drove out in her coach and four, and carried her dog in her arms to a veterinary surgeon some miles off. At dinner she appeared in as brilliant spirits as ever. How much of this was real I cannot say; nor, supposing her hilarity to be assumed, whether it was done for the purpose of aggravating her lord. It certainly succeeded, if so. His moroseness was enlivened by several ferocious sallies. The conversation turned upon France, I remember, and on the probabilities of the First Consul's being made emperor, a subject that engrossed all minds just then.

"How I admire that little man!" exclaimed her ladyship. "How much greater to found a dynasty,

Europe! I begin to wish I was a French woman!"

"I begin to wish you were!" cried my lord. "There is not another British peeress who would disgrace herself by uttering such a sentiment."

She laughed aloud, and replied, "Oh! because they are less frank than I am. All women admire *Le Petit Caporal* in their hearts. What fun it will be if he comes over here, and conquers us! It will be much nicer being the subjects of a great hero, instead of the subjects of a mad old king who —"

"Hold your tongue, ma'am!" shouted Dunblane, bringing his fist down upon the table with a force which made the glasses clatter: "or, if you will talk your low, treasonous rubbish, go and talk it in the kitchen. You shall *not* talk it here!"

She only laughed in reply. She certainly seemed to take a delight in provoking him; and, as she knew his sensitive points, this was not difficult. I found an opportunity, over a game of cribbage, later in the evening, of asking her why she acted thus. No doubt this was somewhat of a liberty, considering our short acquaintance; but I felt I could not remain longer in the house without trying to amend matters.

"Oh!" she said, "anything for a little excitement in this horribly monotonous life. I should die of ennui if it was n't for the tiffs with my lord."

I told her she did not know what harm she was doing; and I asked if she never felt afraid of irritating a man so passionate as his lordship.

"Bless you, no," was her reply. "It is he who is afraid, *really*, of me,—of my tongue, you see. Ha, ha! No one ever answered him before; his mother, his servants, his friends, why,—you yourself, I dare say, you never contradicted him? Now, I *always* do, and I always say just what I like. He hates me, of course, but he is afraid of me, Mr. Cartwells. Ha, ha, ha!"

Good heavens! I thought to myself, and these two people are tied to each other for life. Both have a fair chance of living for the next forty years. What a prospect! Even before we separated for the night she had stung him with another of her irritating speeches. There had been some talk of the steward's boy, who had tumbled from a tree, and had broken his leg. . . . "Children are a horrid bore," said Lady Dunblane. "Thank Heaven, I have no brat to be tumbling from trees, and worrying one's life out."

I dare say she did not mean it. It is hardly possible that, under the circumstances, she should not have wished for a child. The devil was in the woman, constantly prompting something to aggravate her husband. His back was towards me, on this occasion, and he said nothing, so I could only judge of the effect produced upon him by his instantly lighting a chamber candlestick and leaving the room. We saw him no more that night.

The next day and the day following only further developed the hopeless condition of affairs between Lord and Lady Dunblane. I tried once to speak to him on the subject, but I found it was in vain. An ineradicable hatred of his wife had grown up in him, which he did not attempt to conceal. When alone with him, he would occasionally converse; in her presence he seemed to be perpetually on the lookout for what might drop from her irrepressible tongue. The fourth day of my stay at the castle,—the day before I was obliged to return to Aberdeen,—arrived, and with it came a guest, who, although

expected, was evidently anything but welcome. This was Mr. James Dunblane, the heir-at-law, who had only lately been traced, and between whom and Lord Dunblane certain communications had passed by letter. This was his first visit to the castle,—a visit which, as I afterwards learnt, was a matter almost of necessity. He seemed to feel the awkwardness of his position. I do not remember much about the young man, except that he was plain in person, and very quiet. Lord Dunblane, received him coldly, but politely. Lady Dunblane, after the usual fashion, plunged at once into the subject of all others his lordship shrank from any notice of.

"So you are come, as heir-at-law, to be let into the secret of this famous room, are you? Why, it is as bad as being made a freemason! . . . Can you keep a secret, Mr. Dunblane? because, if not, untold misfortunes are to befall us." And the laugh with which she concluded sounded to me like the screech of an owl foreboding evil. Lord Dunblane looked as if he could have stabbed her, but he only muttered an oath under his breath, and clenched his fist,—a movement which no one saw but myself. Every incident of that evening is fresh in my recollection. I remember how she returned again and again to that subject, as though it had a fatal fascination for her, but more likely, I fear, because she saw that her husband writhed under it. She ridiculed the prophecy, and laughed at all those superstitions which his lordship cherished as his religion. It was distressing to watch him the while. He was far quieter than usual, scarcely spoke, but sat, his arms crossed, staring at the fire, with eyes which burnt, themselves, like coals, and when he swore, which he did once or twice, it was in a suppressed voice, contrasting strangely with his usual violence. But there was a vibration in the tone which showed how strongly he was stirred. At last, it was late in the evening, and we were sitting round her ladyship's tea-table, when she committed her crowning act of folly by offering to lay a wager with any one that she would find out the secret room herself. I need hardly say no one accepted the challenge. But she was not to be discouraged. She had seen her husband's face go white, and the look which he had shot at her gave a zest to her audacious scheme. She repeated her declaration that she would penetrate this wonderful mystery. Such things were well enough to frighten old women with in the Middle Ages, but how any one could believe in predictions and other rubbish of this kind in the present day passed her comprehension. For her part she had no faith in anything of the kind, and to prove what folly it was, she should leave no stone unturned to discover this room, about which such a fuss was made: after which the secret, she declared, should remain one no longer. I tried to stop her; Pilsdon tried to stop her; it was all no use. She had got the bit between her teeth, so to speak, and away she went, partly to show off, and partly out of spite, regardless what she said, provided it produced an effect and inflamed my lord yet more. She pictured, laughingly, the cobwebbed condition of the room, and how she would turn in the housemaid with broom and duster; after which she would give an evening party there, and invite all the ghosts to come, if they chose,— "indeed, the black gentleman himself!" . . . Poor woman, she little knew what she was invoking. No one laughed. Even the heir, who, being shy, always smiled when required, looked too stupefied to comply with the demand on this occasion. To glance at Lord Dunblane's face was

enough to check any inclination to hilarity. I have never forgotten its expression. I had witnessed his ungovernable passion scores of times, prompting him to sudden acts of violence. But now, there was a certain admixture of *fear* (she had divined rightly, I saw, when she said he was afraid of her) with the rage which trembled through his whole frame, the like of which I have never beheld but once since in my life. I saw a beast-tamer enter the hyenas' den at the show last year. The aspect of their malignant fury cowed by terror, but watching for its opportunity to burst forth, the savage hissing where-with they received the lash and showed their fangs, recalled to me Dunblane's demeanor as he listened to his wife. . . . At last, I could stand it no longer, and made up my mind to tell a lie.

"Lady Dunblane," I said, "like most Scotchmen, I am a trifle superstitious. This is my last night under your hospitable roof, and I am sure you would not willingly disturb its rest. You are so happily constituted as to be above fear of any kind. Others are weaker. Let me earnestly advise you to leave all the superstitions connected with Dunblane Castle alone. Believe me, 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your ladyship's philosophy.'"

She burst out a-laughing, as usual. "O Mr. Carthews, I'm ashamed of you. But I see what it is. You are afraid, not of the ghosts and the predictions, but of my lord. Well, I shall see you in May, when I pass through Aberdeen on my way south, and I shall tell you all about it then; for, depend upon it, I shall have found out the secret by that time."

And so, in the insolence of youth and high spirits and an indomitable will, she bade me good night, poor woman, and I never saw her again.

Dunblane had left the room. Whether it was prearranged that Pilson and the young heir were to join him in his study, and that later in the night, the door of the secret room should be unclosed, I know not. I am inclined, from one or two circumstances, to think that it was so; but, again, there are other things which have made me doubt it. At all events, when we three bade each other good night, neither Pilson nor young Dunblane dropped anything which should lead me to suppose they were not going straight to their own rooms. They were not to leave the castle till the day after me. It was quite possible, therefore, that the chamber was to be unlocked after my departure.

SAINTE-BEUVE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THIS is neither the time nor the place to attempt any complete account of the remarkable man whose pen, busy to the end, and to the end charming and instructing us, has within the last few weeks dropped from his hand forever. A few words are all that the occasion allows, and it is hard not to make them words of mere regret and eulogy. Most of what is at this moment written about him is in this strain, and very naturally; the world has some arrears to make up to him, and now, if ever, it feels this. Late, and as it were by accident, he came to his due estimation in France; here in England it is only within the last ten years that he can be said to have been publicly known at all. We who write these lines knew him long and owed him much; something of that debt we will endeavor to pay, not, as we ourselves might be most inclined, by fol-

lowing the impulse of the hour and simply praising him, but, as he himself would have preferred by recalling what in sum he chiefly was, and what is the essential scope of his effort and working.

Shortly before Sainte-Beuve's death appeared a new edition of his *Portraits Contemporains*, one of his earlier works, of which the contents date from 1832 and 1833, before his method and manner of criticism were finally formed. But the new edition is enriched with notes and retouches added as the volumes were going through the press, and which bring our communications with him down to these very latest months of his life. Among them is a comment on a letter of Madame George Sand, in which she had spoken of the admiration excited by one of his articles. "I leave this as it stands," says he, "because the sense and the connection of the passage require it; but, *personne ne sait mieux que moi à quoi s'en tenir sur le mérite absolu de ces articles qui sont tout au plus, et même lorsqu'ils réussissent le mieux, des choses sensées dans un genre médiocre. Ce qu'ils ont eu d'alerte et d'à-propos à leur moment suffit à peine à expliquer ces exagérations de l'amitié. Réservons l'admiration pour les œuvres de poésie et d'art, pour les compositions élevées; la plus grande gloire du critique est dans l'approbation et dans l'estime des bons esprits.*"

This comment, which extends to his whole work as a critic, has all the good-breeding and delicacy by which Sainte-Beuve's writing was distinguished, and it expresses, too, what was to a great extent, no doubt, his sincere conviction. Like so many who have tried their hand at *œuvres de poésie et d'art*, his preference, his dream, his ideal, was there; the rest was comparatively journeyman work, to be done well and estimably rather than ill and discreditably, and with precious rewards of its own besides in exercising the faculties and in keeping off ennui; but still work of an inferior order.

Yet when one looks at the names on the title-page of the *Portraits Contemporains*: Chateaubriand, Béranger, Lamennais, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, George Sand, — names representing, in our judgment, very different degrees of eminence, but none of which we have the least inclination to disparage, — is it certain that the works of poetry and art to which these names are attached eclipse the work done by Sainte-Beuve? Could Sainte-Beuve have had what was no doubt his will, and in the line of the *Consolations* and *Volupté* have produced works with the power and vogue of Lamartine's works, or Chateaubriand's, or Hugo's, would he have been more interesting to us to-day, — would he have stood permanently higher? We venture to doubt it. Works of poetry and art like Molière's and Milton's eclipse no doubt all productions of the order of the *Causeries du Lundi*, and the highest language of admiration may very properly be reserved for such works alone. Inferior works in the same kind have their moment of vogue when their admirers apply to them this language; there is a moment when a drama of Hugo's finds a public to speak of it as if it were Molière's, and a poem of Lamartine's finds a public to speak of it as if it were Milton's. At no moment will a public be found to speak of work like Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries* in such fashion; and if this alone were regarded, one might allow one's self to leave to his work the humbler rank which he assigns to it. But the esteem inspired by his work remains and grows, while the vogue of all works of poetry and art but the best, and the high-pitched admiration which goes

with vogue, diminish and disappear; and this redresses the balance.

Five-and-twenty years ago it would have seemed absurd, in France, to place Sainte-Beuve, as a French author, on a level with Lamartine. Lamartine had at that time still his vogue, and though assuredly no Molière or Milton, had for the time of his vogue the halo which surrounds properly none but great poets like these. To this Sainte-Beuve cannot pretend, but what does Lamartine retain of it now? It would still be absurd to place Sainte-Beuve on a level with Molière or Milton; is it any longer absurd to place him on a level with Lamartine, or even above him? In other words, excellent work in a lower kind counts in the long run above work which is short of excellence in a higher; first-rate criticism has a permanent value greater than that of any but first-rate works of poetry and art.

And Sainte-Beuve's criticism may be called first-rate. His curiosity was unbounded, and he was born a *naturalist*, carrying into letters, so often the mere domain of rhetoric and futile amusement, the ideas and methods of scientific natural inquiry. And this he did while keeping in perfection the ease of movement and charm of touch which belong to letters properly so called, and which give them their unique power of universal penetration and of propagandism. Man, as he is, and as his history and the productions of his spirit show him, was the object of his study and interest; he strove to find the real data with which, in dealing with man and his affairs, we have to do. Beyond this study he did not go, — to find the real data. But he was determined they should be the real data, and not fictitious and conventional data, if he could help it. This is what, in our judgment, distinguishes him, and makes his work of singular use and instructiveness. Most of us think that we already possess the data required, and have only to proceed to deal with human affairs in the light of them. This is, as is well known, a thoroughly English persuasion. It is what makes us such keen politicians; it is an honor to an Englishman, we say, to take part in political strife. Solomon says, on the other hand, "It is an honor to a man to cease from strife, but every fool will be meddling"; and Sainte-Beuve held with Solomon. Many of us, again, have principles and connections which are all in all to us, and we arrange data to suit them; — a book, a character, a period of history, we see from a point of view given by our principles and connections, and to the requirements of this point of view we make the book, the character, the period, adjust themselves. Sainte-Beuve never did so, and criticised with unflinching acuteness those who did. "*Tocqueville arrivait avec son moule tout prêt; la réalité n'y répond pas, et les choses ne se prêtent pas à y entrer.*"

M. de Tocqueville commands much more sympathy in England than his critic, and the very mention of him will awaken impressions unfavorable to Sainte-Beuve; for the French Liberals honor Tocqueville and at heart dislike Sainte-Beuve; and people in England always take their cue from the French Liberals. For that very reason have we boldly selected for quotation this criticism on him, because the course criticised in Tocqueville is precisely the course with which an Englishman would sympathize, and which he would be apt to take himself; while Sainte-Beuve, in criticising him,

and by which he is of use to us. Tocqueville, as is well known, finds in the ancient *régime* all the germs of the centralization which the French Revolution developed and established. This centralization is his bugbear, as it is the bugbear of English Liberalism; and directly he finds it, the system where it appears is judged. Disliking, therefore, the French Revolution for its centralization, and then finding centralization in the ancient *régime* also, he at once sees in this discovery, "*mille motifs nouveaux de haïr l'ancien régime.*" How entirely does every Englishman abound here as the French say, in Tocqueville's sense; how faithfully have all Englishmen repeated and roeched Tocqueville's book on the ancient *régime* ever since it was published; how incapable are they of supplying, or of imagining the need of supplying, any corrective to it! But hear Sainte-Beuve:—

"Dans son effroi de la centralisation, l'auteur en vient à méconnaître de grands bienfaits d'équité dus à Richelieu et à Louis XIV. Homme du peuple ou bourgeois, sous Louis XIII, ne valait-il pas mieux avoir affaire à un intendant, à l'homme du roi, qu'à un gouverneur de province, à quelque duc d'Epemon? Ne maudissons pas ceux à qui nous devons les commencements de l'égalité devant la loi, la première ébauche de l'ordre moderne qui nous a affranchis, nous et nos pères, et le tiers-état tout entier, de cette quantité de petits tyrans qui couvraient le sol, grands seigneurs ou hobereaux."

The point of view of Sainte-Beuve is as little that of a glowing Revolutionist as it is that of a chagrined Liberal; it is that of a man who seeks the *truth* about the ancient *régime* and its institutions, and who instinctively seeks to correct anything strained and *arranged* in the representation of them. "*Voyons les choses de l'histoire telles qu'elles se sont passées.*"

At the risk of offending the prejudices of English readers we have thus gone for an example of Sainte-Beuve's essential method to a sphere where his application of it makes a keen impression, and created for him, in his lifetime, warm enemies and detractors. In that sphere it is not easily permitted to a man to be a *naturalist*, but a *naturalist* Sainte-Beuve could not help being always. Accidentally, at the end of his life, he gave delight to the Liberal opinion of his own country and ours by his famous speech in the Senate on behalf of free thought. He did but follow his instinct, however, of opposing, in whatever medium he was, the current of that medium when it seemed excessive and tyrannous. The extraordinary social power of French Catholicism makes itself specially felt in an assembly like the Senate. An elderly Frenchman of the upper class is apt to be, not unfrequently, a man of pleasure, reformed or exhausted, and the deference of such a personage to repression and Cardinals is generally excessive. This was enough to rouse Sainte-Beuve's opposition; but he would have had the same tendency to oppose the heady current of a medium where mere Liberalism reigned, where it was Professor Fawcett, and not the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who took the bit in his teeth.

That Sainte-Beuve stopped short at curiosity, at the desire to know things as they really are, and did not press on with faith and ardor to the various and immense applications of this knowledge which suggest themselves, and of which the accomplishment is reserved for the future, was due in part to his character, but more to his date, his period, his circumstances. Let it be enough for a man to have

cians and rhetoricians to have been a naturalist, at a time when for any good and lasting work in government and literature our old conventional draught of the nature of things wanted in a thousand directions reverifying and correcting.

MR. BAKER'S RING.

MR. BAKER himself told us this story. He said it was true; nor is this unlikely. I have known Mr. William Henry Baker personally for a number of years, and I am inclined to think he has hitherto never in all his life told the truth. Now, it is so manifestly improbable that the most consistent man should protract a long and useful career of story-telling to such extraordinary limits, without at some period telling the truth by sheer misadventure, that it is quite likely Mr. Baker may have committed himself in this instance. At least, the time has arrived for human nature to assert itself, according to the doctrine of averages.

"Only once, gentlemen," said Mr. B., "have I been deceived. William Henry keeps his eyes open, in a general way; William Henry also takes the liberty of seeing out of them. He uses them, as a rule, for purposes of observation, gentlemen. Still, I admit I *was*, once, taken in by as dead a swindle as could be; I am not ashamed to own it. I made money by it, after all; but I *was* swindled.

"It was about a diamond ring. I knew the fellow who had it for many years in the way of business. He was a commercial traveller, and used always to flash this ring about whenever he came round on his journeys. A jeweller friend of mine, who happened to be in my office once when Mr. Blook called, asked, I remember, to be allowed to examine it; and had pronounced the stones to be diamonds of the purest water, telling me afterwards the ring was worth about seventy pounds. Mr. Blook's initials were engraved inside the hoop of the ring: 'R. B.'; and besides that, it was a ring of peculiar and rather old-fashioned make. Indeed, having once seen the ring, no one would be likely to mistake it for another. Well, Mr. Blook got into difficulties, and went so entirely to the bad, that I never saw or heard anything more of him. But about two years afterwards, whilst walking down a back street, my eye was taken by a ring exhibited in a pawnbroker's window. 'Mr. Blook's ring,' I exclaimed directly; 'I'll swear to it.' It was in a tray with a number of very seedy-looking rings, and was as discolored and dirty as they were. I went into the shop and asked to look at it. The pawnbroker, an old Jew, said, 'Yesh; I might see his ringsh; but he did n't know mosh about ringsh himself. They wosh unredeemed pledges, — thash what they wosh, — and they wosh all marked at the monish advanshed upon them, with a very shmall overplush for interesh, — thash all he knew.'

"There was no mistake about it. It was Mr. Blook's ring, and had his initials inside. But how did the Jew get it? He would soon tell me. Referring to his book, he found it had been pawned two years ago in the name of Smith, — 'Thash all he knew. Would I buy? It wosh dirt sheap, — three poundsh twelve; and cosht him all the monish!'

"'Three pounds twelve!' I repeated, thinking he had made a mistake; for the ring was worth twenty times that amount!

ones, — beautiful ringsh, he dare shay, — but he knew sho little about ringsh, you shее, exshept that he alwaysh advanshed too mosh monish on them. One could n't undershand everything in his bish-nish, you shее, from flat-ironsh to diamonsh."

"I bought the ring, after beating the Jew down half a crown, partly to prevent his suspecting its value, and partly — well knowing the disposition of the peculiar people — to oblige him.

"I wore my new purchase about, with no little inward satisfaction at having bettered a Jew at a bargain. In my own mind, I accounted for its coming into his possession somewhat in this way: Mr. Blook must have sold the ring when in difficulties to some one else. It was quite certain Mr. Blook had not pawned it at the Jew's, or the Jew would have known its value. The ring must, then, have either been lost by, or stolen from, a subsequent possessor; and the finder, or thief (whichever it happened to be), being ignorant of its value, had taken it to the Jew, who knew no better.

"There is a certain commercial club in our town, which I occasionally visit. The members are of an easy and somewhat lively disposition; generally given to indulge in that playful style of banter popularly known as 'chaff.' My diamond ring came in for a good share of it. I can stand chaff as well as most men; but I put it to you, if, when you know very well your brilliants are real, it is n't a little annoying for the chaff of a whole body of people to assume the character of persistent disbelief in the value of your jewelry? For instance, the waiter answers the bell.

"'Did any gentleman ring?'

"'O yes,' one of the members would retort; 'it was the gentleman with the paste diamonds.'

"Again, there are kinds of sham brilliants known as Irish Diamonds and Isle of Wight Diamonds. The club (not one or two members, but the whole body) refused to recognize such distinctions, and insisted on designating the whole class of shams as 'Baker's Diamonds.' 'Baker's Paste,' my gems were also denominated. They actually sent me by post a circular of somebody's Baking Powder, adding to it at the end, where it says the public is respectfully cautioned against spurious imitations, '*but more particularly against a specious preparation to deceive the unwary, known as Baker's "Paste."*' Now, after two or three weeks, this became tiresome. Still, I took no notice, and affected not to think the remarks intended for me.

"I hardly know what made me go and call on my friend, the jeweller. It was not that I had any doubt of the genuineness of the diamonds, especially as he was the very man who had before valued Mr. Blook's ring at seventy pounds. But it had been so dinned into my head they were false, that I wanted just a formal confirmation of the estimate he had previously formed of their worth.

"'O yes,' said my friend the jeweller; 'I recognize the ring again directly. — Want to know what it's worth?' (He put it in the scales.) 'Well — h'm — about seven-and-twenty shillings for old gold.'

"'Eh?' said I, as pale as a turnip. 'Why, did n't you tell me it was worth seventy pounds?'

"'Yes,' he answered; 'when it had diamonds in it, — not when it has paste.'

"Talking the matter over, the jeweller suggested, that on Mr. Blook getting into difficulties, the first thing he did was to sell the diamonds out of his

whilst, finally, he had pawned it himself with the Jew, as a paste ring.

"Well, William Henry," said I to myself, 'the Jew has jewed you, and the club has chaffed you, and you may consider yourself trod upon, after the manner of speaking.'

"But the worm will turn.

"Did the jeweller let out diamonds on hire?' I asked.

"He did.

"Would he have a certain alteration, which I suggested, made in my ring in a fortnight's time?"

"He would.

"And keep it secret?"

"Certainly, — business was business."

"For the whole of that fortnight I never went near the club; that was probably the reason why my appearance at the club-dinner was greeted with such lively sallies about Baker's Paste. One would-be wag recommended me, whilst helping a tart, 'to keep my fingers out of the pastry.' Believing him to intend some obscure allusion to the gems on my little finger, I thought it time to open fire.

"Gentlemen," said I, 'for some weeks I have listened to casual observations in which the name of Baker has been unworthily associated with paste and pastry, but have refrained from making any remark, having been firmly persuaded they could only apply to industrious tradesmen employed in the manufacture of home-baked bread.' (Oh, oh!) 'It now occurs to me that such remarks were intended in allusion to the ring I wear, — a ring, — I take this opportunity of informing you, — which, unlike the wits who have amused themselves at its expense, is indebted for its brilliancy to nature.'

"They hooted me; they heaped opprobrious epithets on the name of Baker; they laughed and talked me down.

"I'll bet him five pounds it's paste," said one.

"So will I," said another. 'And I.' 'And I.'

"So said eleven of them.

"Really, gentlemen," said I, 'I am sorry you should take the matter so much in earnest. All I can tell you is, I believe my ring to be a diamond ring, and this, notwithstanding I will freely admit I only paid a very small sum for it.'

"They laughed and hooted me still more at this admission. They said that settled the question, and that it *was* paste.

"I told them I did n't think it was.

"Well, would I bet?"

"I would rather not.

"More hooting.

"At length, very reluctantly, I overcame my scruples. The name of Baker is a name too closely allied to the gentle bred (arms, four loaves, *ppr* — *sejant*, quartered, — crest, the doe, *levant*) to allow it to be wantonly sullied. I bet.

"We adjourned to the jeweller's.

"Without question, they *were* diamonds,' the jeweller decided, 'and some of the finest he had ever seen.' He ought to know, as they were his property, — hired by me for the occasion.

"Eleven fives is fifty-five, gentlemen."

"Having established the value of my ring, and freed the name of Baker from suspicion, I paid for the hire of the real gems, and had the paste stones reset in their places, believing, after all, the reputation for diamonds to be as good as the possession of them, and free from the anxiety.

"It was talked about, and noised abroad: it even

reached the little back street where the pawn-broker lived. You should have seen him.

"Real shtones! O my heart! Sheventy-five poundish — dead robbery — clean gone. O my bootshe and bones! not to know that folkshe do shometimes come and pawn real diamonsh for pashte, sho as to have less interest to pay for taking care of their ringsh. O my blesshed heart, only think of it!"

"He came to me. He grovelled, and wriggled, and twisted himself before me. He prayed me to sell him his ring again. 'O my tere Mishter Baker, you musht shell it to me, or I shall be a ruined old manshe. The time wosh not out, and Mishter Smit has come to redeem it, and he shays that it wosh a legacy, and if he doesh not get it by Shaturday next he will ruin me, — sh-help him, he will. O Mishter Baker, think of it; twenty poundish — all in gold — sholid money. Now my tere, what do you shay? thersh a good mansh!"

"What did I say? Could I turn a deaf ear to the distress of the old man? There are people who might do it, gentlemen, but not people of the name of Baker, — not W. H. Baker. I certainly did ask him for more money. We compromised it at last at twenty-two ten, which he paid, part in sixpences and coppers, and owes me fourpence-halfpenny to this day.

"Twenty-two, nine and sevenpence-halfpenny, and fifty-five pounds, is seventy-seven, nine, seven and a half. It just paid for the real diamonds; for I bought the ones I had previously hired of the jeweller, and had them set in a ring the fac-simile of Mr. Blook's, except that the initials inside are W. H. B.

"That was the *only* time I was ever swindled gentlemen," Mr. Baker concluded.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

THE despatch in which Dr. Livingstone describes his discoveries as to the true sources of the Nile stamp him as one of the greatest explorers who ever lived will probably compel us to revise all geographies of Africa except Ptolemy's, — fancy Ptolemy instructing Sir R. Murchison in his own subject! — and will certainly modify profoundly the popular conception as to the interior of Africa, but they will hardly excite as much interest as the little postscript telling the Foreign Secretary of a race in South Central Africa called the Rua, who dwell in excavated caves, some of them thirty miles long, and fit to contain a district when besieged; who have "pictures" or "writings" of some kind, and who have eyes "whose outer angle slopes inward," a curious statement, which may mean only that the Rua have Japanese eyes, or may by possibility mean that these Troglodytes have acquired from their mode of life some physical peculiarity. The statement is far too vague for any real discussion, but it excites the imagination far more than greater discoveries, appealing as it does to an impression which has cropped out in all ages, that men might conceivably be found differing greatly in physique from the human standard, an impression as yet supported by no evidence whatever of any importance, for Mr. Gibson's man urang was in all probability a *lusus naturæ*.

Let us turn to the Nile. Nearly three years ago, nine Johanna men, who had accompanied Dr. Livingstone on his journey to determine the Nilotic

watershed, appeared at Zanzibar with the news of the great explorer's death. The story which they told was so well concocted, and the evidence they adduced so very conclusive, that Dr. Kirk's sagacity was for once at fault, and Livingstone's former companion fully believed that his quondam leader had been brutally murdered in Central Africa. With the details of this mendacious story the world is now familiar. Mr. Young's search expedition relieved the public anxiety, and, subsequently, news from Dr. Livingstone himself confirmed our hopes of his safety. This intelligence came from Bamba, and was dated February, 1867; since it was received nothing has been, until within the last few days, known of the Doctor's whereabouts.

Again the anxiety of the public has been aroused, the hope deferred gradually gave way to despair, and but few believed that the intrepid traveller was not dead. Sir Roderick Murchison steadily refused his countenance to this fear, and by a number of letters to the public press, suggesting from time to time certain hypotheses to account for his friend's prolonged silence, sought to dissipate the doubts and to sustain the hopes of all who felt an interest in the traveller's welfare. But as month after month rolled by, the confidence of the public visibly lessened until the number of those who really believed in Livingstone's safety had become small indeed. Suddenly, however, a telegram was received stating that Dr. Livingstone had been heard of and that he was not only alive and well, but had found what he believed to be the sources of the Nile. The news thus flashed home to us from India has been verified. No wonder that Sir Roderick Murchison and the Royal Geographical Society were jubilant; for not only had extracts from Dr. Livingstone's letters been sent from Zanzibar by Dr. Kirk, but while the meeting was in progress Lord Clarendon sent the full despatch which he had received from the Consul-explorer himself. This despatch, to say nothing of the letters, cleared up all doubts, and the wonderful sagacity of Sir Roderick Murchison again received the testimony of proof. Nothing probably, in the history of geographical enterprise was ever regarded with more sincere satisfaction by the whole nation than this conclusive intelligence relative to the safety of the greatest of our explorers.

But our delight at the prospect of seeing Dr. Livingstone again in the flesh must not be allowed to overshadow the intense interest attaching to his discoveries. Although in July, 1868, — the date of his last despatch, — Dr. Livingstone had not even seen Lake Tanganyika, and of course could not positively testify that the lake drained into the Nile, he had yet found sufficient evidence, to say nothing of native information, to justify the opinion that not only Tanganyika, but a series of more southerly lakes contribute their quota of waters to the "river of Egypt." If this opinion should prove to be correct, he will have solved the great problem of modern geography, and established his claim to a place in the foremost rank of geographers of all ages. Ptolemy's mysterious knowledge will prove to have been something real, and Defoe's imagination will be regarded as having been strangely prophetic. In order to appreciate what Dr. Livingstone has done, or is doing, it must be clearly understood what he was sent to accomplish. The dispute between Captain Burton and Captain Speke relative to the drainage of Lake Tanganyika could not be settled except by personal investigation. Burton believed that this lake flowed into the Nile, but in such a case Speke's

Victoria N'yanza would not be the ultimate source of the river. The latter therefore maintained with rather ingenious logic that the Tanganyika drained southwards, — probably into the Nyassa, and thence into the Zambezi. Moreover, when Burton and Speke were on the lake its altitude was fixed by them at 1,844 feet, and if this were correct, it would be impossible, supposing other observations to be correct also, for the Nile to receive the waters of the Tanganyika. Baker made the elevation of the Albert N'yanza to be 2,720 feet, and as his observations were carefully tested on his return to England, their accuracy may be relied on. But Speke's thermometer — with which his observations were taken — read 214° instead of 212° when brought down to the coast again, and Mr. Findlay has always argued that 1,000 feet should be added to the altitude at which Captain Speke fixed the lake. This would give it an elevation of 2,844 feet; and as Sir Samuel Baker had shown the Albert N'yanza to be but 2,720 feet, the Tanganyika would be 124 feet higher than the Nilotic reservoir, and the physical difficulty which seemed to intervene between it and the Nile would thus be removed. Dr. Livingstone was directed to settle this question, to ascertain the altitude of the Tanganyika and the direction of its drainage, and to determine the nature of the whole watershed of this part of Africa. How much he had done towards this in July of last year, the interesting despatch to Lord Clarendon which was read before the Geographical Society clearly shows, and there seems to be little doubt that during the sixteen months that have elapsed since he wrote, he has completed the great work which he undertook.

At the time of writing his despatch, Dr. Livingstone had not reached the Tanganyika, but he had found a chain of lakes to the south which drained towards the north, and, as he believed, through the Tanganyika into the Nile. These lakes are fed by numerous rivers of considerable size, and should they prove to be the head-waters of the Nile, we must look for the sources of the mighty river at least four hundred miles south of the most southerly point of the Victoria N'yanza. The river Chambese seems to connect these lakes with each other and with the Tanganyika, and the whole volume of water which they contain in all probability finds its way into the Nile. We must wait for further information before we can say positively that these lakes and rivers are within the basin of the Nile, but there is every probability that the opinions which have been expressed in favor of this hypothesis will soon be verified. Meanwhile we cannot but feel extremely interested in the descriptions which Dr. Livingstone gives of the places which he has visited, and which prove that in the region now opened up for the first time there are spots as beautiful and as blessed by nature as anything that we can imagine. Speaking of Lake Liemba, one of the chain which he has discovered, Dr. Livingstone tells us that "it lies in a hollow, with precipitous sides 2,000 feet down; it is extremely beautiful, sides, top, and bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the waters. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all their own way. It is as perfect a natural paradise as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish: the villages ashore are embowered in

the palm-oil palms of the West Coast of Africa." Livingstone's present journey has only confirmed what was brought to light in his previous travels, viz.: That instead of the interior of Africa being a sandy desert, as was formerly thought, it is really rich in vegetation, and studded with lakes. But there is another fact which Dr. Livingstone has discovered in connection with Lake Liemba, and which goes far towards outweighing all others in importance. The altitude of this lake the Doctor ascertained to be 2,840 feet, thus showing that Speke's observations were incorrect, and that Mr. Findlay was probably right in saying Speke had made a mistake of about 1,000 feet in his calculations. But we must wait until Dr. Livingstone comes home for the detailed information which will enable geographers to pronounce their final judgment on the Nile question. If the great explorer traces the lake system which he has discovered into the Tanganyika, and should find, on arriving at Ujiji, the stores and medicines sent there for his use, he will proceed to the northern end of the lake, and perhaps follow its affluent. Sir Roderick Murchison thinks he will return to Zanzibar after having ascertained the direction of the drainage of the Tanganyika, but Captain Sherard Osborn considers that he will probably follow the outlet, and see for himself whether it flows into the Albert N'yanza, and thence into the Nile. In the latter case, Dr. Livingstone would, in all likelihood, meet Sir Samuel Baker, and the result of this meeting would be to clear up the great mystery which, for centuries, has shrouded the head-waters of the Nile.

OXFORD SLANG.

A STORY is told by Herodotus of a certain king of Egypt, who wished to find out whether or not the language which his subjects spoke was the oldest in the world. He gave orders, accordingly, that two children who could not yet talk should be separated from their parents and should be brought up by themselves in a place where there should be no possibility of their hearing any language spoken, Egyptian or other. All inarticulate mumbings and gurglings, in which modern mothers love to find such deep and mysterious meaning, were to be disregarded, but the peasant to whose care the infants were confided had strict orders to report to his royal master any words, or any sounds reasonably like words, which they might utter. The king thought that, of course, the children would talk in due time, and that, as they would not have been taught to speak in any one tongue in preference to any other, the first words which they would naturally use would be found to belong to that original language of which he was in search. The two unconscious philologists, meanwhile, were suckled by goats, as no woman could be trusted to be silent before them. The trusty peasant one day entered the room where his charges were kept, when they immediately ran up to him, and, clasping his knees with their hands, lisped out the word "Becos." The matter was reported to the king. He made diligent inquiry amongst men of every nation, and at length discovered that in the Phrygian language "becos" meant "bread." So his Majesty was satisfied that, of all the languages in the world, that spoken by the Phrygians was the oldest.

Let us imagine that, in the present day, some Oriental potentate should wish to discover the best possible form in which the English language could

be spoken. Let us suppose him to be animated by not less than the usual respect which foreigners feel for Her Britannic Majesty's English; but let us remember that he cannot have failed to observe that a large portion of Her Britannic Majesty's subjects are in the constant habit of falling away into that species of grammatical dissent which is technically known as "Slang."

The Oriental potentate, under these circumstances, perhaps tries a similar experiment to that which silenced the doubts of the ancient Egyptian. He secures, let us say, the valuable services of two young Englishmen. He intrusts them to the care of a confidential servant, who has orders to volunteer no remarks to them and to answer none of their questions. All books, newspapers, and letters are to be kept sedulously out of their reach. They are permitted to play neither cards nor chess; every species of amusement which could possibly suggest a topic for conversation is denied to them. Their royal entertainer is firmly convinced that, when at last all restraints are removed from them, and they are encouraged to speak, he will instantly discover how the English language may be best and most respectably spoken. He tries the experiment, and the result is, that he is henceforward a stanch believer in the primacy of slang. He visits his captives; he inquires of them as to how they have passed their time, and he is told that they have found it "awfully slow."

Without going so far as to assert that slang is everything that could be wished, it will probably be safe to say that slang nowadays is a very considerable fact. It is a fact which has had a past, and which will assuredly have a future. Our ancestors used words in jest which we use in earnest; many a chance expression, uttered carelessly long ago, has since found a place in our dictionaries.

In days to come, the low-born phrases which are now looked down upon by believers in etymological caste, may be elevated and ennobled; the suspected vocabulary which now enjoys at best a Bohemian existence, may be received into grammatical society. There are instances of words which were contemptuously rejected upon their first appearance, but which have lived to triumph over their detractors, who died unknown. A man must have made for himself a distinguished reputation in some department of science or of art, before he can venture with any safety to throw discredit upon the study of that which may yet become the very language in which posterity will criticise his achievements. The study of language is an integral and essential part of the study of character: we must not acquit or condemn either a nation or an individual until we have heard what they have severally to say for themselves. Is it too much to ask for a few moments of time, and a few pages of type, for the brief examination of an institution so important in its effects and so universal in its influence as slang? It is a fact, and therefore should be acknowledged; it is a custom, and therefore may be criticised; it is a science, and therefore shall be discussed.

It would not be easy, within the limits to which a magazine article is necessarily confined, to do anything like full justice to a subject upon which much has been said and more remains to say. It may perhaps suffice that the question of slang should be here regarded, not generally, but in one of its particular manifestations. Such a method of considering the subject will certainly contract the sphere

of our inquiries; but, on the other hand, it will materially enhance their interest. The mass of readers, as a rule, do not care to have a problem or a theory considered wholly from a cosmopolitan point of view: a little judicious bias or prejudice on the part of an author tends to make his work at least more popular. A "History of European Morals" is a more readable book than a "History of Human Morals" would be; and perhaps it is safe to assert that a "History of London Morals" would have a larger sale than either.

Many a Cockney who would care nothing about the mysteries of the metropolis in general, would yet take the greatest delight in being initiated into the smaller secrets of Grosvenor Square. There is, upon this principle, a certain amount of excuse for the writer who shirks the enormous difficulty of an essay upon the whole subject of slang, and who confines himself to treating of one particular representative department. The question then arises, Where is this representative department to be found? Some species of slang will be, from their very nature, excluded from our discussion; there is no need, for example, of a disquisition upon that particular form of complimentary address which is commonly known as "Billingsgate." There can be not much doubt, again, as to the inutility of criticising theatrical slang, cricketing, and all other athletic slang, or, in fact, of noticing any set of expressions which are merely technical and naturally connected with some special profession or practice. The only language which deserves consideration from a social point of view is the language used in society; and if the field of inquiry, even after having been so restricted, should appear yet too wide for a necessarily hurried investigation, such a portion of it should be selected as shall fairly represent the whole. The upper classes of English society appear to be fairly represented by those of their members who are at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Cambridge and Oxford may be said to be socially and intellectually typical of young England, and a paper upon "Oxford Slang," or upon "Cambridge Slang," will probably suffice as a specimen essay upon the slang of all male society. A lady has no slang of her own, but she is generally content to borrow from her brother and his friends. Even, however, if there were a set of slang expressions sacred to female use, it might be more convenient to discuss them under the general head of "Ladies' Conversation." The present article shall devote itself to the exclusive consideration of "Oxford Slang" as spoken in our own day. The writer would preliminarily impress two points upon the attention of his readers. Firstly, he does not wish to be accused of having expressed any opinion concerning the advantages or disadvantages of slang as an institution; he simply accepts it as a fact. Secondly, he does not pretend to any special acumen or peculiar information which might give his criticisms an extrinsic value; he desires to approach his subject modestly and tentatively, as a man should do who is a searcher after, and not an expounder of, the truth.

Oxford slang may be divided into two classes: there is the slang of the place, and there is the slang of the people. A discussion of the former class will constitute no part of the ensuing inquiry; expressions which have merely a local interest, or which are representative only of university customs, may be allowed to pass without examination. It is

tion of the fact that an undergraduate calls his first and last university examinations, respectively, "smalls" and "greats"; or to assign any historical or etymological origin to the expressions, "ploughed," "gulfed," and the like. These figures of speech, and such as these, relate simply to the essential part of university life; and they cannot be considered as likely to influence in any way the slang of non-university society. When, however, we come to the latter of the two classes into which Oxford slang was above divided, we shall perhaps find our subject devoid neither of interest nor instruction. An average Oxford undergraduate probably uses more slang of a certain kind, in a given time, than any other human being. No matter what sort of conversational tune he may be playing he keeps his slang-stop always pulled out. Repartee, more or less brilliant, is universally the mode in young Oxford. Everybody contributes his share to the common stock of verbal pleasantry which is uninterruptedly kept up from generation to generation.

A man in society nowadays, though he may not have sufficient wit, has at any rate sufficient memory, to make him amusing. If an undergraduate be blessed with no original sources of social merriment, he has but to fill up certain conversational formulas which have become part of undergraduate language, and he may well pass muster. This system of being funny according to formulas is one of the most important elements in the slang of Oxford; and at the same time it is one of the most difficult to describe. We shall perhaps best explain our meaning by giving an instance of this patented jocularity. When a man sees that anything worthy of more than ordinary remark is happening, in which he is in any way connected, he explains his astonishment as a species of covetousness, and instantly "troubles" his neighbor for the object which has caused the excitement: for example, if he sees his friend with a startlingly good, or bad, meerschaum, he says, "Oh! I'll trouble you for your pipe!" If he thinks that the weather is excessively warm, he exclaims, "Oh! I'll trouble you for the heat!" This, strangely enough, is almost identical with the modern formula of the London street-boys, "I'll have your hat!" If we compare the two expressions, we notice that Oxford has perhaps the advantage in point of politeness; but that, on the other hand, the London phrase is the better one, as admitting of a less frequent application. Nothing can be more nauseous than to be obliged to listen continually to the conversation of a man who "troubles" you at every turn. Unfortunately, many of the slang expressions which are heard mainly or exclusively from Oxford men are available for such a constant use, that one soon grows tired of them. To many readers, however, the following specimens, taken at random from the slang which is most in vogue at Oxford at present, may be sufficiently new to be interesting.

A man is said to be "in the swim" when any piece of good fortune has happened, or seems likely to happen, to him. To have rowed one's College-boat to the head of the river, — to have made a good book on the Derby, — are any of them sufficient to have put one "in the swim." The metaphor is piscatorial, "swim" being the term applied by Thames fishermen to those sections of the river which are especially frequented by fish. The an-

sport, whereas his neighbor at a little distance may not have a nibble, being "out of the swim."

No more cruel fate can happen to an undergraduate than to be "out of it." This is a phrase of very general application. A man who is unwell, unhappy, in debt, or in any other respect uncomfortable, considers himself, generally, as "out of it." It never occurs to him to say *what* he is "out of." If this expression could be proved to have been derived from the one which we noticed first, then "out of it" would only mean "out of the swim." But this is not likely. Probably the phrase belongs primarily to cricketers, who alternately have an innings and are "out."

At the time when the Pall Mall Gazette was startling everybody with its revelations about "A night in a work-house," an adjective, then very much in people's mouths, acquired at Oxford a special meaning which it never had before. Since that date, no worse compliment can be applied to anything than to say that it is "casual."

There is another adjective something like the last in meaning, which may deserve a notice here, although it is used at perhaps no more than one or two colleges in Oxford. This is the word "gruttish," derived from the substantive "grut." Its origin is very unique. A few years ago it was the fashion in a certain set for a man to hail his friend with a greeting of "Here comes the great So-and-so!" The word "great," in the uncouth pronunciation of some rustic freshman, became corrupted into "grut." Nowadays, "gruttish" means boorish, and a "grut" is a bore.

Anything which is not "casual" and not "gruttish" is said to be "in good form." Originally, perhaps, "good form" was the aim of boating men only; but the expression has now attained a much wider signification. We may define a man who is always "in good form" in very much the same terms in which a well-bred man has been happily defined: he is one whom one likes at first sight, and whom one does not cease to like until he does something bad enough to make one alter one's opinion of him.

The word "bosh," as almost synonymous with the word "rubbish," is well known. Oxford claims the credit of having invented the verb "to bosh." Its meaning is much the same as that of the kindred verb "to hustle." "Boshing" a man is perhaps more violent than simply "hustling" him. Both verbs, however, mean something like to "balk," to "annoy," or (when applied to things) to "spoil." For instance, you "hustle" a man by being rude to him; you "bosh" his joke by refusing to laugh at it; you "bosh" his chance of sleep by playing upon the cornet all night in the room next to him. The slang use of the verb "to hustle" is evidently only metaphorical, from the physical to the moral world. The other explains itself.

One is said to "score off," or to "notch," any person over whom one obtains any advantage either in word or deed. To make a successful repartee to a friend's remark is to "score off" him; to secure for one's self that comfortable seat by the fire, for which you know that another man has been waiting, is to "notch" him. This, of course, is a metaphor taken from any game in which each point gained from one's adversary is "scored" or "notched" for one's self.

When a man has told, let us say, some story which has not had the intended comic effect, or

when he is in any other way conscious of an involuntary baldness in what he has just said, he helps out the deficiencies in his remarks by affecting suddenly to remember that he has only been quoting, and he instantly adds the pretended author's name. Thus, one may often hear, in undergraduates' society at Oxford, such an observation as, "Pass the wine, please. Shakspeare." Such a form of witticism may have been at first intended as a satire upon the system which attaches increasing importance to extreme accuracy, and which demands chapter and verse for every remark, and a *raison d'être* for everything.

A very common method of "boshing" a man's pun is to explain, sarcastically, and as it were for the benefit of the bystanders, the way in which it has evidently been made. Supposing that somebody in a company of undergraduates is talking, for example, of the Irish Church Question, and tries the hackneyed experiment of being funny about the "Bill" and the abbreviated Christian name of the present Premier, his neighbor will perhaps exclaim, "Yes! I see it!" and then kindly announce to the company, "Play on the word Bill!" This joke is sometimes put in a more abstruse form. If a witty remark is made, let us say, about port wine, some one says, "Play on the word sherry!" or in some other way intimates that he appreciates the joker's intention to be amusing rather than his success. Of course this is always done in the most perfect good temper.

The last expression on our list is one which has never quite succeeded in establishing itself as a genuine piece of Oxford slang. One may occasionally hear a man say that he intends to "have a crib on" to do so and so. By this he means that he will make up a quiet party to do whatever he has mentioned. For example, "to have a crib on" to go to the Derby, is to arrange a comfortable (perhaps a clandestine) trip to see the race. "Crib," in fact, is slang for sanctum. A man who has a sanctum can please himself as to whom he shall admit into it; a man who "has a crib on" will take care that no outsider is let in.

In conclusion, we need offer no apology to our readers for having treated of such unimportant details as the above. The name prefixed to this essay was a warning that nothing very serious was to be expected. We crave, however, the indulgence of two classes of society: we hope that ladies will forgive us if we have been dull, and that Oxford undergraduates will not be hard upon us, even although we should in some fashion have broken trust.

CANADIAN MUFFINS.

LOOKING over some back numbers of a comic paper, I came across a list of the wonders of the day, and amongst various subjects of the writer's speculation, noticed one particularly, which was, — "Wonder when the Yankees will take Canada?" "Wonder what a Canadian Muffin is like?" The first question must be left for the consideration of those acquainted with Yankee politics and Yankee impudence, but perhaps a winter spent with the Muffins may enable me to give some information concerning the second.

Before embarking for Canada, varied and interesting were the accounts I received of the caribbo shooting, the sleighing, the skating, and, above all, the "Muffining," to be obtained therein. Men

gravely declared that if any young lady, not previously engaged, of course, found favor in your sight, you were at liberty then and there to constitute her your "Muffin," which, being interpreted, signified that by entering into such an arrangement, you might walk, ride, or drive *tête-à-tête* with her; that you had the *entrée* of her parents' house, those parents at the same time keeping obligingly in the background; that at balls, no ill-natured remarks were made by even the most virulent old maids when you danced every dance together, and, finally, — wherein lies the cream of the whole thing, — the usual English wind-up of such an extensive flirtation was by no means a necessity.

No lynx-eyed mamma was supposed to be ready to pounce upon you for trifling with her daughter's affections; no truculent father was to hint darkly at an action for B. O. P. No, nothing of such a disagreeable nature was to take place. On your return to England, goodbys were said, with regret doubtless, but still as a matter of course; and even if a change of Muffins were deemed advisable, nothing was easier than to subside into terms of ordinary friendship with your old flame. Verily, this Canada seemed to be a land of promise.

On the voyage out, however, these Utopian prospects faded somewhat. Fellow-passengers, who had sojourned before in North America, admitted that there were traditions of a golden age, in which Muffins were supposed to have existed, but added, that this happy era had long passed away, and that the manners and customs of the *belles Canadiennes* of the present did not differ much from those of the girls we left behind us.

We arrived at Quebec about the middle of June, and found it like a city of the dead, as every one who could possibly get away had fled from the heat to the watering-places, far down the St. Lawrence, or as the vernacular of the country would express it, "all the first families had gone to the salt water till the fall." The fall, i. e. autumn, came at last, and with it the return of the *beau-monde* of Quebec. Very soon it was apparent that my companions of the voyage out had been correct enough, and that the land of the Muffins knew them no more.

Perhaps in Canadian society, the laws of etiquette are not quite so rigid as at home, and occasionally a tinge of barbarism is met with that is rather refreshing, but that is all. The girls are perfectly innocent of the free-and-easy ways ascribed to them in England, and are quite as shy as the most far-seeing of London rosebuds of entering into any flirtation that does not promise a satisfactory and definite termination.

There is a very well-authenticated story of a member of one of our crackest regiments, coming out, imbued with similar notions to mine, and innocently suggesting to his partner at a ball that she should be his Muffin for the winter. Long will it be ere that gallant officer forgets with what speechless scorn and astonishment his offer was received.

Indeed, above all other words in the language, the ladies of Canada detest that of "Muffin." It is a perfect abomination unto them. I remember at some amateur theatricals got up by the garrison, when the heroine of the piece, whose father objected to the course of true love running smooth, exclaimed, that she hoped that remorse for his cruelty might oppress his soul like :—

"Unpaid income tax, or luscious muffin!"

Lo! the buzz of laughter and approbation which

had hitherto been most frequent, suddenly ceased, and a solemn and ominous silence pervaded the audience.

Nor do the *mammas* differ materially from our English mothers. They show the same laudable desire to have their daughters settled in life, and the same skill in effecting their purpose. In fact, some of the matronly anglers at home might take a few lessons with advantage from their Canadian sisters in the art, so deftly do the latter throw their fly, and so promptly do they strike their fish if he venture on the slightest rise. Few there are who escape such able handling, if once hooked. Of course there have been exceptions, — amongst which was one especially notable, where the prey slipped back into deep water at the moment when the landing-net, in the shape of a wedding-ring, was on the point of encircling him; for the gentleman made his escape so narrowly that he was smoking a cigar on the quarter-deck of the mail steamer as she glided down the St. Lawrence, whilst his marriage-bells were ringing in the town above. Disgusted indeed must have been the poor *fiancée*, when she found that her marriage chimes, instead of summoning the true, had only rung out the false.

Before launching forth into Canadian society, it is wise to prepare a stock of small talk — the smaller the better, — and exclusively confined to the somewhat narrow scope of the gossip of the town in which you are. If you venture upon books, attempt nothing more than the merest sensation novels, or you will have your companion's pretty eyes gazing upon you with an utterly bewildered expression, and you will arrive at the unpleasant conclusion that she is thinking you an awful bore, and is probably sighing after Mr. Brainless, a young gentleman fresh from school, and whom you superciliously regard as an insufferable cub.

One of the *belles* of Quebec, last season, — and a very pretty girl she was, too, — was standing in a crowded ball-room with a partner who prided himself not a little on his Italian accent. Having struggled for some time in vain to get out of the press into a cooler atmosphere, he gave up the attempt, saying, —

"*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrare,*" as Dante remarks."

"Dante? Who is Dante? — he is not in society, is he?" inquired the fair damsel.

The little world of Quebec presents one very curious feature, in consequence of being composed of two parts, — English and French, — who are almost equal in number, and who, though strictly preserving their nationalities in language and habits, form one society and always seem to maintain the most peaceful and friendly relations with each other. By the way, the French part of the community received a terrible shock a few days ago, when their archbishop issued a stern edict from the pulpit, forbidding any member of his flock to take part in round dances. The good father scarcely acted wisely, for his pretty lambs apparently cannot bear to witness the valse, in which they may no longer join, and hide their disappointment in nooks and obscure corners of the stairs, whither they are invariably accompanied by their former partners, — a method of procedure which seems by no means to meet the approval of their *chaperones*.

It would be very unfair to conclude this brief sketch without a glance at the Canadian girls' accomplishments. Their capacity for amusement is

immense. They delight in getting up "tobogganing parties, the object of which consists in sliding down, at the pace of an express, steep inclines of hard snow, eighty or a hundred feet high, seated on a strip of birch-bark. Balls they revel in; indeed, so devoted are they to dancing, that when there is no regular party going on, some one sends round and asks friends to drop in after dinner, and a little dance is improvised, which is quite as pleasant as a more formal affair. Lastly, let us pay homage to their greatest charm of all, — their skating. A man who was rather fascinated by a little colonist, whom he feared would scarcely be greeted with open arms by his friends at home, said to me, "You see, old fellow, if I could only introduce her to my people when she is cutting an 8 backwards, I'd propose to her like a shot."

Standing on the platform, which surrounds the "ruck," and watching a crowd of pretty girls in the most piquant of fur caps and the nattiest of boots, gliding through a quadrille, or whirling round in a valse, to the music of one of the military bands, is indeed a treat, and you straightway marvel how you could ever have enjoyed, last winter in England, the task of supporting a lady novice, whose ankles persisted in twisting about with a flexibility perfectly appalling, and who every moment made frantic clutches at you, which usually resulted in a general downfall.

There is, moreover, a vitality and a piquancy about the "Muffins" which take the place of the superior education of England; and the kindness and hospitality shown by the natives, old and young, to any strangers, especially if they hail from the old country, will amply recompense the trouble and discomfort of a voyage across the Atlantic.

AUNT SALLY'S ACCOUNT OF THE TIDAL WAVE.

I.

I AM not more nervous than other people. Some men seem to be afraid of nothing, and some women impudent enough for anything, but often timid when terrible events occur. I live a lonely life, though not quite alone, as I have a younger sister living with me, and a brother, — if such living as he gives can be considered an abode. Dolphin Row, Dawlish, is to him a resting-place when cash is low, and other residences have lost their charm, and here he has come lately to see what he termed "Saxby's Lark," or "The Old Girl Engulfed."

Now, as I said before, I am not more nervous than other people. Still, I own that living in Dolphin Row, under the great red cliffs and on the beach of Dawlish, made me interested in Mr. (Captain?) Saxby's predictions, and I have very diligently perused my Times, so as to gain information for and against the probability of this beautiful village and Dolphin Row being destroyed. Mr. Saxby seemed to me to have the best of the argument, and was sure to be right if the wind blew hard, and the sea rose; so I read and trembled. My sister is not only younger, but given to sneering, frivolity, and High Churchism, and so afforded me little comfort, — indeed, I may say none at all; whilst Alfred, the brother, was little less than brutal with what he calls "chaff," and I term "slang."

How he or another could see anything like fun, or a "lark," in the approach of a huge wave, striding on to our beach and engulfing old maids, or even some of those things walking past our windows

with chignons (termed "chigs" by them), more like mop-tops than hair, and dresses disgustingly tight and short, is more than I can imagine? But men are seldom pleasant (some clergy may be, and I once knew a doctor so), and if the world were sought for a selfish, inconsiderate, unmanageable, unmannerly, unnatural, idle, and disagreeable man, it could not find my brother's equal.

For fear my Times' reading should not have been sufficiently close, Alfred, aided by his sister Harriett, had neglected no opportunity of collecting extracts from other papers; and, of course, these were not of an assuring nature. I think those from the Standard (Alfred profanely calls that delightful journal "Mrs. Gamp") gave me the most severe shocks. They were more positive as to our being submerged; and loving and trusting the Standard, and knowing Mr. Saxby had been employed teaching people all about the sun and moon, I prepared for the worst.

Dolphin Row is a very beautiful row, commanding an extensive view over the sad sea-wave; but it is not the row a person would care to live in when tidal waves are roaming about. I should say, by the pebbles and sand in the little bit of garden in front of our house, that formerly this must have been sea-beach. Indeed, I do not see why it should not be so still, excepting it is marked off by green palings and the railroad. Report — which is seldom good-natured, but more often malicious — said that last winter, when the railroad was injured by a storm, this row of houses was shaken, and each lower story room turned into sea-baths. This may have been the case; but when we took the house at Lady Day it was not mentioned, and never probably would have been remembered, had not Mr. Saxby so kindly come forward and told us all to beware of stormy weather during the first week in October, and a dreadful wave on the 6th.

Now, I trust, that with a house built upon the sands, not twenty yards from the sea, with a cliff of loose red shingly rock overhanging, without protection of any sort from tidal waves, with a railroad running in front, with a brother and sister collecting horrors, and with my Times, Standard, and Mr. Saxby, I may be excused for timidity before and up to the eventful 6th of October. I dare say some will "pooh-pooh," and appear very valiant now; but this I know, that up to the 6th I had many sympathizers, and not a few were prepared to do what Alfred terms "cut and run" as soon as they decently could after the Michaelmas quarter. Even the Government officers, putting economy aside for the time being, put on instead more hands, and did as I did, — prepared for the worst. Yes, as I say, people may laugh now, and some people may write in the Times letters with catchpenny titles, all full of Latin, extracts from journals, and abuse of poor dear Mr. Saxby; but many of these same people were frightened out of their lives, and if Mr. Saxby had been right, then some one would have been wrong.

I did not see that the Times noticed the weather or tides as they occurred at this place on the 6th of October. I presume that paper is too grand to know or care whether we were drowned or remained uninjured. One thing, Dawlish does not care for the Times, and so we are equal. However, through this publication I desire to give the world every information, and will at once say that my esteemed friends, the Standard and Mr. Saxby, were wrong

in their predictions. All must occasionally err, and, of course, Mr. Saxby would be less than human, perhaps more than human, were he always right. In this instance he was certainly misinformed. The elements may have played him falsely, or his calculations may have been made on incorrect data (that is the grand word, I believe); but be it how you will, poor dear Mr. Saxby, and my much-trusted Standard, shook my nerves for nothing. The day commenced with a calm and a fog. The sea behaved as usual. The sun cleared away the fog, and with a little chilliness from an easterly wind the sun set and left Dawlish to breathe freely once again.

I have always considered people presumptuous who seek danger, and not being desirous of seeing poor Mr. Saxby's prophecy fulfilled, I had arranged to spend the day on higher ground: not to make a continuous picnic of it, and breakfast, luncheon, and dine with the spiders, under the blackberry bushes on our cliffs, but simply to go to a friend's house, and together watch events.

How I got there, and what came of it, must be reserved for another chapter.

II.

Had I not made an appointment to spend the day with my esteemed friend, Mrs. Soursides, I certainly should not have remained in the house at Dolphin Row. Dear Mr. Saxby had pointed out to me the danger of such a proceeding; for though his letter was addressed principally to mariners, whom he warned against the influence of the sun and moon on the earth's equator, still, he ominously referred to ill-built sea-walls, and I have very little doubt but that the sea-wall dividing that horrid railway from the raging sea is badly built. Any way, it was a risk remaining in Dolphin Row; and if the sea-wall were washed away, who would answer for our houses not going too,—or, at least, the possibility of finding a great hissing engine, its tender, the driver, stoker, guard, and, perhaps, all the passengers, floating about in the drawing-room? Added to this, Alfred and his sister had been ruder than usual overnight, forcing what Alfred called "grief statistics" down my throat, until the time arrived for his usual disappearance billiard-room ways.

When Alfred is annoyed, or is approaching the limit of his stay "at home," he seldom addresses me as "Sarah," or even the more familiar "Sally." It becomes that odious "Aunt Sally." And, on this night previous to poor Mr. Saxby's failure, hardly a sentence did he utter without calling my attention to his remarks by prefixing or affixing this disagreeable name.

"Good night, Aunt Sally. Perhaps this may be the last time we shall ever wish each other good night," said the man, rising to leave for his haunts, and treating the solemn subject with fearful levity.

"Good night," I replied, with dignity, and trusted he would soon be gone, and not make the house smell so dreadfully from his horrid cigar lit at the candles on the piano.

"Look here, aunt. If old Saxby's right, and you go up a tree" (he meant he drowned), "don't forget to leave me a lock of your hair," was his next remark, continuing to fill the room with tobacco-smoke.

"Mr. Saxby will be sure to be right. I wish you would go away, and not laugh at things you cannot understand," was my reply.

"Well, it is a shame to laugh at a thing one can-

not understand," was his immediate retort; and leaving the room as he spoke, I had no opportunity of ascertaining whether "the thing" not to be understood was poor dear Mr. Saxby or myself. I know he meant something personal by his sneering tone, and by the look of self-laudation which he gave to his sister Harriett.

Harriett appreciated the joke, if such were there, and little else occurred until, as we parted for the night, I informed her of my intention to spend all the morrow at "The Eagle's Nest," the residence of my esteemed friend, Mrs. Soursides.

"That is fine. I wish Alfred had known it," remarked my sister, and we wished each other good night.

It was very early in the morning when I left Dolphin Row. I wished to have much of dear Mrs. Soursides's society, and also to be on the higher ground. I thought that perhaps poor Mr. Saxby might have made a mistake about the hour of the sun and moon being on the equator, and then the railway-wall would be washed away, and the train come into the drawing-room before the proper time.

I do not think Mrs. Soursides expected me so early; at least, she did not seem to have given her servants notice of my coming to breakfast, because the housemaid could never have been so rude and vulgar to me had she been previously prepared for my advent. The woman at once guessed part of my object in coming, and after snapping me up, when I asked if her mistress was at home, by saying, "Of course she is, and in bed, where other ladies ought to be too," added, "I suppose, mum, you thought to get out of being drowned by coming on here?"

"I came to see your mistress. Do not let me disturb you. Go on with your work," was my reply, and said in a most kindly tone.

"Thank you, mum. There is n't a room ready for you, mum. Perhaps, mum, you would n't mind taking a walk to the beach until the breakfast things is laid, and master is down," said the woman, giggling.

Having just left the beach, I was not going to return there, but felt very uncertain how to act. Mr. Soursides's being at home was an unexpected shock, as I had been given to understand that he could not possibly return from conducting some legal business in town before the end of the month; but having accepted an invitation to breakfast, and also having on the night before told Harriett of the same, it would never have done now to return to Dolphin Row.

Whilst remaining thus in doubt, I overheard the housemaid inform Mr. Soursides of my having called, and think her statement called forth something not unlike an expletive from that man, and an inquiry as to "What the devil does she want?"

"She said, sir, she was come to spend the day. I think, sir, she's afraid of this big wave as is coming, and come here to be safe," replied the hypocritical minx, mincing her words as if she were some one quite grand.

I did not hear what followed very distinctly, as I walked away as fast as I could. Mr. Soursides muttered something about having breakfast sharp, as he had to be off, and then seemed to talk to himself about "old cats," whilst he walked up and down on the gravel-drive.

I watched the sea for at least half an hour, and then ventured once again to lift the knocker of "The Eagle's Nest."

Dear Mrs. Soursides was down, looking — as she always does, and ever will do — perfectly charming, and received me most kindly. Mr. Soursides is never pleasant, and generally cynical. Being a lawyer, he delights in putting everybody in a witness-box, and ascertaining a reason for everything.

"I am so glad you have come. Do come up stairs and take your things off. The coffee has only just been made. We had almost given you up," said dear Mrs. Soursides.

"Speak for yourself, my dear. Dolphin Row is not the pleasantest part of Dawlish, if Saxby proves a prophet," said Mr. Soursides, as he put aside the newspaper and coldly bade me welcome.

Breakfast was not a pleasant meal, although dear Mrs. Soursides did her best to be agreeable, and to calm my fears as to passing sounds.

"How did you leave all at home? Quite well, I hope," asked dear Mrs. Soursides.

"Quite well, thank you," I replied, trying to collect my thoughts, which were disturbed by the rumbling of a passing wagon, which might have been poor Mr. Saxby's wave.

"The gratitude for the inquiry must be great. Did they insist on remaining to be drowned?" asked Mr. Soursides.

"They only laugh at the wave, sir; and, sorry as I should be were they drowned, I cannot but think it would serve them right," was my reply.

"What! for laughing at the waves, or at Mr. Saxby? Scant justice you ladies would dole out, I fear," said Mr. Soursides, looking over the edge of the horrid Times newspaper.

"O, what is that? Is it the wave?" I asked, as there was a dreadful bump somewhere.

"Don't be nervous, dear. I think it is Susan throwing the fire-irons down in the drawing-room," said dear Mrs. Soursides, trying to reassure me.

"Perhaps it is friend Saxby arrived to see his wave, and the coastguard are saluting him," suggested Mr. Soursides.

"Perhaps it is no such thing. I thought you were obliged to go to Exeter to-day," said dear Mrs. Soursides, sharply.

Mr. Soursides took the hint, and, greatly to our relief, was soon after out of the house.

It seemed a long time until luncheon. Perhaps waiting and watching the tide made the hours pass slowly; still, with the exception of terrible anxiety, chiefly caused by Susan, who appeared to insist on being more noisy than usual, time was not passed very unpleasantly. Dear Mrs. Soursides knew all about everybody, and she told me the real truth about numbers of the people we always meet. Then we talked about what the Standard said, and what a nice paper it was for news about all the dreadful things going on every day, and how wrong it was of the Times to let people put in letters abusing Mr. Saxby. After this we tried to work, but as it was time for the wave we could not do much. It was just then I thought I should have fainted, for, as we were both looking out at the sea, that horrid Susan banged the door, and then screamed out, "Lunch is ready, ma'am!"

"Is it the wave?" I asked, tremblingly.

"Lor' no, miss! The wave's done coming, and the coastguards say it were all stuff," said Susan, sneeringly.

Mrs. Soursides led the way to the dining-room, and it was not until after two glasses of sherry that I was quite myself again. I might have been disappointed at the wave not coming. I might have been

sorry for poor Mr. Saxby, but Susan's noise at the door, and then her dreadful impertinences, quite upset me. To tell me that common coastguard-people knew as much as Mr. Saxby, and considered his predictions as stuff!

Certainly the sea did not behave differently from usual during the afternoon, and, seeing all things so safe, I was prepared to return to Dolphin Row; but dear Mrs. Soursides was so pressing that I was induced to remain for dinner, and thus foolishly rendered myself liable to be again insulted by Mr. Soursides. The horrid Chinese gong sounding the dress-bell, recalled my memory for the moment to poor Mr. Saxby and the wave; but its unearthly clamor being explained, I proceeded to dear Mrs. Soursides's boudoir, and by seven o'clock descended to the drawing-room.

"Hallo, Aunt Sally! How does the world fare with your Saxby and the sad sea's wave?" was my brother's salutation.

"I did not expect to see you here," I replied.

"Rather the contrary, — drowned?" said Mr. Soursides, who had asked him to dinner.

"Dinner is on the table, sir," said the parlor-maid, interrupting that man's sneering remarks; and accepting his arm, I went into the dining-room.

The dinner was made a very unpleasant meal. Alfred and Mr. Soursides did little else than refer to poor Mr. Saxby's failure, whilst dear Mrs. Soursides repeatedly remonstrated with her husband for his rudeness in not considering my feelings; and I was not sorry when it was over, and I was once more safely at home in Dolphin Row.

OUR SECRET SOCIETY.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE "COUP-D'ÉTAT."

I.

THIS was in 1851.

There were six of us who formed a club which met on Sunday and Thursday evenings to discuss the inalienable rights of man and to drink beer. We were all under twenty; and as we none of us had a single sixpence, we were the more persuaded that the existing allotment of property amongst mankind was defective, and that an immediate redistribution was urgent. We had, indeed, a whole scheme of our own for the reorganization of humanity and the improving of it. In the first place there were to be no more kings or taxes. All the world was to be a great Republic, governed by a cosmopolitan parliament sitting at Paris, and elected by universal suffrage, every man and woman in the universe having a vote. As a natural consequence of this state of things, frontiers, armies, and custom-houses were to be abolished; and, as it was evident that prisons and policemen were obstacles to the moral development of a free people, prisons and policemen were to be done away with, and every man was to be at liberty to take care of himself. The only point upon which we differed somewhat was the land question: one of our number, whose father had a farm in Brittany, objecting strongly to the idea of a general confiscation. But the remaining five of us, whose fathers had no farms in Brittany, overruled this objection, explaining that under the new system everybody would have a farm, or, if he preferred, the value of it in money. Upon this assurance our colleague became pacified.

We called ourselves the "HEXAMETRON," not, as Horace Toupie, the wag of our set, remarked,

because the height of the whole six of us, placed one on the top of the other, would have just towered to six metres; but because we were six in number, and because we had chosen for our motto an hexameter of Lucan's, —

“O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!”

by which we meant to imply that our fellow-beings generally were grovelling in darkness, and that it was the mission of us six to enlighten them. Our watch-cry was the word *METRON!* which we used to pronounce on entering the room where we were going to deliberate. As we were all six perfectly well known to one another, and as it would therefore have been slightly difficult for any stranger to introduce himself into our midst without attracting attention, this formality may seem like an excess of caution. But it is impossible to be too prudent; and so, whenever we turned the handle of the door, we cried “*Metron!*” mysteriously, and were answered by the word “*Heza!*” which was taken in this particular case to mean “All right!”

We held our councils at the “Café Rousseau,” within a stone's-throw of the Panthéon, and we had selected Thursday and Sunday as our nights, to suit the convenience of one of our number who was at the Military School of Saint Cyr, and who came to Paris on those days for a holiday. Our practice was to meet at five and to dine all together at a students' *table-d'hôte*, kept by a republican old person named Madame Riquie. After dinner we adjourned to the café aforesaid and debated treasonably over a jug of Strasburg ale. At ten we marched off in a body for the station, to see our friend the Saint-Cyrian return by train to his school.

He was a strong, pleasant fellow was this Saint-Cyrian, and would have done wonders on a barricade. He was studying for the Cavalry, and when he walked down the narrow streets of the Quartier Latin, his bright, handsome face smiling under his blue shako, and his steel scabbard clanking on the pavement, the grisettes turned round to look at him and the old women on the doorsteps muttered, “*Sainte Vierge! quel joli garçon!*” It is not often one finds a future dragoon mixed up with a scheme for abolishing standing armies, doing away with taxes, and proclaiming universal brotherhood; but Louis de Crème was an enthusiast. He was the son of a Legitimist count, who had died whilst Louis was a child and left him to be brought up by two maiden aunts strongly devoted to the Bourbons, the Pope, and the reverend Society of Jesuits. Between them both these excellent people had made the life of the young Louis hideous to him. Twice a week, and on the vigils of saints' days, they required him to fast. Five times a year — on the anniversaries of the deaths of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, on the birthday of Louis Philippe, on the anniversary of his Orleanist Majesty's accession, and on the 29th of July, date of the fall of Charles X. — they arrayed him in black clothes and set him to recite the seven penitential psalms in Latin. Once a twelvemonth, on the 15th July, feast of St. Henry, his tutor, a beetle-browed disciple of Ignatius Loyola, dictated to him a letter containing assurances of fealty towards “Henri V.” The young count was made to sign himself “your Majesty's most faithful, loyal, and humble servant”; and the epistle, along with a few score others coming from different parts of France, went its way per post to Frohsdorf. The ineradicable impression left in the mind of the young Louis

by a few years of this training was that his Royal Highness the Count of Chambord was a variety of the Ghoul species, and that the reverend congregation of Jesuits formed part of the genus Bogey. From hearing himself constantly addressed as “Monsieur le Comte” by a gray-headed retainer in an out-of-date livery, and from being unceasingly reminded by his aunts that his lordly dignity rendered it binding upon him to despise the rest of human-kind, he acquired a hearty loathing for titles, which revealed itself by furtive gnashing of teeth and muttered imprecations against escutcheons and coronets. When the Revolution of 1848 broke out and reduced him to the condition of simple citizen, he indulged in unseemly rejoicing. To the speechless dismay of his tutor, Father Pinceau, he purchased a red nightcap for fifty sous, and rushed out into the streets with it upon his head to sing the Marseillaise and cheer the Provisional Government. When he returned home at night, after a day spent in this fashion, he found the old retainer François, his two aunts, and the reverend Father Pinceau, haggard with anxiety; and, in truth, he looked a strange figure. His clothes were torn, his hands and face were muddy, his head was bleeding from a blow he had received in a scuffle with some Orleanist officers in the Place du Carrousel, and in addition to all this he was merry with wine. “O Monsieur le Comte!” exclaimed the astonished François. “There are no more counts now!” answered the young republican. “I am the Citizen Louis Crème, and you are the Citizen François. We are both equal. Here, shake hands with me, and let us kiss each other.”

He was sixteen when he said this, and his two aunts, the Demoiselles de Crème de la Crèmerie, piously resolved to disinherit him. They gave him a last chance by offering him forgiveness on condition that he would go to Rome and take service for three years in the Pontifical army (for the Romans were beginning to simmer, and his Holiness, like many other potentates at that time, was feeling nervous); but the young Louis demurred so unequivocally to this project that the Demoiselles de la Crème saw it was useless to hold parley with him. They told him that he should choose his own profession, and that they would support him until he was twenty-one. Louis chose the French army, in the hope that the Republic would last, and that there would be a war with Russia to free the Poles. He was accordingly sent to Saint Cyr, and was still there awaiting his epaulet of sub-lieutenant at the time of which I am writing, in 1851.

The other members of the Hexameton were, M. Horace Toupie, a student of medicine, already designated as the wag of our company; Hugues Cascarot and Maximilien Destouffes, students of law; Camille Lange, a poet and journalist; and myself, a painter. I don't believe six hearts more blithe and careless, six souls more republican and earnest, six purses more light, or six tongues more defiant, could have been found in the whole of France, from Dunkirk to Bayonne. We deeply hated oppression without quite understanding what it meant, save that in a general way every existing government was oppressive and every man in office an oppressor. We thoroughly abominated everything that was a “sham,” and in this category we included a good number of things, such as decorations, beadies' maces, the titles “Monsieur” and “Madame,” false teeth, wigs, dress-coats, cork-legs, cardinal-archbishops, commissaries of police,

State dignitaries, and hair-dye. We were very fond of workmen, and the more tattered they were the better. If we saw a beggar particularly disreputable in appearance, dirty, slipshod, and out-at-elbows, we seldom had any difficulty in eliciting from him that he was a friend of liberty, that he had been persecuted, and that he wanted a few sous. We always gave him the money, though sometimes it was the last centime we possessed; and we used to look at each other, half crying to think we could not do more. Eh, the generous young fools we were! and how many "friends of liberty" we found on our path, persecuted, out-at-elbows, and ready to strip us of our unsuspecting pennies!

We were very fond of one another, and as much together as hard work would allow. We called each other "tu," of course, and wrote to each other as "Mon frère." We all of us — with the exception of Louis Crème — lived in the same street, that old Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine which nowadays is about all that remains of our cherished Quartier Latin; and we were alike in this point, that having keen appetites for everything that was good, we were obliged to be content with such frugal fare as may be indulged in upon £ 60 a year.

There was one of us, however, who could afford to be a little less self-denying, and that was Camille Lange, the poet and journalist. Just as Louis Crème was the right arm of our society, so Camille Lange was the head and brain of it. He was a slight, fair-headed boy, with a pink girlish face, and hands like those of a woman. But there was the stuff of a young devil in him, and if ever there was a wild break-neck scheme to propose, it was he who proposed it and led the way. There had been some queer and hot street-fights between 1848 and 1851. Many a barricade had risen, stood a siege, and been knocked over in the dust amidst heaps of dead and wounded; but there had scarcely been a single fight in which Camille Lange had not taken part, and if he was not killed fifty times over during the three years, it is probable that Fate, being a woman, had pity on a boy so fair and brave. He never bragged or talked much of his adventures; but he was very proud of a sabre-cut which had almost cloven his left shoulder through, and still prouder, if possible, of a bullet which had broken two of his ribs, and kept him three months in bed. In 1851, aged then nineteen years and a half, he was a writer on the staff of the *Pilori*, an organ which was earnestly advocating the abolition of everybody. As he wrote very gayly when he pleased, he could have aspired to a higher and less spitfire kind of journal; but it was his firm conviction that the *Pilori* was the only paper in Europe worth reading, and as he earned about a hundred pounds a year on it by dint of daily contributions, he considered himself abundantly paid, and would have held it treason to desert. He had also written three manuscript volumes of revolutionary poems, with the unobtrusive title of *'Αναβήματα Λαού'*; but, as he had not been fortunate enough to find a publisher ambitious of going to prison for six months, these works remained unprinted.

It was Camille Lange who had founded the Hexametron, drawn up its rules, and framed its constitution. The objects he had in view were simple, and were clearly explained in the society's minute-book, on the first page of which was written in good bold text a preamble dated from the "year 60 of the great Republic."*

* The Republican Calendar dated from the 22d September, 1792.

This inspiring document, which proclaimed the fixed determination of the Hexametron to put down the President and to distribute his Civil List amongst the poor, and which, to our thinking, breathed eloquence of no common order, would alone have sufficed to give Camille Lange the leadership of our debates. But he held another and yet better title to the post of chief in that he was the son of a Deputy, of a real Republican Deputy, who speechified, voted, legislated, and had this advantage over many other Deputies, that, when he was excited, his lungs allowed him to make twice more noise than twenty ordinary members put together. His name was Demosthenes Lange, and he was justly proud of having been a blacksmith. When he entered into a conversation with a stranger he never failed to begin with the words, "I, who have been a blacksmith," or, "I, who have wielded the sledge-hammer," suiting, at the same time, the action to the word, and swinging his powerful right arm in a way that made inoffensive people shiver. He was six feet high, proportionably stout, and roared lustily even when saying merely "Good morning." His usual dress was a suit of brown velvet, leather gaiters, and a gray felt hat, which he wore planted firmly on his head, as if he feared to lose it. Under his arm he carried a forbidding-looking staff, which would have cracked the head of an opponent like a nutshell, and kept twenty average Frenchmen at bay. Demosthenes Lange was one of those men who rise to the surface of the social sea after a revolution like the spars of a wreck. Under Louis Philippe he had been the demagogue of his commune, the terror of the mayor, the despair of the curé. He took in the *Siècle*, read Voltaire, and had tried to bring up his son according to the precepts contained in Rousseau's *Emile*. He was greatly respected by his fellow-villagers, for he could thrash any half-dozen of them together, and occasionally did so to adjust little differences of opinion. It is known that on one occasion, when the Prefect, the Bishop, and the General of the Division had come to visit the village, Demosthenes Lange had stood in the midst of the road with his arms folded, and without deigning to doff his hat. The Prefect had frowned, the General had grunted, the Bishop had looked at him with surprise, and had then taken the initiative of bowing himself; but the blacksmith had held good, and this noble act of independence had, without doubt, helped considerably to place him at the top of the poll in the popular elections of 1848. On becoming a Deputy, Demosthenes Lange had, of course, given up his forge. He had laid by money enough to give him an income of £400 a year, which, added to the twenty-five francs a day* due to him as a representative, was enough to keep him cosily; the more so as he was a widower, and never gave his son a centime, on the principle that, from sixteen upwards, a boy should take care of himself. Beside him, Camille looked like a small ash-tree in contrast with a big oak. The boy had nothing of his father's looks, and resembled him only in his dogged obstinacy. Camille was as frail in appearance as a young

There are still some determined Radicals in France who insist upon reckoning by it; and there is a newspaper well known as the organ of MM. Victor Hugo, Rochefort, Michelet, and the extreme Republicans, which prints the date on its front page according to this style. Thus, instead of 1st November, 1889, it would write, 10th Brumaire, year 78.

* During the Republic of 1848-51, the Deputies received £1 a day during the session; they now receive an annual salary of £500.

town-bred nobleman. He was well taught, because he had taught himself, and had never been drugged with books that were distasteful to him. It is not sure, however, that his father thought very highly of his capacities. He would have much preferred a son who could have eaten four pounds of beef and drunk a gallon of beer at a sitting. But Camille had the greatest veneration for the ex-blacksmith, whom he compared in his mind to Caius Gracchus and Wat Tyler, and although he seldom saw him, — for Mr. Demosthenes seemed able to get on very well without his son's company, — yet he read his speeches, wrote enthusiastic leaders upon them, and pasted them in a gilt-leaved album, which he read with tears in his eyes.

Somehow, though, Camille had never spoken to his father about the Hexameton, which surprised us rather, for we thought so well of our society that we had more than once proposed that the secret should be revealed to the great tribune, and that he should be asked to become our patron. But Camille had always opposed this notion, either from modesty — as some of us fancied — or from the fear that the powerful demagogue who had openly bearded a Prefect, a General, and a Bishop might despise a league of six striplings who could not so much as have routed twelve coal-heavers between them. "Let us wait," used to say Camille, "until we have done something great and made people talk about us. Then we can hold up our heads, and the representatives of the people will be proud to shake us by the hand." We acquiesced, looking forward confidently to the day when we should have done something else than drink beer; and it is thus that, during the first nine months of our social existence (March to November, 1851), M. Demosthenes Lange never once heard about us.

The day came, however, when, after lying quietly in a corner, — like a forgotten shell on a battlefield, to use the striking image of Horace Toupie, — the Hexameton was destined to explode into deeds of glory which startled, not only Mr. Demosthenes himself, but half the inhabitants of Paris. If you have patience to listen to me, I will tell you how.

II.

Most people will remember that, in the month of November, 1851, the land of France presented the edifying spectacle of a nation being dragged in different directions by four parties pretty equally matched. They were perfectly disinterested, these parties; all they wanted was power and the free disposal of the public funds. They were likewise thoroughly liberal in their intentions, and hated one another heartily as became true Liberals. The party in power was the Purple; the other three were the Red, White, and Blue. Each had had its turn in office; had increased the taxes, distributed patronage amongst its friends, shut up its rivals in prison, and called upon the country to rejoice. Each had, moreover, in its turn been violently unseated by the combined efforts of the remaining three. Thus, at one time, the Red, Blue, and Purple had been in league against the White; after that the White, Red, and Purple had overthrown the Blue; next, the White, Blue, and Purple had slaughtered the Red; and now the Red, White, and Blue were doing their best to annihilate the Purple. The chief of this latter party was a man wise in his generation, an astute politician and a silent.

In 1851 he had been nearly three years in power,

and was looking forward with unfeigned regret to the prospect of being soon obliged to cede his place to another. But whilst his adversaries spent their time in braying — and with what vigor they brayed those only can realize who had the privilege of hearing them — the Purple chief worked in quiet for the interest of everybody in general, but more particularly of himself. I forget at what precise time it was that stray rumors of an impending *coup-d'état* began to pervade the atmosphere; for in Paris we talk of a *coup-d'état* as men do in other countries of a change of shirt. But gradually these rumors took ground. By degrees it became clear to everybody that, matters fairly considered, a *coup-d'état* was just the sort of thing one had a right to expect. The only question was, whether the *coup-d'état* would be an executive or a parliamentary one? whether it would be the Assembly that would suppress the Purple chief, or the Purple chief who would suppress the Assembly? and on this point opinions were pretty evenly divided. Meanwhile, those well versed in the signs of the times noticed that the police showed a contempt for individual freedom in forcible dissonance with the principles of liberty; that decorative symbols, nobiliary titles, coronets, and plumes were being revived in a manner not at all suggestive of equality; and that supplies of ammunition, extra pay, rations of wine, and new bayonets were being distributed to the troops on a scale that looked ominous for fraternity.

One Thursday evening towards the end of November, — I well remember the night, for it froze as on the Neva, and a fierce north wind was sweeping the dust through the deserted streets in clouds that choked and blinded one, — one evening, then, four out of the six members of the Hexameton were gathered together round the table in a parlor of the Café Rousseau, awaiting the arrival of the other two. It was nine o'clock, and the two missing members were Camille Lange and Louis Crème. It was not often either of them was late; but that evening they had not dined with us. Camille had left word that his editor wanted him for a sudden press of work; and Louis had written a short note to say that he had gone back to Saint Cyr to try and obtain three days' leave from his General, on the ground that his aunt was ill. We expected them both in the course of the evening, and were trying to console ourselves for their absence by taking deep pulls from the society's earthenware jug, and blowing dense clouds from our clay pipes. There was a blazing wood fire on the hearth. The red curtains were snugly drawn, the doors closely shut, and everything had been arranged by our careful host, M. Potiron, to make us as comfortable as possible whilst we plotted the overthrow of the State. But, from some unaccountable reason, we were not gay that night. The conversation flagged. Destouffes and Cascarot, the two students of law, were silent and meditative. Toupie, though it was not in his nature to be ever cast down, sipped his beer thoughtfully, as if perplexed by our low spirits. Myself, I felt depressed, although I scarcely knew why.

"Hark to the wind," said Horace Toupie, trying to shake off the oppressiveness of the long silence by rising and peering out of the window. "How piteously it howls! One would swear there were a whole kennelful of black dogs outside."

"Don't talk of black dogs, Toupie," murmured Maximilien Destouffes, who was a Breton, and,

like all Bretons, superstitious. "They say in Brittany that the howling of a black dog bodes misfortune."

Horace Toupie, who could never be brought to look at anything seriously, set his tongue in his cheek.

"Do you know, Maximilien," he said, "after I have heard one of your Breton legends I fall to speculating as to what it would be like if the dead at the Morgue were to get up in the middle of the night, steal silently through the streets, and come and pull me out of bed by the legs. I dreamed that one night last week. When I got up in the morning I could n't brush my hair; it stood up on end all the rest of the day. Here, Cascarot, it's you who are monopolizing the beer-jug. *Oblivioso levia Massico ciboria exple.* Pass it round, and let us see if we can't manage all the four of us to look a little less as if we were going to be hanged. If Camille and Louis are not here soon, I shall vote for whist and minstrelsy." And without waiting any longer, Toupie struck up Béranger's *Roger Bontemps*, clapping his hands vigorously on his knees by way of accompaniment.

Toupie's voice so closely resembled a shrill cat-call that we joined in with him in the hope of drowning it. This made him redouble his efforts; and we were all four shouting at our loudest, when we heard hurried footsteps outside, and the next minute Camille and Louis rushed in together, both panting.

"What's up?" we all cried, stopping short; for the new-comers looked flushed and excited.

"We've had a run for it," said Camille, throwing himself down in a chair and laughing. "Something's in the wind, my friends! I'm watched by the police."

This communication had the effect of bringing us to our legs without delay: "Watched by the police?" we repeated.

"Yes," rejoined Louis Crème, who was fanning himself with his handkerchief. "I was coming over the Pont St. Michel on my way here, — for I've got my three days' leave, — when who should I see but Camille, running as if the cholera were after him; and behind him, at fifty paces, a couple of fellows with slouched hats, who were evidently in pursuit."

"Without more ado I darted across the road and barred the way to these latter. 'What are you following that man for?' I asked. They stopped astonished, for my kepi, my sword, and the cloak that concealed my tunic made them think I was an officer. 'Do you know him?' inquired one of them. 'No,' I answered, thinking it as well to be cautious. 'Then, Captain, I advise you not to meddle with what's no business of yours,' rejoined the other; and they tried to brush past me to go on with their running. But I wanted to give friend Camille time, so I caught hold of one of them by the scruff of the neck and said, 'Citizen, we are living under a republic; two men don't run after a third without reason; unless you tell me what you're about, I shall conclude you're up to no good, and exercise my undoubted prerogative of throwing you into the Seine.' I must mention that the bridge and quays were perfectly deserted, so that I could have drowned the pair of them without anybody being the wiser. This idea seemed to occur to them, for they glanced at each other uneasily, and then exclaimed almost together, 'But who told you we were following that man? We don't know

anything about him. We're running home, that's all.' 'Yes, Captain,' went on the fellow I was holding, 'we're both servants in a boarding-house at the Barrière St. Jacques. It has been our day out; but we have got to be in by ten o'clock, so we are making the most of the half-hour left us.' By this time Camille was out of sight, having disappeared up a slum; I could therefore let go my birds without danger. 'I take you both for a couple of cut-purses,' I said, giving my man an amicable grip that made him gurgle; 'but I've no proof, so that I must deny myself the pleasure of sending you over the parapet. Only, I'll tell you what. You will both of you remain standing here and not move until I am off the bridge. When I have reached the quay you may go on with your walk; and in case you should really be servants, here are a couple of francs to pay you a cab home. But mind, if I catch you running again —' 'You'll give us in [charge?]' grinned one of them. 'No, not such a fool,' I rejoined, 'for I am convinced that you are cut-purses on excellent terms with the police; but I shall run into one of those public-houses yonder and denounce you as a pair of "mouchards." Republican workmen don't like that word, and it would only take me a few seconds to get together a dozen brave fellows who would look upon it as a real treat to have five minutes' fun with you.' This threat had its due effect upon them. They turned yellow and remained as motionless as mice on the bridge whilst I hastened off towards the quay. Once out of their sight, I set off running as hard as I could in the direction taken by Camille, and caught him up at last near the Panthéon. He swears the two fellows were mouchards, which is very likely; but I know nothing more about the matter than what I have just told you."

We had listened in profound silence whilst Louis was speaking. There was a mystery in the adventure which fascinated us. The fact that our president should be under the supervision of the police reflected an amount of credit upon the society of which we all felt disposed to take our share. When Louis had finished, we looked at each other triumphantly, as though to say that the day had come at last, and that something great and unusual was going to be required of us. Camille observed this exchange of glances; and notwithstanding his innate modesty, could not help seeming elated by it. His eyes sparkled as he proceeded with his narrative, still panting and excited.

"Yes; Louis did me a good service when he stopped those two fellows, for as I tell you there's something in the wind. When I went to the *Pilori* office this evening, I found Topignon, my editor, pale and nervous. He has been dogged about persistently during the last three days by a fellow who bears the stamp of the Rue de Jérusalem from the crown of his hat to the sole of his boots inclusively. It's the same with Tartine, our *chroniqueur*, who is growing melancholy and does n't like the look of it. The letters of our Belgian correspondent must have been opened at the post-office for the last three weeks, for we find some curious *marais* on the envelopes; and we learn from our correspondent by a telegram that he has sent two letters which have never reached us at all. But this is not the worst. Clampin and Riffard, the two Deputies of the *Montagne*, told Topignon to-day that they too are being watched; that the number of police at all the stations is being doubled; and that new battalions of soldiers are coming into Paris every day."

"They're right there," interrupted Louis. "Some old Saint-Cyrans came to the school yesterday; two of them are in the 29th Carbineers and three in the 115th foot. They told us they had been dosed with reviews during the last month until they were sick. Yet they swear by the President and talk already of a restoration of the Empire as if it were a thing accomplished."

"We must be ready now to act," broke in Maximilien Destouffes, in an exulting voice. "It is evident that the tussle between the Assembly and the Tyrant must soon end in a fight. The army is for the President, but the people are for the Republic."

"So are all the students," rejoined Hugues Cascarot, who was from Marseilles, and spoke in a quick Provençal accent. "*Bagasse!* we can make up a good fighting party. I've been sounding the *École de Droit* ever since the beginning of the term, and I've not found a man who was n't with us."

"And I will answer for the School of Medicine," exclaimed Toupie. "You should hear how we talk in the dissecting-room. I reckon if Maupas, the Prefect of Police, could listen to us he would feel his flesh creep a little, and take care not to come within hail of the Amphitheatre."

"I don't believe I can rely upon a single one of our fellows," murmured Louis, rather piteously. "We're all counts and viscounts in that shop. I don't think there are a dozen true republicans among us."

"Never mind. You alone are worth twelve dozen," answered Toupie; "though, if I'd been you, I should have pitched those two mouchards into the water, one on the top of the other. But it's always the way with you strong fellows," continued the student of medicine ruefully. "When Providence throws a mouchard across your path, you give him forty sous as a token of your esteem."

Louis shrugged his shoulders. "It remains to be proved that they *were* mouchards," he said, pouring all that remained of the beer into his glass, and tossing off the contents at a draught. "Perhaps, after all, they were only cut-throats, which is a presumption in their favor."

"If it had been so, you would n't have seen me run," answered Camille, quickly. "I know they were spies. When Topignon told me he had been watched, I remembered that one of the men Louis stopped had been playing shadow to me for the past week. On coming out of the office I saw him waiting for me on the pavement opposite, with another I had not seen before. If I ran, it was to give them the slip, so that they should not see where I went. I should n't have ventured to come here if they had followed me close."

"And now to business," said Maximilien, whose relish for grim talk was irrepressible.

"Yes," assented Camille, "to business. I have a six-chamber revolver, a double-barrelled gun, and a good supply of cartridges. Have all you fellows got arms?"

He replied affirmatively. Toupie, besides a revolver, possessed an old flintlock of his grandfather's.

"Very well," replied Camille. "Then to-morrow and the next day must be spent in telling everybody we can trust to be prepared. Louis, as you are on three days' leave, you can join in the work, — only you must n't go about in uniform. I have a list of 1,500 workmen who took part in all the risings of 1848, and who are known to be disaffected. Toupie, Destouffes, and Cascarot have each got a list, too, of

workmen and students. Every one of them must be seen. Turn by turn, two of us must sit up during the night, and remain with our windows open, so as to be on the alert should anything be attempted in the dark. We must also have a password and a counterpass, to serve all the fighters as a rallying cry. What shall these words be?"

"HEXA and METRON, of course," exclaimed Destouffes, Cascarot, Louis, and I together.

"I venture to observe," said Toupie, "that, if we select these two words, we shall be obliged to give all the workmen a lesson in Greek, to teach them how to pronounce. For this reason I protest."

"Can't you be serious a single hour, Toupie?" retorted Camille, biting his lips. "Don't you know that at any moment we may be called upon to raise a barricade, and that before three days are over you and I and the lot of us may be sleeping side by side on the slabs of the Morgue?"

"That's what I should define as giving a man a pleasant foretaste," replied Toupie, demurely. "It's like Henri, whom I always find drawing pictures of men with their heads broken when I go into his studio."

Henri was myself.

"By the way, Henri," said Camille, reminded by Toupie's remark of a painting I had been working at for some weeks, "have you finished your picture of us six together yet?"

"I finished it this morning. You saw the sketch? We are all six on a barricade, you standing in the midst of us with a revolver in one hand and a red flag in the other."

"Thanks," answered Camille, reddening; and with this he drew from under his cloak a parcel made of silver paper, which he gravely opened. "Here is that flag," he said; and with a jerk unfolded a splendid blood-red banner in silk, with the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," inscribed on one side; and the single word "HEXAMETRON" wrought in letters of gold on the other.

We all stood up together, glowing with emotion; even Toupie was moved. And as in France, among republicans of twenty, no emotion can exist without embraces, we threw ourselves sobbing into each other's arms, vowing by the bright ruby flag that, if we were not shortly installed at the Tuileries with a new Democratic Government pledged to liberty, equality, fraternity, and no taxes, it would be no fault of ours.

III.

The remaining arrangements were soon made. It was agreed that "Hexa" and "Metron" should be the pass and counterpass, that the next few days should be devoted altogether to propagandism, that the night-watching should begin that very evening in my studio, and that Camille and I should be the watchers. It was also decided that Camille should lodge with me for the present, so as to elude the vigilance of the mouchards, who were presumably following him, because of his connection with the *Pilori*; that interesting organ being unquestionably doomed to perish amongst the first in the event of a *coup-d'état*. It was past eleven by the time we had done planning. We were all flushed, but none of us tired, and we were about to ring for a bottle of Burgundy to toast success to our arms, when on a sudden there was a hurried, nervous knock at the door, and before we had had time to answer, or even to look round, M. Potiron, the host of the café

tumbled into the room, looking as white as a sheet, and with his teeth chattering.

M. Potiron, it should be remarked, was essentially a man of peace, and a firm friend of existing institutions. The mission of a citizen, as he understood it, was to sail with the current, not to go against it. Therefore, when the breeze was Orleanist, M. Potiron hoisted the blue flag and manned his bark to the tune of "Vive le Roi!" When the wind shifted and blew freedomwards, he sent a red pennon up to his mizzen-mast, and cried louder than anybody, "Vive la République!" He was an honest publican, equitable in his measures, and was wedded to a pretty wife, whose winsome presence behind the counter did no harm to the trade of the "Café Rousseau." We had selected M. Potiron's establishment for our bi-weekly meetings, because it was comfortable and retired, because the beer was good, because the coffee was drinkable, and because we could have a private room, — four conditions not always to be found in other cafés.

We supposed that M. Potiron had an idea that we must be a club of some kind, but we had never honored him with our full confidence; for it is an unfortunate circumstance to be noted in connection with French publicans, that many of them — even such honest men as M. Potiron — are not always above the seductions held out by the Rue de Jérusalem; but will make an agreement with the authorities of that locality to report the sayings of their customers in consideration of a yearly wage. To do M. Potiron justice, we did not class him in this category; but we had made it a rule to be cautious, and we had not been sorry to notice that our private room was so large, and the door of it so thick, that anybody listening outside to try and catch what we said would have to spend his time unprofitably.

The sudden irruption of M. Potiron took us aback.

"O gentlemen! for mercy's sake, tell me the truth!" he began in a voice of consternation. "You're not conspiring to overthrow the Republic, are you?"

"It's not very likely," answered Camille, dryly. "Who put such an idea into your head?"

M. Potiron seemed so embarrassed for a reply, that there is no knowing what he would have said, had not his wife appeared opportunely to extricate him from his difficulty. She looked almost as much flurried as her husband; but quietly so, as be-seemed a pretty woman. The Hexameton *en masse* rose gallantly to receive her.

"O gentlemen," she said, — beginning in the same way as her lord, but more discreetly, and taking the precaution of closing the door behind her, — "O, gentlemen! is all this true?"

"What true, madame?" asked Louis Crème, who in women's presence felt as much at home as on his saddle. "Have they been telling you that we are a gang of brigands?"

"Not quite, monsieur," answered Madame Potiron, fixing her eyes on the handsome face of the young cadet and then blushing a little. "But —" Here she hesitated a moment, laid a finger mysteriously on her lips, and lowered her voice. "But the police have been here."

"Bless those police!" muttered Toupie; "I'm beginning to think we've had too much of them to-night."

"Yes, gentlemen, an inspector from the Prefecture, assented M. Potiron, plaintively. "He came

in this evening as I've seen him do before, but this time he turned his two eyes upon me like the glasses of a dark lantern, and said in a tone that made me run cold; 'You don't harbor secret societies here, do you, M. Potiron?' 'Not I,' was my answer; 'but why?' 'O nothing,' he rejoined, in a tone as uncomfortable as the first time. 'Only they told me you did; so I thought I'd just step in, out of friendship, and show you a curious article in the Criminal Code, which I came across this morning. It says, that any person or persons harboring conspirators are liable to be treated as accomplices, and may be condemned to the full penalties incurred by the people they harbor, — transportation for instance, or penal servitude for life.' M. Potiron choked slightly as he pronounced this last sentence, and was going to proceed with further gloomy developments, when his wife cut him short by telling him to go and attend to his business in the café.

"Let me talk to these gentlemen," she said, evidently reassured by a closer look at us that we were not so black as we were painted; and as M. Potiron delayed somewhat to obey, she gave a small stamp of impatience.

[Concluded next week.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. RUSKIN, the new Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, will begin, in February, a course of lectures on the materials of Art.

MR. D. G. ROSSETTI has a volume of Poems in the press which is to extend to 300 or 400 pp., and appear next spring. It will contain much early and much recent work. The sonnets recently printed in the Fortnightly Review indicate one of its sources of interest.

THE original autograph score of Mozart's Don Giovanni is preserved in the possession of Madame Viardot Garcia at her villa at Baden-Baden. It is handsomely bound in parts, kept in a carved oak case securely locked, and fastened to the wall of the building.

ONE of the London comic papers says, unkindly, that "His Insanity the King of Bavaria has given orders to the Meissen manufactory of (Dresden) china to prepare a group of 'Lohengrin and the Swan,' as a present to Richard Wagner. The swan will always remind the illustrious composer of the goose, his royal patron."

Mlle. NILSSON possesses a collection of rare and precious stones of considerable value. The fair cantatrice is also the owner of a rare manuscript of great antiquity, written in Gothic letters of silver by a Bishop of the Goths. This work was found during the sacking of Prague, and formerly belonged to Queen Christina of Sweden. It was given to Mlle. Nilsson by an admirer, the Count John George of Dubniki.

THERE is something wonderfully grotesque in the Japanese mind, with all its genuine force. It appears that whenever the Mikado goes abroad the upper windows of the streets through which he passes are closed and sealed up with paper bands, "so that no one may look down upon him," — not, that is, despise him, but stand on a greater elevation than he. At least, that is the theory in Siam, where courtiers are required to approach the sovereign hopping, like so many highly decorated toads, for

fear their heads should be higher than his. The Japanese custom was, it appears, observed for the Duke of Edinburgh recently, as a final proof of the honor in which the Mikado held his English ally.

THE terrible famine which has been raging in Algeria for the last two years has obliged the French Government to look elsewhere than in that unfortunate colony for its supplies of horses for the light cavalry. The stock of small wiry "Arabs" which were bred in Algeria, and which did such excellent service in the Crimea, in Italy, and in Mexico, has been pretty nearly exterminated, so that for the next seven or eight years, at least, it will be impossible to obtain these valuable chargers in sufficient numbers for the French service.

"EVERYBODY now plays Bézique," says the *Perrin*. "May we, therefore, suggest to everybody that it would be much more rational to count by units instead of by tens, as it is at present the fashion to do? We would make the game 100 up, instead of 1,000, counting sequence 25 instead of 250; double Bézique 50 instead of 500, kings 8 instead of 80, each ten one, instead of 10. We are sorry to see that 'Cavendish' indorses the decimal method; but, surely, on reconsidering the question, he would admit that units are much more easy to count, and that our proposed method has the obvious advantage of simplicity. It would be just as rational to count points at whist by tens, and make 100 game, as to count Bézique by tens and hundreds."

A GERMAN paper tells an odd story of a trick played not long since on a landowner in an agricultural district of Silesia. This gentleman, a Herr Schrei, had a quarrel with a neighbor, which led to a long correspondence, and in one of his letters he greatly provoked his antagonist by speaking ironically of the "Attic salt" with which he flavored his epistolary style. A few days after there appeared in the local paper the following advertisement: "Attic salt and other salts for cattle may always be obtained at my farm.—Schrei." This advertisement immediately attracted the attention of a zealous official who was employed in the district to administer the salt monopoly of the Government, and he directed one of his subordinates to go at once to Herr Schrei's farm and search the premises for the salt in question. The subordinate, after going all over the farm and looking in every corner for the smuggled commodity, reported as follows: "Having learnt from the local paper that a foreign salt under the name of 'Attic salt' had been imported into this district, I searched the house and farm of the farmer Schrei, who had been suspected of the fraud; but no trace of Attic salt was to be found about him."

SPEAKING of Professor Max Müller's remarkable lecture on the Buddhist doctrine of annihilation (which we printed last week), the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "In this lecture, remarkable alike for its profound investigation and the finished brevity and clearness of its style, the professor discussed and controverted the popular superficial notion that the religion of the vast majority of mankind, and which, according to the testimony of a Roman Catholic bishop, had anticipated the purest moral doctrines of the Christian faith, offers its believers no more consoling and satisfying solution of the great mysteries of evil and death than the repose

of Buddha and the corruptions engrafted upon it, he shows that the Nirvāna, to which every true Buddhist should aspire, was, as the founder taught, nothing more nor less than perfect renunciation and supreme resignation. It cannot be indifferent to the Christian world to learn that a religion which is still held by the largest portion of the human race is not based upon Annihilation. Mr. Max Müller concluded his lecture with a touching apology from the Buddhist Scriptures, in which the true doctrine of Nirvāna renunciation and resignation is embalmed."

A NOTEWORTHY mural picture has just been completed in University Hall, Gordon Square, a college of which the late Crabb Robinson "was one of the most active founders and which he had in his lifetime largely endowed." The purport and nature of this memorial are clearly indicated in Mr. Sadler's "Reminiscences," as follows: "It is intended to decorate the ends and sides of the dining-room, which are well suited for the purpose, with a mural painting in monochrome by Edward Armitage, Esq., A. R. A., having for its subject Henry Crabb Robinson surrounded by many of his most distinguished literary and artistic friends. The aim will be to represent these distinguished persons rather as they have been graven on Mr. Robinson's memory, and have presented themselves to him in his happiest reveries, than with reference to any chronological or local arrangement." An English paper thus describes the painting: "The picture disposes itself into six groups. On the farther left Mrs. Barbauld is seen in earnest talk with Mr. Wakefield; Godwin, Hazlitt, Clarkson, and Walter Savage Landor stand by. Next is a company over which Wilhelm von Schlegel and Mme. de Staël preside. The Germans have a compartment to themselves, wherein the well-marked portraits of Goethe and Schiller at once arrest the eye; 'the Lake poets' also hold a conspicuous position. The next scene opens darkly with the grand, wild head of Edward Irving; beneath Samuel Rogers has taken his seat. On a sofa near at hand Lady Byron is listening to the Rev. F. W. Robertson, — neither portrait being flattered. Talfourd, Arnold, Bunsen, and others are near. The selection has been made by 'the committee'; the pictorial treatment we owe to Mr. Armitage. The picture is fifty-six feet long, and the figures, thirty-four in number, are somewhat over life-size."

THE London Times sounds a fearful note of alarm. It is much to be feared, it says, that England, or at least London, is at this moment threatened with the invasion of a formidable disease. "We have from time to time mentioned the unusual activity of certain kinds of Fever in the metropolis and other great towns, but there is more to be told than meets the eye in the REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S Returns, and it will need all our vigilance to protect us from the serious risks of the coming winter. How busily Scarlet Fever is at work the weekly bills of mortality teach us only too plainly; but for the last three months a new and more insidious enemy has been in the field. To many persons — perhaps, indeed, to many medical practitioners — 'Relapsing Fever' may be a disease known only by tradition or description, for it is a fact, we believe, that for a period of thirteen years hardly a case of the disorder was seen in the United Kingdom. The 30,000 cases, for instance, treated dur-

ed not a single specimen of this particular Fever, although at a former period it had been alarmingly prevalent. When we say that it is known also by the name of 'Famine Fever,' we shall have given some idea of its origin and character, and yet it must not be confused with the more terrible plague which proverbially follows dearth. The 'Famine' Fever of which we have now to speak is not in itself or immediately a destructive disease. It is very rarely fatal, and corresponds in its principal characteristics rather with the 'Low Fever' of our medical nomenclature than with any of the more violent forms of the malady. It is dangerous from its extreme communicability and its distressing consequences. It is easily caught; it is easily carried from place to place; it is very difficult to deal with; and it leaves the unhappy victim predisposed by weakness and exhaustion to the attacks of more acute complaints. 'Relapsing Fever,' in fact, is the ally and provider of Typhus."

SPIRITUALISM, if we may credit its French organ, which appears twice a month at Lyons, is making progress in France, especially among the inhabitants of the provincial towns. Readers of this periodical are assured in an editor's standing note that "communications between the spirit world and the corporal world are in the nature of things, and constitute no supernatural fact; and hence traces of them are to be found among every people at every epoch; in the present day they are general and patent to all the world." A medium (anonymous) discourses to his son on the advantages of "la médiumnité," a word which has not as yet received the sanction of that sceptical body the French Academy. This spirit assures us that the faculty of "médiumnité est innée chez tous les hommes, quoiqu'elle ne se développe chez tous également, et la preuve que cette faveur doit être méritée, c'est que dans certains cas elle est retirée à ceux qui n'en sont plus dignes." In another number the spirit of Lacordaire, who delivers a discourse very different in matter and manner from any that he preached at Notre Dame during his lifetime, comes forward to declare that the Church is one and indivisible, and that le père Hyacinthe has suffered persecution for maintaining this doctrine. But by far the most garrulous of all the spirits is that of M^{me}. Fouquet, who, under the heading "Freely ye have received, freely give," communicates each fortnight certain new and sure remedies against all kinds of human disorders. In the most recent number is a communication from the poet Ponsard, who, perhaps from want of faith in French sculptors, returns to express a hope that the project of erecting a statue to his memory will not be carried out. In its place he would prefer a school for the children of working men; and should his wish be adopted by his fellow-townsmen, he promises that at each distribution of school prizes "son esprit satisfait, planant dans l'espace au-dessus de ces petites têtes blondes et brunes, allant des élèves aux professeurs, leur inspirera de chaleureux discours, de douces paroles de paix d'amour et de fraternité."

THE Academy publishes the following interesting note from Mr. A. H. Layard, touching the recent discoveries at Pompeii:—

"*Naples, October 14, 1869.*—Amongst the most recent discoveries at Pompeii there is one of considerable interest and altogether of a novel character. On the walls of a house of no great size and

evidently belonging to persons of the poorer class, was found a view of the Amphitheatre of Pompeii, of the city walls and towers adjoining it, and of a building of considerable size, apparently depending upon the amphitheatre, the remains of which must still be under ground, and for which Fiorelli is now going to search. Although this landscape is rudely executed, and is evidently the work of a mere dauber, it represents very accurately the general features of the remains of the amphitheatre now existing: the exterior staircases, built upon arches, leading to the upper vomitoria, the arena (the walls of which are represented as painted to imitate marble, and so they were found when first dug out), the city walls, and the towers, &c. The artist has recorded in his picture the fight between the people of Pompeii and Nocera, which commenced in the amphitheatre, and led to its being closed for ten years by Nero. Various groups of combatants are seen on the gradines of the amphitheatre, in the arena, on the walls of the city, and in the open space surrounding the building. Men are falling, wounded, and others lie dead on the ground.

"In the space surrounding the amphitheatre are seen trees, and stalls protected from the sun by awnings, such as are now everywhere erected in the streets of Naples; fruit and lemonade were probably sold in them: in one is a bench exactly like those in common use with us. Men and women are seen flying from the fight which is raging, some apparently carrying away their goods.

"The velarium is represented as drawn over a part of the theatre to protect the spectators from the sun. This is, I believe, the first time that representation of this important addition to a Roman theatre has been found; but, unfortunately, owing to the ignorance of the artist of the rules of perspective, it is difficult to make out precisely how the velarium is extended. He has drawn it as attached to the city wall, which could scarcely have been the case; and it appears to have hung in large folds, horizontally over the part of the theatre which it was intended to protect.

"Unluckily the artist has taken his sketch from the side facing the entrance. Had he taken it from the opposite side, we might have had a view of Vesuvius, which would have been highly interesting as giving the form of the mountain previous to the first historical eruption.

"This very curious painting is especially interesting as being, I believe, the only existing ancient view of a building, the details of which can be identified. If similar views of Rome, Pompeii, and other cities, executed by competent artists, had been preserved, they would have been invaluable. Unfortunately, sketches of this kind were made by very inferior painters, who appear to have amused themselves by daubing on the walls, whilst artists of a superior class appear to have confined themselves either to the reproduction of well-known pictures, or to the representation of the usual myths, fables, and legends.

"I may mention that on the outer walls of the building adjoining the amphitheatre, and which Signr. Fiorelli believes to be a kind of dressing and bathing place for the gladiators, are represented inscriptions, such as are usually found on the houses of Pompeii, and relating to the election of municipal officers. Signr. Fiorelli expects to find the original inscriptions when he discovers the remains of the edifice."

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SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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THE DEATH PENALTY.

A NARRATIVE.

By JULES SIMON.

[Translated from the French by MR. W. H. HUNTINGTON for EVERY SATURDAY.]

PART IV.

VIII.

It was long after nightfall; the rear of the hall was but dimly lighted, and the crowd flowed out slowly. The ushers offered with humane readiness to take us out by a private passage; but Marion wanted to embrace her husband, and drew me with such force, that I was obliged to follow her. When we reached the courtyard, the condemned were just entering it by another door, surrounded by gendarmes. Marion burst through the throng and threw herself on her husband's neck. As he was handcuffed, and was near sinking under the tumult of his emotion, an old brigadier of gendarmery held him up, on whose mustache there fell great tears.

The mother likewise came tottering up to embrace her children; but M. Jourdan stopped her, calling out to me to bring away Marion. He had trouble enough to persuade them that it was better to go to the prison and avoid the crowd. At this juncture came an usher bringing similar counsels from the judge-president. He was ordered to inform the family that every access to the prisoners would be allowed them, and that, if they decided to sign a petition for mercy, it would be countersigned by every member of the tribunal.

We returned by side streets, so as to avoid the multitude. Being come into the chamber, the father sank on his knees, the two women also kneeling behind him, and recited aloud the *De Profundis*, the women responding at each verse. When the prayer was ended, Marion rose and told me she was going to help her mother-in-law to bed; for her father and herself, they should pass the night in prayer; then, grasping my hand, she added, "Perhaps they will let you in this evening."

I understood her, and left immediately. I could not speak for the choking in my throat. And besides, what was there for me to say to them? I walked on to the jail, in the snow and bareheaded. The icy coldness of the night somewhat helped to calm the fever of my blood. The concierge let me in immediately, telling me that M. Jourdan was with them.

Under the control of one fixed idea, I cried out as I entered, "Well, have you signed your appeal?" They sat motionless, with flushed faces, their eyes staring on vacancy, and made no response.

"Talk to them," said M. Jourdan, in a tone that startled me.

Turning my eyes to him, I saw that he was weeping.

"For more than an hour here I have been begging them to appeal," he said. "This appeal will give us several months; much can be done with time. If some one of the band should be caught, it would be enough to make their innocence evident. For that I believe in," he broke out excitedly, rising at the same time; "my faith in it is now invincible; and if they die they take with them my peace of mind forever. But you see them just as they have been since the sentence, immovable as statues. I have begged, supplicated, been on my knees before them. I have talked to them of their father and of their mother, of the wife of Jean Louis, and of myself; I have plied every argument imaginable;—nothing moves them." Then, turning towards them and giving the younger of the brothers a vigorous shake, "Why, you unhappy wretch, this is a crime you are committing here!" and next, with an instant change of sentiment, he said, "In the name of Jesus Christ, for your father's and your mother's sake! pity for my sake—" And he kissed his head and hands, which he wet with tears. And so that indescribable scene of passionate dismay and pity went on. At last Yvonic rose from his seat.

"There is no justice," he said in a hoarse voice. "It is better to die soon."

We obtained no other words. They came to tell us we must leave for the night. Then Jean Louis spoke in a whisper, asking me, "What is she doing?"

"She is counting on your making an appeal," I answered. "It will be the death-blow of all there if you keep to your obstinacy."

"God's will be done!" he said; "my mind is made up."

When I found myself in the street with M.

Jourdan, it seemed as though my brain were reeling. He gave me an appointment for eight o'clock the next morning.

We had resolved to return to the prison at an early hour, and bring there with us all the family, in hopes to obtain our permission of free action. We found the father and daughter seated on stools before the dead ashes of a fire they gave no heed to relighting. They had spent the night there, motionless and silent. The father rose and came to grasp the hand of M. Jourdan. "Do not thank me yet, Nayl," he said; "I have not done with the case. I hope that I shall save them; but they must help me." There was no break in the settled gloom of the old man's countenance, and I saw that he had no hope. "The old wife is going mad," he said to us with an air of helpless distress. And I presently learned from Marion that her mother-in-law really appeared to have become unconscious of what was passing around her. For her part, Marion was active and resolute; and one could see that hope survived in her, and with it a firm purpose to will and do.

When she was sufficiently possessed of the occurrences of the preceding night by our report, and we spoke to her of trying to move the brothers, "It is of no use," she said, "since their minds are made up. But if the judge himself told them they ought to appeal, that might make a difference." Here was a flash of light for us. These few words let us into the secret of the persistence of the three men, who no longer believed in human justice and no longer desired to dispute their life, partly from despair, partly from disgust.

We repaired with all speed to the Royal Attorney. "What do you wish?" he asked of M. Jourdan. "I will do everything in my power to aid your efforts. Although the sentence is just, the thought of seeing these three, whose lives were hitherto pure, dying thus in the prime of their young manhood most painfully shocks me. I cannot sign the petition for mercy; but, when my report is called for, I can tell you in advance that it will be favorable to a commutation."

"A petition for mercy!" exclaimed Jourdan, "why, sir, they will not even appeal! They want to die, all three; they don't listen to us, they don't listen to their parents. But, M. Hervo," he went on to say, "we are no longer in the court-room; I am not making a pleading here. You see before you an old friend. You know that he is honest; you admit that he has common sense. Mark now what I am going to tell you: they are guiltless, all three!"

He uttered the last words with the emphasis of deep conviction, and the tears came to his eyes as he spoke. It was in vain that M. Hervo attempted to resume the argument he had addressed to the court; Jourdan interrupted, and with an extraordinary animation and an eloquence that I have never heard since from any mouth, he began a pleading, of which the effect was irresistible. He spoke of the confidential communications he had received and his visits to the prison, entering into the fullest detail and showing the integrity and heroism of those three noble souls. It was not a train of reasoning that would have succeeded with a bench of judges; but there, at that solemn hour, it was impossible not to yield to the empire of this ardent eloquence and absolute conviction.

M. Hervo was moved at first, then shaken. His scruples were awakened; and as soon as there was a doubt in his mind, he became more eager than

M. Jourdan himself to obtain a declaration of appeal. Hardly had his friend done speaking, than we saw him prepared to go out; we followed rather than accompanied him. From time to time on the way, he stopped to ask us a rapid question. We had an answer always ready. He was not persuaded, however, but he doubted; and for his tender conscience doubt in such a matter was the beginning of remorse.

We found the prisoners still together, for M. Hervo had requested this consolation to be allowed them. His first words on entering were, "I am come to tell you that M. Jourdan alarms me. I conducted your prosecution with a quiet conscience; but this morning I am startled. If you are guiltless, you must not go to the scaffold; it would be making me answerable to God for your death. During twenty years of official life I have been ruled by the sole desire of firmly and strictly fulfilling my duty. Hitherto I have been at peace with myself. The thought of a judiciary error makes me tremble. — Jourdan, draw up the form. Ah, you have it with you? Give me a pen. Sign," he said to Yvonic, with an air full of dignity and authority. Yvonic did not hesitate an instant. The language and bearing of this upright man had reconciled him with society. He had come to understand that justice might make mistakes, but that there was a justice. He was the one who was to be a priest, and although he was not the oldest he had a certain authority over the whole family. His two brothers signed after him. Hardly was the act completed than they became different men. Their stubborn mood of suppressed defiance gave way to anxiety and discouragement. M. Hervo had left immediately after the signing. We did all we could to revive their courage.

"But everything is against us," they complained. "We shall be condemned over again; all we have gained is a lengthening out of our death agony."

In those first moments we could not share their despondency. Happy at having overcome the obstacle that arrested us, we indulged in that feeling of release that always follows a success of this kind; but the following days hope left us also.

The judgment was set aside for some defect of form which I have forgotten. We rejoiced at it as a respite, without any of us daring to think of the future. Marion was admirable, dividing her life between the poor crazed mother, the old father, and her husband; always busy, as diligent in her attentions to everybody as in the better days, concealing her secret troubles, and never giving up to despair.

I had been with her to Saint Allouestre, Kerdrouen, and Bignan. We interrogated everybody. Everywhere we met with the most lively sympathies, but no testimony, no word, no fact that could change the character of the prosecution and authorize us to hope. We went a second time to Bignan after the appeal was granted; but on this second journey we felt that the opinion of the people was changed, a fortnight before they saw only our misfortune and unanimously judged it to be irremediable. Now that a new trial must take place, they were no longer occupied with the condemned alone; they felt the necessity of saving the others. Had not Marion herself obeyed a similar sentiment, when she told her husband in open court, "Rather die than turn informer"? They reminded her of these noble words while loading her with praises that were now so many deadly blows. The great politi-

cians (they are not rare even among the ignorant and simple) blamed our friends for having rejected the responsibility of the assassination. They firmly believed in their culpability and made of it their title of honor; but as has happened before with zealous adherents of a cause who know themselves safe from pursuit, they declared, with a vehemence which was not without a sort of wild eloquence, that it was cowardly to disown one's conduct and friends and principles for the sake of escaping the scaffold. Marion did not get angry when they thus insulted the condemned. She did not enter into discussions. She contented herself with saying that they had not done the deed and that therefore they ought not to be allowed to die. If I suffered my indignation to appear, she looked at me with surprise and begged me to calm myself.

We sometimes walked through the country as many as eight leagues in one day, for we visited from preference the isolated farm-houses, where we had most chances of meeting with refractories. Marion walked always in advance and silent, holding her shoes in her hand, which she only put on when we visited a curé. The refusals of aid became more and more stern as time went on, for the word had been given to that effect. The rector of Saint Allouestre, who had been one of the witnesses for the defence, bitterly complained that Marion was more formidable to the refractories than a company of movable gendarmes. She burst into tears, without other reply. We were constantly received with, "How! you here again?" sometimes even with menaces. I advised her to return to Vannes. "You will go back, M. Jules, if you wish," said she in her soft voice, "but I must keep on to the end."

In general, the women displayed less ill-will. One of them, who kept the haberdasher's shop at Saint Jean Brévelay, tremblingly disclosed to us the existence of three hiding-places, dug in the moor of the Ménéhom in the days of the old chouannery, and the secret of which was revealed only to the initiated. She told us we should run great risks in going there. We visited them one after the other, crouching in the third for hours together: no one came. Another woman informed us, after having us swear to keep the secret, that Jean Brien, with a number of refractories, was hiding in the ruins of Locmaria. This was our last hope, for there remained hardly a house in the country that we had not visited. The distance was long, yet Marion, although evidently worn out, almost ran as she went. We arrived about midday. Locmaria is neither a burg nor a village, but a ruined abbey, near which is annually held a celebrated fair. I was familiar with all the windings of these ruins, with the stone staircases, that led up to the height of five stories and suddenly ended in the open air, with the cellars and long subterranean passages, that were in some places fallen in and obstructed. We spent several hours in wandering through them. It was one of those great abbeys where formerly the daughters of noble families came to bury themselves from the world, which resembled palaces rather than monasteries. In a kind of underground cloister we found beds of fern still fresh, and traces of fire recently extinguished. There was no longer any doubt that the persons we were in search of were in the habit of repairing thither; it was one of their retreats. But there, as in the moors of the Ménéhom, would not our presence suffice to keep them away?

Marion left the ruins, came as far as Plumelec

(only a half-league distant), and there told me that she should return to Locmaria alone in the night, passing through the fields to avoid being met. I told her that I should not let her expose herself alone to the risks of such an expedition. There would only be danger, she replied, in case she were defended; and I could but recognize the soundness of the observation. She went as she proposed as night was falling. Being so well aware of how we were regarded through the country, I dreaded that I might never see her again and followed her at a distance, taking all possible precautions against being seen or heard. The entrance of the staircase was in the chapel behind the high altar. On the first step of the altar she remained seated, from nine o'clock till midnight, in the thick darkness. Towards midnight she heard sounds as of persons cautiously picking their way through the ruins; to reach the subterranean story they must pass near enough to touch her. Suddenly there was a whispering audible at a few paces distant, and presently the rapidly retreating steps of a number of persons, apparently careless enough now of the noise they made. She instantly rose up, saying who she was, and calling Jean Brien, Le Pridoux, and all those she knew, by their names. They shouted back from the distance that they had nothing to say to her, that her searches were imperilling everybody, and that if they fell in with us, — her and myself, — they would fire on us as they would on Blues. She ran in pursuit of the fugitives, following them as long as she could hear them. They fired once at her, probably to frighten her, and then broke into a fast run in fear that the discharge of the gun would bring the gendarmes on them. I was now only a few paces from her, and called out, "It is I, Marion." She admitted this time that all was lost.

I drew from her the recital of the above incidents by piecemeal next day as we were on our road back to Vannes. She bewailed the utter fruitlessness of her labors, constantly repeating, "I have done my best and done no good!"

I, who was not so absorbed as she in a single idea, felt at this juncture less inclined to despondency than to anger. These three innocents, then, were to die so! These men whom we had sought for so long, who had fled from us, who perhaps had meant to kill us, knew that they were innocent, and, for fear, left them under the guillotine! All this population, women, priests, and old men, took the part of the guilty against the guiltless! I was wellnigh ready to say with my poor Yvonic, "There is no justice."

We returned to Vannes on foot, for we were not afraid of fatigue, and we were too poor to hire horses. The first thing we learned on reaching the town was the arrest of Le Pridoux and Jean Brien.

LOST IN THE POST-OFFICE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

THE will lay upon the counter before me, and my eyes were riveted upon the large cover which contained it, and which bore the inscription, "R. Grey, Esq., Mitre Buildings, The Temple, London." Within it lay Kate's destiny and mine. Whether we were to be married or no before our hair was gray was the secret wrapped up in its folds.

To go back to the beginning. My father had been the junior partner in the old bank of Fletcher and Slaney, of Thornbury, which had come to grief, after an honorable old-fashioned manner, paying off all its debts, according to the custom of

forty years ago, at the expense of the firm, who thereupon became poor men. My father had many friends, and in those times, when political influence had its finger in the bestowal of all public offices worth having, the members for our Tory borough had little difficulty in procuring for the ex-banker the office of postmaster, then vacant. The bank-offices, occupying the ground-floor of our residence, were altered somewhat to suit the new purposes to which they were put. The public business room became a sort of outer office, and my father's private apartment the stamping and sorting place for the letters. The upper portion of the partition wall was thrown down, but left at a sufficient height to screen the inner room from the observation of any person in the outer one; yet it was open enough to make every word audible in either part, unless intentionally spoken in a whisper. In the course of a few years my father appointed me his head clerk, upon the promotion of the previous clerk to an office of his own; and our united salaries then amounted to £400 a year, besides the numerous perquisites which at that time of day fell to the share of the postmaster, such as private letter-bags, and the postage upon local letters. We had two under-clerks, and the duties were light; very different from what they have since become, as I am told. The penny postage had only just come in; postage-stamps were still an institution of the future, and money-orders had been a recognized branch of the establishment no more than two years. Only four years before, the stamp duty on newspapers had been 3*d.* apiece, and the wildest Whig had not yet dreamed of a penny paper. There were hours in our post-office when our two subordinates were more than sufficient for all the work of the place, and my father's post was little else than a sinecure.

One of the borough-men, who had been most active in procuring this comfortable berth for us, was an old crony of my father's,—both of them were Masons, and both dabblers in chemistry,—and also the wealthiest man in the whole neighborhood. He was a bachelor, and continued to live very much in the simple and inexpensive style he had been used to in poorer days. His money had grown by lucky speculations and careful economy. A good number of his kindred lived about the town, all moderately well off, and more or less successful in life, except the brother next eldest to himself, who, having entered the Church, had gained no higher promotion in it than a poor curacy in his native town, with an income of £100 a year. Old Lawrence treated him with a kind of fretful, irritable brotherliness, which was but poorly plastered over by a yearly gift, grudgingly given, of another hundred. I need scarcely say that all the kindred were specially affectionate to old Lawrence.

His niece, Kate Lawrence, the curate's daughter, was,—well! I shall not try to describe what she was, except by saying that I was in love with her, and had been ever since I had first seen her in church, listening, with a beaming and loving face, to her father preaching one of his prosiest sermons. Everybody knew I was in love with Katie, for I made no secret of it; and Katie was just as simply and frankly in love with me, and made no secret of it either. Yet I am quite sure I had never asked her, in so many words, if she would be my wife; but we were tacitly, without pledge or promise given, engaged to marry one another as soon as

fickle fortune would permit it. When that would be, the most prophetic soul could not foretell; for our lavish household expenditure at home, which had not been materially reduced upon the failure of the bank, swallowed up the united income of my father and myself; while my three sisters, now portionless, did not seem in a fair way to make eligible settlements. There was only one chance, a distant one,—when old Lawrence died, would he leave Katie or her father any portion of his accumulated wealth?

Six or seven years had passed without any brightening of our prospects, when, quite unexpectedly, one morning old Lawrence's housekeeper rushed in with the news that she had found her master dead in his bed. Only the night before, he and my father had been trying some chemical experiments, and the shock to the latter was so violent that he was insensible for some time, and continued speechless after his consciousness had apparently returned. Of course, my mother and sisters were in great agitation, and it was an hour or two before I could leave them, after assisting to get my father to bed, and sending for his doctor. As soon as I could, however, I hastened to the poor solitary old man's house. The streets were all in commotion, and the whole town seemed in a fever of curiosity concerning the sudden event, and what might result from it. In the house itself I found every one of the relatives who lived in the town, including two younger brothers and a married sister of the deceased; and by the side of the dead man sat Katie's father, genuine tears of sorrow blinding his eyes.

The excitement, once awakened, did not seem likely to slumber again till curiosity was satisfied. It was plain that the old man had died from natural causes; but as soon as the town was assured of that, the question upon every tongue was, "Has he made a will?" or, "How has he left his money?" I was myself devoured by anxiety, of which I was half ashamed. If he had died intestate, Katie's father, as heir-at-law, would come into possession of his landed property, and into a fourth part of his personality, which would be no insignificant windfall in itself. It was a subject which might well thrust itself upon me, in spite of my father's serious attack, which seemed not unlike a stroke of paralysis.

During the course of the afternoon, old Lawrence's solicitor, Mr. Snape, was announced, and I went to speak to him. He requested to see my father, with a very important tone and expression of countenance.

"It is impossible," I answered, "quite impossible; he cannot see any one. He has not spoken since this morning, when he heard of the sudden death of his old friend. Arnold is apprehensive of paralysis. Is it anything that I can do?"

"No, no," replied Mr. Snape; "your father is one of the executors to Mr. Lawrence's will, and I have brought it here with me, to consult him about it. The other is Grey, of the Temple. Under these circumstances, I suppose I must forward it to him; and perhaps it is best. It must be proved at Canterbury, and he can see to it at once."

"Why at Canterbury?" I asked eagerly.

"Because there is landed property in three different dioceses," he answered. "I'll send it to Grey by to-night's mail."

"Well, my father can do nothing," I said, wondering all the time whether Mr. Snape knew what were

the provisions of the will, so momentous to Katie and me.

There was a will, however; that far was certain. A kind of wild hope, which had been kindled in my breast, was quite quenched by the visit from Mr. Snape. I felt myself sinking into a gloomy depression, which appeared exceedingly ominous to me. For three or four hours I brooded despondently over the fact that there was a will, scarcely allowing myself to cherish a spark of hope that Katie was provided for in it; for how often does a rich man leave his money to the poorest of his kindred? I had nothing else to occupy my mind. My mother and sisters sat weeping in my father's darkened and silent room. All the windows in our house had the curtains drawn. At last it occurred to me that this was the last day of September, and that the money-order account, which was made up quarterly, ought to be balanced, and sent up to London by that night's mail. Glad of anything to work at, I went down stairs to the inner office, found the necessary forms, and set myself steadily to the task.

I had just completed it, and folded up my balance-sheet, when I heard a footstep and voice in the outer office, both loud, and of a kind to arrest attention. They belonged to one of Snape's clerks, who had come in to post his master's letter.

"Look here," he said; "I was to see you take this one straight in to Mr. Slaney; it's on no account to be left here with ordinary letters. It's old Lawrence's will, I guess. By George! I only wish that my name was inside of it."

It was brought in to me immediately, and placed before me on the counter. I did not touch it, but there it lay, a long narrow packet, not over-large or bulky, yet containing the whole of Kate's future and mine.

I cannot say how long I sat before it, fascinated, perfectly spellbound; my eyes riveted upon it, as if they could see through the thick cover, and read the momentous lines within. I never touched it with my finger even. I felt as if I no more dare do that than I would have dared to tease and arouse some deadly serpent. I am conscious, however, that not the shadow of an idea of opening it ever crossed my mind. At last I felt a warm smooth little hand laid upon mine, and Katie's voice whispered close to my ear. "What is it you're staring at, Harry?"

There was, of course, an entrance into this inner office from the house, and Katie had stolen in several times before, when I was alone, and had always spoken in the lowest of whispers, lest the clerks in the office beyond should overhear her; yet I started nervously at the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand, and she was obliged to repeat her question before I seemed to comprehend it.

"That is your uncle's will," I answered.

Her eyes met mine, and there was a strange look in them, such as I had never seen before, — an uneasy, troubled, almost sly expression. She had been crying until they were red, and appeared smaller than usual under their swollen lids. She dropped her eyelids hurriedly, and then she whispered again, —

"If there had been no will?"

I answered her as if that were a question, but afterwards it occurred to me that it was but an involuntary utterance of her wish.

"Your father would have been heir-at-law, Katie," I replied, "and you a great heiress."

As I was speaking, an alarmed and hurried voice called loudly for me from the interior of the house, — a voice so urgent, and strung to such a pitch of terror, that it drove every thought of anything else out of my mind. At two or three bounds I sprang up the staircase, and into my father's bedroom, where every one was in confusion and dismay. Some crisis of his sudden attack had come on, and he was to all appearance in the agonies of death. A friendship, too rare between father and son, existed between him and me, — a very close friendship, which had grown with my growth from boyhood. To lose him would be to lose half my life. I did not give a thought to my official duties; the Queen's mail was nothing to me; and during the whole of that long night I never left my father's side.

The next morning he was pronounced to be out of immediate danger, though he continued speechless, and seemed scarcely conscious of our presence. By dint of persevering entreaty, my mother persuaded me to go and lie down, when I fell into one of those utter and awful lethargies, deeper and more deathlike than sleep, which now and then seem to come to obliterate any impression stamped too deeply upon the brain. When I awoke I felt calm and strong again. Katie was in the house, and she and my sister lavished upon me those trivial feminine attentions so inexpressibly soothing after any great emotion, when one is suffering from the languor which usually follows it.

When the hour for making up the mail arrived, I went down into the office, and made some slight inquiries as to how the clerks had managed the work the evening before. They had been late, of course; but the mail-coach — there was no railway near Thornbury then — had waited for them to complete their evening's despatch, and they believed everything had gone off as well as usual.

But the return mail proved that everything had not gone off as well as usual. Our mail, leaving Thornbury at 8 P.M., reached the London office about noon the next day; and the return mail, not quitting London until eight o'clock of the following morning, threw the arrival of the answers to correspondence to the fourth morning. On the fourth day after old Lawrence's death, to the serious inconvenience of all parties, there appeared no reply to Mr. Snape's communication to Mr. Grey, which had been enclosed with the will, and in which he desired to be immediately acquainted with any instructions left by the deceased in regard to his funeral. The next London mail was waited for, but there was still no letter; and then the interment necessarily took place, while the solicitor addressed a second communication to the executor.

I awaited, with the keenest anxiety, the arrival of Mr. Grey or his reply, and all the town was on the tip-toe of expectation. The relatives did nothing but meet one another, and discuss the will in all its possibilities. There was a wistful look about Katie's face. It was nine days now since old Lawrence's death, but the wonder, instead of dying out, was growing greater every day. Why did not the executor come to satisfy the general curiosity, and set the general mind at ease? The mail-bags reached Thornbury about midnight, and were ordinarily deposited in the office to await the appointed hour for opening them at seven in the morning, which was considered quite early enough for the accommodation of the public. But upon this occasion Mr. Snape spent the evening with me, and when the mail arrived, he and I went down alone into the

quiet office, where I picked out the London bag, opened it, took out the bundles of letters, ran my eager fingers and eyes over them, until I came to the one I was in search of, and handed it over to the lawyer.

There was a dead silence in the hour and place, only the clock ticking off the seconds as evenly as if nothing was happening. I watched Mr. Snape's face hungrily, as if it would reflect and disclose what he was reading. The letter was brief, but he read it over twice. It seemed a very long pause of suspense to me, yet I suppose three minutes had scarcely passed.

"He says he has never heard of old Lawrence's death!" exclaimed Mr. Snape at length; "he knows nothing about his will—has never received it!"

"Never received it!" I repeated, "not received it! But I could take my oath it went from this office."

"Did you see it go into the bag yourself?" asked Mr. Snape.

I hesitated a minute or two, for that deep, lethargic sleep I spoke of had dimmed my recollections of that night. I remembered it was the night I had left the two under-clerks to do all the work alone, while I was watching beside my father; but I recalled also the exact spot where I had left the will on the counter, reared up against the folded money-order account, which had been duly acknowledged as received. If one had gone safely, why not the other?

"No," I answered, after that long pause; "I took it in, and left it here on the counter; but the clerks did the work that evening. It would be impossible for them to overlook it. Besides, we should have found it the next day if it had been left behind; and I should certainly have informed you of the irregularity. No. It *must* have gone from here."

So said the elder clerk, when we questioned him in the morning. He could not positively swear to it, because they had been hurried and flurried over their work; but he was quite sure it must have gone, if it had been on the counter as I described. The other clerk, who had taken it in, and knew it to be old Lawrence's will, had not made up the London bag, or he would have taken special notice of it, and would have been able to swear to it. Still, both of them were very positive that it had not been left behind; though it might have got into the wrong bag, and been missent.

"I'll go up to London by to-night's mail," said Mr. Snape.

Nothing could be more significant of the importance of the document; for a journey to London by coach, occupying sixteen hours at the swiftest, was not undertaken for a trifle. The anxiety which had been devouring me was now sharpened to a keener point; but both Mr. Snape and I wished to keep the affair quiet as long as possible, and I said nothing about it to any one, my father being still too ill to have it confided to him. As for the clerks, both being unmarried men, there was little danger of their telling tales out of school, after being once warned to keep it to themselves for the present.

But the anxiety I had suffered before was security itself compared with my consternation and disquietude when Mr. Snape returned, accompanied by Mr. Grey, who asserted that he had seen nothing whatever of the packet which had been posted in our office. There was not the shadow of a doubt of that last circumstance. The clerk who received it and I myself were compelled to admit that it had been safely deposited with us; but no trace of

it could be found beyond that. Both Snape and Grey had been to the General Post-Office to make inquiries there, but nothing was known of it. The whole onus of the disappearance rested upon our office, and the three persons within it.

It was simply impossible to keep the mysterious loss of old Lawrence's will any longer a secret. The relatives were ready to pull Mr. Grey to pieces as soon as he showed his face in the town. Was it not shameful, scandalous, that a fortnight had already dragged by, and no one knew how a quarter of a million of money—for rumors said the old man's wealth was no less—had been bequeathed? With real reluctance Grey made known the facts. There had been a will; he and the postmaster were executors; it had been posted for him on the night after old Lawrence's death, and nothing more was known about it.

The excitement in the town was tenfold, a hundred-fold greater now than on the occasion of the testator's sudden death. Our post-office was besieged, and the clerks plied with questions, while I kept myself safely out of sight in the inner office, brooding in perplexity over the singular occurrence. I could arrive at no other conclusion than that the packet must have slipped into a wrong bag, and so been missent. Of course there were worrying inquiries made by the London authorities, to which I could give no other reply than this supposition. The affair was of such importance that official circulars were despatched to most of the offices in the kingdom, requiring any information concerning any missent letters; and in the course of a few weeks a handsome reward was offered for the discovery of the missing document.

About five weeks after old Lawrence's death I received a summons to present myself before the surveyor of the district, a Mr. Talbot, who lived sixteen miles or so from Thornbury. He, too, was an old friend of our family, and had assisted in obtaining the post-office for my father. He was one of those jovial, courteous old gentlemen of a past generation, who liked to make his own, and every one's life as easy and agreeable as possible, and who had somewhat of an aristocratic contempt for the exacting public,—far less exacting than now. I received a cordial greeting from him, was set down to a good dinner, and forbidden to speak of business until he began, which he did over our wine.

"Now, Harry, just tell me all about it as shortly as possible," said Mr. Talbot; and I obeyed him.

"But this is a dence of a mess!" he exclaimed, when I had finished. "The will must be found, sir. The authorities insist upon it, and I will not answer for the consequences if there is much longer delay. Do you know what your townsmen are saying, my boy?"

His manner had changed from consternation to anger, and then into compassion, as he spoke; but I only looked into his friendly face and shook my head in reply.

"They say just this," he continued, "neither more nor less,—that the will is in your own possession. They say you are going to marry Parson Lawrence's only daughter, and by keeping back the will you expect him to come into possession of all the property."

"I should be a fool if I did," I answered, stammering; for this phase of my position had not failed to occur to me.

"A confounded fool," he added dryly; "the es-

tate will be thrown into Chancery, and the lawyers will get the best pickings out of it. Come, Harry, we are old friends; I knew you when you were a baby, and your father and mother years before. You might tell me anything, my boy."

"Thank you," I cried, grasping his offered hand, "but I have nothing more to tell. I swear I know no more about the will than you do."

"Could anybody else know of its being in your office besides you and the clerks?" asked Mr. Talbot.

Strange to say, — so strange that I marvelled at it myself, — until that moment I had altogether forgotten, or it had been kept back from recurring to my memory, that Katie had been with me when my mother's agonized voice called to me. Like some vivid revelation made by a flash of lightning, lurid and blinding, came back the position in which we stood, and the last words I had uttered. The events which followed had been so hurried and engrossing, the sleep succeeding to them so exhausting, that the impression must have been, for the time, almost obliterated. It returned all the keener now; and my pulse stood still, and my heart sank heavily. Katie had been there; Katie had seen her uncle's will; I had left her behind me in the office alone.

I answered incoherently, stammered, contradicted myself, and at last, for almost the only time in my life, fairly burst into tears. Never did a poor, weak wretch appear more guilty than I did. My friend — for he was truly my friend — urged me, implored of me, in vain, to confess all, and make him the confidant of my temptations and my fault; he gave it no harsher a name. It was impossible for me to cast a suspicion upon Katie, though, as I came to think quietly over it in my bedroom, — I stayed all night at Mr. Talbot's, — I could not banish from me the dread misgiving that here lay the solution of the mystery. I said to myself that at first it would be nothing but a girl's thoughtless curiosity which had changed into shame and terror upon facing the consequences of her action; and that every day had made it more impossible for her to own her fault. Then returned powerfully to me the fascination the mere sight of the will had exercised over me, and the conjectures which had rushed to my brain as I sat staring at it. A tenth part of such a temptation, I was inclined to argue, would be too strong for the curiosity of a woman, especially a woman the most deeply interested in its contents. Yet Katie was so good, so simple-minded, so religious; should I be forced to lose my faith in her? No; I could not believe her capable of a dishonorable and criminal action. Yet where, then, was the will?

It will be readily credited that I did not sleep that night, and that I was haggard and miserable-looking in the morning. The surveyor made a last effort to gain my confidence, and my agitated reserve produced upon him the impression that I was guilty. The last sentence he uttered, with unusual sternness, was to the effect that unless the will was speedily found, there was no hope of my retaining my office, even if my father kept his, being shielded by his dangerous illness at the time.

I rode homewards, wretched enough, and found Snape awaiting my return. Mr. Grey had gone back to London, after staying no more than a few days in Thornbury.

"Nothing discovered yet?" said Snape.

"Nothing," I answered, despondently. "If there

was, you'd have no need to come to me. I should be only too glad to let you know."

"It beats everything in my professional experience," he continued.

"That's no satisfaction to me," I said, in a testy tone; "the question is, what is to be done if the will does not turn up at all?"

"The very question all the relatives are asking," replied Snape. "Mr. Lawrence drew up the will himself, gave me no hint of its contents, and has left no copy. We are, every one of us, utterly in the dark as to his intentions. We cannot proceed as if he had died intestate; all the world knows he did not; and no one has a legal right to touch a penny of his property."

"Will it be thrown into Chancery?" I asked.

"There will be nothing else for it, if the will is not found," he said; "and, to let you into a secret which concerns you, some of the relatives are talking of a prosecution against you. But I ask them, What proof have you that Mr. Henry Slaney has abstracted this document? The abstraction of any letter or packet from the Post-Office is felony, such letter or packet being the property of the Postmaster-General during its transit, and the penalty is penal servitude or transportation. But how can the felony be proved? There may be good grounds for suspicion, strong presumptive evidence, — his own admission of having received the document, and a sufficient motive; but there is no positive proof, and could be no positive proof, unless it was found in his possession, or proved to have been in his possession, or in the possession of some individual who could only have received it from him."

"It's a pleasant position to be in," said I, biting at my nails viciously, which is no habit of mine, but which seemed to come naturally to me in these circumstances.

"If the will could only be found," answered Mr. Snape, with a provoking significance of tone, "all might be smoothed over even now."

"If it could only be found!" I said, over and over again, to myself. As soon as the solicitor was gone, I went up stairs to my mother's usual sitting-room. My father had that morning been pronounced well enough to leave his room for a few hours, and he was sitting in an easy-chair near the fire, with a faint smile upon his sunken face, which grew stronger when he saw me. It was a little brightness in the deepening gloom closing around me, and I forced a smile to my own lips.

"All going on well down stairs, Harry?" he said.

"Why not?" I answered, evasively, "why not? The work is simple enough."

He was easily satisfied about that, but not so easily about myself. What had I been over to Mr. Talbot about? What made me look so pale and anxious? Was there any coolness between Katie and me?

"She is a girl after my own heart," said my father, warmly, "a perfect treasure. Don't you let her slip through your fingers, Harry. By the by, now we are alone, tell me how poor Lawrence made his will, and what he has done for Katie, — something handsome, I hope? Your mother would not let me speak about it, for fear of excitement."

I hesitated for a moment but so briefly that he did not notice it.

"The will cannot be found," I said.

"Not found!" he repeated.

"Yes," I continued, hurriedly, "but every search

is being made for it. Snape is positive that there was a will executed a few months ago, but all he knows of its contents is, that you and Mr. Grey are the executors."

"Poor Lawrence!" sighed my father. "Do you think they have searched his laboratory well? It is not unlikely he would deposit it there, in his cabinet. Tell them to leave no corner unsearched in the laboratory."

I promised to do so, and made haste to get away. In the drawing-room I found Katie, in her mourning dress and bonnet, come in to go a walk with my sisters, who luckily had just started off before her arrival. She advanced to meet me with both her hands stretched out, and with her usual frank, pleasant, calm smile upon her face. There was no one there, and I stooped down to kiss her, feeling myself an unhappy guilty wretch, as if I were the culprit, and unworthy to lay my lips upon her smooth fair forehead, which grew rosy with my kiss.

"Harry!" she murmured in a tone of remonstrance.

"I am so miserable, Katie," said I; and on the instant I resolved to lay before her my position, to exaggerate it even, to paint it in the blackest colors; and then to make it plain to her that, could the will be found, all might yet be explained away, and smoothed over, without any public exposure. I did my best, and acquitted myself so well that she shed torrents of tears, her head resting upon my shoulder; but not a syllable did she utter which in the slightest degree hinted or betrayed that she had any knowledge of the missing will.

"Katie," I said, when I had exhausted all my eloquence, "you understand that no one now will come into possession of your uncle's property?"

"No one!" she cried, lifting up her head, and looking earnestly in my face. "I thought, if there was no will, my father would have everything. You said he was heir-at-law, and I should be a great heiress. It will not signify if you do lose your situation, Harry; I shall have enough for us both; and, if every one in the world thought you guilty, I should know you were innocent."

"But it will be thrown into Chancery instead of coming to anybody," I said, a cold, hard feeling towards her creeping over me.

"But Chancery could do nothing, after all, but give the landed property to my father," she persisted; "there can be no nearer heir, and if the will is lost, it is the same as there being no will,—if Chancery has any sense," she added, half gayly.

Very heavy indeed grew my heart. I attempted again to impress upon her the position in which her father, herself, and all the relatives stood; but she either could not understand it, or would not believe it. If it came to the worst, she answered, they would all agree to some arrangement for the division of the property, and her father, being the eldest, and the heir-at-law, would receive the largest share. She would be an heiress, and why need I fret myself about a paltry place in the Post-Office?

I could not, for the very life of me, look her in the face and say, "Katie, is it possible that you were over-tempted, and took the will?" Yet I could not shake off the growing conviction that this was the truth. I despair of conveying to you the hundredth part of the maddening conflict of my feelings during the next few weeks,—my love for Kate Lawrence, my disappointment, my strong desire to believe her innocent, my pity for her, my

close vigilance upon every word and glance which fell from her, my terror lest the truth should become known to any one else. There could be no suspicion of her in any heart but mine, which loved her so truly, and was willing to endure mistrust, cold looks, and angry insinuations for her sake, yet which every day was growing colder towards her, and more full of severe judgments upon her crime. Expectation was dying away in the town, and hope was almost dead within me.

It was not possible to keep the secret any longer from my father, when he became able to attend to business. A London surveyor, accompanied by a detective, came down to investigate the matter thoroughly; but they could learn no more than was already generally known. It was a severe trouble to my father, and serious consequences threatened him in spite of his plea of sudden and dangerous illness. The fact that he was one of the executors told against him with the strangers who were appointed to investigate the affair; for they appeared to argue, that he might have taken possession of the will, though it was illegal to do so after it had once been posted, and for some reason or other suppressed it, throwing the onus of the loss upon the Post-Office.

When nothing could be discovered by the surveyor or detective, old Lawrence's relatives held a family meeting to consult upon what was to be done. But it was not very clear what the law would permit them to do in such circumstances; and there was not one of them who would have agreed to proceed as if he had died intestate. Every lawyer in Thornbury had given some opinion, and received a fee for it, upon the point; but nothing was clear and certain.

Those were the most miserable three months that ever passed over my head. The changed faces of my townsmen, the suspicion attaching to me, and the near prospect of ignominiously losing my post, were hard to bear. But the deepening conviction of Katie's guilt, and my gradually decreasing love for her, were incomparably harder. She did not fail to feel the coldness and distrust of my manner, and being a girl of spirit she did not fail to mark the change by a corresponding change in herself. I pondered over such questions as these,—how was the will made, and what had she done with it? Had she destroyed it? Or was it still in existence, to be discovered, perhaps, at some future day to work a just judgment upon her? However it might be, I knew that my Katie was lost to me forever; yet not for worlds would I throw upon her the burden of suspicion which weighed so heavily upon me.

The last day of the year came. There had been a semi-official letter in the morning from Mr. Talbot, intimating that the people of Thornbury were dissatisfied at my retaining an important and confidential place in the Post-Office, and that their complaints were about to be noticed from headquarters. My father, only partially recovered, was very low, and my mother and sisters cried at intervals during the day. I found myself, as usual, in the office about the same hour in the evening as when old Lawrence's will was brought in and laid before me on the counter, just as I had finished and folded up the quarterly money-order account. Another quarter was ended, and I said, with some bitterness of tone, "that there could be no objection to me making up the account once again." The forms upon which they were drawn out were

kept in a small drawer in the counter, and I found them packed rather tightly, having evidently been pushed in in some haste and confusion. The drawer would only open with a sharp jerk, and as I gave it, I heard a sound of something falling behind, while the drawer came out in my hand. I stooped to look what had fallen, and — you will have guessed already — there lay old Lawrence's will, looking precisely as it had done when it lay on the counter before me, directed to "R. Grey, Esq., Mitre Buildings, The Temple, London."

I gave a great shout, which made my father spring up from his desk, and I fell down on my knees before the empty space where the drawer had been, scarcely able to stretch out my hand to touch the will. How it had got there was plain enough to me. I had left it lying amongst the forms, which were not unlike it in shape and size, and the clerks, coming in to their hurried and unaccustomed work, had cleared the counter after a summary fashion, by sweeping them all away together into the drawer beneath, which was used for no other purpose, and never opened except on the last days of March, June, September, and December. It had been lying there all the while, under my hand a score of times a day, while I had been suffering one of the bitterest conflicts a man can suffer for it.

When I looked round, with the will in my trembling hand, there stood my father and the two clerks from the outer office, who had rushed in on hearing my shout, while through the door which they had left open, a lucky unit of the public surveyed the scene.

"Old Lawrence's will!" I gasped, and the unit immediately darted into the streets to proclaim the discovery.

Almost before I could recover my voice, which sounded choked and unnatural in my own ears, or had risen from my knees and picked up the fallen drawer, the outer office was invaded by a crowd of excited and anxious inquirers, some of whom pressed into our sanctum, and began shaking hands with me in that frenzy of good-will and congratulation which now and then breaks out among the sympathizing public.

Old Lawrence's relatives were not long behind their townspeople; they came in agitated numbers, Katie and her father among them, with Mr. Grey, who had been spending his Christmas at Thornbury. She looked pale, and my heart smote me for my base, treacherous, insane suspicions of her. She neither glanced at me nor spoke to me, and when my father invited all the relatives and Mr. Snape to go on into the house, she passed me, as I stood humbly at the door, with averted eyes and a high dignified carriage.

As both Gray and Snape were present, it was unanimously agreed that the will should be opened and read upon the spot. Several persons, with no immediate interest in it, had made their way into our drawing-room, and as nobody seemed inclined to turn them out, I also remained, standing against the fireplace, and watching steadfastly for some glance from Katie's eyes.

Mr. Snape opened the will sharply, and started off at reading it, with none of his professional deliberation and delay, but as if he was as eager to get at its contents as any person present. It was a short document, and did not take many minutes to get through at the pace he read it. The property was worth about £70,000; thirty thousand of which was left in legacies to old Lawrence's broth-

ers and sister, and the residue bequeathed to the testator's beloved niece, Catherine Lawrence, on the sole condition that she married Henry Slaney, the son of his old friend George Slaney, postmaster of Thornbury. If otherwise, it was to be divided equally among his brothers and sister.

All that followed may easily be guessed. I had to make a thousand protestations of my love, and implore Katie again and again to consent to be my wife, — a thing which we had both taken for granted years before old Lawrence's will was lost in the Post-Office. My situation remained my own, until she relented, which she did not do until by my father's advice I confessed to her the reasons which had caused my change of manner towards her, — the painful suspicions which had thrust themselves upon me, and the bitter sorrow they had produced. We were married at last, to the concealed disappointment and chagrin of her affectionate relatives; and I ceased to be among the number of Post-Office clerks.

OUR SECRET SOCIETY.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE "COUP-D'ÉTAT."

LOUIS CREME, who was nearest the door, ushered out M. Potiron with much civility, and then returned with no less civility to talk to his wife. Camille, whose boldness always forsook him in the face of the adverse sex, remained silent.

"Why, Madame," softly murmured Louis, "how could you think that we wished to overthrow the Republic? On the contrary, we are republicans to the core, and would give women as well as men a vote."

"It's a fact," observed Toupie, tenderly; "so that had we the management of affairs, Madame would have three votes to dispose of, — her own, her husband's, and mine, if she deigned to accept it."

"Then it's not true that you're conspiring to bring back the Bourbons and the white flag?" asked Madame Potiron, timidly.

Maximilien Destouffes cracked his fingers and gave a gaunt chuckle. Camille smiled. The rest of us laughed.

"Mon Dieu! gentlemen," said Madame Potiron, reddening again, but gathering courage, — you understand, I hope, that it's not I who would find anything to say if you brought back the white flag. I think, indeed, any government would be preferable to a republic, where men call one rudely '*citoyenne*,' and don't think themselves obliged to take their hats off. To tell you my mind, I'm tired of the equality which makes drunken, swearing workmen in blouses call themselves the equals of you gentlemen, who are always so nice and amiable; and I don't think much of the fraternity that makes people go out and shoot each other every six months in the streets, as they did when they killed poor Monseigneur Affre, our archbishop. I'm told, too, that the Count de Chambord is very handsome and generous; so that I should n't be at all sorry to see him come back. But you know what it is. We women can't have our way; and that horrible inspector says that the Prince President wants to give France liberty and riches and happiness, and to make everybody prosperous and contented, only that you gentlemen, and a good many others like you, won't let him. He says that you want to get up some more of those terrible street-fights, and to massacre everybody, and to make us poor women cry as we did in

1848, when at every corner we met men carrying the dead bodies of mere boys and children who had been shot down on the barricades. . . . Once again, gentlemen, all this is n't true, is it?"

This little speech cast a decided chill into our small circle. Louis looked down and played uneasily with his kept. Toupie appeared to have taken sudden interest in the movements of an erratic spider. Maximilien, Cascarot, and I looked sheepish, — there is no other word for it. A moment's pause followed, and was broken by Camille, who came forward pale but determined, and said, —

"Madame, the spy who spoke to you to-night was one of many who are prowling about at this minute to scatter falsehoods as the Devil did the tares. The only true thing he told you was that we are preparing for street-fights; but these fights will not be of our seeking; and if women cry and children are carried dead through the streets, the blame must rest elsewhere than with us. There is mischief brewing, and the mouchards you see hovering about now are like those ill-omened birds who flutter over the sea just before a hurricane. No doubt your inspector will come again, for he must be going the rounds of the cafés, to prevail upon good-natured people like you, Madame, to denounce those villains who are preventing the Prince President from rendering us happy, rich, and prosperous. It seems there are plenty of these villains about; and one of these mornings you may have the satisfaction of hearing that a few shiploads of them have been sent to a pleasant coast in South America, where they die, as they deserve, of yellow fever. When, therefore, you see the inspector again, pray tell him what I have just said; and add that there are six of us here who are indeed wrong-headed enough to be mistrustful of schemes for universal happiness which have such men as himself for their apostles. Advise him too that if the safety of the Republic is the only thing he quakes for, he may go home to his bed and sleep in peace. In a few days hence, when the Republic is really in danger, we will send for him if he likes, and he shall fight side by side with us on one of those barricades, which — I regret it for your sake, Madame — will not be erected for the Comte de Chambord."

Upon this Camille caught up his cloak, bowed hurriedly to the bewildered Madame Potiron, and went out, followed by Toupie, Maximilien, and Cascarot. Louis lingered a little behind, and taking Madame Potiron's hand to shake it, held it longer in his than perhaps the matter required. "Why is it, Madame," he said, gently, "that you should so dislike republics? Is it not a noble thing to see a country where all men are equal and all men free?"

"O yes!" she sighed, "if all republicans were like you; but they're not. O Monsieur l'officier," she continued, half-serious, half-smiling, "young men, brave, handsome, and courtly, should be marquises or earls. They should have all that is rich and splendid, — marble palaces, liveried servants, fine horses, gold, silk, jewels, great names, and beautiful women. Do you know, when I hear bright, well-born young men praise the people, and call the low riff-raff of the street their brothers, I feel inclined to say what I do when I find young girls wishing for husbands."

"And what is that?"

"Well, just this: You don't know what they are."

IV.

That night Camille and I sat watching by the open window of my studio while Paris slept. But we heard nothing save the periodical tramp of the *sergents-de-ville* on their beat, and the occasional hurried footsteps of belated citizens. There was not so much as a solitary soldier about, nor could we hear to right or left the call of a single bugle, or the sound of a single police-whistle. It was evident that the perpetration of the President's scheme for making everybody rich and happy at a stroke was adjourned for that night at least, and that we should consequently have time to lay our plans so as not to be caught unawares.

It had been arranged that we should all six meet at eight in the morning to hold a manner of cabinet council previous to commencing operations. Punctually to the time we were gathered together, not a man being absent; and upon comparing notes it was found that even those of the Hexametrists who had not watched had passed a sleepless night. The fact is, our society had been hitherto child's sport, and we were beginning to feel now that it was a serious business, on which we were staking not merely our liberty, but perhaps our lives, or at least our whole life's career.

We accordingly met, looking serious and quiet, though sanguine and resolute. But the same idea had occurred to us all during the night, that on the eve of embarking ourselves on such a desperate venture, we should perhaps do well to consult with one or two Members of the National Assembly, so that there might be homogeneity of action on the day of resistance. Camille had long held out against any scheme of this sort, wishing to share his glory with none; but I talked the matter over with him, and proved that, if all our revolutions in France had as yet resulted in nothing, it was because there had been no uniformity of aim amongst the insurgents and no concord between them. "We shall be weak and isolated," I said, "if we have no supporters in the Assembly. The Montagne party will not know whether we are for them or against them." Camille gave in to these reasons at last, and agreed that we should go and consult with the Deputies Clampin and Riffard, two great pillars of light, whose glory was filling the land. But here Louis stepped in.

"Why not go at once to your own father, Camille, whom I take to be more glorious than either Clampin or Riffard?"

"Yes," said Maximilien, "after all, the Deputy Lange has most right to know what we are about. If the Assembly were attacked, he would be the first whom we should go and protect."

"For that matter," remarked Toupie, "I think Camille's father can, better than anybody, take care of himself; I should be sorry to be the gendarme sent to arrest him. Nevertheless, I'd be shot sooner than see a finger laid upon him."

"Thanks," answered Camille gratefully; and yet he hesitated, having apparently an unconquerable aversion to face the Olympian satire with which M. Demosthenes was wont to receive all schemes that were not of his own making. "I'd really much rather wait before telling my father," he protested nervously. "I think he would be much more likely to think well of us after —"

"After we had all been shot," suggested Toupie. "No, but after we had done something to distinguish ourselves," added Camille.

As most of us were unaware of the amiable characteristics of M. Demosthenes Lange's domestic nature, having never been admitted to the honor of an interview with that hero, we set us to work all five together to demolish Camille's scruples; and succeeded so far, that after an hour's close reasoning, our chief agreed that three out of the six should go and sound the great Deputy, whilst the remaining three should start off without delay to scatter the good seed among the masses. The lots fell upon Toupie and me to accompany Camille; and, so as not to leave the latter time to change his mind, I proposed we should go off at once. Much as such a proceeding was contrary to the true spirit of republicanism, Camille, as I observed, began a most careful toilet out of all the available materials of my wardrobe. Toupie, whose large felt hat was four times as big as his own head, and gave him the appearance of an animated toadstool, cast a rueful look at himself in the glass, and then, possessed himself of a silk hat of mine, which he thought would suit him better.

The only one of us who was dressed as if a king were still on the throne was Louis Crème, who seemed as neat as if he came out of a band-box. "I think you had better come with us, Louis," said Camille, surveying him approvingly; "you will produce a good impression."

"Yes, it won't do to look as if we came to borrow fifty francs," observed Toupie. "That always lends a coolness to the interview."

"Very well," said Louis, "I'll come. Are you all ready?"

"I am," nodded Camille. "Good by, Destouffes and Cascarot; do your best. As soon as we have seen my father, we shall go about proselytizing too. Mind, we all meet as usual at dinner at Mother Riquie's at five. But we must n't go near Potiron's again. For the future we discuss in Henri's studio."

So saying, Camille led the way, and we went down stairs in a body, throwing a good morning, in passing, to Maitre Antoine, our concierge,—a sturdy republican, if ever there was one,—and to his pretty daughter, Miette, who stood upon the doorstep dipping her red lips into a big bowl of milk, not unlikely the milk of a lodger.

When we had walked a few steps, Camille turned round and said, laughingly, "Look there!" pointing, at the same time, to the house where his own lodgings were, about a hundred yards from where we were standing. An individual, evidently doing duty as sentinel, was walking quietly up and down.

"That's my shadow of the past week and my pursuer of last night," he said, concealing himself behind us, so as not to be seen by the functionary.

"So it is; I recognize him," exclaimed Louis; "it's the fellow I held yesterday by the neck. What a pity I did n't pitch him into the river!"

"Regrets are vain," remarked Toupie, sententiously. "All we can do is to pray for strength to act better another time."

v.

There is an electricity in the atmosphere which precedes political storms as oppressive as that which betokens the convulsions of nature. It is a feeling of general uneasiness, a timidity in the looks of men, a still greater timidity in their words, and an almost total paralysis in their powers of action. When there is a revolution or a *coup-d'état* impending,

men are restless. They have no heart for work; they scan each other's faces inquiringly, move about in a purposeless way without knowing why, and pass their time consulting that political barometer, the newspaper. On the morning when Louis, Toupie, and I went, in company with Camille, to call upon the Deputy Lange, Paris was visibly excited by one of those absurd rumors which figured every morning in the papers, but which always found believers, no matter how ludicrous or how impossible they might be.

I forget what the rumor was on this particular occasion, but men were whispering it to each other, with an expression of blank alarm on their faces. Others, less apt to be caught by false news, were conversing no less anxiously as to what they termed the dead calm of the moment. The *Moniteur* said nothing; the Ministers were silent. Such papers as the *Pilori*, which peaceful bourgeois passed to each other with looks of consternation, were allowed to talk unmolested,—a sure sign, according to connoisseurs, that something gloomy and terrible was preparing. As we walked we heard the names of the Prince President and M. Thiers, Lamartine and General Cavaignac, the Prince de Joinville and M. de Morny, the Count de Chambord and Berryer, bandied about in a confused jumble, without any rhyme or sense whatever. Here it was said that the leaders of the Assembly were going to seize the President and shut him up at Vincennes; further on, that the Count de Chambord was about to cross the bridge of Kehl with an army of Prussians and Austrians. A wilful grocer asserted, on the contrary, that it was the Prince de Joinville who was going to bombard Cherbourg with an English fleet; whilst a butcher maintained that he was on intimate terms with the public executioner, from whom he had heard that two new guillotines had been ordered by the President, one for the Place du Trône and the other for the Place de la Concorde.

M. Demosthenes Lange lived in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,—which, as everybody knows, is one of the first streets in Paris. I confess it had surprised us somewhat that so democratic a personage as the Deputy Lange should have chosen such a sumptuous street in which to set up his abode. But we were much more surprised on finding that the house he had selected was one of the most splendid in the thoroughfare. A servant in livery was planted at the door, looking all the image of those menials who wait upon the rich in countries governed by tyrants. He eyed us superciliously, and scarcely deigned to make way for us. "Shall I find the Deputy Lange?" asked Camille civilly. "M. Lange? Up the staircase, first floor, door on the right. Ring the bell, and his valet will answer you," rejoined he of the livery, stiffly; and he turned on his heel, Toupie the while making him a low bow, which was evidently accepted as genuine. We crossed a marble vestibule and walked up a staircase, thickly carpeted and adorned with gilt balusters. Louis was growing astonished and Toupie grave. On the landing was a deep bay-window, filled with stained glass, and richly enshrouded in costly winter flowers. The door to the right was of polished oak, and a fine leopard-skin fur was set in front of it in guise of mat. On a small brass plate, that glittered like gold, were the words "*Démosthène Lange, Député.*"

Camille, who had remained impassive, though a little flushed, rang the bell, which gave a discreet

aristocratic tinkle. Almost immediately the door was opened, and a superb valet, dressed in black, with a gold scarf-pin and an imposing shirt-collar, stood before us motionless and expectant.

"M. Lange?" said Camille.

"Does not receive so early," was the cold but polite answer.

"I am his son."

"Oh! pardon, Monsieur; be good enough to walk in. I have only recently entered M. le Député's service. I had not the honor of knowing you."

By this time we were prepared for a good deal, and had become dumb as fish; but yet we were not prepared for the sight of M. Demosthenes's apartments, which fairly stupefied us by their splendor. As we subsequently discovered, M. Lange had, during the worst days of 1848, profited by the panic, which had driven all rich people from Paris, to take on an eleven years' lease, for 8,000 francs per annum, a suite of apartments which, at ordinary times, he could not have had for 20,000. There were plenty of such bargains to be picked up by those who were speculative enough to venture upon them. Three fourths of the wealthy houses in the capital were shut up. The rooms held by M. Lange had been tenanted by a Moldavian prince, who had taken the train for Yassy at the first sound of firing. His magnificent furniture, which had cost him 150,000 francs, was bought by Lange for 10,000 francs down, a good sum of money for that agitated period. If only half had been offered, it is very likely the prince would have accepted, for the general opinion of everybody was, that the end of time itself had come, and that, at the rate of an insurrection a week, there would soon be neither houses nor men left standing.

The valet ushered us into an antechamber that reminded one of the Tuileries, and then vanished into an inner room, where ensued the following dialogue:—

"M. Camille Lange, sir."

"My son? What the devil can he want?"

"There are three gentlemen with him, sir."

"Well dressed?" (This was said in a roar that sounded like the bursting of a water-dyke.)

"Not very, sir."

"Humph! I'm going to breakfast. Show them in. I'll talk to them whilst I'm eating."

Camille, who heard all this, colored, and kept his eyes fixed on the door, so as not to meet our glances; he appeared ready to cry from mortification. In a minute the valet returned, and showed us into M. Demosthenes Lange's breakfast-room.

It was a masterpiece, this breakfast-room. The ceiling was dome-shaped, and ornamented with a magnificent painting, signed by one of the best artists of the day. The walls were tapestried with maroon velvet-like paper, bordered by cornices richly sculptured into fancy designs of fruit and flowers, and gilt. Admirable landscape paintings adorned the walls, and in the spaces between them were delicate marble statuettes set on pedestals, backed and covered with crimson velvet. The chairs and sofas were all of red ribbed silk, and the carpet was so thick that one's feet sunk into it as in long grass. A hundred little knick-knacks adorning the chiffonnière and mantel-piece testified that the Moldavian prince, whatever may have been his dislike for gunpowder, was a true friend of art. M. Demosthenes was seated at a table spread with snowy linen and covered with a *pâté-de-foie-gras*, a mayonnaise of lobster, a dish of *côtelettes à la Soubise*, and a bottle of Pom-

ard. He was dressed in a cashmere dressing-gown, lined with blue silk; his shirt, open at the collar, showed a throat as vigorous as that of a bull. He was not yet shaved. His legs were cased in flannel trousers, and his feet were loosely shod in sable fur slippers.

"What is it?" he asked, holding out one finger to his son, but taking no notice of the rest of us. "What do you want? I tell you at once I've got no money."

"I don't want money," replied Camille, quietly. "I—that is, we—have come to ask you whether you know that the Republic is in danger?"

"Republic in danger!" blurted out the Deputy with his mouth full. "Who put such tomfoolery as that into your head?"

"Citizen Deputy," said Louis Crème, throwing a tinge of irony into his voice, "there is a rumor in Paris that the President intends seizing some of the foremost Deputies and locking them up. In prevision of such an event we are here to say that we, your very obedient servants, are going to fight for you."

"What's your name?" bellowed M. Lange, taking up a cutlet with his fingers and gnawing it fiercely.

"Before the Republic I used to be Count de Crème," answered Louis, smiling; "at present I am Louis Crème, simply."

"Ugh!" grunted the Deputy. "I've small opinions of counts. I don't believe any good ever came of them. Such as you see me, I was a blacksmith and wielded the sledge-hammer. I'll lay odds there are not three picked men who could stand up against me in the whole Faubourg St. Germain."

"It's a pity merit is n't measured by strength of biceps, or else, Citizen Deputy, you would certainly be elected President," observed Toupie, who could not for the life of him have withstood a joke.

The Deputy seemed to accept this as a compliment.

"Who are you?" he growled.

"My name is Horace Toupie, and I am studying to be a doctor. But if I had had the shaping of my destiny, I should have much preferred being a blacksmith, and owning apartments in the *Chaussée d'Antin*."

This time the epigram went a little deeper. The ex-blacksmith gave a kind of grunt and harpooned another cutlet. "A pretty blacksmith you'd have made," he said, and then turned to me. "What are you?" he asked. "A sucking doctor too?"

"No," I replied, laughing; "a painter."

"Well," exclaimed the Deputy, licking some sauce off his fingers, "I can't make out what you want with me. You're as thin, the four of you, as lucifer-matches. Here, Baptiste," (this was to his servant), "bring in four glasses and a bottle of cognac. You'll take a drink, the lot of you, and then go about your business. Sit down. Chairs are meant to be sat upon; there are enough of them and to spare."

Baptiste came in bearing four tumblers and a bottle of cognac on a silver tray. M. Lange filled each of the tumblers to the brim, knocked his glass against ours, and said laconically, "There you are, drink."

Louis, whose St. Cyr training had well seasoned him for cognac-drinking, tossed off his measure in three draughts. The blacksmith bellowed his approval.

"That's good. A blacksmith would n't have

taken his lips from the glass; but it's well drunk for a count. Look at Camille there. You wouldn't think he was a whelp of mine. He shirks his liquor as if it were boiling pitch."

Camille had just sat down. At his father's taunt he got up, took his glass from the table and swallowed its contents at a toss. "And now," he said, calmly, "I think we had better begin what we've got to say; for in a few minutes I shall be drunk."

This made the blacksmith grin, but it also made him listen. Camille, Louis, Toupie, and I told him between us, in a rambling sort of fashion, all we had heard and what we had planned. We spoke of the police watchings, the rumors of a *coup-d'état*, and the increase of troops in the Paris garrison. We explained all the designs of the Hexameton, its ramifications among the workmen and students; and growing excited under the fumes of the cognac, we declared our fixed intention of dying for the Assembly if need be, and setting fire to the four corners of Paris. To our dismay and horror, M. Lange, instead of showing himself touched, shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and told us point-blank that we were four young fools; that a *coup-d'état* was an absurd invention of some of those confounded scribblers who were always imagining humbug, and that the President would as soon think of laying a hand on the Assembly as he would think of ramming his head into a hornet's nest. "Why, bones and thunder!" concluded the popular hero, "if he were to try any tricks of that sort, I'd go to the Elysée and shake him myself by the throat until all his teeth fell out."

We had reached the argumentative stage of drunkenness, and so continued to battle fiercely. This roused M. Demosthenes, who began to drink cognac too, and to roar like a buffalo. Another bottle was sent for, the glasses were replenished, the arguments waxed closer and hotter, and soon the room resembled nothing so much as the National Assembly on a day of excitement, every man hollaing his loudest, and paying no attention to his neighbor. After ten minutes of this, M. Demosthenes was left master of the field, we four having lapsed into the maudlin stage. According to the fashion of Homer's warriors, shouting a psalm over the bodies of their prostrate foes, he then indulged in a soliloquy: "What! a *coup-d'état*? and I, a representative of the people, thrown into prison, and caged like a rat! Why, these young boobies talk of the thing as if I had no more blood in my veins, or muscles in my arms. Police, police! What do I care for the police? Has nobody ever seen the Deputy Demosthenes Lange walk through the streets followed by the people, who pointed to him and shouted, 'There goes our champion'? Bones and thunder! with a call to arms I could rouse all the people of the Faubourgs in a day, and demolish the Elysée, until there was not so much as a stone left to grind a knife on. Have they forgotten '48, when I led the sacking of the Duc de Croissant's castle, and clove the head of the big gendarme Michon in two halves, like an apple? Have they forgotten that it was I who stirred up the villagers to lynch the farm-bailiff, and lent one of the ropes of my forge to hang him with? Why, the people of Paris know me as if I was their father. They know that I am republican to the backbone; and that if ever the Republic stood in danger, I would defend it with the last drop of my blood, even though all the rest of the country were to turn renegades, and I were to be

This last assurance was made with so much conviction that Toupie at once began to weep, declaring that if ever the Deputy wanted anybody to die with him he had only to send to No. 117 Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, and that he, Toupie, would arrive without loss of time.

But this promise failed to appease M. Demosthenes, who rose and paced about the room furiously, stopping at last in front of Camille, and bellowing to him at the top of his voice: "You little pale-faced goose! you told me that the police were dogging you. Why are they dogging you? Lead me to the policeman who's dogging you, and I'll settle him. You'll see!"

"It's for the *Pilori*," hiccupped poor Camille, who was gazing with a *beate* expression at the ceiling.

"The *Pilori*! and it's for that you've taken alarm, and come and disturbed me at breakfast! Why, what can they do to you, ninny? I've read your *Pilori*. It's as weak as mutton-broth. Hang me, if I should n't have thought it was written by epileptic parrots in the intervals of a fit. Bah! if you want an article for the paper, I'll write you one that'll make the cats on the housetops jump, and bring more policemen after you than would stretch in an Indian file from here to the coast of Normandy. Come, run away, all of you. I'm tired of this. When I was your age, thank Heaven! I could have trimmed any policeman who would have followed me in such a way that he would have been careful how he chose his beat another time! Come now, be off!"

But this was easier said than done. Camille was staring at his father with a vacant look, and rolling his head to and fro in an utterly dejected manner. Toupie had slid off his chair on to the ground, and was weeping bitterly at the idea that the Deputy should talk of dying without him. Louis was asleep; and I, the most sober perhaps of the company, was lying all of a heap doubled up on the sofa, and groaning aloud that there was an earthquake.

"You're a pretty band of republicans!" muttered M. Lange, indignantly. "I should like to know how much gunpowder you could stand if you're floored by a few thimblefuls of this weak stuff. Here, Baptiste, look at this. What's to be done? I'm hanged if they're not all as drunk as Poles."

Baptiste came in, tried in vain to induce Toupie to stand up, and then went out to fetch a big sponge and a basin of water, with which he began to bathe our faces. But the blacksmith had no patience with such mild treatment. "Here," he shouted, "this is the way to do it!" And he poured the whole basinful of water over the head of Toupie, who sneezed and coughed piteously under the infliction. "Now, then," he added, "let's carry the others one at a time, and put their heads under the kitchen-tap, beginning with this hobbledohoy of a count. You catch hold of his legs; I'll take his arms."

Twenty minutes of this energetic hydropathy acted with effect enough to make us know where we were. Putting our joint stock of equilibrium together, we had just sufficient to enable us to stand up leaning one against the other; only, when we tried to move, the machinery went all wrong and we fell flat in different directions. Seeing it was useless to expect that we could walk home, the blacksmith sent for a cab and helped us down the

on us as he did so, and railing bitterly at us for not being blacksmiths. When we were all packed together in the cab—

"Where shall I take 'em to?" asked the driver.

"O, that's your look-out!" growled M. Demos-thenes. "Here's a five-franc piece. Take 'em to the Elysée to call on the President; they want to pick a bone with him." And he vanished, shrugging his shoulders.

The valet Baptiste dipped his hand into my pocket to find an address of some kind, and pulled out a letter.

"I suppose this is their address," he said; "Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, 117. You'd better drive there."

VI.

I have no distinct recollection of what immediately followed. I have a sort of dim vision of a cab pulling up before a door, where there was a crowd of people laughing at us; of old Antoine, my concierge, coming out with the pretty Miette, and clasping his hands in astonishment; of determined efforts to haul us out and lift us up to my studio on the sixth floor; and of loud laughter on the part of Mdlle. Miette when she saw that for every step we climbed we tumbled down two. Then the scene changes, and I fancy I can see four prostrate individuals rolling about on the floor, amidst mahlsticks, palettes, broken color-boxes, easels overturned, and pictures smashed, and exhorting each other loudly not to desert the Republic. This scene must have lasted some time, for twilight closed upon it; and I remember two faces, as those of Maximilien Des-ouffes and Hugues Cascarot, contemplating us with speechless wonder. Then there was presumably another change; for I find four haggard faces seated round a table and trying to convince two more that there has been nothing whatever the matter with them. The conversation turns suddenly upon barricades and tyranny. Pathetic assurances of undying fidelity are interchanged, the Marseillaise is sung, and, as a proof that they are not at all upset, the four haggard faces resolve upon setting out at once to rouse the citizens of Paris, and warn them of the plots being laid against their freedom. The next scene is in the open air after nightfall, and tumultuous in its aspects. There is a crowd, a frantic uproar, six figures gesticulating and haranguing the multitude, a surge, a struggle, the appearance of a dozen cocked hats, an attempt at flight, a violent scuffle, a *mêlée* of screams and blows, a sharp rap on the head, and then—I remember no more.

* * * * *

When reason and the perception of facts were restored to me, I was lying stretched at full length on the damp floor of a place dimly lighted by a small window closely grated with iron. It was a room about twenty feet square, with whitewashed walls covered with hundreds of inscriptions in pencil and burned cork. There was no furniture—nothing but a narrow form running all round the room and fastened to the walls with clamps of iron. I rubbed my eyes, leaned on my elbow, and looked about me. I was not alone—far from it. The room was as full as it could hold. Three or four workmen in blouses lay snoring and apparently dead drunk. A soldier, deprived of shako and sword, was in the same happy condition. Two very sinister-looking individuals were smoking side by side on the form, with their hands in their pockets. Around me my

five comrades of the Hexameton lay reclining in various attitudes suggestive of unquiet slumbers.

We were at the police-station; in other words, we were prisoners.

Perhaps it may be as well to state what is the French method of procedure with people who have been arrested in the night. They are taken to the station and cast all together, thieves and drunkards, murderers or brawlers, into a place of delight called the *violon*, where they abide until seven in the morning, at which hour they are examined by the *commissaire de police*. If the charge be only a light one, the commissaire may discharge the prisoner at once, provided the latter sends to some friend to come and claim him. If, on the contrary, the charge be a serious one, then the prisoner returns to the *violon*, and waits until the "*panier-à-salade*," or prison-van, comes to fetch him to the Prefecture. This is generally about nine o'clock. Every morning at eight a dozen vans leave the Rue de Jérusalem and go the round of the different stations, gathering up the black sheep for the big fold. At the Prefecture, prisoners are lodged according to their means. If they can afford it they have a cell to themselves, paying two francs a day for the privilege. This is called *la pistole*. If they are not sufficiently well off to afford a cell, they are turned loose into a big common room in company with a few score other prisoners awaiting their trial. There are two of these common rooms. One is for the utterly disreputable, who are in rags and tatters; the other for people who are clean and orderly. The common room is at once a dining-room, sleeping-room, and recreation yard. At night beds are laid down in it; during the day the prisoners pace up and down, two or three together, or singly, as they choose. Sometimes a prisoner remains three or four months in this common room—(that is, in technical language, *au dépôt*)—never leaving it but to go between two gendarmes to the cabinet of the *juge d'instruction*, or examining magistrate, whose interrogatories are always conducted in private.

If I give these details, it is because as soon as I awoke and discovered where I and my unlucky friends were, I guessed at once that we were not likely to be let loose that day, nor possibly for many days to come. The charge against us would not be one of common drunkenness, but, probably, one of street-rioting, assault, and battery; or, perhaps, even one of sedition and treason-felony. Struck with horror at our position, I roused my comrades to take counsel, and in a few minutes' time we were sitting in a circle, with dismal looks, scarcely believing that what we saw and felt could be real. We had no time to lose, for the dawn had fully set in, and it was needful that we should agree between us as to what we should say when questioned by the commissaire. It was decided upon at once that we should, in the interests of the Hexameton, resolutely eat whatever words of treason we might have uttered in our ravings of the night before. We were to declare ourselves devoted to the President, and ascribe all our utterances to tipsiness. It cost us much heart-burning to resolve upon this course; but, as Toupie sagely remarked, the freedom of a whole nation must not be sacrificed because four boobies had chosen to get drunk. The one who felt most sensitively on this point was Camille, who would have to declare his name, and see the son of the great tribune Lange figure on the police-sheet in the capacity of

ragamuffin. It seemed he had been awake for a couple of hours, and crying all by himself at this humiliating thought. Louis Crème, who might with equal reason have objected to see the descendant of a crusader placed in the same category, bore his reverses with more philosophy, treating the matter rather as a joke than otherwise.

Whilst we were still deliberating in whispers, so as not to be overheard by the two sinister persons smoking,—who might, for all we knew, be *moutons*,*—there was a grating of bolts outside, the door opened, and a head, covered with a cocked hat, peeped in. "Now then," shouted a gruff voice, "come along one of you, no matter which."

This was the signal that M. le Commissaire had arrived, and was waiting to begin his examinations. We allowed the two smokers, the workmen, and the soldier to stagger out first. They all came back as they had gone, but with different expressions on their faces. The two smokers were a pair of thieves, and had a prospect of long captivity before them. The soldier was looking forward to a month's imprisonment for having slept out of barracks. Two of the workmen knew that they would be liberated within an hour or so, and were demonstratively jubilant; but a third, who was more hopelessly tattered and more profoundly drunk than either of the others, came back with a look of stoical recklessness on his face, and, to our infinite stupefaction, held out his hand to the lot of us collectively, hiccoughing, "Well, never mind—you're go—good fellows, and—and I do—on't mind being in the same b—boat with you."

"What do you mean?" we asked, recoiling from his embraces.

"Why, don't you kn—know?" he grinned, catching abruptly hold of Toupie's shoulder for support, and reeling heavily into the midst of us. "Why, it's p—plain enough! When I heard you l—last n—night crying, '*Vive le p—peuple! A bas le P—président!*' I said, '*That's my s—sort*'; and I shouted with you. And now it seems we shall be s—sent to Toulon, but I d—don't mind, for I—I l—l—l—like the look of you."

We all burst into a cold perspiration, which was not diminished by the fact that our drunken accomplice insisted noisily upon hugging us all round in the name of the Republic, one and indivisible. But our terror reached its climax when, after staggering helplessly about and trying to steady himself against the slippery walls, the republican workman lurched forward and rolled on to the floor, blurring out, "*Vive la l—liberté. Vive le—le Hex—hex—heza—m—métron!*"

This sounded like a death-knell upon us; but before we could say anything to one another the cocked hat again appeared and shouted, "Now, then, the next!" and as I was the nearest to the door, a hand was laid on my shoulder and I was pushed with more speed than ceremony down a stone-flagged passage into the presence of the commissaire.

The name of this official was M. Fouinard. He was small, important, curt in his speech, and lost no time in vain courtesies.

"Your name?" he said.

"Henri Lardé."

"Your trade or profession?"

"Painter, 117 Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine."

"You're a drunkard, it seems?"

"No, M. le Commissaire. I am really very sorry. Yesterday was an exceptional day. It's the first time it has ever happened to us. A friend had offered us some cognac; but I promise it shall not occur again."

"No. I don't think it will," answered M. Fouinard dryly, "not for a good while, at least. The charge against you is for exciting the citizens to rebellion against the Government. You are a member of a secret society called the Hexamétron."

"But, Monsieur—"

"Bah! it's no use denying. This scarlet flag was seized upon you last evening. This morning a domiciliary visit was paid to the rooms of all the six of you, and those papers yonder were found. There is enough evidence there to lodge you in Cayenne for the rest of your days. Your chief is an ill-conditioned young rebel, who writes in a blasphemous paper called the *Pilori*; the police have for some time had their eye upon him. Two more of your number spent their time yesterday going round inciting workmen and students to be ready to take arms at a given signal. Your pass and counterpass were "*Hexa*" and "*Metron*." You must be really a fool, my friend, if you think that among five or six hundred workmen there will not be a dozen or two who have intelligences with the police. Fifteen informations were laid against you in the course of yesterday afternoon. The witnesses are all prepared to swear to what I have said. You see, therefore, your case is as plain as a turnpike-road. The best thing you can do is to make a clean breast of it."

I will spare the reader the melancholy recital of the disasters of that morning. How we were cross-questioned one by one, squeezed (morally) flat as oranges, entangled in our speech, forced into avowals, and sent back crestfallen to the *violon* after being made to sign a *procès-verbal* establishing our guilt; how we were extricated from the *violon* at nine, handcuffed, hoisted into a yellow prison-van, stowed into cells where we had not room to move, and jolted through the streets of Paris with a mounted *municipal* trotting behind the vehicle to see that none of us escaped through the skylight; how we were stripped at the *Préfecture*, searched, measured, weighed, put into a bath, deprived of our money, and finally cast into a big stone-paved room, where fifty-three prisoners of various classes were already wandering about in desponding wretchedness:—all these things are written vividly on my memory and no doubt on the memories of my six fellow-captives,—(for the dirty workman was sent with us and inscribed on the police-sheet as one of our Society); but the remembrance of them is not such as any of us would take a pleasure in recalling. Our pride was laid in the dust, our dignity was gone. Our noble brotherhood, that was to have regenerated France and made its name known from one end of the country to the other, was torn up by the roots, and we, its six branches, cast bruised and broken into a dust-bin! What could we do but bewail and weep? We sat on a form all six of a row, clasping each other's hands and crying in silence. Through the tall windows opposite, but far above our heads, we could see glimpses of the clear blue December sky faintly gilded by the tint of the morning sun. Now and then the white clouds chased each other slowly in our sight, and we sat wondering where they were

* The *mouton* is a spy prisoner much employed by the French police. His mission is to enlist the confidence of his fellow-captives and to inform against them. The *mouton* is sometimes a detective in disguise, but more often a scion, who, as a reward for his espionage, obtains a partial remission of his sentence, and many little indulgences in the shape of wine and tobacco whilst exercising his honorable functions.

going, and feeling for the first time in our lives what it was to be without liberty; what it was to be shut up in prison, and to envy the freedom of the poorest insects who can grovel humbly and undisturbed. . . .

This lasted a week. Heaven knows how we got over that week, with its monotonous course of weary days. We had no papers to read, knew nothing of what was going on without, had thieves for our companions, and were nourished upon bean-soup served to us twice a day in tin pots. It was almost a relief to us when the yellow-belted gendarmes cried out our names through a trap in the door and led us off to be examined by the *juge d'instruction*. This happened three times in the seven days. Every fact that could be pumped out of us was pumped. The *juge d'instruction* who dealt with our case had the eyes of a ferret and a tongue as insinuating as a screw-driver. It would have been useless to prevaricate with him. He caught up our answers before we had uttered them; and had our words fully couched on paper before they had left our mouths. After our first interrogatory he told us we were dangerous conspirators, which struck us dumb, but consoled us somewhat, for if we were to be condemned for conspiracy, better, we thought, to be condemned as dangerous than as harmless traitors. After the second interview he told us we were mischievous apes, which was less flattering. After the next he seemed to have changed his mind and waxed disdainful, observing with a wave of the hand that we should certainly be imprisoned for a few years, but that we were not worth the soup we were eating.

This last insult kindled our blood and revived the flame in us. Up to that time we had been dejected, now we felt our energies renewed, and paced angrily up and down, brooding resentment in our souls, and vowing that we would make sensational speeches in the dock, and so show the world what had been lost by the untimely doom of the Hexametron. The thought of the effect we might produce gave us new energy, and made our spirits rise. We began to talk again as in the old days, exchanging promises of fraternity, and exclaiming that, after all, what had happened to us was not to be deplored, seeing that it would infallibly make us glorious and hand down our names to posterity.

We were greatly cheered too by hearing from some new prisoners who came in that the deeds of the Hexametron had astonished all Paris; that the papers had talked of the six young men who had tried to raise a sedition in the Quartier Latin, and called on the people to come and overturn the President; that the Radical organs had styled us heroes; and that a Cabinet Council had been held about us. After such news as this, it was impossible not to feel that we had towered in a short week to the height of Robespierre and Marat. We began to slouch our hats, to stride solemnly with our arms folded, to eschew the practice of smiling, and had already got into the habit of planting our hands on our breasts, as though daring the enemy to take our lives; when one evening towards five o'clock, we were called—unusual circumstance—all six together, and, without a word of explanation, led through a labyrinth of passages to the well-known room of the examining magistrate. It struck us as peculiar that there was only one gendarme with us.

When we had reached the door, the gendarme knocked and told us to go in, which we did with a look of unutterable dimity on our faces. The *juge*

d'instruction was standing near the fire, and near him, to our surprise, and not a little to our mortification, were the General of the School of Saint Cyr, M. Demosthenes Lange, the two Demoiselles Crème de la Crèmerie, Dr. Toupie, the father of Toupie, MM. Destouffes and Cascarot, seniors, and my own nearest relative.

M. Demosthenes was the first to speak. "You're an imbecile," he said to his son.

The General of Saint Cyr caught hold of Louis by the ear. "You'll be for a month under arrest," he grunted, sternly; "and you may consider yourself lucky you're not expelled."

Toupie, senior, glared at his offspring. "Is this what you call studying medicine?" he asked.

"It's studying bruises," answered Toupie, meekly.

"Well, you're a parcel of simpletons," observed the *juge d'instruction*. "Because of your good connections, this is going to be treated as a freak. The seven days' imprisonment you've had is enough for a piece of tomfoolery, and the best thing you can do is to go back to your books without frightening yourselves and others with talk of *coups-d'état*, which are as idiotic as they are idle."

Here was a fall! We followed our progenitors out of the room in perfect silence, but with our fists clenched and rage in our hearts. As soon as we had got outside into the street, Camille's father turned round with a contemptuous frown on his massive face. "If I'd been the judge," he said, "you should all have had a year of it with your heads shaved. To get up a street-row, and to be bagged like weasels,—why, it's contemptible! You see the President does n't even deign to treat you as adversaries. I expect he's made himself a nightcap out of your red flag." Saying this, the blacksmith shrugged his shoulders, as was his wont, and added, with a ferocious bellow, "If there were ever the *coup-d'état* you speak of, you'd see what I'd do. Bones and thunder! they should n't bag me like a weasel!"

There were declarations to the same effect—minus the bones and thunder—from each of our fathers, and after an hour's sermonizing we were told to go our ways and behave less like fools; Toupie received the gratifying assurance that his allowance would be curtailed, and Louis was given the order to join his school the next morning. It was close upon seven o'clock when we were abandoned to our devices and found ourselves all six walking, ashamed and sulky, towards my lodgings. On the door-step we met my concierge, Antoine, and Mdle. Miette, who laughed, and said she hoped we were better. Antoine looked at us with a droll expression, and remarked that in his day men managed insurrections better than we did. We learned it was untrue that anybody had called us heroes; or, at least, those that had done so lived in the opposite quarters of the city and knew nothing about us. In the Quartier Latin we had become ridiculous. The very cats we passed seemed to wag their heads in derision. A white dog who was sitting in the middle of the road howled so hysterically at our approach that it was obvious he was laughing at us. And to fill the cup of our humiliation to the brim, the *Pilori*, Camille's own ideal journal, which old Antoine handed to us with an amused grin, contained an editorial holding us up to derision as chicken-hearted conspirators, who had only succeeded in smashing one policeman's hat and two panes of glass.

We shrank up stairs wellnigh prostrate with this last load of obloquy. "Is this to-day's paper?" we asked of Antoine.

"Yes, gentlemen, it's just come in."

We threw a glance at the date: it was "*Tuesday, the 2d of December, 1851.*"

VII.

That night the Prince President put into action his scheme for making everybody happy and prosperous. Whilst the six members of the Hexameton slept, tired out with emotion and extenuated by repeated bursts of indignation, cabs and gendarmes were hurrying about Paris carrying representatives of the people and others to Vincennes and Mazas. It was neatly done; very. Some of the representatives struggled and protested; one or two of the journalists seized showed fight; but the majority of the celebrities arrested resigned themselves to their fate with an equal mind, convinced that resistance would only spoil matters and disturb the quiet of things. It was all managed in perfect good order, without any unseemliness in the way of noise or shouting. When France awoke next morning it heard that half its great men were under lock and key, and that the other half were hiding in stray places, so as not to be put under lock and key too. The first feeling was one of stupefaction; the next one of revolt. Republican Paris glowed at the news of what had been done. By mid-day the streets were full of excited and indignant citizens, who were only restrained from doing the most daring things by the presence of many battalions of soldiers dotted about strategically at different points of the capital.

As the day advanced the crowds increase, growing more and more excited and more and more indignant. Rumors were bruited that such of the representatives as had not been arrested were gathered together and were deposing the President. At every corner were large white placards calling upon good citizens to disperse, and informing people who ventured out of doors with weapons that the military would shoot them on the spot, — all this with a view to making everybody happy and prosperous. . . . Towards three o'clock, after regiment upon regiment had been seen hurrying through the streets with bayonets fixed and cartridge-boxes full, a stray shot, then another, and, finally, a sharp succession of volleys began to be heard. Then workmen and bourgeois, women and priests, dogs, children, and beggars, could be observed rushing affrighted and uttering screams of terror, whilst behind them soldiers laughing at the sport, and bravely commanded, loaded their rifles and sent bullets flying in front of them like hail. After this were seen heaps of dead piled up in thoroughfares where two streets met. Then barricades rose, night came on, and in the dark were heard more volleys, joined to cries of rage, shouts of defiance, quick tramping of feet and frightful oaths, as insurgents and soldiers fought hand to hand amidst crumbling masses of wood and stone. The morning dawned and it was not yet over; the work of making everybody happy was only half accomplished. Some barricades held good with stolid obstinacy, and had to be carried at the bayonet's point after desperate and fearful struggles. Then came the sweeping of cavalry, and after that the sweeping of shot fired by soldiers nearly mad, on the Boulevards. To the dead in blouses were added the dead in silk and kid gloves. Here, a pretty woman who had come out

unfinished cigar in his hand, who had been shot down dead in front of a café. A few hours of terror and panic followed, during which the work of happiness progressed. The soldiers were triumphing. Shops were closed, markets abandoned, streets deserted. Occasionally a single scream would ring through the air, as a frightened rebel pursued by soldiers would bound, with his hair wild and his eyes glaring, through a silent thoroughfare trying to find a refuge. Then there would be a halt, a clicking of gun-locks, a clear bang, and the rebel would roll over in the dust, having found his refuge. Towards night such episodes grew rarer, and the soldiers bivouacked in the open spaces of the city, pleased with their day's labor and toasting the President in double rations of wine. Around them the houses were lifeless. There were no lights in the windows. The republicans of the day before were hiding under their beds and in cellars. At odd moments a soldier would send a bullet through a window to hear the glass shiver and make his comrades laugh. A few hours later the telegraph reported that the city was quiet. The Elysée became invaded by visitors who hurried to pay their compliments, and — the work of happiness was completed.

And where was the Hexameton the while? The Hexameton fought. Casting aside the rancors of the evening, it sallied forth in a body as soon as it heard the sounds of firing, and joined in the shouts of the crowd who were crying, that the Republic should not be put down! that Paris would fight to the death! There were prodigies of valor performed during those two days. Three barricades were formed, and only abandoned when the soldiery had fought their way inch by inch over every paving-stone. At the last of the barriers the Hexameton saw two of its members fall. When the numbers were counted it was found that Maximilien the Breton was under a heap of dead; and that poor Toupie was lying — still smiling, and as though asleep — in the foremost place among our outworks. Our red flag — not the first, but a new one already riddled with bullets — served to cover them both, and a Sister of Mercy, who had been tending the wounded silently and bravely like a ministering angel amid the din of the battle, sprinkled holy water over their brows and gently prayed for them.

VIII.

On the 7th of December what remained of the Hexameton was making its way, powder-stained and panting, up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Camille wanted to learn what had become of his father, and the other three of us had insisted on accompanying him. Knowing how sturdy and honest was the republicanism of the ex-blacksmith, how deep was his love for the people's rights, how stern his hatred of oppression, we feared to learn that he had fallen side by side with the Representative, Baudin, and other of the Radicals who had given their lives for their convictions. His house was deserted. Baptiste, his servant, stood at the door and told us that an attempt had been made to arrest him on the evening of the 2d, but that he had been warned in time, had fled, and had not been seen since. Baptiste thought that he must have been fighting, for he had taken his big stick and a revolver with him.

Camille turned pale, but went away at once, thinking it useless to stay, and we walked back sorrowfully towards the Boulevard, going towards the

Place de la Concorde, with the intention of stopping at the Palace of the Assembly and asking if anybody there had heard of the Deputy Lange. In the Rue Royale we were stopped by an immense crowd that choked up the whole of the space between the Madeleine and the Obelisk. Flags were flying from the houses. Gayly dressed women were standing at the windows, with bouquets in their hands ready to throw. People were laughing and smiling. A double row of soldiers was bordering the way, and excited policemen were shouting to the crowds to stand back. "What is it?" we asked. "Who are you waiting for?" "The Prince," answered somebody, joyfully, and our next question was cut short, for suddenly a formidable cheer—deep, continuous, and growing in force as the waves of the sea—started from the corner of the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, was caught up on both sides of the street, and spread from the Boulevards to the Place de la Concorde. Hats were thrown up, handkerchiefs were waved, bouquets were showered down; and amidst all this, calm and unmoved, upon a white horse, rode a slight-looking man, with downcast eyes and a thoughtful face, who answered the shouts of welcome with quiet impassive complacency.

This was the author of the scheme for making everybody happy and prosperous. Around him fervent supporters, who had broken through the lines of soldiers, were rending the air with their shouts. There were deputies, guards, journalists, dandies,—all republicans of the eve, Bonapartists of the morrow; and foremost among them who should we see, waving his hat the most fiercely, vociferating the loudest, and clapping his hands most enthusiastically, but M. Demosthenes Lange!

There was a thrill amongst us, and then Louis exclaimed, suddenly, "I say, here, Henri, help! hold up Camille: he has fainted!"

IX.

What remains is soon told. As most people are aware, M. Demosthenes Lange was shortly after appointed a senator. He now calls himself Count de Lange, and wears yellow kid gloves, which are specially made for him (large "tens," with double seams). It is one of his greatest regrets that the "good times" of the second empire are passing, and that the people are growing daily more factious and more exacting. M. le Comte de Lange is of opinion that nothing will ever be done with France unless there is a new *coup-d'état* periodically on the 2d of December every ten years, and it is only fair to add that there are plenty of his colleagues who agree with him.

M. de Lange, however, is not the only one upon whom the cycle of years and events has worked some change of opinion. After 1851 the four surviving members of the Hexametron lost sight of one another, each going his own way on different roads of life. They met again, however, a few weeks ago, and by a mere chance, at a dinner given by one of his Majesty's senators, a Marquis, and one of the most witty men in Paris. They were announced successively by the footman as "M. le Colonel Comte de Crème," "M. le Vicomte Camille de Lange," "M. le Baron de Cascarot," and "M. de Lardé." Camille was a secretary of legation at the court of the grand Duke of Saxe-Gutta-Percha; Cascarot was a Prefect; your humble servant sported a small scarlet rosette at his button-hole. The four looked at each other, colored a little, and then laughed.

Perhaps they would have felt embarrassed as to what to say, but happily the butler entered at that moment announcing, "*Madame la Marquise est servie.*" And we all went in to dinner.

THE AFFAIR OF THE RED PORTEFEUILLE.

THE red portefeuille in question was a certain red morocco note-case. How, in the Rue de Jérusalem, it became "an affair," was the story its owner told us. And on this wise.

"It was safe enough," Dick Langley said, "in my inner breast-pocket when I left Spa that morning; and it was safe there too when I reached the Nord terminus that evening. But I had not been five minutes in my customary quarters at the Grand before I discovered that my note-case was most indubitably—gone—looted quietly, you know. The how was that clean cut through the bottom seam of the pocket; the where must have been in the crowd at the station just now.

"I don't profess to be much of a judge of this sort of thing; but it struck me at the time that the fellow who had operated on me must have been about the top of his profession,—so scarcely perceptible was the solution of continuity in my garment, so absolutely unconscious had I been of his propinquity. Still, I had lost some fifty thousand francs' worth of French bank paper, not one sou whereof was I likely to see again. So that it was with feelings of not wholly unadmired admiration that I was examining the traces of the spoiler's handiwork when the door opened and some one came into the room.

"I looked up, expecting to see Vere Lucingham. Vere was Second Secretary here then; an incorrigible *farceur*, who had, as such, a 'difficulty' with some victimized native to settle next day;—which business had brought me up from the Bad. But it was not Vere on whom the door had just closed.

"It was a slight, wiry little man, with his black hair cut close to his bullet head, with a sallow face shaved blue, and a keen, cool eye that took everything in the room in at a glance, and then rested upon me as though I was precisely the person its owner wished and expected to behold. In fact, I fancied the little man muttered as much to himself.

"So I asked him pointedly who he was instead of what he wanted.

"'Dard, Agent of the Sûreté,' he answered.

"I had to ask him what he wanted, then, you know. His reply to this was curious.

"'In the name of the law I arrest you,' he said.

"'Might I inquire why?' I returned.

"'You, Thompsonne, *alias* Walkerre,' the little man pursued. 'In short, Thompsonne, with an infinity of *aliases*. Why, for your last *voup* at Spa this morning.'

"He was perfectly in earnest, I could see; he meant every word he said. I stared at him. His smile was particularly irritating to me in my then state of mind. The window was open; there was the making of a good fall outside. I admit my first impulse was to dispose of my visitor summarily that way.

"'C'est pas le peine,' he observed, misreading my eyes; 'you would only break your neck.'

"He was so perfectly cool that I had perforce to get myself in hand again.

"'That,' I said to him when I had done it, 'is the second mistake you have made Monsieur—'

"'Dard,' he put in.

"Monsieur Dard, since I have had the pleasure of your society. It was *not* myself that I was tempted to toss out of that window. And I am not Thompson —"

"English pickpocket," this insufferable Monsieur Dard put in here. "Ah! you are not Thompsonne, English pickpocket? Really?"

"Really not. Your last mistake is rather a ghastly one you will find, I should n't wonder."

"Allons donc!" he responded, shrugging his shoulders.

"My dear Monsieur Dard," I went on, grinning inwardly now, in spite of my annoyance, and in anticipation of Vere's entry on the scene, to see how profoundly convinced my interlocutor was that he had arrested his Thompsonne, and how charmingly he mistook my modest assurance for the impudence of that hardened criminal; "my dear Monsieur Dard, it so happens that in a very few minutes I shall be able to produce unimpeachable evidence of my proper identity."

"Pray do not trouble yourself," he deprecated ironically.

"I am not going to trouble myself at all," I said; "my unimpeachable evidence will walk into this room of its own accord in about a quarter of an hour."

"Aha! And he comes from where, your unimpeachable evidence?"

"From the British Embassy, my dear Monsieur Dard. You will, I presume, admit, then, your mistake is the ghastly mistake I have ventured to style it? You will? Very good. And as you have only a quarter of an hour to wait before you admit this, and as any *esclandre* would hardly improve matters, do me the favor to sit down, light one of these cigarettes, and relieve my curiosity as to why in your wisdom you have arrested me as Thompson, English pickpocket, and what, supposing I am Thompson aforesaid, I have been doing at Spa?"

"Monsieur Dard looked at me harder, shrugged his shoulders higher, smiled more insufferably than he had looked, and shrugged, and smiled yet. I had, however, so far impressed him in some way, that when I sat down and lit a little roll of Pheresi tobacco he followed my example. Then he said, —

"You were at the Redoute at Spa this morning when play commenced?"

"I admitted I was."

"At the roulette-table in the smaller *salle*?" he continued.

"Excuse me; you are wrong there. It is well known I never touch roulette. I was at the *trente-et-quarante* table."

"At the same table," pursued the impassible Dard, "was standing one Hippolyte Bourdon."

"Who is he?"

"Whom you must have noticed place a red portefeuille —"

"A red portefeuille?" I repeated.

"Containing, it appears, in bank-notes, the sum of —"

"Of fifty-odd thousand francs, I suppose," I muttered, pensive at the recollection of my own vanished paper, the result of that run upon the Rouge that morning.

"No," Monsieur Dard returned sharply, "not quite so much as that. About forty thousand francs. A miscount, no doubt," he added.

"By Jove!" I ejaculated in the vernacular, unheeding my friend's sarcasm. "This is queer. A

"Your penetration is perfect," Monsieur Dard replied, with an ironical bow. "A red morocco portefeuille. Monsieur Bordon, as you noticed, placed it in the inner breast-pocket of his coat; and —"

"What! The inner breast-pocket, too?" The coincidence was getting more than queer.

"And you," pursued Monsieur Dard, "took advantage of the crowd at the doorway to —"

"And I will be shot, you know, if Monsieur Dard did n't pantomime precisely the manœuvre my *dévaliseur* just now must have employed to cut my red morocco portefeuille out of my inner breast-pocket!"

"Go on," I said, astonished. "What did I do then?"

"You rushed precipitately down the staircase of the Redoute."

"I wanted to catch the train, you know."

"Ca se comprend! You jumped into a *panier* waiting outside, and caused yourself to be driven furiously to the station, where you arrived in time to take a ticket, first-class, to Paris by the 11.37 express."

"I admit all that. Go on."

"In the mean time, though unfortunately too late, Monsieur Bourdon had become aware of his loss. He instantly communicated his suspicions — he had noticed you repeatedly at his elbow — to the Commissaire of Police. Oddly enough," continued Monsieur Dard, his eyes on me more maliciously than ever, the Commissaire was at that moment engaged with the Sergeant Rokerre — you know the Sergeant Rokerre, without doubt? No? Really? Not the Sergeant Rokerre of your own *Sûreté* from Scotlan'yar? Well, no matter; the Sergeant Rokerre knows you."

"The devil he does!" I interjulated.

"Yes. In fact it was precisely one Thompsonne, with an infinity of *aliases*, notorious English pickpocket, who had brought the Sergeant Rokerre from Bruxelles, where he had lost sight of his man, to Spa, where he expected to find him; and it was precisely this Thompsonne that Bourdon described when he described the individual he believed had robbed him."

"I don't say he did n't," I commented; "I only say he did n't describe me."

"Wait a minute," Monsieur Dard returned. By means of this description you were traced to the station; by means of it it was ascertained you had taken a ticket for Paris. The Sergeant Rokerre then communicated by telegraph with us, and took other precautions in the event of your changing your mind with regard to your destination. However, these proved unnecessary. You arrived in Paris at nine o'clock this evening. Monsieur Thompsonne is too important a personage for us not to possess his *signalement*. That telegraphed to us by the Sergeant Rokerre from Spa agreed remarkably with the pen-portrait of the same which I of course consulted when the affair was placed in my hands. So remarkably," concluded Monsieur Dard, "that though the telegrams specified such things as that travelling-dress you wear, as that purple and black plaid, as that peculiarly-fashioned cap, I had need of none of them to feel certain you were the Thompsonne I wanted the instant I came into the room."

"And you feel as certain of it still, Monsieur Dard?"

"Undoubtedly," he said, smiling insufferably

few abler *agents* than this same Dard. I was curious to hear why he was so certain I was his Thompsonne.

"Before I prove to you I am not, prove to me I am," I asked him.

"I will prove that to you in two words," he declared calmly.

"Well."

"He looked me in the eyes with cool triumph in his own, as he leaned across the table and said, —

"The red portefeuille was distinctly seen in your possession at the station *là bas* at Spa."

"That is very probable," I returned.

"Ah! You admit it? In effect to what good deny it?"

"I don't deny it the least in the world."

"No?" Monsieur Dard replied, rising with that confounded touch of melodrama in his rising that taints all Frenchmen more or less; 'no, you do not deny it, and it would be useless if you did, because that same red portefeuille was again seen in your possession at the station here in Paris three quarters of an hour ago.'

"I admit it was in my possession there too, Monsieur Dard."

"Because," he went on, 'you have held no communication with any one since, except with me; because, therefore, and in short, that red portefeuille and the forty thousand —'

"Excuse me, *fifty* thousand," I interrupted, spitefully, spoiling his peroration.

"Because," he repeated, 'that red portefeuille is — *there*!' and he pointed with unhesitating forefinger straight at that inner breast-pocket of my travelling-jacket, where indeed my red morocco note-case ought to have been.

"I could scarcely well help grinning in his sallow, blue-shaven face, at the sell and the swindle that was coming.

"The devil it is!" I replied, turning so as to expose that clean, artistic cut in my garment. 'I should be only too glad if you were right about that, at all events. But what do you make of this, Monsieur Dard?'

"Monsieur Dard did not seem to know exactly what to make of it for a minute or two, I thought. Then he smiled that confounded smile of his, and wagged his head, as it were, admiringly.

"It is very clever," he observed, 'wonderfully clever. But, my dear Monsieur Thompsonne, it will not do. Ah, no; it will not do at all!'

"Eventually I gathered that Monsieur Dard's opinion, belief, conviction, was that I had been operating on myself!"

"And to make one's self out so far from the robber as the robbed would not have been such a bad move on the part of the real Thompson, would it? It was a notion, though, which could only enter that individual's head, — or Monsieur Dard's; so that, to Monsieur Dard, I was simply more positively the real Thompson than ever, don't you see?"

"But that too clever little man's triumph was of the briefest. The next moment the door opened with a rush, and there entered, perhaps more precipitately than he had intended, an unmistakable subordinate from the Rue de Jérusalem, whom I presumed Monsieur Dard had prudently put on guard outside, followed by some one far more reassuring in the shape of Vere Lucingham.

"Some trouble to get at you, Dick," said Vere, when he perceived me. 'Ah! here is Monsieur Dard. Bon jour, Monsieur Dard.'

"Notwithstanding its natural imperturbability, the countenance of the *agent* of the Sûreté betrayed signs of exquisite discomfort at this salutation; for Monsieur Dard knew who Vere was perfectly well. He had taken certain instructions from the Second Secretary in a matter in which the Embassy had just employed him; and the Second Secretary knew me — Thompsonne, with the infinity of *aliases*, notorious British pickpocket, and addressed me familiarly as 'Dick.'

"Diable! diable! diable!" muttered discomfited Monsieur Dard in three different keys. If this were the case, why — The inference was as obvious as it was unpleasant. I was no more his Thompsonne than he was himself.

"At a sign the subordinate withdrew. Vere seated himself, and looked from one to the other of us.

"Perhaps I'm *de trop*?" he inquired, as if this idea had just struck him. 'You've business with Monsieur Dard, Dick?'

"No," I returned, enjoying the spectacle Monsieur Dard presented ineffably; 'it's Monsieur Dard who has business with me. Perhaps you can help him to settle it.'

"All right. What's the row?"

"Monsieur Dard has done me the honor of arresting me," I explained.

"Ah! what for?"

"Picking pockets at Spa."

"Serve you right, you know."

"And as being one Thompsonne, with an infinity of *aliases*, who picks pockets generally everywhere. Is it not so, Monsieur Dard?"

"Eh, bien, oui!" that individual rapped out; 'for me, I confess, you are Thompsonne. Unless —' And he glanced interrogatively at Vere. Which *farceur* shook his head dubiously.

"Such," he said, 'is human depravity, that, in spite of his ingenious countenance, it's possible he may be Thompsonne. On the neck of my conscience, Dick, I can't say you're not a swell mobster, and have not been picking pockets at Spa.'

"Allons donc!" muttered Monsieur Dard impatiently.

"But," continued Vere, 'I can say that, except in the legitimate way of whist and billiards, you have never picked mine. And moreover, Monsieur Dard, though you may be right, and society in general wrong, I am bound to add that by society in general, and by myself in particular, this person has hitherto been held to be one Richard Langley, and that, if not honest, he is at least written down honorable in Debrett.'

"Diable! diable! diable!" in the three different keys from Monsieur Dard again at this.

"So that," Vere concluded, 'before altogether renouncing him, perhaps I had better hear all about it.'

"Well, the upshot of it was that we all three beat up the nearest Commissaire; that my identity was duly vouched for, and that it was arranged we should meet the victimized Bourdon, and the English detective Rokerre, before the same official next day, when matters were partially cleared up. Monsieur Bourdon declared that though I very strongly resembled the individual who had stuck to him so pertinaciously at the roulette-table, yet that to the best of his belief he had never set eyes on me before. And the English detective decided as readily that I was not his man."

"Only you see, sir," Sergeant Rokerre explained,

'you really are so uncommon like the other rascal, — that is, I mean, of course, *the* rascal, — that it ain't no wonder we was put wrong. You had been noticed hurrying off to the station; we thought we was tracking *him* all the while. Our description of him hit *you* off so well, that we got that information about your gray jacket, and that queer cap you wore, and so on. Then again the description of *you* we telegraphed here quite fitted with the one they'd got of *him*. Altogether, sir, you see it weren't our fault. Besides, you'd been seen with a red pocket-book down at Spa, and you'd been seen with one at the station here. Which *that* were a odd start, too, you're having *your* pocket cut that way, weren't it, sir?'

"I had arrived at that opinion already; but as I had had about enough of this 'Comedy of Errors' by this time, I cut Mr. Rokerre's discourse as the 'Chorus' ruthlessly short here."

"Impossible as ever again, Monsieur Dard had played an almost silent part in the last scene. When it was over he saluted us comprehensively, and departed without a word. As his friend and *confère* Rokerre had remarked, 'all things considered,' the mistake of the French *agent* was excusable enough. It was nevertheless, though, a mistake, and it punished Monsieur Dard's infallibility sorely to have to own it was."

"But," he said in the course of a brief conversation we had before I left Paris, — 'but, *en revanche*, I think I can promise you, Monsieur Langley, the recovery of the money you were robbed of on the night of your arrival.'

"You have a clew, then?" I inquired, not over hopefully.

"I have my little theory. If I get *carte-blanc* to act upon it I will answer for success this time."

"Very good; but remember, Monsieur Dard, I don't know the number of a single note, to begin with."

"That is of no consequence, — you can identify the portefeuille?"

"Of course."

"Well, it is part of my theory that the money is in that portefeuille still, exactly as it was when it was stolen."

"The only thing, then, is to discover the portefeuille, Monsieur Dard?" I laughed.

"Precisely," he responded. "If, as I say, I am allowed to act, I consider that discovery certain. It shall be my *amende honorable*."

"With that Monsieur Dard took his leave. I can't say that he left me with any very abiding hope of getting my note-case again. It was, nevertheless, destined to become 'an affair' not yet forgotten at the Préfecture."

"On the Boulevard, three months later, I ran against Vere one afternoon."

"Well, my Thompsonne," said the *farceur*, 'and how is business, eh? Faked any more fat note-cases lately? I suppose so, for your old friend Dard was inquiring for you just now.'

"What did he want me for?"

"I could n't gather the precise crime you'd been perpetrating; but he asked so suspiciously when you'd be back that I thought it more leasy to answer him vocally out of "Kathleen Mavourneen" —

"It might n't be for years, and it might n't be forever,"

at which he seemed annoyed. So at last I proposed

for a certain sum down to betray you unto him to-night.'

"Don't be a d— fool! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm going to order a *mirobolant* dinner in here, and that you are to pay for it like a bird. At least, I shall think but poorly of you if you don't, when I have told you that — keep cool now — that our Dard has recovered the coin you boned from, — I mean the coin that was boned from you, you know."

"Bah!"

"And that your formal identification of your purloined note-case is all that is wanting to put you once more in possession of your ill-gotten gains, when, as a matter of course, you will invite us all to a dancing-supper at Brébant's."

"I may as well add at once that I was eventually let in for this entertainment, and then leave Monsieur Dard to finish the 'Affair of the Red Portefeuille' in his own fashion without further interruption."

"My theory," he said, 'was this: Monsieur Langley, not being my Thompsonne, had neither robbed Bourdon nor — as I had given him great credit for doing — himself; but, on the contrary, Monsieur Langley had indubitably been robbed by some one else. Now was it not a thing unnatural, almost impossible, to suppose that on the same day, in precisely the same way as he was being accused of having robbed Bourdon at Spa, Monsieur Langley should be robbed at the Place Roubaix of a similar portefeuille, containing a similarly large amount, by any mere casual cut-purse? To me it seemed so impossible that I rejected the supposition at once. I had, therefore, to conclude that it was no mere casual cut-purse who had robbed Monsieur Langley."

"Who then? Some one who had planned the *coup* at Spa, and followed the red portefeuille in Monsieur Langley's inner breast-pocket to Paris?"

"Much more likely. And yet the chance of success was hardly great enough in proportion to the inevitable risk, to tempt an artist of such *force* as Monsieur Langley's *dévaliseur* evidently was, to leave securer and more profitable business *là bas*. It is true my Thompsonne, who had imperative reasons for quitting Spa, might have taken this purse also on his way; but I had ascertained that my Thompsonne had not arrived in Paris at all, you see."

"I put this second supposition aside the more readily because of something I remembered suddenly."

"I remembered that that evening there had been at the Paris terminus, waiting the arrival of the express at nine o'clock, a man who, the moment he beheld Monsieur Langley, would be morally certain that in a certain pocket of Monsieur Langley's travelling-coat was a red portefeuille containing some forty thousand francs in bank-notes, who would have special reasons for watching Monsieur Langley closer than anybody else, and who believed Monsieur Langley to be Thompsonne the pickpocket."

"Remembering this, I quickly saw how this man, with special reasons for watching Monsieur Langley closely, might have noticed him take the portefeuille from his pocket, to get out his keys say; how this man, who believed Monsieur Langley to be Monsieur Thompsonne, might have hardly calculated on being able to rob him with perfect impunity, inasmuch as, on the one hand, even if Thompsonne

caught him in *flagrante delicto*, a word from one thief would make the other only too glad to hold his tongue! and, on the other hand, if Thompsonne were not to perceive his loss at the moment, he was to be arrested, so soon as he was domiciled, by me, when, his *dévaliseur* naturally supposed, there was slight chance of my prisoner proclaiming he had been robbed of the most positive proofs of his late operation at Spa.

"In short, I saw in a very brief while how this man might have robbed Monsieur Langley, supposing him to be Thompsonne. The more I reflected on the matter the more certain did I become that this man, and no other, was the actual robber.

"And he was, — the *agent* who had been ordered to "*filer*" the supposed Thompsonne on his arrival. The "*faiseur*" of the red portefeuille was this particular *agent*, I was finally convinced, and no one else.

"The conclusion I had arrived at was a very grave one. We are, we must be, invariably above suspicion in our *métier*. But I had arrived at this conclusion deliberately, and I could arrive at this alone. I laid my theory, therefore, before the Chef, and more effectively than I had ventured to hope. After some deliberation the Chef decided that, considering the importance of this matter to ourselves, I should be allowed to clear it up if I could. At the same time the consequences of my failing to do so were plainly intimated to me. But I did not think I should fail. Armed with the Chef's *carte-blanc* I lost no time in placing my "suspect" under surveillance forthwith.

"His name was Falleix. Certain protection had procured him admittance into the Brigade, where we knew unusually little of his antecedents; a fact which had no doubt had its influence in deciding the Chef in favor of an investigation.

"In my unavoidable absence, at the last moment, Falleix, to whom all the details of the affair must have been well known, was directed to await the arrival of the supposed Thompsonne by the express at nine o'clock, and in the event of my still not having appeared, to *filer* that individual quietly wherever he might go, — our object being to make the acquaintance of any confederates Thompsonne might have in Paris, you understand. I reached the Gare just as Monsieur Langley was driving away to the Grand Hôtel. Once there, I, as you will doubtless recollect, left Falleix outside the supposed Thompsonne's room, entered it myself, and arrested Monsieur Langley, — a deplorable error, for which I have only forgiven myself since yesterday.

"Convinced by Monsieur Lucingham shortly afterwards of this error, you will also recollect I signed to my *aide* that he might withdraw. Which he did in the most tranquil manner possible, carrying off the red portefeuille and the fifty thousand francs of Monsieur Langley with him. When, next day, I informed him of the *fiasco*, and the way in which our supposed *faiseur* had himself been robbed, it pleased Monsieur Falleix to lift his shoulders in his customary silent fashion, and to smile disagreeably in my face. I remembered that smile when the notion that Monsieur Falleix, and none but he, was the robber, began to grow upon me. He had had time to dispose of his plunder, and had evidently so disposed of it as to feel quite safe.

"How? Where? Questions I had to answer, and questions very difficult to answer; for the way in which he had planned and performed this *coup*

proved Monsieur Falleix at once to be a person of profound ability, who would never have forgotten to take into his calculations the possibility, at any rate, of his being suspected and watched as I meant he should be.

"No; Monsieur Langley's red portefeuille, — I was of opinion, by the by, that the portefeuille itself had not been destroyed, either because Falleix would consider its destruction immaterial when it was no longer liable to be found in his possession, or because he had had no means of destroying it safely forthwith, and had been too prudent to keep it about him till he should have had these means, — Monsieur Langley's portefeuille, I say, and its contents, the proof of Falleix's guilt and the correctness of my theory, were only to be discovered through Falleix's impatience or imprudence. Only this could give me a clew; and this clew my "suspect," who now began to live, as it were, under glass, — the minutest action, the most trifling incidents of whose life were all henceforth known to me, seemed to have determined I should wait for eternally. The closest watch upon him brought to light — absolutely nothing. My "suspect" continued to conduct himself in the most unsuspicious manner possible. This I had anticipated; he had taken it for granted he was *surveillé*, of course. But the Chef grew, or appeared to grow, incredulous. I was pushing my theory too far, he said; it was *indigne, this que diable!*

"Was it? Was I mistaken? I did not wonder they thought I was; but I never thought so, somehow, myself. No; Falleix was even stronger than I had imagined; that was all.

"He was poor, miserably poor, amongst us who are not rich. Miserably poor. Yet I could see on his debauchee's face signs of the vices that are costly. Those fifty thousand francs, — how could he resist the temptation of them? How could he hold himself back from them any longer? Yet I knew he had not spent a sou; yet I doubted if he had even once allowed himself to ascertain if his treasure was still safe. Marvellous self-denial! What was he waiting for? A pretext to get quit of us, and beyond our reach. Never beyond mine, I used sometimes to say to myself, if he went to the end of the world.

"I think he knew this. I think he must have known the incessant, terrible *espionnage* he was subjected to. But he bore it, and so he baffled it; his patience was proof against it, and he made no sign.

"There are those who declared at last that he was innocent. Three months had passed; this was the sole result I had obtained. But my conviction of his guilt was strong as ever.

"However, there must be an end of this, the Chef declared. Falleix must be released from surveillance. As for me, I thought it advisable to anticipate events by tendering my resignation at once.

"The Chef smiled and shook his head.

"Not yet," he said.

"But since it appears that I am wrong?"

"Not yet, I tell you. Ah! ça, you do not then understand me?"

"At last I did. The Chef's idea was simple enough. "Falleix," he reasoned, "has been perfectly aware of the watch we have kept upon him, and so has taken very good care to avoid betraying himself. When he finds he is no longer *filé*, he will conclude he is no longer suspected. And then, — well, then, you see, he may be less careful. So I withdraw a

useless surveillance, and — I leave the rest to you."

"The next day it was reported at the Préfecture that I had been sent on special service across the Channel. But that day, and every day, in one disguise or another, I dogged my man about Paris, patiently, ruthlessly, as a hound follows a trail. In vain, however; in vain always.

"Had he recognized me? I felt sure he had not. Was he really guilty after all? Yes; a thousand times yes. My instinct if not my judgment told me I had not deceived myself. I stuck doggedly to the trail. Admit, though, Messieurs, that this affair was assuming a hopeless aspect. There appeared no limit to the time this game of hide-and-seek between us might last.

"I was thinking so two mornings ago when, once more, my man-chase recommenced. In his usual listless fashion Falleix was strolling along the Quais just sufficiently ahead to be kept well in sight. It seemed everybody's *Dimanche* but his; in his threadbare garments he looked more miserably poverty-stricken than ever then. Surely, he must allow himself to draw on the red portefeuille soon I tried to hope.

"All at once his listless mode of progression changed. My *flâneur* began walking like a man with some object in view. I had to shorten the distance between us.

"Across the Place, across the Boulevard, where was he going so straight? To the station in the Rue d'Amsterdam it appeared presently. Tempted by the sunshine, the poor devil wanted to breathe a little country air. Where?

"He waited his turn at the bureau of the St. Germain line. His destination, I concluded, then, was Asnières. The price of a seat on the *impériale* to that favored locality would hardly be beyond his means. But no. He was going farther, — too far, it struck me. He must have been *difficile* about the country air he breathed, for he asked for a ticket for Chatou.

"*Diable!* Why Chatou, when we were so poor that positively our whole available capital could not compass the fare; and but for the compassionate official who consented to accept a little *bon* upon the Préfecture in payment we could never have gone at all? Why Chatou?

"I tried to solve this question on our way down; for, I need hardly tell you, I also had business at Chatou that day.

"Arrived there, Falleix strolled away, listless as ever, from the station, I following. I suppose we had about equally enjoyed the country air for half an hour, when the delusive sunshine faded; it began to rain, — to rain in torrents. Impossible to continue strolling about in this deluge. We took shelter in a certain restaurant.

"Positively *ce malheureux* had no chance. His little holiday was spoiled. Hour after hour passed by; the deluge only increased; he had only to stare blankly at the downpour. He manifested a melancholy resignation, — so touching that I caught myself almost pitying him at times.

"Towards dusk, when nothing remained for him but to go home, the rain suddenly ceased. He took immediate advantage of the opportunity of reaching the station with a dry skin. I felt half inclined to let him go in peace. What could I learn by simply dogging him back again?

"Yet why had he come here at all? Why here to Chatou in particular? In a moment I had

started after him, as this question recurred to me.

"He must have walked fast; he was out of sight. No; I caught a glimpse of him as he turned swiftly off the roadway into the wood. Why, if he were so pressed, that *détour* through the wood?

"I reached the place where he had disappeared. Screened securely by the bushes, I looked for him. There he was, walking now as though he had just discovered he had plenty of time to reach the station before the coming train.

"Had he suspected me? Or had the momentary chance I had stupidly afforded him enabled him to do what he had come here to do? Had those two or three minutes lost me the whole game? I strained my eyes in the gathering darkness to see.

"And, suddenly, I saw him swing round, and glance sharply about him. And then he seemed to lean against the trunk of a tree beside him while one might count slowly five. And then he lounged on, this *flâneur*, never looking back. I let him go, now. I waited still where I was till I had heard the train pass, and stop, and start.

"Then in my turn I walked down that pathway, and halted by that tree, and perceived its trunk was hollow. In that hollow, my instinct told me, lay the proof of my little theory. Yet I paused a few seconds before I put in my hand.

"My hand pushed aside the dead leaves and the moss and touched it, and drew it forth, — a small tin box. In this tin box was the red morocco portefeuille of Monsieur Langley, bearing his initials. In the red portefeuille were fifty-one thousand two hundred francs in bank-notes of the Bank of France.

"For more than three months that tin box had lain where I found it; for more than three months my Falleix had baffled us all. But the temptation to assure himself of the safety of his *butin* had in the end proved too strong even for prudence like his. He had come down that day to touch it, — only to touch it while one might have counted slowly five.

"Unfortunately for him it was I who counted.

"I put the notes back into the portefeuille, the portefeuille into the tin box, and the tin box into the hollow trunk again. That night I made my report to the Chef. Yesterday Falleix was brought down to Chatou, and I reproduced tin box, portefeuille, bank-notes, to everybody's satisfaction but his.

"Poor devil! He fainted.

"And that is the end of the Affair of the Red Portefeuille. I trust Monsieur Langley will consider I have made him the *amende honorable* I promised him?

"Well, you know," Dick concluded, "it was n't for me to say he had n't!"

THE LEGEND OF DUNBLANE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

I slept soundly during the first part of the night. But about three o'clock I woke suddenly, — I might almost say, I started from my sleep. I had not been dreaming; I was not conscious of having heard any noise; but my sleep, somehow or other was broken suddenly, and I sat up in my bed with a sense of undefined alarm. I listened: all was still: the sighing of the wind among the Scotch firs below the rampart-wall was the only thing I heard. But, feeling restless, I jumped out of bed, went to the window and opened it. There was no moon, but it was a light night. I could distinguish the ivy on the wall beneath; the little door in the

angle of the turret opposite, and the dusky forms of the owls that flew past the window. Almost immediately beneath it was a curious old well said to be of wonderful depth, but long since unused. If one dropped a stone in there, an interval which seemed like half a minute elapsed before a faint splash told that it had reached the bottom.

I had been at the window a few minutes when the door in the turret opposite opened, with a slight grating sound which attracted my attention. A figure glided forth, and ran swiftly towards the well. I distinguished that it was a woman by the long drapery, and as she came under the window I could just make out that she carried some sort of vessel in her hand. Whatever it was she threw it in, and waited, leaning over the side, until she caught the distant thud of the object as it met the water. Then she returned rather more leisurely than she had come, the door was shut, and, though I waited at the window a full hour, I saw and heard no more.

I do not know that at any other place, at any other time, this circumstance would have aroused my curiosity. As it was, I could not get to sleep again for thinking of it, and speculating what could have been the motive that induced any female of the establishment to rise in the dead of night in order to cast something into the well.

I had to be stirring very early, and I was at my solitary breakfast when Lord Dunblane entered. He looked ghastly, so much so that I could not help asking if he was ill. He turned fiercely round upon me, demanding why I asked.

"Because you look as if you had not slept," I said.

"And you? Pray how did *you* sleep?" he inquired, knitting his brows. "You were not disturbed? You had no nightmare after Lady Dunblane's conversation last night?"

I had resolved to say nothing of what I had seen, and replied that I had rested pretty well. I was then proceeding to express my thanks to him for his hospitality when he interrupted me. "If you wish to show yourself a friend, say as little as possible about your visit here to any one. I am going abroad at once. I have made up my mind that Lady Dunblane can live here no longer.

"You have heard enough to know how she hates the place,—and it disagrees with her, moreover. She has had several epileptic attacks,—a severe one this very night; it is evident that the climate does not suit her, and I am recommended to take her to Italy. My lady and I can never agree here. She does all she can to goad me to madness,—and perhaps she has succeeded: who can say? People will gossip, Carthews, when we are gone. Prove yourself a friend, and say nothing about our quarrels while you have been here."

I was a good deal surprised at the tenor of this speech, but thought it reasonable upon the whole. There was something in his eye, nevertheless, which disquieted me. Coupling it with Pilson's words, two days previously, and with my own observations, I could not avoid the conviction that the fate to which he himself had just now alluded was imminent. It might be warded off, perhaps, by change of scene, and the removal of the causes of irritation; but it was impossible to look at him steadily, and to doubt that incipient insanity was there. I begged him to act upon his determination of going abroad without loss of time; and then, shaking his hand, I stepped into the chaise, and drove off.

Well, I returned to Aberdeen; and some days after this Pilson called on me. I asked what news he brought of Lord and Lady Dunblane.

"They are gone abroad. I suppose it is the best thing he could do. Her ladyship had a succession of such severe fits that she was unable to leave her room, or to see any one but her maid after you left. I *did* see her once at the window, and her look quite alarmed me. His lordship was much calmer, but he scarcely spoke. His wife's sudden prostration, after all their violent bickerings, affected him a good deal. He is in a bad way, I think, Carthews. I mean that I am very much afraid"—and he pointed significantly to his head.

I told him that I fully shared his apprehensions, and then asked him more particularly to describe the change in Lady Dunblane's appearance.

"The morning I left I was walking round the rampart when I heard one of the windows rattle. I looked up, and there was Lady Dunblane, her head pressed against the panes, and with such a terrible expression of agony in her face as I shall never forget. She kept opening her mouth, and making the most hideous grimaces at me, so that it was clear that she was not quite in her right senses at the moment. She disappeared suddenly."

"Did you ever see any indication of a tendency to such a malady in her ladyship?" I asked.

"No. I cannot say I ever did," he replied.

"Was no doctor sent for?"

"Yes, the country apothecary came once."

"And what did he say? Did you speak to him?"

"Yes. I saw him in the hall as he was stepping into his buggy. I asked how he found her ladyship. He said she was much prostrated by the violence of the attack, but he seemed a puzzle-headed fellow. No doubt he was awed by the honor of being sent for to the castle; for I could not get much out of him. He seemed dazed; but muttered something about change being good for her ladyship."

"And who attended her during these attacks?" I inquired.

"No one but his lordship and the maid Elspie. My lord told me that his wife was very violent; but he would not suffer any of the men to be sent for, to hold her. He and Elspie, who is a very powerful woman, managed her between them. He said that he had found it necessary to tie her hands. I do not envy him his journey. They left in the family coach an hour after our departure, and were to travel night and day to Leith, where they took ship for Holland.

He then went on to say that the young heir-at-law had returned to London much depressed with his visit, and that the necessary formalities having now been gone through (which I understand to mean that the secret of the haunted room had been duly communicated to him), Mr. Dunblane would in all probability never see the castle again during my lord's lifetime.

I seldom saw Pilson for some time after this conversation; when I did, he told me what little he knew of the Dunblanes; but months often elapsed without his having any direct communication with my lord, and even then the letters he received were mere bald statements and inquiries, exclusively upon matters of business. These, however, were sufficient to show that his mind had not given way; they were lucid and perspicuous in every detail. There was never any mention of her lady-

ship, for the obvious reason, as it transpired after a while, that she and my lord were separated.

He was travelling in Italy, now in Hungary, now in the East, while she remained, — no one knew exactly where, — in Switzerland. At the end of the third year he returned to Dunblane, and shut himself up there, refusing to see any of the neighbors who called. In reply to every inquiry for her ladyship (more especially those which a distant cousin, her only relation, made about this time), he stated that her ladyship's health obliged her to remain on the Continent; her mind had been much weakened by continued epileptic attacks, and she was unequal to correspondence. He stated, further, that she was under excellent medical care, and that though by reason of the excitement under which she sometimes labored, it was not deemed advisable that he should visit her often, he made a point of doing so once a year. This statement seems to have been considered satisfactory. Lady Dunblane's friends — and she had very few — were not suspicious, and the world at large troubled itself but little with the domestic concerns of a couple who had lived in isolated grandeur with rare exceptions, since his lordship's accession to the title. Pilson went twice to the castle, during that year, and, as far as I know, he was the only guest. He gave a gloomy picture of the solitary man shut up in that big place. We both avoided all mention of her ladyship's name; but I now know that he was no easier than I was on that head.

It was towards the close of 1808 that he called on me one morning, at an unusually early hour. His face, his whole manner, betokened that my grave, quiet friend was unusually perturbed. He looked round the room, — this very room where we are sitting, — drew his chair close to mine, and said in a whisper: —

"Carthews, I have come to you in a very distressing emergency. I hardly know whether I am justified in taking this step, but I do know that I can depend on you, and you may materially help me in a most painful and difficult situation."

Without more ado, he then proceeded to say that a young Frenchman, who gave his name as Jean Marcel, had called upon him the previous night, stating that he had lately come from Geneva, where he was in a wine merchant's office, and had been sent on business to Aberdeen. He was the bearer of a small crumpled note addressed in nearly illegible characters, to M. Pilson, Attorney, Aberdeen. He stated that he had come by it thus.

Shortly before leaving Geneva, it had been his duty to inspect the "recolte" of various vineyards: among them one belonging to the Château d'Osman some miles distant. The house itself was tenanted by an English lady, who was said to be mad or imbecile. At all events she was never heard to speak, and was closely watched by her attendants night and day. She walked on a terrace overlooking the vineyard, but it was never out of sight of a gaunt woman, who was, no doubt, her keeper. The intendant of the estate, who told Jean Marcel these particulars, walked through the vineyard with him, when they saw the unhappy lady on the terrace above. Her appearance had much interested Marcel. He described her as a handsome woman, but with a fixed woe-begone expression of face, and wearing a black cloak, which entirely concealed her person. In the course of Marcel's inspection, they stood for some time just under the terrace wall, and he spoke to the intendant of his approaching voy-

age to Aberdeen. There was no doubt but that he was overheard by the lady on the terrace. She disappeared, but a quarter of an hour later, while they were still near the wall, the two men heard the sound of a running footstep upon the terrace, followed by a plaintive moaning, like that of a wounded bird. They looked up, and there she stood, glancing round with an expression of terror to see if she was followed, and of earnest supplication toward the two men beneath. She opened her mouth wide, — a clear proof, the intendant seemed to think, of the poor creature's imbecility, — then raised both arms up high, when, to his horror, he perceived that she had lost her right hand. With her left, she then suddenly dropped over the wall a paper with a stone inside, and had scarcely done this, when her gaunt attendant appeared upon the terrace. The poor lady's whole demeanor changed; the old fixed look returned, and she began once more, with slow, uncertain steps, to pace the terrace. To gratify her, Marcel picked up the paper, and pocketed it, as he walked away. As soon as he was out of sight he examined it.

Outside was scrawled, "Pour l'amour de Dieu remettez cette lettre à son adresse." Within was the note addressed to Pilson. The intendant laughed at the affair, and tried to persuade Marcel to tear up the note. "All mad people imagine themselves to be sane, and this one no doubt wants to persuade her friends that she is unjustly confined; but you need only look at her to see that she is a lunatic."

Marcel admitted the probability of this, but he could not bring himself to destroy the paper. Whether she was mad or not, the condition of this maimed unhappy creature had aroused his compassion so deeply, that he declared the first thing he would do on arriving at Aberdeen would be to find out the person to whom this note was addressed. And he had done so.

When he had finished this strange narrative, Pilson laid before me a scrap of paper, — evidently the blank page torn out of the end of a book — on which was scrawled: —

"Help! for God's sake, help! before they kill me. O save me, Mr. Pilson, save me, as you hope to be saved hereafter."

E. DUNBLANE."

We looked at each other for some minutes without speaking. At last Pilson said, —

"If I consulted my own interest, I should remain silent, or simply enclose these lines to his lordship. Her ladyship's condition, no doubt, justifies any steps that have been taken. I cannot suspect my lord; and if he discovers that I have interfered in his domestic concerns, he will certainly take the management of his affairs out of my hands. But, on the other hand, does not humanity call for some investigation into this? I could not die at peace, remembering that I had turned a deaf ear to such a cry; but I am puzzled what to do, Mr. Carthews. It has occurred to me that you may have business connections with Geneva, and might, perhaps, make inquiries which would not compromise you as they would me."

In other words, Pilson was anxious to ease his conscience at as little risk to himself as might be. I did not blame him; my interest was too deeply stirred for me not to follow up the inquiry with the keenest avidity. But then, as Pilson had hinted, it is true that I had nothing to lose. I promised him that I would write that very day to a correspondent

at Geneva, and desire him to leave no stone unturned towards discovering the truth.

I had to wait some weeks for the answer. The commission was one the execution of which was beset with difficulties. The village pasteur, the doctor, the intendant of the vineyards, and all the neighbors were applied to, but little additional information could be gathered. At last the maire of the district was induced to investigate the case, upon representations being made to him that there existed suspicions as to the treatment which the incarcerated lady — whether insane or only imbecile — met with. After a vigorous resistance they forced an entry into the château. The sight that met them was heart-rending. The poor creature lay dying upon her bed, and but for this intervention would have been denied the last consolations of religion. When the pasteur knelt down, however, and questioned her, she only shook her head and moaned. Then, with an effort, she opened her mouth wide, and, to their horror, they perceived that *she had no tongue*.

They implored her to write down the name of the perpetrator of this barbarous crime. But either she had no strength, or else she was praying, poor soul, for grace to forgive her persecutors, rather than for retribution. She listened devoutly to the good pasteur's prayers, and a glorious smile lighted up her tear-worn eyes as the death-film gathered over them. So the unhappy lady passed away. The woman Elspie was, of course, seized, and subjected to a rigorous cross-examination. She declared that the lady who was just dead had been thus mutilated by her husband one night when goaded into a state of insane rage by his wife's discovery of a secret, to which he attached a superstitious importance, and which she threatened to proclaim to all the world. In the struggle to defend herself, her right wrist was also severed. The woman maintained that her mistress had ever since been subject to violent fits of delirium, necessitating restraint. This I do not believe; there is no proof of it whatever. How far the rest of her story was true, it was impossible to say, and will never now be known. There were probabilities in favor of it; but, on the other hand, might not this wretch herself have been the instrument? I did not forget that I had seen her (as I have now no sort of doubt) on that fatal night stealing out to throw *something* into the well. Of her complicity, at all events, there was ample proof, since from the first she was the attendant upon her ill-fated mistress. But the hand of justice, for all that, was stayed.

The very same day that I received the letter containing the foregoing particulars, and while Pilson and I were deliberating what steps must now be taken, the news of an appalling catastrophe, which had happened thirty-six hours previously, reached us.

Lord Dunblane had been burnt in his bed, and the greater part of the castle destroyed. How the fire originated was never known, but it broke out from his lordship's room in the dead of night, and three sides of the quadrangle were burnt to the ground before the flames could be got under. The lovers of coincidences tried afterwards to make out that Lord Dunblane and his wife died the same night; the superstitious even fabricated a theory that, struck with remorse, upon learning, by second sight, of his wife's death, he had himself fired the castle, and resolutely perished in the flames. But all this is purely imaginary. It is sufficiently remarkable that these deaths should have been so

near one another; but Lady Dunblane died at least five days before her husband; and as to the supposition of his lordship's self-destruction, the only ground for it was his strange mental condition, which was no worse than it had been for the last four years.

The woman Elspie was set at large by the authorities at Geneva, no one coming forward as her accuser. Mr. Pilson thought, and I believe he was right, that now both Lord and Lady Dunblane were dead it was better this terrible story should not be made public. It oozed out, in the course of time, as almost all such scandals do, but not through me. It was only when I found that all sorts of false or garbled versions of the circumstances were current in society that I ever mentioned what I knew, and that was years afterwards, when, in default of heirs, the title of Dunblane had become extinct.

THE QUEER CUSTOMER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

In a shabby little shop in a shabby little street, a man sat stitching away as if for dear life, by the light of a single candle. The name of John Todd was over the door, and John Todd himself it was who sat upon the shopboard, keeping time to his nimble needle with an occasional snatch of a song. If there had been a song of the trousers, as well as of the shirt, he might with great propriety have sung that, for it was on a pair of those garments that he was employed. As it was, however, he did not confine himself to any one particular melody, but sang a verse of one and then a verse of another, as the fancy took him. Immediately above him hung a disreputable-looking old blackbird in a wicker cage who listened to the performance with an air of grave attention, as one who was qualified to be critical, and occasionally gave an encouraging chirp of applause. The singer was a merry little man, no longer young, but still lithe and active; with twinkling gray eyes and a cheery smile which it was pleasant to look upon.

On the present occasion he had just got through "Jock o' Hazeldean," and the "Banks of Allan Water" (which the blackbird applauded immensely), and had begun "Mary of Argyre," when the shop door suddenly opened, and pulled him up short in the very middle of a very effective shake. The person who entered was a short, stout individual, with his hat very far back on his head, a pen behind his ear, and a parchment-covered note-book in his hand.

"Well, Mr. Todd," said he, showing the while the end of a stumpy pencil; "ready for me I suppose."

The little tailor's cheerful countenance fell, as he replied —

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Sprague, but I'm — the fact is — I can't say I am quite ready to-night."

"Then, why the dooce ain't you ready?" amiably inquired Mr. Sprague, tapping the floor viciously with his fat cotton umbrella. "You're aweeer, I suppose, that to-morrow's Christmas-day; and you're also aweeer that to avoid unpleasantness at a gay and festive season, I collect the rent the night before. Then why ain't you ready?"

"To tell you the truth, sir," said John humbly, "I've had a disappointment this morning — a little account I was to receive —"

"Yah!" said Mr. Sprague savagely. "That makes five on 'em, all been disappointed of a little ac-

count. Gammon! Now look here, Mr. Todd. This is Toosday. I'm a man of my word, and if the rent ain't ready Thursday, brokers is the word. I've had trouble enough with you, and I ain't goin' to, no longer. So now you've got it."

"I'll do my endeavors, Mr. Sprague," said John Todd humbly. "But which way I am to turn to find the money, the Lord only knows!"

"You'll turn *ow*, Mr. Todd, if you don't find it." And with a coarse laugh at his own wit, Mr. Sprague departed.

Poor Todd looked much depressed. After a few minutes he unconsciously commenced "The harp that once through Tara's halls," but the attempt was a failure. Even the blackbird turned his back in disgust, and after a few bars John gave it up, and stitched away in sorrowful silence. He might have remained so for perhaps half an hour, when the door again opened, and a little old lady in a black bonnet and cloak, and a basket on her arm, and a muff nearly as large as herself, peeped in.

"Do I intrude, Mr. Todd? Ah! quite by yourself. Dear me!"

"Yes, Miss Pinnifer, for want of better company, — quite by myself."

"Ye-es!" said Miss Pinnifer. "And very busy I see. Always busy! — Coat, I presume?"

"No, ma'am, trousers," said John Todd.

"Oh!" said Miss Pinnifer, with a little scream, and covering her eyes with her hand. "Very indiscreet of me, — I beg pardon, I'm sure."

"Don't mention it, ma'am!" replied John gallantly. "It's of no consequence. Yes, I am rather busy, Miss Pinnifer. They're for a Mr. Brown, — an old gentleman who came in last Thursday. He ordered a suit of blacks, and said he'd fetch 'em himself this evening, and I'm a little behind, you see."

"Ye-es!" Miss Pinnifer had a habit of saying "Yes," when spoken to, irrespective of anything in particular. She used the word to indicate various shades of feeling; but in a general way it was expressive of a mild surprise and admiration which encouraged the speaker to proceed. Mr. Todd proceeded accordingly.

"I hope he won't come just yet, for I've got nigh on two hours' work to finish the job. He's a queer customer, very. Never saw him before in my life, and he comes and sits down in that very chair, and talks and asks questions as if he had known me ever since I was so high? All about the children and Milly and everybody —"

"Strange!" said Miss Pinnifer. "Can it be? Yes, that must be it!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Todd, inquiringly.

"Now, mark me!" said Miss Pinnifer, laying a rather bony finger impressively upon the queer customer's trousers. Mr. Todd marked her accordingly. "Did he ask anything about me?"

"I don't remember that he did," replied Mr. Todd.

"I dare say not. Indeed, that rather confirms my previous idea. I know their ways, Mr. Todd."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said John, in much bewilderment. "Whose ways might you be alluding to?"

"Hush!" said Miss Pinnifer, with an air of profound mystery. "You don't know who may be listening to us at this moment, — detectives!"

"You don't think, ma'am —"

"Yes, I do; I do, indeed, Mr. Todd. I have n't the smallest doubt that I am at this moment the object of a private inquiry. You must know, Mr.

Todd, though I don't often mention it, that I'm engaged in a Chancery suit, and the defendants are horribly wicked people. They've done it before, I know they have. Not content with keeping my poor brother and myself out of our property, they have us watched and annoyed in every possible way. You'd hardly imagine the number of lodgings we've been to, Mr. Todd, and the people were always so polite and friendly at first, and after a few weeks they quite changed, and were quite rude and unpleasant. They'd been set against us by the detectives, you know. It was all very well to say it was the two or three weeks' rent we might be owing, but I knew better than that. And now they've traced me here. Dear, dear, what shall I do?"

"But are you quite sure —"

"O dear, yes, certain. It's been going on for a long time. There was a pale young man in spectacles stared at me all church time last Sunday. I thought at the time it was only rudeness, but no doubt he had his instructions."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the queer customer himself. He was an elderly gentleman with a rubicund complexion, and a very good-natured expression of countenance, and certainly did not look like a detective. As he entered the shop, Miss Pinnifer dropped her veil, and drawing herself up to her full height of four feet six, faced the intruder with excessive dignity. The stranger politely raised his hat to the lady, and then turned to John Todd.

"Well, Mr. Todd, and how do you do to-night? Am I too early for my little matter of business?"

"Well, sir!" said Mr. Todd, "I won't say but what I'd rather you'd have come an hour later. The coat and waistcoat have been done some time, but the trousers — (Mr. Todd remembered the modest presence of Miss Pinnifer) — the other garments are not quite finished."

"Never mind, Mr. Todd, it's of no great consequence. I'm in no especial hurry. But I'm going to ask you a favor. I shall surprise you now, I dare say."

Poor Todd was so bewildered by the remarkable communication just made to him by Miss Pinnifer, coupled with the singular present appearance of that lady (she was standing with one foot advanced, her eye steadily fixed on the stranger, and held her muff across her chest, in a kind of boxing attitude), that he knew not what to answer, and could only reply confusedly.

"Don't mention it."

The stranger, answering rather the spirit than the letter of his words, continued, —

"To-morrow's Christmas-day. For twenty years past I've been a wanderer on the face of the earth, and this is the first Christmas-day, during all that time, I've spent in England. I've no friends, not so much as a dog or a cat, and I don't like the idea of spending Christmas by myself. Will you take compassion on me, Mr. Todd? You've a Christmas face, and I've a notion I could enjoy Christmas very well in your company. Will you take compassion on a lonely old man, and let him spend to-morrow with you and your family?"

John Todd was in much perplexity. His warm heart felt for the lonely stranger, by whose frank address he was much prepossessed. On the other hand, there was Miss Pinnifer's statement, and John could not quite get rid of a vague apprehension that the stranger might, if admitted, take advantage of an unguarded moment to handcuff the family all round, and bear them away to perpetual imprison-

ment; last but not least, was the consideration that the larder was by no means sumptuously furnished, and that the Christmas fare was likely to be of an especially meagre description. The last reflection dictated his reply.

"If you're really in earnest, sir, it 'ud be unbecoming in me to say no, when you do me the honor to ask it. But we poor folks don't live like the gentry, you know, sir, at the best of times; and this year we've got even shorter commons than usual. We've hearty good-fellowship, sir, but very little else, to keep Christmas with."

"And hearty good-fellowship is the very best dish at the Christmas feast," said the stranger. "Beef and pudding are not to be despised, but they're only secondary, after all. Well, you have n't said 'no,' so I shall consider myself accepted. I've dined off a baked potato before now, and I shall find enough to eat, never you fear. What's your time? One o'clock — very good."

"This lady and her brother reside in the house, sir, and they were going to club their Christmas dinner with ours, if you have no objection."

"Objection! I, my dear Todd! you forget that I'm only a visitor. Objection! certainly not. The more the merrier, I say. Madam, your most obedient."

Miss Pinnifer relaxed so far as to courtesy with dignity, still, however, keeping her muff available for defence, if necessary.

"Well, that's settled," said the stranger. "And now I've got some little matters of business to attend to, so I'll wish you a good night. Good evening, madam. Don't distress yourself about the trousers, Mr. Todd."

With these words the unknown departed, leaving Mr. Todd and Miss Pinnifer dumb with amazement. The latter recovered her speech first, with the observation, "Did you ever?" Mr. Todd looked at her for a few moments. At last he ejaculated, slowly and distinctly, "No, I never!"

"What a very singular person, Mr. Todd! You're quite sure you've never seen him before?"

"Never to my knowledge till the other night," said Mr. Todd.

"There's more in this than meets the eye," said Miss Pinnifer.

"You still think, ma'am —"

"Well, no, not entirely. I must say I expected to see quite a different style of person. But there's no knowing. I shall be on my guard."

"If he is n't a detective, what can he want to come here for?" said Mr. Todd. "It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard in my life. I don't know what Milly will say to a strange gentleman coming to dinner: but I could n't help it, could I now? I'd better tell her at once, and get it off my mind."

"I'll say good night, then," said Miss Pinnifer. "I've left my brother too long alone already."

Mr. Todd wished her good-evening, and dived into a small parlor behind the shop, where his daughter, Milly, sat sewing, with three younger brother Todds, making more or less noise, around her.

Milly Todd deserves a paragraph all to herself, as the pleasantest possible specimen of a good little English girl. She was not a beauty, but better than a beauty in the possession of the more lasting comeliness which is derived from a bright smile, a sweet temper, and a pair of clear, earnest eyes, made none the less expressive by the near neighborhood of a snowy little retreating nose. Her warm brown

hair had not a ripple out of place, and her plump little figure was encased in a well-fitting dress, which, though it bore the marks of long service, was neatness itself. In fact, take her altogether, — but that is precisely what you would have wished to have done; or, if you did not, you must have had very bad taste indeed. There are some women one always wants to kiss at first sight, and Milly was one of them.

John Todd entered the room in a high state of excitement. "Milly, my girl, here's a most tremendous go!"

"Why, father dear, what ever is the matter?"

"Matter enough, my dear. Here's a gentleman coming to spend Christmas-day with us. Invited himself, and accepted with thanks."

"He won't have much of a dinner, then, father dear; but he's welcome. Let me guess who it is, — not old Mr. Bellamy?"

"No, my dear, it isn't old Mr. Bellamy, nor young Mr. Collins either, though I dare say he'll find his way here in the course of the afternoon, eh, Milly? No, this is quite a stranger; quite the gentleman, too, I can tell you."

"But what makes him want to come here, then, father?"

"Well, my dear, that's more than I can tell you, except that he said he was a stranger and had no friends, and that he thought from my face that he could spend a merry Christmas here. That's all nonsense, of course; but the long and the short of it is, he's coming."

"Nonsense, indeed, for anybody to like my dear old father's face," said Milly, kissing him. "It's handsomer than half the young ones now, and I like the gentleman for saying it. No friends! that's very sad. Poor old gentleman, I'm very glad he's coming; but I wish we had a little more to give him."

"That's where it is, Milly; so do I; but we must make the best of it. What have you got?"

"Well, father, I've a nice bit of beef, and Miss Pinnifer is going to bring some sausages. I'm going to make a pudding, but it'll be only a kind of a make-believe to please the boys. They would n't believe it was Christmas, you know, without the pudding. It isn't much of a dinner to set before a visitor, father."

"Never mind, my dear," said her father, "I wish it was more; but we must make it do. Make the pudding as good as you can. Let me see. I know I have n't much in my pocket — only eightpence. Well, my dear, every little helps. I sha'n't want my half-pint of beer to-night."

"Dear old father! No, no; you're not going without your supper, sir, I can tell you, for any amount of grand visitors. I know what I can do. I've got half a crown up-stairs that I had put by for something else, but it does n't matter, and that will help us out capitally."

With a bright smile, though with a little choking at the throat (for the half-crown had been saved by pennies to buy a necktie for a certain Charley Collins, whose acquaintance we shall make by and by), Milly rose to seek her hoard; but her father stopped her.

"No, no, dear, keep your money, we may want it worse before the week's out. I did n't want to have told you bad news to-night, but perhaps it's best told, after all."

Having taken the plunge, John proceeded to tell his daughter of Mr. Sprague's visit, and the terrible

threat with which he had departed. The announcement produced a very depressing effect. Even brave little Milly had tears in her eyes, and her younger brothers, seeing her distress, howled dismally in vague sympathy.

At this juncture the shop-door was heard to open. A man entered bearing on his shoulder a huge hamper, which he set down on the floor with a bang. "Parcel for Mr. Todd." And without another word he departed.

The whole of the Todd family gathered round the big hamper, and contemplated it with silent astonishment. "Who can it be from?" said Milly, a little ungrammatically. "I wonder what's in it?" said John Todd, junior. "I hope it's something to eat," said Tommy Todd, an epicure of nine. Willie Todd, aged six, sucked his thumb and said nothing. Probably he thought the more.

"Hadn't you better open it, and then you'll know all about it?" said John Todd.

"Dear old father," said Milly; "he's always right. So we will."

John Todd, junior, produced a knife, and the hamper was speedily opened. The first glance revealed nothing but straw, and the hearts of the youthful Todds sank almost to zero. But the straw was quickly removed, and then was revealed, first a most remarkable turkey, — a turkey, if possible, inconveniently stout, with a red ribbon round its neck and a rosette on its breast. Second, a roasting pig, which for size and fatness might have been brother, or cousin at least, to the turkey. I don't suppose there ever was a roasting pig quite as broad as he was long; but if ever there was such a pig, that was the one. Last came a hare, of which it is only necessary to say that he did no discredit to the turkey and the pig. Before the party had recovered from their delight and surprise, the door again opened, and another man, bearing another hamper, came in. "Name of Todd here?" said the man. "Right; with Mr. Brown's kind regards, and paid." The door had hardly closed upon the porter when the youthful Todds, regardless of the "Glass, with care," in large letters on the top of the basket, rushed at it, and had it open in a trice. A fragrant smell arose from it, proceeding from sundry whitey-brown paper parcels arranged in trim order within. Milly opened them. One was found to contain currants, another plums, another spice; in fine, all the ingredients for a monster pudding of the richest character were there. A noble packet of tea was the next thing that came to hand, and then a goodly store of apples, oranges, nuts, almonds, and raisins. When these were removed there was still a layer of something solid at the bottom of the basket, which, being investigated, proved to consist of a splendid plum-cake, and bottles of brandy, gin, and rum, with one of ginger wine. The little Todds executed a *pas de* all sorts round the hampers in a perfect ecstasy of delight, and Milly and her father, though less demonstrative in their transports, were hardly less excited. Before they had recovered from their fresh surprise a scuffling was heard outside the door, as if something was rubbing against it. Milly opened it, and found outside a boy, whose face was just visible over an enormous bundle of holly and mistletoe. He struggled into the shop with his burden. "Please 'm, Mr. Brown's compliments, and thought you might like a little 'olly and miz for the Christmas decorations. O my! ain't it prickly neither." Whereat he dropped it in a heap on the floor and disappeared.

"Now, father dear," said Milly, "you had better shut up the shop—I'm sure you won't be able to do any more work to-night. Isn't it wonderful?—just like a fairy tale!"

"And Mr. Brown's the good fairy!" said John Todd. "Is n't he a noble gentleman? Well, I think I'll shut up, dear. He said he was n't in a hurry for the things, and I don't feel as if I could bring my mind down again to trousers to-night."

"That's a dear old daddy," said Milly. "And now then you shall have your beer and your pipe, and sit in the corner, and see us put up this lovely holly. Isn't it beautiful! What a dear old gentleman Mr. Brown must be! I declare I quite love him already!"

"Halloa!" said Mr. Todd, "what 'll Charley Collins say to that?"

Milly rushed at him, and shut his mouth with a kiss.

"Be quiet, do, you wicked old man, that's quite a different thing, you know it is." And she forthwith began, with the assistance of her brothers, to decorate the homely room with the Christmas evergreens. It was worth a day's pay to anybody (say the Lord Chancellor, as his wages are tolerably good) to see Milly's lithe little figure stepping from chair to chair, or standing like a lively little statue, on the ricketiest of tables, her arms held high above her head, and her dainty little white fingers flashing among the dark-green holly, and deftly insinuating sprigs of mistletoe into artful places where nobody would expect them. And when at last, having hung holly and mistletoe in all possible, and two or three impossible, places, she sprang lightly to the floor, with her sunny face flushed, and her hair the least bit tumbled by her exertions, and led out her father by both hands for the first kiss under the mistletoe, I don't wonder that the boys hurrahed, — I believe I should have done it myself under the same circumstances. I'm afraid, by the way, that I've done those same boys great injustice. It may possibly be imagined, as I have not chronicled their remarks, that they were silent. O dear, no. Quite the reverse. The fact is, they not only all three talked at once, but they all talked the whole time, with an effect which it is easy to imagine, but exceedingly difficult to describe. Had Providence made me three first-rate short-hand reporters, instead of only one gentleman of medium size, I might have attempted it; though even then I (we, I should say) should have found much difficulty by reason of the idiomatic nature of the young gentlemen's conversation. The number of "gollys" and "crikeys" with which it was embellished was, I regret to say, much above what is considered correct in polite society, and (like the organ-man's monkey, who never would dance but to the genteelst of tunes) I find I never can spell those vulgar words. At last the merry party retired to rest, the boys to dream of roast pig, and Milly of — Well, never mind, we won't intrude, but don't you wish you were Charley Collins?

II.

Christmas morning came at last, as it generally will, if you only wait long enough; and a very respectable sort of Christmas morning it was. Bright and clear and cold, with the snow on the ground crisp and hard, the sort of weather that makes one wish one was a street boy, and not too dignified to cut in on a good long slide; the sort of weather that makes you button up your great-coat to the chin, and ease your hands in your thickest woollen

gloves; the sort of weather (I hope) that makes you give a kindly thought to your poorer brothers who have no great-coats to button, and no warm gloves to cover their frost-nipped hands. Pile on the logs, by all means; heap up the blazing fire; do honor to the dainty cheer, and pass round the rare old wine. But little they know of Christmas who think to win its magic gifts of light and life and joy by such means only. A single spark, lit by your bounty in a poor man's hovel, shall shed a warmth that the roaring fire in your own mansion cannot give, — a warmth that goes straight to the heart. The frugal meal, spread by the rich man in the poor man's home, shall bring to the giver a sweeter sense of enjoyment than the most sumptuous banquet spread for self alone. Happy he who has found the golden key — who knows, and uses the knowledge, that the treasures of Christmas happiness are reached through Christmas charity.

The whole of the Todd family woke up in a thoroughly Christmas state of mind, and the younger members (as might, perhaps, be expected, considering the nature of their dreams), with a perfectly ferocious appetite, — two or three appetites each, indeed. Breakfast over, the junior branches were despatched, under the care of dear old Todd, to church, while Sister Milly remained at home, and devoted all her energies to the preparation of the anticipated banquet. I am inclined to think that Milly had never seen, much less cooked, such a dinner in her life; but cooks, like poets, are born not made; and with the aid of Miss Pinnifer, and the simultaneous use of all the fireplaces in the house, Milly got on splendidly, and astonished herself with her success. It was in a moment of confidence, engendered by the close and intimate relation in which they were thus placed, that Miss Pinnifer imparted to Milly a secret.

"Milly, my dear," said Miss Pinnifer, "I want your advice."

"Had n't you better ask father?" said Milly, conceiving that his counsels would probably be of greater value than her own.

"No, my dear; no, I think not. In a case of — of this kind, I don't think he would be a judge. I want to know, dear, whether I look best in my black satin spencer and pink muslin skirt, or in my Stuart tartan. Take time to consider, my dear."

"They're both very nice," said Milly. "The tartan for choice, I think."

"Do you, dear? Now I was thinking, do you know, that the tartan was rather — rather old-looking. One does n't want to make one's self quite a middle-aged person, you know, dear."

"Of course not," said Milly; "but I always thought the tartan so very becoming. What makes you so particular to-day?"

"Well, dear, I really hardly know how to tell you. But we girls never can keep our little secrets, can we?" — the dear creature was fifty if she was a day — "the fact is — it's — it's on account of Mr. Brown, dear."

Milly looked at her inquiringly, but with a roguish twinkle in her eyes. The old lady continued, —

"The object of Mr. Brown's coming, my dear, is, as you are aware, enveloped in mystery. He must have an object, you know, and I have reason to imagine — strong reason, I may say — that that object is myself."

"You don't say so!" said Milly. "Pray accept

my best congratulations. Has he declared his intentions —"

"Well, no, dear, I can't say he has exactly declared himself, in words at least; but if you had only seen how he *looked* — you could n't mistake his expression, my dear. He looked at me with a positive smile, quite lover-like, I assure you. And then he insisted on coming to dinner."

"Well, dear, I'm sure I'm very pleased," said Milly. "We've all been puzzled to account for his wanting to come, and I dare say that's it. You won't forget old friends when you are a grand lady, will you?"

"I have n't accepted him yet, my dear," said Miss Pinnifer, "and I sha' n't either, the first time of asking. It does n't do for a girl to make herself too cheap. He'll have to be very attentive, I can tell him, if he expects to have any chance with me. O dear! O dear! he's beginning to burn!"

[Concluded next week.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

DON CÉSAR DE BAZAN is to be set to music for the Grand Opera, Paris.

A STATUE of Mr. Peabody is to be erected at Rome by order of the Pope.

THE king and queen of the Belgians have been visiting Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle.

AN instrumental concert is now held daily in the Concert Hall of the London Crystal Palace.

LADY EASTLAKE is editing the life and correspondence of John Gibson, the celebrated sculptor.

AT Mlle. Patti's last appearance at Paris sixty dollars was the modest price demanded for stalls.

ON the day following Sainte-Beuve's death was published the eleventh volume of the *Nouveaux Lundis*, containing the last critical papers we shall ever have from that wonderful pen.

GARIBALDI's long-expected work, "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," has been done into English by Mrs. Colonel Chambers, and will be issued simultaneously with the Italian edition.

BY the death of M. Sainte-Beuve a vacancy occurred on the staff of the *Journal de Savants*. M. Renan was a candidate for the appointment, but it has been conferred on M. St. Marc Girardin.

THE Queen of Spain, by her abdication in favor of the Prince of Asturias, has removed the obstacles to her reception by the Court of Rome, and the Pope has sent her a cordial invitation to visit the eternal city.

THE French Minister of Public Instruction has given orders for the construction of an agricultural map of France, on a novel plan. It will be built up of specimens of the various soils arranged according to locality.

MESSRS. STRAHAN & Co. of London, and Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. of Boston, have in press Mr. Tennyson's new volume, "The Holy Grail and Other Poems." The English and the American editions will be published simultaneously.

THE Vicomte H. de Beaumont has just published his "Études Théoriques et Pratiques sur la Pisciculture." These ichthyological studies form the work that was "crowned" last year at the scientific and literary congress which met at Rodez.

It is remarked as a singular circumstance in the South African diamond-diggings that all the diamonds have been found by natives, and not by Europeans. The natives go on all-fours, scanning the surface and scraping with their nails: while the European tries to maintain the dignity of an erect attitude.

JERUSALEM in the present day is one of the last places for literary production. An unedited tale from "The Thousand and One Nights" has, however, been printed there this year, with a French translation by M. Charles L. Ganneau. It is the History of the Fisherman Caliph and of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid.

THE people of Manchester, England, are giving signs of a resolve not to be behind in the attempt to give women a higher education. In the notice of the bill for the Owens College Extension to be brought before Parliament during the next session, special provision is made for the teaching of female on precisely the same terms as male students.

THE death is announced at an advanced age of the Rev. William Harness, the school-fellow and friend of Lord Byron. Mr. Harness was well known in the field of literature by his edition of "Shakespeare," and his contributions to the Quarterly, to Fraser's, and Blackwood's Magazines. His last undertaking was writing the introduction to the "Life of Mary Russell Mitford," which he just lived to see published.

"THE GRAPHIC" is the title of a new illustrated paper of the highest class, just started in London. Its editor is understood to be Mr. Sutherland Edwards. Its artistic staff numbers Mr. Armitage, A. R. A., Mr. Faed, R. A., Sir F. Grant, P. R. A., Mr. W. P. Frith, R. A., &c., &c. The engraving is intrusted to Mr. W. L. Thomas. The Graphic is to be notable both for its literary and artistic excellence, and promises to be a formidable rival to the old London Illustrated News.

STEAMBOATS on the American principle are to be introduced on the Lake of Geneva: Travellers by this line will have the further advantage of being permitted to leave the steamers at any port they choose, and continuing their journey by rail, a mutual system of tickets having been arranged between the hitherto rival companies. The cause of this unwonted enterprise on the part of the Swiss capitalists is said to be the rumor which has reached them that a Scotch firm had been applying for permission to run steamers on the lake.

ACCORDING to the English papers, the Poet Laureate is building for himself "a lordly pleasure house," as the gentleman who is making £4,000 a year by poetry can well afford to do. He has cleared some fine forest land on the Surrey Hills, not far from Godalming, and is erecting there a spacious dwelling, surrounded by extensive grounds. It has already received the name of Tennyson House. There are many eligible building-sites in the neighborhood, and it is anticipated that the pleasure of having so clever a neighbor will draw a great number of citizens and others to the spot.

It is reported that the Egyptian bands and the dancing-girls played an important part in the welcome recently given to the French Empress at Cairo. Some of these bands were composed of fifteen or twenty players, others had only three or

four, and these, with their bagpipes and cymbals, and their wild Saracenic airs, sounded strangely out of place in those crowded streets. Most of all the throngs clustered round the dancing-girls, whose posturings are altogether indescribable; certainly no description can prepare one for their outrageous indecency. These exhibitions are now scarce in Cairo, as the Government has set its face against them, and it is only upon occasions of this sort that they are to be witnessed in the open street.

THE *Courrier de Saigon* states that some heavy rains in that colony had apparently caused a commotion amongst the tigers. "One of these animals was captured at Baria. Two others were taken alive in traps, at Long-thanh. A third tiger in the same district crept one night into the telegraph office. Scared by the outcries of the agents, it made its escape, leaving in its passage across the palisades numerous traces of its claws and tufts of hair. At Rach Gia two Annamites hunting the wild boar were surprised by a tigress, which seized one of them, upon which his companion, who was armed with a lance, pierced the tigress with his weapon, while she was on the body of the other hunter, and killed her. At the Thehinh an enormous tigress was captured on the 1st of September, which, while in the trap, gave birth to three cubs. The parent and her progeny have been taken to the Botanical Gardens at Saigon, while, to make room for them, one of those magnificent tigers which it at present possesses will be transmitted to the Jardin des Plantes at Paris."

A BLIND MAN'S LOVE.

I HEARD the humming of the streets forever,
As in a sleep, — the people came and went
Around my seat unseen, like shapes that pass
Unseen, but heard, in haunted lands; and oft
Light laughter and a motion close around me,
And gentle speech, disturb'd me. What to me
Was beauteous interchange of day and night, —
The coming and the going of the sun,
Gathering grayness, and the rising moon, —
And what to me was light of sun or stars,
Since light and darkness came and went around,
Unmark'd by weary eyes that could not see,
That had not seen the day for seven years;
Only, when sunlight daily went away,
My world grew stiller, colder, — that was all.

And I was hard and dull at twenty-three, —
Dull with my grief, hard to the core from dwelling,
Sleeping or waking, in the dark so long;
One, and one pleasure only, had the power to stir
And trouble all my soul, until it felt
A sunshine of its own. A light footfall,
A tender greeting, fluttering of a dress,
A touch as soft as is a rose's leaf,
That flutters to the grass and makes no sound, —
These were the intimations of a world
Beyond my sorrow, the admonishings
Which sweeten'd that dull gloom wherein I dwelt.
O, sweeter far than any beauteous thing
The eye could look upon, one little name,
One little soft sweet name, I murmur'd o'er,
Softly, to keep my heart still: ah! the name,
The little living name I murmur'd o'er,
And saw in golden letters in the dark!
May! May! May! May! — it brought me back the
time

When I could see the roses and the leaves,
The silver splash of water, the blue hills
Netted in sunny weather! May! May! May!
I murmur'd it forever to my heart,
For joy, for joy of it! . . . Sweeter than all
To sit within my shadow-land, and hear
That one voice singing, while a little hand
I could not see, swept o'er the trembling keys.
And all the air around me seem'd to melt
Into a vapor, in whose midst there sat
One sweet girl-shape before an instrument,
Her bright curls shining, and her eyes of blue
Looking on me! Then the sweet sound would
cease,

The vision made of music died away,
And I was wearying in the dark again.

At seventeen, a fever struck me down,
And I arose, and found the world was gone,
And nothing but a shadow world remain'd.
Six weary years we dwelt in London town,
My mother seeking for her stricken son
Such help and skill as only could be found
In that great cloud of sound; for such it was,
And nothing more, to me. But naught avail'd!
All skill fell powerless — still those weary eyes
Beheld not — still I wearied and grew hard —
Still moan'd and pray'd to God that I might die,
Till that new friend, a neighbor's child, came near,
Made light of music, gave my soul within
Eyes to perceive and passion to create,
And haunted me with touch, and scent, and sound,
Such as made darkness more divine at times
Than seeing and the sunshine.

Then at last,
Strange as a trumpet wakening the dead
To wonder and white robes, came blessed light;
Light, light, — a revelation; and I saw.
Yet, for a time, the motion of the world
Look'd dim and ghostly — shapes like phantoms
came —

Strange as those wondrous flashes on the ball
Of darkness, and my spirit was oppress'd
With the unaccustom'd burden of the sense.
Slow, as a lily opens, leaf by leaf,
Light deepen'd — brightening, brightening — till
at last,
Full-orb'd, great, golden as a lily's heart,
Unclosed God's perfect day.

Then, as I sat,
Breathless with the new bliss of the bright world,
Soft motion and the flutter of a dress
Disturb'd me. Turning, radiant as a rose,
I saw a face I knew not; — strange and meek,
Not beauteous — eyes not luminous, looks not light,
Like those which I had pictured in my dream;
Yet the face smiled upon me eagerly,
And lighten'd as it smiled, — while, darkening,
I flush'd and murmur'd inarticulate words,
And, trembling like a leaf, she cried aloud
In the same voice that I had loved so long
In darkness — in the same beloved voice
That I had fondled in my shadow-land.
“Do you not know me? I am May!” whereon
I shiver'd and felt cold.

For all the world
Seem'd bitter and a cheat. The face I dream'd,
The light young delicate face with eyes of blue,
Had faded in the golden light of day;

And in its place a pensive twilight cheek,
A common creature of the clay, with eyes
Not luminous like the eyes I made it dream,
Linger'd and smiled. The world seem'd suddenly
Stale and unprofitable — all the bliss of light
Was bitter — all the fragrant sense of love
Seem'd like a wither'd feast-day posy found
At daybreak, when the revellers are gone,
In the stale-smelling ball-room of the feast.
Then I beheld her, like a frighten'd hind,
With widening eyeballs shrink, and feeling shamed
To look so coldly on my little friend,
I squeezed a feeble smile into my cheeks,
And took her hand: she, fluttering from my touch,
Stood musing; and I saw her as she lived —
A pensive woman, delicate-limb'd and small,
With brown hair braided o'er Madonna brows,
And dark eyes suffering from the gentle light
They shed on others: on her brow the light
Falling subdued and gentle. This my May!
This golden-hair, the spirit of my dream!
Nay, then, the world was bitter and a cheat!

Ah, love, my love! come nearer. Let me kiss
The broad, pure brow; and, kissing, may I kiss
Away all sorrow. Sweeter this soft hair,
Silver'd with the miraculous snows of time,
Than all the luminous looks that e'er beguiled
Rash sailors to the shallows! Yet, at first,
This perfect face repell'd me — it arose
Coldly, like something strange, to which the voice
I knew so well seem'd alien; and I loathed
The light for changing thee!

Then, for long days
The face withdrew, and left me to my thoughts.
And the streets murmur'd, and the world look'd
bright,
And shadow-land had died into a dream.
Ne'er had I felt so utterly alone!
Yea, darkness had been blest society;
But now the light was solitude indeed.

Now shall I tell by what slow witchery,
Dear love, I grew to yearn for those soft eyes
And that pale, asking face. How, in the light
That was as darkness, unaware, again
I hearken'd for thy foot; and how I wept,
When from a distant chamber came to mine
The trouble of thy singing. Then I cried
Thy name out loudly, like a fever'd man,
And gently up before me rose again
The twilight of thy face; and all at once
I felt I loved it — not as young men love —
Not with the fever'd humor of the flesh —
Not as I loved that wondrous face in dream —
But strangely, clingingly, and helplessly,
As weary men ask rest, as fever'd lips
Crave coolness, as in the parch'd Syrian sands,
Under the sun's insufferable blaze,
Men seek the shadow of the locust-tree.

Yea, how I love thee! Dearest, draw the blind,
And do not light the lamp, but let me sit
In darkness as of old; and play to me
The tune I loved so in my shadow-land,
When I conceived thee other than thou wert,
Yet never purer, dearer! . . . So, O Soul,
What pictures come and fade before thy sight!
All life is hush'd — the world, the daylight,
To twilight and a silvery star of sound!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

EVERY SATURDAY:

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SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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[No. 208.]

THE DEATH PENALTY.

A NARRATIVE.

BY JULES SIMON.

[Translated from the French by MR. W. H. HUNTINGTON for EVERY SATURDAY.]

PART FIFTH.

IX.

LIFE is woven of such strange stuff that one man's ill is too often another's good. "I wish them no evil," said Marion, "much as they have caused us. I repelled the thought of encouraging Jean Louis to inform against them. I hope now that they will have pity on him and his brothers, whom they can save without making their own case the worse." Exhausted as she was by the unremitted strain of the preceding days, she persisted on going out forthwith to inquire what they might have already disclosed. We had to traverse nearly the entire length of the town to come to M. Jourdan's house. Several individuals who knew Marion by sight, and admired her modest self-sacrifice, stopped her on her way to congratulate her. "Yes, yes," she said, "I trust that the good God will take pity on us at last." Unhappily, M. Jourdan had no good news to tell us. "I have seen them," he said, "yesterday and this morning, and I must tell you between ourselves they are arrant brigands. Their system at present is to make a show of their political principles, though it is easy to see that for them politics has been merely a pretext. A party is truly unfortunate to be invoked by such men: but that is a shame and grief which have never been spared to the vanquished of any opinions." I found my old friend unusually prolix that morning. Marion comprehended nothing of all his fine phrases, and turned her questioning eyes alternately on me and M. Jourdan; he still kept to his commonplaces. I was not long in perceiving that he did not wish to explain himself before her.

I interrupted him to say, "You judge her ill; she can bear the brutal truth; she is as strong to endure her own burdens as she is tender and generous in consoling others under theirs."

"Well, then, my poor child," said M. Jourdan, taking her hands in his, "they do but aggravate the position of our friends. They openly boast of the crime of Bignan and accuse your husband and his brothers of having lent them assistance."

Marion displayed no emotion, but arose, took her mantle, and moved toward the door.

"You are going to the prison," said M. Jourdan; "but you cannot drag yourself as far as there. Take at least a glass of wine."

"I shall be glad to, indeed," she answered, "for it is true, I am worn out; and here is this gentleman," pointing to me, "who is not used to hardship as I am, and who must be suffering more than I am."

The poor woman was faithful to her instinct in thinking first of others; but the anxiety that tortured me then above all others came from her. I had remarked the giving away of her physical force during this last journey; I knew that the family had shut up their house on coming to Vannes to await the issue of the trial, and I asked myself on what had they been living for the past two months in the Rue du Mené? As for Marion, it was not her husband she was going to see. She was going where the call was the loudest, that is, to those who were able to save the life of all of them. I went with her only as far as the door, for she remarked that they would be perhaps less distrustful and more generous with her if she were alone. She came back at the end of half an hour, her eyes red and swollen, and said nothing. When we passed before the cross by the college, she crossed herself and said, speaking in a low voice, "They are heathens."

Such an outcome of so many hopes and efforts turned my heart cold. I went in with her to her parents. The mother was in bed, which now she never left. The old father was on his stool in his customary place. He turned his head quickly toward her without uttering a word; but his eyes spoke. Marion lowered hers; he resumed his dejected attitude without further movement. Marion went straight to the bed and carefully smoothed the coverings. Then she swept the room, and after that took her seat on the other stool, on the side of the fireplace opposite her father, with her distaff. I meantime, using the freedom of friendship, had been prying into all corners, and acquired the certainty that bread and money were wanting. "Yes, it is true," she said; for although I had not spoken, she perceived that I had discovered her position. "I cannot earn more than six sous a day by spinning, and when I am not here the poor old people

do without everything. Tell the baker as you go by that you will answer for us. You shall not lose your money, M. Jules: for *after all this*, we shall sell the house out there and pay you the debt."

"I will send you something also to make a soup for your patient, Marion."

She looked at her mother-in-law, and said, after a pause, "For us peasants, it is enough if we are sure of the bread; — and do as I say and nothing more; it will be better for us so."

As I was descending the dark stairs, I heard the poor crazed mother calling to her children, "Yvonic! My Jean Louis!" I stopped, listening a moment; the voice of the father rose, reciting a prayer.

X.

I will not relate the story of the days that followed, nor all the incidents of the new process that was in preparation. The death of Brossard was but one item in the case of Le Pridoux and Jean Brien, for they were charged with two other murders. They persisted throughout in maintaining that the brothers Nayl had accompanied the band voluntarily to the house of M. Brossard, that they knew beforehand the work that was to be done there, and stood by in arms at its performance.

When they were all confronted the Nayls repelled these allegations with the greatest energy. They asserted that the refractories had kept them in complete ignorance of their design; that as soon as they could have any suspicion of a crime, they did their utmost to oppose it and that, even at the moment when Brossard was struck the first blow, a struggle was going on between them and the assassins. Jean Louis showed the traces of two considerable bruises, which he declared had been inflicted in the contest; but they were gagged, bound, and forced to be mere powerless spectators of the crime. From that time they wandered about with the others, more as prisoners than as companions, and threatened with death on the first attempt at evasion. Yvonic related in the fullest detail the manner of their escape, which they were enabled to effect during an alarm, and how they had taken refuge in a charcoal-burner's hut, where the gendarmes arrested them the next day. This statement, in which the brothers never varied, and which they all gave with the air and tone of truth, had an impressive effect on the mind of the examining magistrate, despite its improbability.

The causes had been separated, and the Nayls were to be tried at the assizes of Caen in the Calvados; but they were retained at Vannes because their presence was necessary in preparing the other process. The hope of arriving at some discovery that might benefit them was not abandoned. The King's attorney had inspired the whole court, and I may add all the town, with his own solicitude. It was generally thought that the jury of Caen would take into account the condemnation of Le Pridoux and Jean Brien, the tortures of a death sentence already once undergone, the long delays of a second trial, the youth and good antecedents of the brothers, and the now assured fact that the murder of Brossard had not been directly committed by them, — their crime, if they were criminal, being at most the having been present in arms at its execution. If the new trial did not result in a capital sentence, the king might remit the penalty of the galleys.

To escape from the galleys and from death was henceforth all our hope; for the obstinate re-

fusal of Le Pridoux and his accomplice to admit the statement of the brothers, destroyed any expectation of an acquittal. When the Nayls were heard as witnesses at the assizes in Vannes, the public anxiously followed their words. All eyes were turned towards the accused, and their denials excited murmurs throughout the hall. The venerable M. Le Gall, who presided, conjured them with tears in his eyes to tell the truth. All the interest of the public was with the formerly condemned, whose acquittal they were beginning to hope for, while every one, without distinction of party, looked on the new prisoners with loathing. Their response was constantly the same. They repeated that the Nayls went to the house of the unhappy Brossard entirely of their own will and fully aware of what was to be done there; that the resistance they talked about was an absurd invention; that the refractories had resolved with one accord, at supper at the miller's, to strike a grand blow for the sake of frightening informers; that they honestly pitied the Nayls but could not lie to save them. Such declarations, uttered with the firmest assurance, disconcerted all conjectures. Sentence was passed in the evening, and the next morning a closed carriage, escorted by gendarmes, took away the brothers to the jail at Caen.

Le Pridoux and Jean Brien let pass the interval allowed for an appeal without making any demand, so that three days after their condemnation the report spread in the town that their execution would take place on the morrow. I repaired forthwith to Marion's lodging for the purpose of inducing her to leave Vannes immediately. On reaching the door, I saw a table covered with a napkin, on which was a crucifix and holy water. Madame Nayl had died in the morning. Her reason had returned at the moment of her dying, and she was again sensible of all the horror of her situation. The corpse was watched by some women of the neighborhood and by Abbé Le Ber, who was always sure to be found with the poor and unfortunate. I looked around for M. Nayl and his daughter, and was surprised not to see them, for the custom of the Bretons is not to quit their dead.

"They are at the prison with Moisan," said Abbé Le Ber.

M. Moisan was the chaplain of the prisons, whose mournful and sublime office it was to prepare the condemned for death. He was doubly unfortunate that day, for he shared our feelings and convictions, and for the first time in his life was trying to fit men for death whom he could not love.

"It is the dead mother," said M. Le Ber, who desired them to make a new appeal to the condemned in her name, — "'Tell them that I shall hear their words when I am with God,' was her last of speech. Nayl rose up, closed her eyes, kissed her on the mouth, and they went out."

I knelt with the rest to pray. Nearly an hour passed by. There was the usual coming and going of people, who sprinkled holy water on the body. At last we heard a great tumult and loud sobbing. It was Marion they were bringing in, her eyes wildly staring, her mouth foaming, under a violent nervous attack that resembled epilepsy. The death of her mother-in-law, the interview with the condemned, the idea of their execution so near at hand, had been too much for her; the strong, calm nature had given way at last.

When she was within the funereal cell, and had heard the murderers repeat their cruel denials; when

she saw Nayl uncover his white hairs and drag himself at their feet uttering heart-rending sobs, she lost all control of herself; and at one moment it was feared she was dying. The corpse was placed on trestles, in order to lay Marion on the only bed. I ardently wished that the delirium might last for twenty-four hours. Poor Nayl would hold locked in his trembling hands the hands of his well-loved daughter, then go weeping to kiss his old companion. I felt that night more sorrow perhaps, and surely more distress, than I had experienced after the condemnation of my three friends. For our only light a resin torch had been procured; and pious women prayed in turn through the night. For ourselves, we remained silent; I saw the great tears roll down the old man's cheeks and did not seek to restrain my own. Marion fell asleep a little before daybreak. I listened attentively, for I knew that the execution would take place in the early morning and that the death-bell would be tolled at all the churches. At the first dismal note, Nayl crossed himself; Marion started up with open eyes; she listened to the bells, looked at the body of her mother, and showed that she had her full reason. As her clothing had not been removed when she was laid on the bed, she arose and going first to embrace her father, threw herself on my neck, and burst into tears. It was the first time she had given me such a proof of affection. It was right in her to treat me as a brother, for I was one for her in heart, and, after so many years, am so still. This first movement over, she dried her eyes and set about arranging the room with her wonted calm. I had arranged that the burial should take place at an early hour, and soon the men came to remove the body. There were only we three behind the bier, and as we were descending towards Saint Patern's, we had to work through the crowd coming up toward the fair-ground, where the scaffold was raised.

XI.

Two days afterward, in my garret in the Rue des Chanoines, I was reflecting on the position of all our friends, and thinking of a means of overcoming Marion's delicacy, and making her accept the money she needed to go to Caen and take her father there, when to my astonishment I saw her enter the room.

"Good day," Jules, she said in her soft, quiet tones. "I come to bid you good by and to ask a service of you."

"Speak, Marion," I replied; "you know that I shall do everything you wish."

"You are not rich," she went on, "and we,"—here she hesitated and reddened a little,— "we are no better than beggars at present. You went yesterday and paid our lodging and the baker; you have perhaps gone in debt for our sakes; but kind hearts mind nothing when it is to help others. Now, I must go my way, and my father must go to Caen. For myself,"—and she blushed again,— "I want nothing; but there is need of money for my father. One has good courage in asking, M. Jules," she continued, "when it is not asking for one's self. I am come to beg you to make a collection for us; see if you can bear to do that. You must say plainly that it is alms I am asking for; for I no longer expect to be able to repay to our benefactors the money they may give us."

Her voice was steady; but I who knew her and

posals, could only the more admire the integrity and firmness of her soul.

"Where are you going then, Marion?" I inquired; "and why are you quitting your father?"

"The mother of Le Pridoux is living," she replied. "She could speak if she would. I will go and kneel to her and ask her for the life of my husband. After that, if I fail again, may God have pity on us."

On inquiring where the mother of Le Pridoux lived, she said, "At Elven. It is only five leagues and good walking all the way; it is on the high-road."

"I will go first and do what you request," I said, "and then set out with you."

"No, M. Jules, I must set out now, without losing a minute; and I have counted on you to watch over the father and put him in the carriage; for at present he needs to be cared for like a child." Holding out her hand, she said, "Adieu, if I succeed I shall see you again."

I suffered her to depart, and ran to M. Jourdan, my ordinary Providence. The old advocate was richer in good works than crown pieces; he had, however, a horse in his stable, because he was obliged to make frequent short journeys in the course of his profession. He saddled him himself, and had a cushion adapted to the cantel of the saddle for a woman to sit on. He then called a boy of twelve years old, who served him for domestic, and bade him hasten after Marion on the road to Elven, to take her up and carry her on and bring her back. He put some sous in his pocket and gave him a basket of provisions.

"And now for your case," he said, when we had seen the boy off. "Here is a crown of six francs for your traveller. I hope to pick up a score of francs at the court. Good by and good luck."

I proceeded straight to the college, where I had been rarely seen of late, and posted myself by the door while my comrades were entering, holding my hat in my hand. I felt proud of this humiliating position, thinking of the noble woman for whose sake I was holding it. All the dealers in cakes and marbles did a poor business that day, and I am sure that more than one boy preferred going to bed supperless rather than pass by me without emptying his pocket. Nayl was enabled to set off next day in the *rotonde* of the diligence, with a purse of a hundred francs, and three letters of recommendation, procured for him by M. Jourdan.

XII.

Our little man did not overtake Marion till three leagues beyond Vannes, because she had started so long before. She was walking with difficulty, worn out with grief and hunger, but upheld by a strong will. He jumped down from his horse and told her he was sent by M. Jourdan to attend her.

"Say, rather, it is the good God who sends you," she replied; "I was afraid I must end by the roadside."

Thanks to this aid, she arrived toward four o'clock at Elven. She went straight to the church and prayed at the altar of the Virgin. She then addressed herself to the sacristan, who was lighting the tapers for vespers, and inquired for the house of Le Pridoux.

"It is the last house towards Jocelyn, my child; but if you come from Vannes," he added, "you know they are in mourning there."

heart ready to sink within her. The house she was seeking stood a little back from the others, its window facing a littered courtyard. When she first opened the door, she could distinguish nothing within; but as her eyes adapted themselves to the obscurity, she perceived an old woman seated on the hearthstone. A distaff was lying on the ground beside her, and she held a chaplet in her hands, of which she forgot to count the beads.

"May the good God give you strength," said Marion on coming in; but the widow did not hear her. She approached so near as to touch her, and said, "I am come to see you in your affliction with a heart as stricken as yours." At this the widow became sensible of her presence and looked at her for an instant. Then she turned away her head, with a gesture of the hand as if to repulse her. "No," said Marion, "I cannot go away; and pardon me for coming to disturb you in your sorrow; but it is more than my life that I ask of you." And so speaking, she fell on her knees and stretched out her hands to the desolate mother. But the other repelled her again, for in her wretchedness she did not believe that any one could talk to her of sorrow, unless in mockery. She strove to speak, and her voice died in her throat. At last she uttered the words, "My son is dead!" and pointed at the same time to the door of her cottage.

"But I," said Marion, always kneeling, "I am the wife of Jean Louis Nayl!"

"Ah, poor woman!" said the widow, "and you are weeping for your husband as I weep for my boy!"

"He is not dead," returned Marion, "and you can save him if you will. A word from you, one word of truth, can restore us all to life! I ask it of you in the name of the Virgin Mary, in the name of the salvation of your child!" and she shed so many tears, that the hands of the widow were all wet. "Do not refuse me," she continued, "if you have the heart of a woman! I will pray for you and for your son all the days of my life! Judge of our sorrow by the sorrow that is on you! Mercy! mercy! in the name of the Virgin, in the name of Jesus Christ."

The unhappy mother remained long sunk in gloomy silence; but at last her heart melted and she wept. Then followed sobs and spasms. Marion took her in her arms, kissed her hands and her cheeks, drew her head to her bosom and mingled her own tears with hers. When the night was fallen they were still on that cold hearthstone, locked in each other's arms, and the mother was talking of her son. She recounted all his childhood and youth; the days when he was so ill, and she thought she was about to lose him, and disputed him with death; the tenderness he had for her in the midst of his irregular life: she excused his crimes as she best could, for there was something of the zealot in her nature, and she had sucked the bloody milk of civil war; but the sentiments of the woman and mother resumed their sway, and then she was stirred to pity at the lot of the unfortunate whom she held in her arms.

She knew all the details of the assassination of Brossard, and knew of two women in Elven who, like herself, could testify to the innocence of the brothers Nayl. The refractories had got them away for fear that the example of Jean Pierre, if he joined his regiment, would become contagious. They had kept the brothers with them as prisoners, and forced them to be present at the murder of Brossard for the sake of compromising them.

Marion reproached herself for the passionate

throbbings of her heart, that leaped for gladness in this house of mourning.

As soon as it was day she went to the curé to implore his assistance, and visited with him the two women whom the widow had designated to her.

We saw her coming back on Sunday. Vespers were just over as she stopped at my lodging, for she wished to tell me the good news before even proceeding to M. Jourdan's. The worthy advocate was nearly stifled with emotion. He kissed Marion on both cheeks, and dragged us away to the King's attorney. M. Hervo was so violently affected as for a moment to alarm us; but he quickly recovered himself and declared that he must set off straightway for Elven, with M. Jourdan and myself, to receive juridically the depositions of the three women. He insisted that Marion should stay at his house, and intrusted her to the care of Madame Hervo, who received her like a mother.

When we had the depositions in regular form he came on with us to Bignan, where he had a new description made of the premises, and from there to Saint Allouestre, where, guided by these new indications, he was also able to collect evidence of importance. We had only to leave him to himself; he was as full of ardor as ourselves, and heeded neither trouble nor fatigue. On returning to Vannes he declared his intention of going to Caen in person. His wife told us that he had had no rest from the day that the doubt broke on his mind.

During all the hearing, which was brief, he was to be seen, in citizen's dress, behind the advocate-general, who conducted cases before the jury of the Calvados. When this officer rose to state that he should not plead the accusation, M. Hervo exhibited more emotion than the three brothers, whom this announcement was to restore to liberty and life. Marion rested heavily on my arm, for she could no longer support herself. At this last moment, when nothing was left for her but to gather the fruit of her courage, her strength abandoned her. Jean Louis had his eyes fixed on her, and regarded her as we might regard an angel. The jury took no time for deliberation. In five minutes their verdict was rendered, and the accused were again led in. After having formally pronounced their acquittal, the president, in a voice touched by emotion, and in the midst of a religious silence, addressed them as follows:—

"Yvonic, Jean Pierre, and Jean Louis Nayl, a deplorable fatality has laid on you the responsibility of a crime which you had done all in your power to prevent. The ordeal which you have undergone has been terrible; you come out of it not only innocent, but worthy the sympathy and respect of all men. May the affectionate solicitude that has accompanied you hitherto soften the bitterness of your memories. In restoring you to liberty, the Court is happy to associate itself with your joy and with that of the most worthy, most courageous, noblest of women—"

The judge president shed tears while uttering the last words and there were few in the room not tempted to follow his example. At this juncture, and as the Court was about to rise, M. Hervo left his place, and crossing the entire length of the hall, came up to the accused holding out his arms. One cry broke out from the audience when they saw him surrounded and embraced by the three brothers.

When we found ourselves together again, in the small inn, on the Falaise road, where we had alight-

ed, I do not believe the whole world offered a spectacle worthier the eye of Heaven.

Yvonic is to-day vicar of Guchenno.

It would be indiscreet for me to speak of the important part played by one of his brothers in 1848. As for Marion, she is as gentle and as modest as if she had never had any other merit than that of bringing up her children well, and fondly loving her husband.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.

BY JOHN HULLAH.

THE student, whether of music or manners, may add a good deal to his knowledge of both by an occasional inspection of one of those dilapidated folio volumes, lettered "Vocal Music," or "Songs, &c." which, though less numerous than they were a few years since, still now and then come under the hand or the eye, more often on the book-stall than the music-desk. They are touching memorials of another age, these decayed and out-at-elbows tomes, of an age not very distant from our own in point of time, but, in feeling, opinion, taste, and manners of life, how far removed!

Catholicity in excess is not the failing of the average musician; and he will perhaps find little that he can like in these old music-books. Yet it may not be useless, nor ought it to be uninteresting, to trace, by the analysis of typical specimens of each epoch, the progress in England, since the latter part of the last century, of a very important — certainly the most popular — branch of musical composition, the Vocal Solo.

The music-book of seventy or eighty years since — that expressive and faithful record of the tastes and powers of our grandmothers — will generally be found to contain songs by one or other, generally by several, of the following composers: Storace, Kelly, Carter, Dibdin, Shield, Arnold, Hook, Davy, Percy, Braham, and Jackson, of Exeter. Of Storace, *facile princeps* among these, certainly in science and knowledge of effect, perhaps also in invention, there would be "Where the silvered Waters roam" (from *The Pirates*), "The Sapling Oak" (from *The Siege of Belgrade*), or "With lowly Suit and plaintive Ditty" (from *No Song No Supper*). Of Kelly we should find "No! my Love, No!" (from *Of Age To-Morrow*); and of Carter, the inevitable "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" — like "Auld Robin Gray," a *pseudo-Scottish* song.

The prolific genius of Dibdin — the poet, the composer, and the singer — would be represented by "Tom Bowling," "Then Farewell, my trim-built Wherry," "Saturday Night at Sea," or "Poor Jack"; and that of the more ambitious Shield, by "Ere around the huge Oak," "The Death of Tom Moody," "Whilst with Village Maids I stray," or "The Wolf." Another bass air, "Flow, thou regal purple Stream," would remind us of Arnold, to whose editorial labors Church musicians and the admirers of Handel owe so large a debt of gratitude. Hook will have contributed "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "Tarry awhile with me, my Love," or "Twas within a Mile o' Edinbro' Town," another forgery on the Scottish muse; Davy, "Just like Love," and "The Bay of Biscay"; Percy, "Wapping Old Stairs"; and Braham, like Dibdin, composer, singer, and even, on occasion, poet, "Slow broke the Light," "No more by Sorrow chased," or "The Bird in yonder Cage confined." Jackson's

laurels were for the most part won in other fields, but a volume such as that we are considering would hardly have been held complete without "Encompassed in an Angel's Frame," or "When first this humble Roof I knew." In addition to these songs by contemporary composers, we should find at least one "favorite song by Mr. Handel," probably "Angels ever bright and fair"; and more than one by Dr. Arne, "Water parted from the Sea," or "When Daisies pied," certainly "The Soldier tired." Two or three anonymous productions, — "I am a brisk and sprightly Lad," and "Since then I'm doomed," "Pray Goody," "Over the Mountain and over the Moor," and "The Blue Bells of Scotland" * — would complete the volume.

These songs, like those which make up any contemporary young lady's collection, are of very unequal merit. The intervals from Storace to Kelly, from Shield to Hook, and from Jackson to Davy, are severally very wide ones; but the best and the worst of the compositions which make up our imaginary volume have some good qualities in common. They are almost without exception melodious, well fitted to the words, and "becoming to the voice"; † and in those of them which rise above the level of mere tune, though there is no serious attempt at developing or pursuing musical ideas to their utmost consequences (the distinguishing power of *great* masters, ancient or modern), the passages are spontaneous and coherent, and grow out of one another naturally, as though, once set growing, they could not have grown otherwise.

Moreover, the composers of these contemporary "favorite" songs were not only men of very unequal powers, but of very various ages. In the last decade of the last century some of them were beginners, others were in the prime, others in the decline of life. Braham had just entered on a career which was only to end in our own time. Shield had reached "the middle of the journey of our life"; Jackson was just attaining its term; while Storace, like Purcell, Linley, Mozart, and Schubert, had already furnished another illustration of the apothegm, "Those whom the gods love die young."

Some of the most successful productions, therefore, of the contributors to our "music-book," were subsequent to its collocation; among them, for instance, "The Death of Nelson," a song which, whatever its shortcomings, has survived by more than half a century the shock caused by the subject of it. It is still popular.

These composers, whatever their merits, whatever their places in public favor at the end of the last century, were destined soon to suffer an eclipse, from which they are still by no means free, from the advent and prolonged course of a composer who perhaps in invention, certainly in science, taste, and facility, surpassed them all. The year 1809 is signalized in the history of English music by the production of *The Circassian Bride* — an opera (so called, at least, in those days), the music of which was the composition of Henry (more recently Sir Henry) Bishop. From this epoch to the year of his death (in 1860), a period of fifty years, Bishop kept his hold on the public ear more firmly than any English predecessor or contemporary. Not that he was without rivals, — and formidable rivals too; not that he was either the greatest genius or the most

* No longer anonymous. The researches of Mr. Chappell have proved it to be the composition of Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated singer and actress.

† We owe this happy phrase to the late Mr. Braham.

learned and skilful musician of his age and country; but that he was for a great length of time the only Englishman who exercised musical genius and learning in that exact proportion, and in those particular directions, without which public favor at once great and permanent is unattainable to a musical composer. For, the most distinguished contemporaries of Bishop, in his early days at least, were none of them his rivals. Of our four best glee composers, Webbe, Stevens, Callcott, and Horsley, none attempted the musical drama; nor can any vocal *solos* by these masters, at all comparable in excellence or in quantity to their *part*-music, be named which could have competed with like works of Bishop, in popular estimation. The same may be said of Wesley, so many of whose noble compositions are, it is believed, still withheld from us; of Crotch, William Russell, J. Stafford Smith, Benjamin Cooke, Spofforth, Danby, and others. Partial exceptions might be made in favor of two or three of these; for Webbe wrote one very successful song, "The Mansion of Peace"; and Callcott's "Angel of Life," "Friend of the Brave," and "Sisters of Acheron"; and Horsley's "When shall we Three meet Again," "My Harp," and "The Tempest," continue to find willing performers, if not always willing listeners. But granting these the utmost allowance of merit and public favor, what are they to the long succession of compositions at once admirable and popular by these same masters, which any experienced *part*-singer could enumerate, with or without a moment's notice?

Who will venture — with any hope of arriving at the end of the list — to enumerate Sir Henry Bishop's songs, the product (and hardly the chief product) of an artistic life of fifty years, no day of which could have been passed "without a line"? He was "concerned in" about seventy musical dramas in all: few of them, it is true, operas in the proper sense of the word, but all of them supported, adorned, and enriched by a wealth of musical thought which no frequency or extent of call seemed able to exhaust. With the concerted music of Bishop we are not now concerned; it is only with his songs we have to do. Their number, which we have no means — perhaps now there are no means — of ascertaining, is not to be estimated even approximately by that of the dramas to which he contributed music. Many, especially of his later airs, are essentially of the class of chamber music; and if he sometimes borrowed a phrase or a section from a so-called "national" melody, he frequently lent to that often very inane production its single peculiarity or its single grace.

For many years, however, after his first dramatic success, the theatre must have furnished Bishop with occupation sufficient for the most productive and indefatigable of musical composers. We have before us a list (certainly not complete) of his dramatic productions, which, between the year 1806, when he made his first essays, and the year 1824, which closes his first period, number sixty-eight, — nearly four per annum for eighteen years! His part in many of these pieces was limited to instrumentation (in which no precedent Englishman had shown anything like the same skill) and arrangement, i. e. correcting, curtailing, or expanding other people's music; but to others he made large contributions of original matter, — overtures, melodramatic music, concerted pieces, and songs. Among other undertakings he was actively concerned in a species of Shakesperian revival, happily not imi-

tated since, which consisted in turning the dramas of our great poet into melodramas with music. To these experiments we owe some of the best of Bishop's songs. "By the Simplicity of Venus' Doves," "Should he upbraid," and "Bid me dis-couse," are all that are left to us of these profanations of Shakespeare, — profanations, however, which it might be said they all but justify.

No English dramatic musician in any way worthy of comparison with Bishop appeared during the first years of his career. In or about 1820 the compositions of John Barnett — who, as a boy, had attained considerable reputation as a dramatic singer — began to excite attention, and to be treated, though sometimes with severity, always with consideration, by the musical critics of those days. The songs of Mr. Barnett, like those of Sir Henry Bishop, are by no means exclusively operatic, but the majority of the most popular owe their existence to the stage. "The light Guitar," "Rise, gentle Moon," and others which keep, and are likely to keep, their hold on public favor, are many of them the sole remaining memorials of dramas of which they were, no doubt, the most interesting features; and "Farewell to the Mountain," and "Deep in a Forest Dell," are integral parts of the *Mountain Sylph* — of all the operas (properly so called) yet produced by an Englishman that which seems to us the most likely to live.

The transition from Mr. Barnett to Mr. Balfe is facilitated by the fact of their temporary rivalry, and by that of Mr. Balfe (like Mr. Barnett, a dramatic singer) having played a principal part in one of the latter's operas, *Farinelli*. The first mention of Mr. Balfe with which we are acquainted is in *The Harmonicon* (Vol. V. p. 32), wherein a composition of his is criticised somewhat severely. It is spoken of as "a song which evidently means to make some pretensions" (*sic*). After a complaint that the poetry and the music "do not go on smoothly together," the writer concludes by observing, not altogether grammatically, that "there is, however, merit in parts of the composition which entitle it to notice, though the triteness of the ending," &c. &c. Mr. Balfe, however cast down by this criticism on his youthful production, survived it, and became, as everybody knows, the composer of several operas, the majority of which met with great success. To the first of them produced in England, *The Siege of Rochelle*, the public is indebted for "When I beheld the Anchor weighed"; to another, *The Maid of Artois*, for the still more popular "Light of other Days," while the more recent *Bohemian Girl* gave occasion for "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls," and "When other Lips." The first-named of these songs was "created" by Mr. Henry Phillips, then in his zenith, and the second by the same excellent artist and — a cornet-à-piston. This "cheap and nasty" trumpet, which holds the same relation to that noble instrument, the trumpet proper, that stucco does to stone, was in those "other days" comparatively a novelty, even in its proper place, — the street band. In combination with a barytone or any other voice it had assuredly never been heard within the walls of an English theatre. The town fairly "went mad about it." Mr. Balfe's graceful but somewhat commonplace melody was exalted to the skies, and the brows of Mr. Bunn, the author of the words, might have ached under the laurels that were heaped upon them. The poet is no longer with us, the voice of the singer is mute, the lyre of the musician

is unstrung: but the cornet-à-piston, alas! still "rules," not merely "the camp," but also "the court and grove"; it still adulterates the orchestra, makes "quiet streets" uninhabitable, and continues the pulmonary discipline of athletic undergraduates during the brief intervals of boating and cricket.

Two other composers, Edward Loder and Rooke, became candidates for operatic fame a little before and a little after the production of Mr. Barnett's "Mountain Sylph." Mr. Loder made a considerable impression by his "Nourjahad," a work which, did the success of operas depend *entirely* on music, would have succeeded thoroughly. But the "book" (the old story) was found dull, and though the music was voted beautiful and musician-like, the opera, as a whole, ceased to be performed. Not so individual pieces in it; a trio and at least one song—"There's a Light in her laughing Eye"—are still occasionally heard in the concert-room, and more often in the private circle. The presentation of Mr. Rooke's first and most successful opera, "Amelie," which had been waited for many years, was nearly adjourned *sine die* at last by a ludicrous incident. The opera, when accepted, partially rehearsed, and even advertised, was found to be *not yet instrumented*. The necessity for this operation had never occurred, till a band rehearsal had been called, to manager, musical director, or composer. After a most inopportune delay of several weeks, "Amelie" made its appearance, and kept possession of the scene for many successive nights. Some of the songs in it, "My Boyhood's Home" and "Under the Tree" (admirably sung by Mr. Manvers), are still in circulation, and maintain considerable favor.

Three dramatic composers, contemporaries, for some years at least, though we know not their comparative ages,—Thomas (Tom) Cooke, Alexander Lee, and Herbert Rodwell (a pupil of Bishop),—contributed each their quota to the stock of popular songs. The success of Cooke's "Love's Ritonella" claims especial notice from the fact of its having been made, not by a professed vocalist, but by an actor, Mr. Wallack, who rather *said* than *sung* it, and created a great sensation at the time by his intelligent, original, and effective delivery. Lee was the composer of many favorite songs,—of "Away, away to the Mountain's Brow," "Come, dwell with me," and "The Soldier's Tear"; and Rodwell (who from time to time just indicated the possession of powers which he never thoroughly put forth) exhibited unmistakable inventiveness in melody in "They mourn me dead in my Father's Halls," and "The Banks of the blue Moselle." He also set the songs in an adaptation of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's Jack Sheppard; among others, "Nix my dolly, Pals," and "Jolly Nose," the approbation of which among the class best able to judge of them is said to have been unequivocal.

Charles Edward Horn, a dramatic singer as well as composer, made several successful hits, off as well as on the stage. Among the latter, "Cherry ripe," which first fell from the lips of Madame Vestris, in days "when all was young," has become a national melody; among the former, "I've been roaming," "The deep, deep Sea," and "Through the Wood" (the last two favorite songs of the lamented Malibran) have lost little of their former popularity.

A musician of great accomplishment,—a German by birth, but whom (like Handel and for like reasons) we have got to think of as one of ourselves,

—Jules Benedict, is the composer of several *English* operas. The name of a song in one of them, "Rage, thou angry Storm," has come under our eye in concert programmes more than once very recently; while another, "By the sad Sea Waves," a rare example of refined and individual melody, must form part of every contemporary contralto's repertory.

Some of the successful productions, dramatic and other, of Vincent Wallace and George Macfarren, though more recent, are still sufficiently remote to claim a place in this article. Those of Mr. Wallace too, have, alas! come to an end. His talent was, perhaps, more happily exercised in the concerted piece than the solo,—especially the solo with its accompaniment reduced to drawing-room dimensions: for his instrumentation was very skilful. Like Mr. Wallace, Mr. Macfarren is a great master of combined effect, vocal and instrumental. As "the greater includes the less," he is the composer of many minor works which have found favor as well with the many as with the few.

Theatrical performance is for the musical composer the most efficient of all modes of advertisement; and that which is first heard within theatrical walls starts with advantages unattainable through any other mode of presentation. Nevertheless, some of the most popular as well as some of the best English songs of this century have altogether wanted the support of dramatic situation, and have owed their success to their intrinsic merit or their felicitous rendering in the concert-room. We have collected a large number of examples, to which it would no doubt be possible to add as many more. The difficulty in dealing with them is solely that of choice. Here are a few, in approximate chronological order.

The first that will come under our notice, from their number, popularity, and the length of time over which their publication was spread, are those connected with the name of Thomas Moore. We leave out of consideration all the collections entitled *Irish Melodies*, *National Melodies*, *Evenings in Greece*, &c., to which Mr. Moore contributed words, and Sir John Stevenson very indifferent, and Sir Henry Bishop very ingenious, "symphonies and accompaniments." Nor shall we stop to estimate the extent to which the majority of these *National Melodies* are in any sense "national," i. e. anonymous, ancient, or traditional in any nation; or how far *Evenings in Greece* were the results of "Evenings at home,"—home being very much to the west of the favored land "where grew the arts of war and peace." But Moore was the avowed composer as well as author of many favorite songs, and the unavowed composer (it is believed) of many more. He was an unlearned musician; and an unlearned musician can only exhibit invention, if he be gifted with it, in melody; hardly, even in melody (*melopœia*), but rather in *tune*, the rhythmical limits at least of which are of necessity very narrow and unelastic. Learned or unlearned, however, the composer of "Young Love once dwelt in an humble Shed," "My Heart and Lute," "The Woodpecker," "Those Evening Bells," and "Oft in the stilly Night," found a road to the hearts of his hearers which many a pundit has altogether mistaken, or been too clumsy to travel.

Two of Moore's countrymen, Augustine Wade and Samuel Lover (the latter only recently lost to the *three arts* he practised so gracefully), have been very successful song-writers: like Moore, too, setting their own verses. "Meet Me by Moonlight"

and "Love was once a little Boy" are, after some forty years, still in circulation; and "The Angel's Whisper" (a more recent production, "running hard" some of the best of Moore's) will always find a sympathetic audience when rendered by a sympathetic voice.

A native of Wales, the late John Parry, — the father of our musical Gavarni, — is the composer of a song, "Jenny Jones," whose popularity was so great, and had been so long enjoyed, that about the year 1835, Mr. Charles Mathews introduced it in a dramatic piece, and sang it "in character," under the impression that it was a "national melody." Mr. Parry of course put forward, and easily established his claim to the parentage of "Jenny," whose unlooked-for turn in the wheel of Fortune was, it is to be hoped, advantageous to her progenitor. Mr. Parry was the composer too of a very pretty ballad, "Norah, the Pride of Kildare," which his son, before his specialty had been revealed to him, used to sing very sweetly.

Those amateurs whose recollections extend to forty years since will hardly have forgotten a novelty in musical publications of about that date, the employment of lithography (then a new art) in the decoration of music-titles. This fashion enjoyed but a short life, though a busy one. For a time it seemed as impossible for a song to come out, wanting a pictorial frontispiece, as for a gentleman to go out, wanting his hat and coat. Whatever the subject, — meeting or parting, absence or presence, morning or evening, plant or flower, soldier or saint, bird or beast, — there met you on the wrapper, he, she, or it; the creature, animate or inanimate, whose joys or sorrows, pleasures or pains, phases or sensations, you proposed to sing or hear sung about.

One of the first of these applications of pictorial art was to an *aspiration*. Not that the aspiration was depicted but the thing whose state of existence was aspired to. "I'd be a Butterfly," with a portrait of the ideal one, made its appearance one morning in Mr. Willis's shop-window (he occupied a portion of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly), and in a few days half musical England — the better half — was smitten with an overpowering, resistless rage for metempsychosis. The success was astounding, and of course begat countless imitations, the majority of which attained only *superficial* successes. It was easier to imitate the wrapper of "I'd be a Butterfly" than the elegant verses and pretty tune inside it. These were the work of Mr. Haynes Bayly, whose future proved a long career of prosperity as a song-writer. Many of his subsequent productions equalled in popularity that just named, and one of them, "O no, we never mention her," probably exceeded it.

It must have been about this time, too, that another fashion in song-making sprung up, and, like the illustration fashion, flourished for a time vigorously, that of following a successful song by an "answer" to it, — a form of piracy against which the law of copyright furnished no protection. Thus "I'd be a Butterfly" was "answered" by "I'd be a Nightingale," or "I'd be an Antelope." Not only so, but the answer occasionally assumed the form of protest or contradiction; and a poet was not long wanting to assert that he'd "not be a butterfly born in a bower," &c., but something else. These trespasses on reclaimed ground were very numerous. Mr. Barnett's popular song, "Rise, gentle Moon," we remember to have been followed by "Rise, gentle

Star"; and Mr. Bayly's "O no, we never mention her," by "O yes, we often mention her," — or him, as best suited the sex or taste of the singer. We do not recollect whether any answer was evoked by a very popular air, "We met"; if so it should have been, and no doubt was, "We cut."

Not a few of the popular songs of the first half of this century are the compositions of musicians highly distinguished in other branches of their art, and who, as it were, "awoke and found themselves famous" in this. Thus the admired Church composer, Thomas Attwood, made himself known to a still larger public by his setting of Campbell's "Soldier's Dream," his one successful essay in that direction. A single sacred song, too, from an oratorio by M. P. King, "Eve's Lamentation," became, and we believe still remains, a great favorite with sopranos of limited means.

Other popular songs, not many, have been the productions of musicians ("single-speech Hamiltons" of their art) whose existence one song only, and that a success, has revealed to the uninitiated. We remember nothing by the late Earl of Westmoreland which impinged on the public ear save the elegant but somewhat feeble "Bendemeer's Stream," which Mr. John Parry used to sing very often and very well, an advantage he also extended to "The Maid of Llangollen," an exceedingly pretty song, by a certain James Clark, by whom no other has come under our notice. Nor do we know of anything by Mrs. Philip Millard for an instant to be compared with "Alice Gray," one of those clear, individual melodies which, once heard, are learnt for life.

In or about the year 1831 the circle of resident musical composers was enlarged by the arrival in England of the Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm, an amateur, but an amateur who had been under professional training, and who could even boast of having been the pupil of Joseph Haydn. The Chevalier made his *début* here as a composer in "Napoleon's Midnight Review," a song which, notwithstanding some shortcomings, made an extraordinary sensation, and set every eye and ear on the watch for the next utterance of the composer. This was not long coming.

The Chevalier had the good fortune to find a coadjutor in the best and the most prolific of modern English song-writers, — Barry Cornwall. Their first joint effort was "The Sea." This attained a success which it would have been difficult to exceed and unreasonable to expect in another instance. It was sung by Mr. Henry Phillips, to whose feeling and intelligence — exercised on words so clear, yet so deep, so sweet, yet so strong — must the reception of the song be mainly attributed; for, to invert a common phrase, the music of "The Sea" is but a vehicle for the verse, being made up of commonplace passages, rather rollicking than spirited, which, however, it must be admitted, are pieced together with considerable skill.

The name of Barry Cornwall has reminded us of a curious circumstance connected with English popular songs, — the very small number even of the lyrics and lyrical passages — his not excepted — of the great poets of the first half of this century, which have been set to music with any signal success. How little is there "married to immortal" music of Wordsworth, of Coleridge, of Southey, of Keats, of Byron! Shelley is (strange to say) the principal exception: of Scott and Campbell, how few even of the verses written expressly for music have been

happily and successfully set! Some attempts, more praiseworthy as attempts than as results, at musical illustration of Scott might be named, by Dr. Clarke Whitfield and Mazzinghi. But even Bishop, signalized by the author of *Quentin Durward* as the musician *par excellence* likely to "find the notes" of "County Guy," by no means came upon the right ones; and when he failed what could be expected of the mob who entered on the search with him? Who has "found the notes" to "Where shall the Lover rest?" When will the "Hebrew Melodies" cease to be a misnomer? With the exception of the songs by Attwood and of Dr. Callcott, of which we have already spoken, and one, "The Last Man," by a musician worthily bearing the last honored name, we can hardly call to mind a musical illustration of any of these poets which, even if successful at first, has held its own in public or private for any length of time.

We have characterized the best songs of the end of the last century as being "melodious, well fitted to the words, and becoming to the voice." The best songs of the end of the last half-century (with which this rapid survey must come to an end) are perhaps equally melodious, but not quite so *tuney*: their interest is not so exclusively centred in the voice-part. The majority of the former generally could be, and often were, performed without "the instrument," the duties of which were literally those of accompaniment. The instrumental part of a modern song is often so thoroughly interwoven with the vocal, that to pull them asunder would be to reduce a fabric to its raw material again. In this kind of song invention is perhaps less severely taxed — certainly the want of it is less easily detected — than in the composition of self-supporting tune. In that fitness to the words which consists in the adaptation of music generally conformable to them in spirit, our contemporaries will not suffer by comparison with their predecessors; in attention to the accent and quantity of each individual syllable they are decidedly inferior. Many of our most popular modern songs are sadly faulty in this particular. More than one instance might be given of songs by composers of repute falsely accented from beginning to end.

These for the most part, however, are opera songs, in the composition of which recent musicians have stood at a great disadvantage. The "poets" of Storace and his contemporaries were men like Sheridan, Cumberland, and M. G. Lewis, whose verses, if not always glowing with poetic fire, always had a thought in them grammatically expressed. Mr. Barnett and Mr. Balfe have had to set, and have succeeded in setting, to music emotions and situations; but the "poetry" with which they have had to deal could of itself have been no more suggestive of musical thought than the multiplication-table or Rameau's *Gazette de Hollande*. We cannot but think that the majority of modern songs are less "vocal" than those of the last age. This might have been expected. The prodigiously increased importance of instrumental music during the last three quarters of a century has naturally turned the attention of musical students to instruments "made with hands," somewhat to the neglect of that oldest and noblest of instruments, which is the work of a Divine Artificer: —

"For God made the 'chorus' and man made the 'band.'"

Whatever relation to one another the voice and

to hold in the "music of the future," it should never be forgotten that, as a *play* is a thing to be *played*, so a *song* is a thing to be *sung*; and that what is to be sung must be singable, i. e. "becoming to the voice" of the singer, who otherwise can neither utter it with pleasure nor with effect.

HIS LITTLE WAYS.

NOTWITHSTANDING that, since the period at which I first accosted the reader in these pages, gray has something mingled with our younger brown, it may not be wholly without interest to the fairer portion of my friends to mention, incidentally, that I am still an unsuared being, a bright old bachelor, still faithful to my principles of freedom, still, with the combined decision and courtesy with which one honors, and repels, the efforts of a persevering foe, resisting eligible opportunities of parting with that blessing. Urbane, but inexorable, I really know no man who more thoroughly appreciates the charming qualities of the other sex, or cherishes a deeper sentiment of gratitude for the still greater blessings he had sometimes believed them not unwilling to confer. Cordially recognizing the sagacious provision that proposals should proceed from *our* side, I feel that I must else not only have long since exhausted all acknowledged forms of negative, but that the perpetual demand upon one's best, and tenderest sympathies must have seriously affected my nervous system, and terminated in — say sciatica, if nothing worse.

I would not, for worlds, be considered to speak disrespectfully of the married state. Very, very far from it. I have a positive predilection for matrimonial life, provided I do not share it, and look round upon the ever-increasing circle of its victims with something of that feeling, mournful, indeed, yet tender and humanizing, with which one gazes on the sick and wounded in some mighty hospital.

I have even a little gallery in my house, sacred to their manes. Under each sad-eyed portrait, with its forced, quivering smile, and, not unfrequently, that "tamed" look never seen in cage-born animals of the fiercer kind, appears the date of the unfortunate fellow's birth and exco—marriage, I mean — and I am sensible of few things more gratifying than to sit, smoking (poor lads! you never smoked) in your midst, to remember that if you fell easily, you bore it nobly, and to think that, but for a too ostentatious embracing of your chains, you might have passed for happy men.

One of you (Jes, Balaam Burkemyoung, b. 1687, m. 1715, you may well try to disarm me with that deprecating gaze), carried hypocrisy to the extent of marrying three wives! Of the first, history is mute. Between the last two, you lie buried. In the interesting bas-relief commemorating that circumstance, you are turning your back to the one, and bestowing your undivided attention on the other. Balaam, this is suggestive. Is it — can it be two to one that you were not a happy spouse?

Charley Wing, dear old boy, your wink is a transparent humbug. It is not worth one dump. That look, recalled with difficulty for deceitful ends, belongs to an earlier and happier period of your existence. You had been dead three years (to freedom) when, at the command of your sovereign, Mrs. Wing, you smirked for these effigies! My friend, I consecrate this sip of grog to the joy

louder in praise of that blest condition than yourself. In the very act of exulting over a fallen brother, whil! your foot slipped, and you vanished over the dizzy precipice, with Sibyl Greatheed of the Grange.

John Adolphus Burkemyoung Parfitt (b. 1789, m. 1830), it is my painful duty to pass upon you the severest sentence in my power to award. Convicted on the clearest evidence, your marriage-certificate, of two offences of the highest class—treason, sir, and perjury—forgetful of your own voluntary vow that nothing should induce you to marry, you deserted the ranks of bachelorhood upon the merest provocation. Life's battle, sir, had hardly begun, when you, unhappy man, incited by one Agnes Heckstetter Williamson, of Scarborough, Yorkshire, Spinster, withdrew precipitately to the rear, and were heard of no more. You are hung, sir, well hung (light from the left), and may you be as happy as you don't deserve!

Philip Bamstead (b. 1800, m. much regretted, 1821), tender years recommend to mercy only when accompanied by the weakness and instability incident to youth. You fell in love, young sir, at seventeen. Four years were allotted you for reflection and repentance. In vain. On the day you came of age, you married. Human depravity—I cannot trust myself to speak. A baronet of my acquaintance, Sir Peter Teazle, has sagaciously remarked that certain marriages are crimes that bring their own punishment. You were a grandfather at forty!

And now, Tom Burkemyoung, the younger, "What shall I say to thee, Lord Scrope?" Friend of my youth, I knew thee, and that there was, in thy whole composition, not love enough to stir the soul of a flea. Had I been inquired of, by cynic, what man is safe? I should have unhesitatingly replied, "Tom. Tom Burkemyoung." To do you justice, however, you practised no deceit or perfidy. The woman does not breathe who shall taunt you with broken vows. Tom lost everything he possessed, and very considerably more, through the sudden dissolution of the Universal Starch and Stucco Company. Comprehending at one glance his position, Tom put himself up for sale. "My reserved price," avowed the frank, handsome fellow, "is two hundred thousand, fifty down." He was bought by Mrs. Curwig, widow of the eminent broker, the mark of whose honored head, against his favorite pillar in the Stock Exchange, is still pointed out to new-comers with pride and emotion. "Sic stabat Curwig" was to have been inscribed over the spot he had abandoned for another, where time-bargains are no more, but a brother magnate of the 'Change having declared that he, for one, would not "stab at" the memory of his old friend, the idea was prudently relinquished. Tom, old boy, health to you, and resignation. I salute you.

After all (this is first-rate "baccy"), after all, my suffering souls, I have not touched upon the worst of your condition. You remind me of the metamorphosed kings in Circe's palace. You were once men. You sank into husbands, from thence you degenerated into sires. In this moral decrepitude, you received the ironical title of "governor," your gubernatorial functions being, in many cases, expressly restricted to the forking out of cash.

Your case, my worthy things, is hopeless. Man's growing wisdom has greatly facilitated the cheaply and expeditiously getting rid of wives. But with your offspring the matter is different. The law of

England, like a benevolent grandmother, adopts both parties, and, for a certain period, compels the satisfactory fulfilment of those functions you assumed with the honorary title above referred to.

Right you are, my excellent creatures, to adapt yourselves to uncontrollable circumstances; but the forced exultation under which you strive to conceal your disgrace is transparent to the (bachelor) friends who love you. Humbling it is to witness the first feeble efforts of some hero of fifty fields, to control the struggles of that formless dab of humanity he styles his "son!" Melancholy, indeed, is the spectacle of a man whose glowing pen has moved the social world, accosting his first-born as topsy-mopsy-wocums! It seems like a grotesque and horrible dream, begotten of German sausage and lager beer, that I once surprised an individual whose poems have been translated into sundry European tongues, entertaining his tyrant-baby with a lyric whose concluding lines are burned into my memory, to this effect:—

"Shim-sham paradiddle marabona ting-tang—
Rigdum bulldidgm ky me."

Tears gather in my eyes as I pen these unforgotten words! I will pay one hundred pounds to any individual who will lessen the pang by proving to me that they are susceptible of any rational explanation. "Ky me" (whatever they may mean) if I will not!

Is it not enough that the dawning reason should be bewildered with such lights as these? Must it be wantonly misled? It is my belief that your baby begins to *think* reason long before its teachers condescend to talk it. My infantine common sense revolted, I remember, against the suggestion that I should hush-a-by on a tree-top, when not only was there a secure and comfortable nursery at hand, but a very serious mishap likely to ensue were the former proposition adopted.

Again: that "Burkemyoung" does not rhyme with "hunting" I hold to be an insufficient apology for addressing me as "bunting"; nor does the prospect of being wrapped up in a rabbit-skin offer sufficient attractions to atone for such unfaithful teaching.

Is it imagined that children are born without ears? An error. I knew a young lady who, at four years old, indignantly resisted the attempt in Jack and Jill, to reconcile "water" and "after," and always held to the improved transatlantic reading:—

"Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And, if Jill did n't—she oughter."

From these, among many examples of a similar nature, I am led to infer that there is something in the care of babies highly debilitating to the intellectual man. Consequently, to delegate the education of this, perhaps inevitable, nuisance, to the sex whose mental progress threatens to become unhealthfully rapid, may be the best for all parties.

I myself have studiously held aloof, and, with one fearful exception, recorded some while since in these pages, have never, that I wot of, been in direct communication with any baby living. It was, therefore, not without serious mental disturbance that I received a letter from my niece Mattie, married and residing abroad, referring to a rash promise on my part to come and see her first-born son, whenever that astonishing phenomenon should be revealed.

"Aware, dear," continued this saucy letter, "of your partiality for little trots, I have not been in a hurry to remind you of your promise; but, now, darling Babs is quite a little man" (he was about

two and a half), "so come you *must*. I do assure you, uncle, he is not a common child," (if he *had* been, my curiosity would for once have been powerfully excited!) "He has a hooked nose, like papa, and the richest little barytone voice.

"His desire to see his godpapa is quite touching." (This remark merely proves into what extremes the naturally truthful mind may be betrayed by enthusiasm.) "The moment he heard you were expected" (So!) "he began saving up his bits of sugar, and would have been equally generous with regard to his magnesia, but *that* circumstances forbade! If you could only see him tearing his little cradle curtains — destructive darling, *that* he is!" (I could almost hear the kiss that accompanied this tribute.) "Or screaming and splashing in his little bath! O dear, dear! won't you be delighted with his little ways!"

Ha! Crumbs of comfort! My godson's ways were little. If ways of some sort be unavoidable, the smaller they run the better. A hooked nose, ha? I don't think I ever saw a Jewish baby; but, with infants of my own persuasion, the little dab of putty which represents the early stage of that organ simply expresses indecision as to the form it will eventually adopt. Let us, however, hope that the curved beak foreshadows greatness; at all events, that decision of character and self-control which (see Julius Cæsar, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, Sir Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, and others) qualify men to be successful *leaders* of men. As touching the quality of my godson's voice, that must, for the present remain a mystery, a shriek in barytone conveying to my mind no more distinct idea than that of a railway whistle with a cold.

My journey, as luck would have it, was made in company of an interesting young gentleman about my godson's years. There was something contraband, so to speak, in the manner in which he had been introduced into the carriage. At all events, it was only when we were fairly under way, and escape impossible, that he was suddenly born, as it were, from a basket that seemed to contain nothing but innocent lace, and announced his presence with a querulous squall that might have served for a signal to the next station. The pretty little mamma who, with a nurse, occupied the adjacent seats, apologized so sweetly for the — no doubt, to *her* — melodious disturbance, that I felt I could do no less than express myself as rather gratified, than otherwise, at the prospect of our journey being enlivened by such strains.

"You are fond of the pets, if I am not mistaken?" remarked my fair fellow-traveller, archly.

I bowed assent. "Pet" is a general term, and I have no aversion to a good bull-terrier.

"And I am sure," she added, more sweetly still, "they like *you*."

My heart stood still. A dew rose on my forehead. What if I were expected to caress the little abomination?

"How he fixes his pretty eyes upon you! It is quite curious how quickly they recognize their friends!"

If an intense desire to fling its object out of the window be indicative of friendship, I gave this infant credit for its penetration. Snatching the opportunity when mamma's eyes were for a moment averted, I returned the child's stare with a look that might have cowed a rhinoceros. But the result disappointed my expectations. The terrified howl I had elicited was interpreted as a desire to go to the kind

gentleman who was smiling so amiably from the opposite seat. This, however, the infant, for its own private reasons, at once declined, thereby enabling me to display, with safety, an amount of disappointment that completely won the confidence of both mamma and nurse.

Upon the whole, this was a fortunate meeting. Here, I thought, was a splendid opportunity of learning a little baby-talk and general management which would prove invaluable in defence against my godson. Not to be tedious — before our little party separated, I had, by unwearying observation and a little judicious questioning, acquired all the needful rudiments of babiology. Although not qualified to maintain a fluent conversation, I felt that I could make myself generally understood. If incompetent to deal with unforeseen and critical incidents, I could answer for a certain self-possession in the presence of most. In cases demanding prompt action, I felt sure that my course, if somewhat rough, would be effectual. I knew which end of a baby commonly went first, and which had been agreed upon, by nursery sages, as more desirable to keep uppermost. I was aroused to the fact that "wagh!" (which I had hitherto imagined to be a phrase of the Sioux Indians) was *babine* for hungry: and "owgh!" implied a slight discomfort in the stomach: these being the only two incidents recognized in earlier baby life, as of any real consequence. The art of saying, "clk!" "chirrup!" and "boh!" at the aptest moment, was one that could not be imparted, but which tact, experience, and observation would soon supply. Finally, the rules that govern dandling and dancing are of so subtle a nature, that the inspiration of the moment is, upon the whole, the safest guide.

Armed with these timely hints, I lost all uneasiness, and by the time I reached my journey's end, was really almost as anxious to meet my godson as his doting mother could have desired.

"Now, uncle," said Mattie, composing herself, after the effusions of welcome, "how would you like to see him, *first*? Think, dear, and then say frankly. He does look so pretty, asleep! But, then, his little ways —"

"My dear," I said hurriedly, "if there be one condition in which a child affects me more pleasingly than another, it is in that sweet repose which must be so unspeakably grateful both to the innocent little being itself, and — and — to all that stand around."

"Come, then, dear. Hush-sh. Tiptoe, please! . . . There!"

Mattie was right. He was *not* a common child. I never saw so "made" a countenance in so very small a human being. Asleep in his cot, his face alone visible, he looked like a medallion of some ancient senator of Rome. His nose, commenced on the principle so much in vogue with that distinguished people, had been finished as a snub. There were purpose and determination in the close-shut lips, and a slight corrugation of the little brows, as if, even in dreams, the atom's thoughts were busy with schemes for the life that was scarcely begun.

"Calculating little beggar!" I thought, smiling, however, with all the sweetness I could command.

"He does n't take to strangers at all," whispered Mattie.

"Thank — no, *really*?" said I, much relieved. "But don't be uneasy, dear. He will to *you*," said Mattie, consolingly. "I do believe he's dreaming of you at this very moment!"

"Come, come, my dear!"

"Just hark." She put down her ear.

"Don't you see his little lips moving? 'Uncle.'"

"Bunkum, I fancied!"

"Nonsense,—only hark. 'Unky tum!'"

"Tum!"

"My own! Uncle is tum!" cried the doting mamma, and, in a burst of enthusiasm, she caught him up in her arms.

"Yee-ough!" yelled the child.

I rallied in desperate haste my lately acquired knowledge.

"Clk!" said I. "Catchee—that is to say, boh! How d'ye do? And heigh-diddle-diddle."

"Dear—he's beyond that," said Mattie, laughing merrily. "Kissy-wissy. Make friends. Talk, my own." And without a moment's hesitation, she placed him in my unaccustomed arms.

Rather to my surprise, the young gentleman offered no resistance, only making a clutch at a curl on my forehead, which (for reasons of my own) I evaded, compromising for the temporary misuse of my nose.

A little discouraged by the failure of my first conversational efforts, I now resolved to let my godson take the lead, and to adapt the stature of my observations to his. But, whether dumb with joy at his uncle's "tummying," or from some occult reason, not one word would he utter. Nevertheless, either the little animal was endowed with a histrionic genius far beyond his years, or he really *was* glad to see me. He smiled, after a grave, controlled fashion, and once executed a deliberate wink, as though to intimate that, when time and inclination should serve, we might have a good deal to say to one another. Presently he waxed fidgety, and, wrestling himself down, toddled to his cot, and returned, carrying in his small fists, something which he offered to my lips. Prudence dictating a previous examination, there revealed themselves certain substances, whose crumbly and attenuated character, pronounced them, past question, to be half-sucked lumps of sugar!

After this, our friendship ripened fast. He really was an engaging little man, and his odd fancy for his old uncle not a myth at all. Without any vast interchange of ideas, we arrived at a degree of harmony that I should not have imagined possible. Imitation is said to be the most delicate form of flattery, and my godson was never tired of copying my ways. Hence, his little ways, hitherto innocuous, became a source of considerable inconvenience, if not worse, and were attended with results quite other than what was intended.

Among the rest of my personal effects that had attracted the young gentleman's notice, perhaps the most beloved was a brightly decorated Turkish pipe, cut, as I had been at some trouble to explain, from a jasmine tree, a very, very, very long way off! This latter circumstance appeared to give Babs, as he was usually called, some disturbance.

One day the pipe was missing. Great tumult and inquiry. Babs silent and meditative. Next morning the pipe had returned to its accustomed haunt. Eagerly charging it, I began to inhale the fragrant fumes, when—Pheugh! Whish! Psish! An earwig! Psha! Another! Two! Twenty! Out they came in batches, scampering in every direction! Babs, the secret being too much for his little bosom, burst into tears, and avowed that he had connived at the pipe's passing the night in the heart of a jasmine bush. "It was such a very, very

long way from home." Babs evidently has a vague idea that the night had been one of festival and welcome for the distant cousin from the Levant!

Growing (as my hair-dresser has for thirty years assured me) a little thin on the top of my head, I had, of late, adopted a few supplementary locks, and these, in the intimacy of friendship, I did not hesitate to dress in the presence of Babs. One day I missed both Babs and hair, and proceeding, in some agitation, to the nursery, surprised my young friend busily engaged, with his mother's scissors, in removing the very last curls from Isidor's masterpiece.

"Dessing 'oor hair!" cried Babs, triumphantly, waving the denuded scalp before my horror-stricken eyes. He had wished to save me trouble.

My godson was in the habit of paying me early visits in my room. Now, I confess to one unjustifiable propensity, that of smoking in bed; but not conceiving it necessary, at present, to warn my visitor against so evil an example, I puffed away tranquilly, as though he were not there. I shall never forget one terrible morning, when, roused by violent screams and shouts of "Fire!" from the upper story, I dashed up stairs, through a stifling cloud of smoke, to find, happily, poor Babs already rescued, and descending, wrapped in a wet blanket, into the arms of his agonized friends. He had been trying to smoke in bed, but, novice as he was, and embarrassed with the bedclothes, the result had been limited to fire!

These little misadventures, which, in fact, were only so many proofs of love and confidence, only served to cement our alliance, and my visit was drawing to a most successful close, when coming down one morning, rather late, to breakfast (for I had felt a little indisposed) my niece received me with an exclamation of horror.

"My dear uncle, what *ever* is the matter? Why good heavens! dear, you are *green*!"

"Literally, or figuratively?"

"Don't laugh, dear? Look, Harry." And she burst into tears.

My nephew looked at me gravely, and rang the bell.

"Whether you like it or not, my dear uncle, I shall send for our neighbor, Dr. Courtney. The doctor—*instantly*," he added, to the servant who answered his summons.

In the mean time, I had ascertained that my countenance, throat, and, in fact as far as I could see, had assumed the color of a green caterpillar, accidentally boiled.

Dr. Courtney was with us, almost before I had completed my self-examination. After a moment, he drew me apart.

"Do you want the truth?"

"My dear sir, what *else*?"

"You've been poisoned!"

My heart certainly gave a throb.

"What have you been swallowing?"

"Nothing but what, I am grieved to say, every one else has partaken of."

The physician shook his head, as in doubt of that.

"Pray go to your room, and to bed. I will be with you again, within a quarter of an hour. Meanwhile, endeavor, I beg of you, to remember everything you have recently taken."

Feeling myself becoming seriously ill, I obeyed his directions, in all but the last. I could not, however, remember having partaken of anything my friends had *not*.

Dr. Courtney quickly returned, and administered such counter-agents as he deemed best.

"I don't conceal from you," he said, "that I am groping somewhat in the dark. The nature of the poisonous matter you have swallowed is not revealed by the symptoms with sufficient accuracy. But we will do our best. You are no worse, I find."

"I—I don't know," said I, faintly. "I think I could sleep a little."

"You shall. But, first, take this."

This was something of so nauseous a character, that I begged for something to remove the flavor.

"Bit o' crockydile!" sobbed Babs, who was crying by the door. "I fetch it."

"No, no, my love," cried Mattie, entering at the moment, "that would make poor unky worse. It's poison."

"I eat good bit, whole tail!" cried Babs, exultingly.

Mattie uttered a wild shriek, and caught him in her arms. But at that instant, the nurse entered with the crocodile in question. It was an effigy, in chalk and sugar, of that interesting saurian. The doctor caught it from her, and applied his tongue.

"There's no harm, here, my dear lady," he remarked.

"See, he has licked off all the green, which is a deadly poison," gasped the mother.

"No, I did n't!" shouted Babs; "I scrape off pitty green, for unky, and put it in his beer!"

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Dr. Courtney. "Then I see my way! All has been done rightly, so far. I know the composition of this filth, and will gage my right hand that we cancel its effects."

We did so, under Providence, and this was the last time I had to complain of my godson's "little ways."

THE QUEER CUSTOMER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

[Concluded.]

THE last words referred to the turkey, which was under Miss Pinnifer's especial care, and which she forthwith began to baste violently.

"I've had a good deal of attention in my time, you see, my dear, so perhaps I think the less of it on that account. It isn't to be expected, you know, with my experience, that I should be dazzled by a Mr. Brown. Is n't he fat, dear?"

"Is he?" said Milly; "I have n't seen him, you know."

"Not seen him!" said Miss Pinnifer. "What do you mean? My dear, I was speaking of the turkey."

"Oh!" said Milly.

The conversation was interrupted by the return of the party from church. The younger Todds were found considerably in the way of the cookery, till Milly hit on the happy expedient of sending them to the baker's to fetch the pig. Forthwith they departed, with pig written plainly on their countenances, and raced all the way to the shop, upon the understanding that the tail should be the prize of the winner. Johnny, the eldest, as might have been expected, came in foremost, to the great grief and discouragement of his brothers, till he magnanimously promised them that they should have the tail after he had done with it. Rather more quietly than they had set out, the trio returned from the baker's, Johnny and Tommy Todd carry-

ing the dish between them. Willy, the youngest, much wanted to carry the cover, but the more mature wisdom of Johnny suggested that perhaps the pig would keep hotter with it on; so Willy had to content himself with walking behind as near as possible, and sniffing the fragrance of the savory burden. When they reached home, Mr. Brown had just arrived, and their father and Milly were endeavoring adequately to express their appreciation of the hampers. Mr. Brown seemed pleased by the interruption, and patting the boys' heads paternally, asked them if they were good boys. Johnny and Tommy, though a little abashed, answered manfully (with a view to sixpences) that they were, but Willy, who was of a nervous temperament, began to cry, and promised irrelevantly that he would n't do it again.

Dinner-time speedily arrived, much to the satisfaction of everybody. A few minutes before the appointed hour came a young gentleman with a very stiff shirt collar, and a rather bashful expression of countenance, whom Milly's blushes at once designated as Charley Collins. Almost before Charley had been formally introduced, Miss Pinnifer came upon the scene, dressed in the black satin spencer, and pink muslin skirt, with little blue bows pinned on all over her, and leading by the hand a solemn-looking individual, whom she introduced in a tragedy tone as "My brother." The individual thus alluded to did not trouble himself to salute the company, but dropped into the first chair in his way, and fixed his eyes with a strong glare upon Mr. Brown. The party arranged themselves round the table, and began to do full justice to the good cheer. For some time there was but little conversation, everybody being too busily employed to talk when suddenly Miss Pinnifer's brother paused in the very act of conveying a large piece of turkey to his mouth, and pointing with his fork, and the morsel still on it, at Mr. Brown, said "Halloa!" Mr. Brown looked a little uncomfortable when, Miss Pinnifer hastened to explain,—"You'll excuse my brother sir, he's of unsound mind." And then leaning over two of the little Todds, and seizing her brother by the collar of his coat, she shook him violently, and said in an impressive voice, "Robert, behave!" Whereupon Robert became much depressed, and "behaved" accordingly. After the excitement caused by this little incident had subsided, the dinner proceeded with great smoothness, and the little party, which at first had felt some little constraint, was rapidly unbending under the genial influence of the Christmas cheer. At last came the crowning glory, in the shape of the pudding. And such a pudding! It was the very largest-sized pudding within the memory of the oldest inhabitant: so big, indeed, that Milly could n't bring it in herself, but had to ask Charley Collins to help her. And rich! I should rather think it was! It was a regular millionaire of a pudding. Miss Pinnifer's brother again created a little confusion by insisting on eating pepper with it, and shedding tears when the cruet was taken away from him; but when at last he was prevailed upon to try it without seasoning, he sent up his plate three times from which I infer that he was by no means such an idiot as was generally supposed. At last the dinner came to an end—as dinners will, the more 's the pity—and the party drew round the fire in a cosey semi-circle, and set to work regularly to enjoy themselves. The kettle was put on the fire, the spirits and lemons and sugar were

brought out, and Mr. Brown volunteered to brew some punch (which he did as though punch had been his daily drink from his youth up), and then, when everybody was served, the pipes and tobacco were brought out, and Mr. Brown called upon John Todd for a song. And John sang a song, and another, and another after that, to the most tremendous applause, even the blackbird dropping his critical airs for once and applauding as loudly as anybody. And then Mr. Brown sang a song; after which Charley Collins sang a song, with a remarkable chorus, which was sung by the whole strength of the company with such good-will that the people next door could n't hear themselves talk, and knocked at the wall with the poker as a gentle hint for peace and quietness. And Milly herself sang a song, and then Miss Pinnifer's brother murmured something which was understood to mean that he also would favor the company; but being asked the name of the song, he replied, after much consideration, "More pudding." So to make up for his shortcomings Miss Pinnifer volunteered, and after repeating five times that she had a cold (which was n't true) and that she had n't a note in her voice (which was), she began, with intense expression, "Will you love me then as now?" The direction of her glances made it quite a personal matter between herself and Mr. Brown, who should by every rule of propriety have sung in reply, "Dearest, then I'll love thee more." But he did n't. Probably he did n't know the song, or, still more probably, he would n't have sung it *if he knew it!*

As a slight protection against the too oppressive glances of Miss Pinnifer, Mr. Brown entered into conversation with Charley Collins, who had by this time got rid of his bashfulness, and appeared, as he really was, a light-hearted, manly young fellow. Charley had conceived a great liking to Mr. Brown, and was very confidential with him; so that Mr. Brown was speedily made aware that his young friend was a clerk at the moderate salary of eighteen shillings a week; that he had had an offer of a situation where he could earn two pounds, but that security to the amount of three hundred pounds was required, which put it out of the question. Charley Collins could not help a half-sigh as he stated what might be, and yet could not be, and Mr. Brown could easily understand that the situation so temptingly offered, only to be perforce refused, was just enough to give Milly and her lover the start in life for which they were waiting.

The merriment by no means flagged as the evening wore on. Mr. Brown was the life and soul of the party, cracked jokes, asked riddles, told stories, kissed Milly and Miss Pinnifer under the mistletoe, and generally proved himself the prince of good fellows. Forfeits were played, and blind man's buff, at which latter game Miss Pinnifer gave rise to grave suspicions as to her fair play by persistently refusing to catch anybody but Mr. Brown, and holding him an unnecessarily long time when caught. After blind man's buff, a dance was proposed, and carried out with great success, John Todd performing on the violin. Miss Pinnifer's brother had been rather gloomy during the previous amusements, but he now began to enjoy himself immensely, dancing away by himself in the very middle of the room with a funereal expression of countenance, and occasionally tumbling over one or other of the young Todds, who had rather indefinite notions of dancing, and were a good deal in

the way. But he did n't mind, not he; he picked himself up and went at it again as if nothing had happened. One by one the dancers stopped, exhausted; and at last the fiddle stopped, too; but Miss Pinnifer's brother still continued to dance, without a smile on his countenance, and without any apparent intention of ever leaving off. Indeed, I think it highly probable that he would have continued dancing to this moment, had not his sister by certain whispered blandishments, in which the word "pudding" was plainly audible, persuaded him to leave off, and finally got him to bed.

The youthful Todds about this time began to show signs of weariness, and were with some difficulty induced to retire to rest, Johnny Todd with the inestimable pig's tail under his pillow. The remainder of the party gathered round the fire, and chatted quietly. Mr. Brown seemed to have suddenly grown silent since the children's departure. At last after a pause in the conversation, he said suddenly — "Mr. Todd — I've a proposition to make to you. Don't go, Miss Milly — what I'm going to say concerns you too. This lady and gentleman are friends of the family, and I don't mind speaking before them. Mr. Todd, I'm not a young man — I've been knocked about a good deal in my time, and I mean, if I can, to have a little comfort in my old years. So I'm looking out for a wife, and I have n't seen any young lady so much to my liking as Miss Milly there."

At this startling announcement Milly turned red and pale by turns, Charley Collins clenched his fists, and looked unutterable things; and Miss Pinnifer became perfectly rigid, with only energy enough to turn up her eyes to the ceiling, and to murmur in heartbroken accents, "Cruel — ker-revel man!"

John Todd attempted to speak, but Mr. Brown continued, —

"Hear me out, please; and then give me what answer you like. I'm not a young man, as I said before, but I'm easy-going, and I believe I should make a good husband. I've worked hard in my time, but I've made twenty thousand pounds, and now I don't intend to work any more, but just to enjoy myself. My wife will have a good time of it, mind you. Balls, concerts, parties, if she likes 'em, she shall have 'em, and that's all about it. Now, Miss Milly, what do you say? Will you be an old man's darling?"

"Mr. Brown," John Todd began, but Milly interrupted.

"No, father, let me speak. Mr. Brown, I thank you for your offer, and I don't doubt it's kindly meant. But I've given my heart away already (as you might have guessed to-night), and I can't give it twice."

"I know, I know," said Mr. Brown, sadly. "But it's weary waiting, Milly, all through the long years, and a boy-and-girl fancy soon dies away."

"Ours is n't a boy-and-girl fancy, then, Mr. Brown, for I'm quite sure it'll never die away. Never, never, never! Will it, Charley?" Charley did not trust himself to speak, but a warm pressure of the hand answered Milly well enough.

"Don't decide in a hurry, Miss Milly. There are many things to think about, you know; your father, now. He ought n't to work as he does, at his time of life, and his eyes are failing already. Now, if you'll marry me, your father shall have a good house over his head, a nice little cottage in some quiet country place, and need never do a

stitch of work again. And the boys shall have good schooling and a fair start in business. It's worth thinking of, my dear."

Poor Milly felt utterly miserable. She had not the smallest idea of wavering, but Mr. Brown had artfully contrived that by being faithful to her true love, she should appear to deprive her father and brothers of a host of blessings, all of which it was in her power to bestow. She could only sob out—

"It's very cruel," and burst into tears.

John Todd had made repeated efforts to speak, but now he broke out in a tone that bore down all interruption,—

"Mr. Brown, for the kindness we've received from you, I'm obliged; and I don't go from it. But I'm not obliged, sir, by your coming into my house, and trying to steal away my daughter's affections from a young man as truly loves her. It ain't fair, it ain't manly, it ain't honorable. And when you go and try to work upon her feelings along of her old father, that she'd give her right hand for, it's mean and cruel and cowardly, that's what it is. And I tell you what, sir,—I would n't take another kindness at your hands, no, not if I was starving. I'm a creaky old man, sir, I know I am; and my sight's failing, as you say; but I've work in me yet, thank God, and I'll work my fingers to the bone before I'll bid a child of mine marry for money without love."

"And perhaps you'll let me say a word, Mr. Brown," interposed Charley Collins. "It ain't much, it's only a matter of opinion, and it'll relieve my mind. It's my opinion, sir, that you're a canting, two-faced, hypocritical old humbug!"

"I'll trouble you to say that over again presently, young man," said Mr. Brown, who seemed to recover his cheerfulness under abuse. "It might be useful, if I wanted a character, you know. Well, Mr. Todd, then that's your answer, is it?"

"It is so, sir," said John Todd, with great decision.

"And yours, Miss Milly?"

Milly's reply was of a rather remarkable description. She quietly turned round to Charley Collins, and put her arms round his neck.

"And yours, Miss Pinnifer. I beg pardon, I quite forgot I had n't asked you a question."

Miss Pinnifer looked as if she wished he had.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "after all, perhaps it's just as well as it is; and I've had the satisfaction of making my own acquaintance from a totally new point of view. I really had no idea I was such a very unpleasant person. Let me see now. I'm mean, and I'm cruel, and I'm cowardly. That's Mr. Todd's idea. Mr. Collins says I'm a hypocritical, canting, double-faced—dear me, what was it he topped up with?"

"Humbug," said Charley, boldly.

"Old humbug," corrected Mr. Brown, sternly. "I'm not going to let you off any of the adjectives, my young friend. You, Miss Milly, were of opinion that I was a wretch."

"I did n't say so," said Milly.

"No, my dear, but you thought so, and that's much the same. Dear, dear! if your poor mother had only lived to hear her brother Tom called all these horrid names, 'pon my word I believe she'd have boxed your ears all round."

"Uncle Tom!" exclaimed Milly.

"You're never Tom Hawkins!" cried Mr. Todd.

"Yes, sometimes," said the stranger, meekly; "generally, I may say. Allow me to introduce

myself, ladies and gentlemen: Thomas Brown Hawkins, at your service. As for my character, I'm a mean, cowardly, cruel—a regular tragedy uncle, in fact."

"My dear uncle," said Milly, "of course we did n't know. And you were only in joke, after all."

"Well, my dear, I'm not so sure of that; but a man may n't marry his grandmother, you know; and I rather think there's a similar foolish prejudice as regards nieces. So, on the whole, perhaps it's just as well you did n't say yes."

"I'm sure I heartily beg your pardon, brother-in-law," said Mr. Todd. "You won't bear malice for words said under a mistake, I'm sure."

"Well, I'm not quite certain whether I will or I won't," said Mr. Hawkins. "I should like to punch that young rascal's head for calling me an old humbug, but I'm afraid I should get the worst of it."

"I'm very sorry, sir," began Charley.

"No, you're not, my dear boy; or if you are, you need n't be," said Mr. Hawkins. "It was an old man's joke, and I rather think I saw the fun of it better than you did."

"But I had always heard you were dead, Hawkins," said Mr. Todd. "Many a time my poor wife used to talk and cry over her only brother, who was thought to have been drowned at sea."

"I ought to have been, by rights," said Uncle Tom. "I've been in three shipwrecks, but I was preserved, probably for a higher and drier fate. I've been a digger, and a storekeeper, and a good many other things besides. I'll tell you all my adventures, one of these days. And now I've made as much as I care to make. Yes, that twenty thousand pounds is a fact, Miss Milly, and I've come to England to enjoy myself with my nephews and nieces. So you won't marry me, eh?"

Milly shook her head saucily.

"Well, then, as I've set my heart on a wedding, I suppose you must marry somebody else. I think I know somebody who'll find that security, Mr. Charley, though you did call me a canting old humbug. No thanks!—don't like 'em; always makes me feel as if I was being tickled and was n't allowed to laugh. Milly, little woman, if you're very good, you and I will take a run out of town the very first fine day, and see if we can't find that same cottage we were talking about,—small garden in front, and the name of John Todd on the door, you know."

In spite of Uncle Tom's objection to thanks there was a simultaneous outburst of grateful joy,—the overflow of happy hearts. John Todd squeezed his brother-in-law's left hand, while Charley Collins violently shook his right, and Milly, with both arms round his neck, kissed him repeatedly. Miss Pinnifer wept so violently that her small pocket-handkerchief looked as if it had been recently washed, and not recently dried.

The excitement rather increased than diminished in intensity, and Uncle Tom was in a fair way to be literally smothered with caresses, when the door suddenly opened, and Miss Pinnifer's brother, in a white and peculiarly airy costume, stalked into the room. The unfortunate man had waked from his first sleep with an uneasy sense that the promised pudding, with the hope of which he had been beguiled to rest, had not been duly furnished; and he had therefore risen at once, without the formality of dressing himself, to claim his due. There was an exclamation of astonishment followed by a shout of inextinguishable laughter, and then Miss Pinnifer, with much presence of mind, seized

the table-cover, and hurriedly draping it round the intruder, marched him back to bed.

For a little while longer the little party sat around the fire, talking of the hard times past, and the pleasant times to come: and hearing the story of the tempest-tossed life, come to an anchor at last. And then the time for "good by" came, and as with loving kisses and hearty hand-shakes, they said "good night," the chimes from a neighboring church tower rang out midnight, and Christmas-day was over. And Uncle Tom, reverently doffing his hat, said, —

"Thank God for a merry Christmas."

"Amen!" said Charley Collins.

"Amen!" said John Todd, "with all our hearts, amen!"

* * * * *

Thank God for Christmas! So say we all, and God help him who cannot say Amen! For peace and good-will, for the quickened pulse of charity, for quarrels reconciled, and love renewed, the golden gifts of Christmas, God be thanked. Thanked, not alone with our lips, but with our hands and our hearts, by spreading these golden gifts, that others may thank him too. None is so poor but that, once a year at least, he may be a "rich uncle" to somebody; none so joyless but that he may catch a reflected ray of happiness, by doing something, be it ever so little, to make merry Christmas in the heart of another.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY.

NOT far from Canterbury, at a place called Trompington, there lived a miller, named Dannis Simekin.

He was a man who boasted, year after year, that he was so much heavier and so much stronger.

At first sight and word he was a hail-fellow-well-met man, but after a little time, the stranger discovered how small a soul and how mean a mind wandered about in the big body that was so boastful.

He had been churchwarden and overseer of the poor for fifteen years, when Elizabeth, his daughter, was eighteen years of age, — and then he was forty.

Could any man bring any charge of dishonesty against the miller? No. Did any man in the parish think him a bad, grasping, an unscrupulous man? All. He belonged to that weary set of men who are neither good, nor kind, nor pleasant, and yet on the surface appear to be frank, straightforward, and hearty. These men are the very shadow and hypocrisy of good citizens.

As an overseer, he kept the laborers' cottages few and far between, so that not too many should gain settlements, and he subscribed to the fund for giving certain laborers enough bread in the winter months to save them from dying, and enable them to live on to do farm-work through the rest of the year, so that wages might not go up.

In a slow, foolish way, he found that it was cheaper in the end to give as little bread as possible in the winter, than to turn off the laborers who had not gained a parochial settlement.

He had the appearance of being charitable, while in fact he was balancing his many profits and few losses.

The profits, however, were not very great or numerous, because he preferred to be almost sure

in a small petty way, rather than be the least venturesome in a greater.

As for lasses — Dannis the miller never had been charged with light conduct with the lasses when he was young. He rather misdoubted girls, and never kissed until he married Miss Haughton, from the big house.

When the church was restored the miller put in a cheap window of stained glass, Faith, Hope, and Charity being the subject, and this he bought cheaply, owing to an advertisement he saw in one of the papers.

So much for his heart and mind. This is how the miller looked. A tall man, over six feet high, with broad open chest, and wide swinging arms, a head well set upon his shoulders, and his brown hair hanging well about his head. A healthy, wholesome look he had, but nothing tender about him, except his voice, which was at times artificially low. The eyes shifted and glinted, the mouth was very heavy, and moved in lines which were rounded and pleasant, but these lines changed, made, and unmade themselves so slowly that they became odious. However, the features most to be mistrusted in that face were the nostrils. They were neither still nor dilating — the latter generally proving a candid, honest man. They quivered.

He walked erect, and none went to church or gave out the responses so roundly as he, — his wife and daughter following suit.

So am I brought to his wife, who was an offshoot from the great house, — Apton Court.

Great families must have poor relations when great estates go wholly to the eldest. This Miss Haughton was the daughter of a second cousin. She was housekeeper at Apton Court when the miller saw her for the first time at the village church. Although he was the tallest man in the parish, and she was the tallest woman, yet much against common custom they selected each other.

He was very civil to her, abject indeed as a lover, because she was the cousin of Sir Allen Haughton, of Apton Court, and she never attempted to induce him to become more familiar.

He obtained not one penny with her, but he thought perhaps he should get the new lease on more advantageous terms if he married a cousin of his landlord's house. It was a vain hope. Sir Allen was glad to be rid of a poor relation who resented any interference with her duties, and the woman herself was only too happy to be free of her dependence, which she could not brook. Thus both married for interest, with no love between them, and no advantage to be gained by their wedding. Nevertheless, they were blessed with a child, at whose coming they wondered.

The miller and his wife faced the world well, and met their neighbors handsomely, but they never had anything to say to each other, rarely spoke to each other before third parties, and when at home they conversed upon business.

If they quarrelled they kept it to themselves, for they were machines in life, and required no sympathy. They found their own lubricating oil, which took the shape of their consciences.

In this home, which prospered yearly, a daughter was brought up. The daughter cared as sincerely for father as for mother, and for neither much.

Mrs. Simekin diligently followed the fashions set by the ladies of the hall, and exacted a word

from them on Sundays in the churchyard after the morning service was over.

So this family grew up until the girl was seventeen.

By the time that the daughter was seventeen, the miller had added another trade to that of wheat-grinding. He was partner in a loan-office concern, which thrived upon the wants of others more easily than did the mill upon the honest people who sent their wheat to be turned into flour.

Said the miller to his London partner, "By my faith, Isaiah, if thus we go on, shall I not be a rich man! And I know not why my daughter shall not marry a gentleman, as her mother was born a lady, and so make of me a gentleman. I lays I'll not die without writing 'squire after my name. Nay, my wife knows of a house on the other side of the valley, that is a gentleman's seat, and shall be mine if I can make it so. 'T would be rare to have Sir Allen on one side of the valley, and his cousin, Dannis Simekin, Esquire, on the other, for I would have you to know that by marriage I 'se the cousin of Sir Allen Houghton, of Apton Court."

It was about the time when the daughter Lisbeth was fifteen years of age that rare news came to the miller, that Sir Allen's son — young Sir Allen, as the common people felicitously called him — had applied to the office to obtain money upon the chances of outliving his father and coming into the estate.

"Never a word let him know, Barker, that I 'm in the concern, and let him have as much as he likes upon his good security. It 's bank safe, and we shall make a haul; old Sir Allen cannot live many years, as I know from my wife, who had it from the hall herself, and I 've my plan, sir, my plan."

Never had the miller seen young Sir Allen since he had become a man. At sixteen the heir had quarrelled with his father, and not once since had he shown himself in the neighborhood.

He was in the army, it was said, and he was allowed two hundred a year. This was all the miller's neighborhood knew of the heir of the owner of all the land in the parish.

As the next three years went on, the miller and his wife walked more fiercely upright than ever, and it was noticed that she spoke almost insolently to the Lady Houghton, — a weak woman, who was quietly dropping into the grave from sheer grief at the loss of her son, whom her husband had forbidden her to see.

The miller and his wife walked more proudly than ever, because they looked upon the land to be as good as theirs.

They had their plan.

Month after month, year after year, money at ruinous interest was advanced to young Sir Allen, so that all the miller's money was absorbed, and he himself had borrowed upon the securities he held, and upon the lease of his mill, that he might still more deeply involve young Sir Allen.

So far they had never met.

By this time Lisbeth, the daughter, was of age to marry.

She was a fine, bold-looking girl, not coy, reserved, or graceful; given to riding audaciously, dressing in the extreme of fashion, and knocking off a quick valse or a galop at the piano, with more effect than truth.

Her face was round, her features sensuous and

frank, her mouth somewhat large, and her gray eyes gleaming.

One day, at Canterbrigg, she being in the saddle, a cavalry officer said to a comrade, "A fine animal."

"Which," asked the other, "the horse or the woman?"

Her only female companions were those ladies who hunted, and these she knew only in the field. They would cut her in a shop.

She laughed, for the miller and his wife had let the daughter into their plans.

She was frank and outspoken with the sons of the higher-class farmers, and she would ride by their side by the mile, — nay, she had even been known to take a cigar with one or two of them; but she never visited their sisters, and they never visited at the miller's.

In fact, the miller and his wife were about the most desolate people in Trompington. Nobody cared to visit them. The squire and the rector called sometimes, but they never stopped, and even Lisbeth's school companions, after one dose of a week at the mill, found they had had quite enough of it, and made promises to come again, which very heartily they never meant to fulfil.

But the miller and his wife, and their daughter, walked proudly to church, and they knew what the future would bring them.

The daughter belonged to no society of young ladies, taught in no schools, looked after no poor, and did no household work.

Sometimes the miller's wife, when in high good-humor with her daughter, would address her as "my lady," a process at which the mother and daughter would laugh, when mayhap the miller coming in he would laugh too, and the family would be quite merry, — for a moment.

"Lass," says the miller one day to his wife, "young Sir Allen and his regiment are come to Canterbrigg, and it is now time to try his mettle."

That day the miller wrote a letter to his London partner, and two days after an answer was returned.

"Wife," said the miller, "he will be here to-morrow with a friend. Let there be everything right, and do you, Lisbeth" (this to his daughter), "do thy best to be handsome and agreeable."

The next day, in the afternoon, two gentlemen arrived on horseback. They were received at the mill with all the honors, the miller, his wife, and daughter standing on the door-step to welcome them. The miller was dressed in his Sunday clothes, a white cravat about his neck, while his lady was arrayed in crimson silk, and golden ornaments to match. Lisbeth was resplendent in a low pink moire dress overdone with lace flouncings and rich ruchings, and you could see her fine shape and her fair skin. Of her bright brown hair she had made the most, and had twined in it some large lustrous beads, which were in perfect accordance with her style of beauty.

The two visitors were of similar stature and build, and possibly they might have passed for brothers; but while one was distinguished and refined in look, the other appeared much like the ordinary cavalry officer, ready for enjoyment, and not too particular as to how it was obtained.

They came unaccompanied, and rode equally good horses. They dismounted together, and neither man looked after the other.

The miller, his wife, and daughter, to whom Sir

Allen's son was perfectly unknown, looked with equal smiles upon both gentlemen, until the less distinguished of the two men said, —

"Simekin, let me introduce you to my friend, Captain Clark, — Jack, this is the miller."

The captain bowed, but the family, having now ascertained which was "young Sir Allen," had already almost forgotten the captain's existence.

"We hope you've come to stay, Mr. Allen," said the miller's wife; "for though I know we can't do things as they can do them up at the hall, still I have some silver, and you'll see the family arms on it, — for, as you know, I am a second cousin of yours."

"Yes, to be sure," said the young squire. "I had forgotten it. Have you been quite well all these years?"

"Very well, Sir Allen — I mean Mr. Allen, but as you must be Sir Allen some day, it does not matter if my tongue made a slip. This is my daughter, Lisbeth, Sir Allen — I mean Mr. Allen, and this is my husband, and right glad heartily am I to welcome you here, though I wish it was at Apton Court itself."

By this time she had led the way into the mill drawing-room, a flashy state-chamber, in which old and honest furniture, old drinking-horns and hunting-horns were mixed up with a blazing carpet, a crashing tri-chord piano, and yellow, blue, red, and green paper dahlias on an amber-colored mantelpiece.

"Of course," continued the miller's wife, to whom the miller resigned the conversation, "of course you have come to stay, Mr. Allen, for nobody shall know of it up at the hall, though if they do I don't see that it can hurt you, Mr. Allen, — which may I ask if ever you hear from Sir Allen?"

"No," replied Mr. Allen, "my father and I are still at variance. Would you have known me again, Mrs. Simekin, had you met me without any knowledge of who I was?"

"In a moment," she replied.

"And yet you have not seen me since I was a boy of sixteen."

"Oh! there is something in the face of our family. Mr. Allen, that can always be recognized. Do you not notice it in my Lisbeth's face? — Lisbeth, come here."

During the last few moments the young heir's friend had been talking with Lisbeth, and this is what passed. The captain spoke first.

"This is a very charming place, Miss Simekin."

"Yes, — I am generally called Miss Lisbeth. Mamma and I object much to the name Simekin."

"Indeed, — I am sorry to have pained you."

"Not at all. Have you known Allen long?"

"We have been fellow-officers for some years."

"Is he engaged?"

"Engaged?"

"Yes, — engaged to be married. How stupid you are!"

"And you are very candid, my dear Miss Lisbeth. No, I don't think my friend is engaged."

"Is he a good sort of fellow? Don't look astounded, man. You know one always wants to know the best and the worst. What is he like?"

"Mr. Allen Haughton is to a certain extent a gentleman."

"But there's no nonsense about him, — is there?"

"Not that I know of. But we as seldom know our friends as we know ourselves."

"O, but you're very close, you know!"

At this point her mother called to her, and she left the captain without any word of apology on withdrawal.

"There," continued the miller's wife, "can't you see your own face in my Lisbeth's? — I can. Lisbeth, you need not be shy, for this gentleman is your cousin."

"I am not shy, mamma, and I'm sure I shall get on capitally with Cousin Allen, — sha' n't I, Cousin Allen?"

"It will not be my fault if you don't," said Allen with a laugh, and a freedom of talk and expression which had been totally wanting in his friend.

"You're going to stop, Mr. Allen?" urged the miller's wife, — "you don't go away to-day?"

"We must return to Canterbrigg to-night, cousin," said the young squire, "for we have only a twelve-hours leave, — but a visit will be for another time."

Here the miller's wife turned away, leaving Mr. Allen and Lisbeth talking together; and going up to her husband she whispered, "Get the other one out of the room. He's in the way of our young people."

"Captain," said the miller, with an insolent freedom of tone which was very strong in contrast with that he had adopted towards the young squire, — "Captain, have you ever seen a mill?"

"No, miller, I have never seen a mill."

"Come and take stock of mine then, — it will only cost a coat-dusting. Mother, when will dinner be ready?"

"In half an hour, miller," she said, imperiously.

"Come along, Captain," said Dannis, and he led the way, the officer following gravely.

Scarcely had they left the house when the miller said, "How does he go on?"

"Who?"

"The young squire!"

"He is very well."

"Is he raketty?"

"I scarcely follow your meaning, miller."

"Does he look much at the pink bonnets?"

"I really don't know, — I think not."

"Does he bet much now?"

"No, — not much, I believe."

"Then where does his money go to?"

"I have no knowledge where his money goes to."

"You know he spends heaps o' money, don't you?"

"No; I never knew that."

"As 'stravagant a young dog as ever trotted. But there, we was all young once."

"No, miller, some of us are never young."

"Faith," laughed the miller, "we all of us grow old."

"True; but many of us have young hearts at eighty."

"I don't know what 'ee mean, Captain, by young hearts."

"So much the worse for you, miller."

The miller looked at the captain as though he could not quite understand him, but he had always felt a contempt for a smaller man than himself who had never proved that he was not afraid of him, and therefore he did not respect the captain; for what was a captain compared with the miller of Trompington, who was so rich that he held *post-obits* upon half the land in the parish, and whose daughter would be Lady Haughton?

"Captain," said he, basing his attempt upon the

plea which he had found answer nine times out of ten throughout his insolent ruffling life,—"Captain, dost ever want a fifty now and then?"

"A fifty?"

"A fifty-pound note," explained the miller, telling himself comfortably that this captain was the greatest fool he ever had met.

"Yes," replied the officer coolly, "I have sometimes wanted a fifty-pound note, and then generally got it."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the miller, in self-triumph; "a joke, dang me, a good joke. Well now,—I a'most wish you wanted a fifty now, for I think I could let you have it, and never say a word about it."

"Ha! then you want me to do something!"

The miller smote his own leg, and then his guest's, and said, "Why, lad, I was thinking thee a fool, and thou art not."

"Thank you, miller," said the captain; "but what have I to do for it?"

"Get young Mr. Allen to stop here to-night. We can get him a medical 'stificat to set him straight with the colonel. And tell him to look after his cousin, for she is a fine girl, and his own blood, and a richer than you (for one) would think."

"Allen is clever enough, miller, to see for himself."

"But you can help him to see."

"I hardly can tell how."

"Try. I suppose he doesn't let you into his secrets?"

"Generally I know quite as much of his secrets as Mr. Allen does himself."

"Then he's told you about the *post-obits*, as the lawyers call 'em?"

"Yes."

"I know'd you was chaffing me. Lor, what a couple they'll make, and me living up at the court, and the missus too, so that the county'll have to come down to us, after all, and them big-wig parsons at Canterbrigg have to be civil—ha! it'll be a good time,—and the mill leased out to one who shall know his place."

Here the miller spruced himself, and pulled down his waistcoat.

"There be nothing like a English yeoman," he said.

"Except the father-in-law of a baronet," said Captain John, very gravely.

The miller saw a vast joke in this reply, and slapped his guest's leg and his own once more.

"Dinner be ready,—there goes the bell!"

"Ha, miller, have you a dinner-bell?"

"Thee see they have it up at the great house, and so my madame said, as she belonged to Apton Court, she would have a dinner-bell; neither do I see why it should not be so!"

"You young people go together," said the miller's wife, addressing her daughter and Allen,—
"for I see you understand one another."

Captain Jack ate very little, and once or twice Mr. Allen burst into laughter, apparently with his friend for the butt. The miller and his daughter followed suit, and the miller's wife smiled. As a cousin of the great house she rarely laughed.

"Do 'ee eat," urged the miller to Mr. Allen, who was heartily feeding, "thee don't eat a bit, Allen."

The miller took no notice of the captain, who was making a sufficiently temperate meal.

"Do 'ee drink, Cousin Allen," urged the miller,

"for thee art drinking nothing. I'll open another bottle o' 'fiz.'"

"Our champagne, cousin," said the miller's wife, "is excellent. We are very careful with our wines."

This was a point at which Mr. Allen looked at Captain Jack, and broke into a huge roar of laughter.

Even the grave captain smiled.

"He be a fool, though, thought the miller, looking at the quiet military man.

"Mr. Allen, have some of this ham," urged the miller's wife.

"She cured it herself," said the miller.

"Mr. Simekin," she immediately replied, "there is no need to trouble my cousin with particulars of this character."

Five minutes afterwards the cry was,—

"Mr. Allen, do have some of that puddun; our Lisbeth made it."

Upon this occasion the miller was not rebuked by his smiling wife, who said,—

"Do try it, Cousin Allen; for our Lisbeth, though a lady, is able to be domestic."

[The pastry in question had come out in the confectioner's cart from Canterbrigg.]

At last that twenty-pound lump of cheese which usually finishes an insolent dinner came upon the table.

Pressed to eat of the cheese, Mr. Allen cheerily said, "O yes,—lots of cheese, Cousin Simekin. In for a penny in for a pound."

Quite conformably with the manners up at Apton Court, the miller's wife rose and led the way out, followed by her daughter, leaving the three men face to face.

The port was on the table,—the miller's time had come. His guests were lighting cigars,—he had taken to a long pipe.

"Mr. Allen, your friend says as he knows all."

"All, miller,—for I suppose we are coming to business."

"With thee leave, Mr. Allen. Did it come on thee with a start when thee heard 't was I was thee creditor?"

"Not much. I knew that the money had been had,—and it was owing to some one. You're the man. So much the better for you."

"Can thee pay it back?"

"Not I."

"If Sir Allen died could thee pay it back?"

"That would depend. Sir Allen for twenty years has not spent one fourth of his income, therefore if he left me his personal, as he must leave me his real estate, I could readily pay off the *post-obits*."

"Hey,—but *will* he leave 'ee the cash?"

"No,—I think not!"

At this point Captain John, who was but slightly interested in this conversation, and who was looking about, saw a door move which led into a side room.

The miller's wife and daughter were listening.

"Cousin Allen," continued the miller, "I'll speak to thee plain,—art engaged to be married?"

"I believe I am," with a laugh; "but what of that?"

"Can thee get out of it?"

"What, the promise?"

"Yes,—can thee send her to the right-a-bout?"

"Any man could do such a thing,—few would."

"I'll garrant thee from the lawyers,—I will, if thee'll take thy cousin Lisbeth, and thee shalt have

every one o' thy sinnatures back, and not owe me a farden, and I'll 'lowance thee twice what Sir Allen do."

For a moment there was silence, and then Mr. Allen with a great laugh said, —

"Captain Jack, what say you?"

"Hey," cried the miller, "Captain Jack will say yes, as sure as there's fifty sovereigns to a fifty-pound note, or a hundred sovereigns to five twenty-pound notes, — won't thee, Captain?"

"O yes," said the Captain. "You must marry some one, Allen, and it must n't be a poor wife. Why not marry your cousin Lisbeth?"

"Brayvo," said the miller, striking his thigh.

Mr. Allen laughed, took a swig at the wine before him, and said, "But I must get out of my engagement first."

"Never mind her," urged the farmer. "Think of thy cousin, Allen, who is pretty enow, and likelier enow."

When Mrs. Simekin sent to let them know some tea was waiting for them, the miller whispered to the captain as they went out of the room, —

"That hundred is thine, Captain, — but I did na' say when I would pay it. Thou shalt have it when they are man and wife."

"I am much obliged," said the captain.

An hour afterwards the miller had taken the captain to try his billiard-table, and the miller's wife finding something to do, Mr. Allen and Lisbeth were left alone.

"So you are engaged," she said, suddenly.

"Why, how do you know that?"

"You told papa so, — and he told me!"

"Told you, Lisbeth?"

"Yes, — for I knew all about it."

"About what?"

"Why, the plan to marry us two."

"And would you have me?"

"Yes."

"Upon so short an acquaintance?"

"Yes."

"But you know that I am engaged."

"You can't marry us both, Cousin Allen, and I dare say I'm richer than she is."

"She has no money whatever."

"Then of course you couldn't marry her."

"It could be done."

"And you would be wretched forever. If now you choose me — you would be rich at once."

"No — for I should still owe your father the money."

She laughed.

"I'd see fair-play, — he shouldn't claim a farthing. No — if you marry me for my money I'd see you had it. Fair-play's a jewel."

She laughed again.

In the next hour much was said, — things not pleasant to put upon record, because they were heartless. He was unscrupulous enough, and her tone of mind and behavior made him worse.

"I'll manage it," she said, "and dad will never trouble you for the loans."

At this point the miller appeared, and, simulating annoyance, told Mr. Allen that his horse and his friend's had got loose and were in the wood, out of which to drive them they might want a couple of hours.

"I'll send a boy on a cart-horse if thee like to bar-racks, explaining how 'tis."

"It matters very little," replied Mr. Allen; "we

will excuse ourselves, my friend and I, when we reach garrison."

An hour afterwards, Lisbeth herself was helping to saddle her horse. She was eloping to secure Allen, first, from the danger of being discovered by his father, secondly that she might at a blow overcome her rival.

The miller, his wife, and daughter, were quite in collusion as far as the elopement went.

A quarter of an hour after the miller's two saddle-horses had quitted the mill-stables, carrying off Mr. Allen and Lisbeth, the miller, moving nervously up and down the house, leaving his guest to amuse himself as best he could, the miller sees a paper on the ground.

He picks it up, looks at it, starts, and then runs off to his strong-box. For a moment he rages, then his anger changes to laughing admiration.

"Wife!" he cries, "wife!" And as she comes bustling into the room, he says, "Our girl, — what a chip of the old block she be! She have stole — that be, *taken* — all the deeds signed by Master Allen. Her's a clever woman. Her was 'fraid that I would na' keep my word, and she's stole a march on me. Faith — she's our daughter."

The miller's wife smiled, but said nothing, for she was thinking of the vengeance she was about to have. For twenty long years, — during which her freedom had lasted, freedom from the thrall of her family's head, — for twenty years she had nurtured her hatred of the fancied humiliations she had endured. Truth to tell, she had but suffered the grievance of being poor. And her revenge took this form. She sent one of her women-servants up to the hall upon some message, with instructions to tell one of the hall-servants as a secret that the young master had been visiting at the mill, and had eloped with the miller's daughter.

She knew the news would soon reach my lady's ears, and that then Sir Allen would know all.

She hugged herself with the thought of the agony the baronet would experience. So this hapless husband and wife made merry with each other, and forgot the existence of quiet Captain John, whom they found one hour afterwards, quietly reading an old chance book he had found in the incongruous mill drawing-room.

"Will 'ee have anything, Captain?"

"No, thank you, miller. What time is it?"

"It be near ten."

"What time do you go to bed?"

"Ten."

"Don't let me keep you up. I'm ready for bed when you are. Are the horses caught?"

"Yes, Captain. Will 'ee have any supper?"

"No, miller. What time do you get up in the morning?"

"Five."

"I'll be up with you."

"But we does n't breakfast till seven."

"Never mind breakfast. I shall be in Cantebrige to breakfast."

"As thee like, Captain," said the wretched curmudgeon, who saw no use in being civil and hospitable to the captain now he was useless, now the end held in view was gained. Not a word said he about the hundred pounds.

Here the mill-house bell rang, and the wife's face lighted up with a cruel light.

"It's Sir Allen," she said.

She rose and went to the door, so that she met the baronet as he came into the hall.

He was very pale.

"Good evening, Cousin Sir Allen," the woman said, — "though what we owe this late visit to, I am unawares."

"My son is here, — was here!"

"Your son, Sir Allen?"

"Yes; he who has completed his crimes by eloping with your miserable daughter."

"Your son!" cried the wretched woman. "Is he your son?"

"So I hear, woman, — you must know the truth."

"She does not," here said a quiet voice, which the miller's wife recognized as that of the neglected captain.

"ALLEN!" cried the baronet.

"Good evening, Sir Allen," said the captain, gravely coming forward. "I heard my name mentioned, or I would not have interfered."

"My son, Allen," murmured the baronet.

The miller and his wife were looking murderously at each other.

"Your son, Allen," replied the captain.

After a few moments, Sir Allen said, —

"Very recently I have heard that your extravagance had a good intention; is that so?"

"I have never, Sir Allen, exceeded your allowance, and I have been rather looked down on in the regiment consequently. I have raised large sums of money by means of *post-obits*, but not for my own necessities. My sister, your daughter, in consequence of whose marriage to a poor man, with my connivance, you quarrelled sir, with me, — my sister informed me that her husband had inherited a large extent of mortgaged estates. I obtained the money you have heard about to release that property. I have but one creditor, the miller here."

"What of his daughter?"

"The miller thought he was bribing me to marry his daughter to save me from ruin. My friend, once fellow-student, and now brother-officer, Jack Clark, personated me, while I contented myself with assuming his name. He has eloped with the miller's daughter. I shall never marry below my station, Sir Allen, or without your consent!"

The baronet raised his arms, his lips trembled, and he was about to utter some gentle words, when, recalled to himself by the presence of the miserable miller, and his still more miserable wife, he said, —

"Come home, son, we have much to say one to the other."

"Friend miller," said the true Mr. Allen, "you are not so clever as you think."

Thereupon the father and son left the miller and his wife still staring hatefully at each other.

They remained, and remain, a rare proud couple. They boast of their daughter, the captain's wife; but she never comes to see them, and they never go to see her.

The inhabitants of Trompington have never understood the elopement, but they have heard that when the miller and his wife are bitter one with the other, that she says, —

"It was your blood in her — boor!"

And he replies, —

"It was yours, my fine madam."

The miller and his wife hate each other.

He sometimes looks down into the mill-pond, and wonders how long a man will take drowning.

But wilfully he will never drown.

The miller's wife wonders to what age she shall live.

And their daughter never comes to see them.

And they never go to see their daughter.

They had not, when young, cast their bread upon the waters, and after many years the ocean of their life is barren.

If to those who have loved much, much shall be forgiven, as writes gentle St. Luke, how unpardonable is the stretch of unforgiveness which surrounds the streaming, waning sight of those who have never loved at all!

Forgive — us — our — trespass —

But here is the end of the page.

VOICES.

FAR before the eyes or the mouth or the habitual gesture, as a revelation of character, is the quality of the voice and the manner of using it. It is the first thing that strikes us in a new acquaintance, and it is one of the most unerring tests of breeding and education. There are voices which have a certain truthful ring about them, — a certain something, unforced and spontaneous, that no training can give. Training can do much in the way of making a voice, but it can never compass more than a bad imitation of this quality; for the very fact of its being an imitation, however accurate, betrays itself like rouge on a woman's cheeks, or a wig, or dyed hair. On the other hand, there are voices which have the jar of falsehood in every tone, and that are as full of warning as the croak of the raven or the hiss of the serpent. There are in general the naturally hard voices, which make themselves caressing, thinking by that to appear sympathetic; but the fundamental quality strikes through the overlay, and a person must be very dull indeed who cannot detect the pretence in that slow, drawling, would-be affectionate voice, with its harsh undertone and sharp accent whenever it forgets itself. But, without being false or hypocritical, there are voices which puzzle as well as disappoint us, because so entirely inharmonious with the appearance of the speaker. For instance, there is that thin treble squeak we sometimes hear from the mouth of a well-grown portly man, when we expected the fine rolling utterance which would have been in unison with his outward seeming; and, on the other side of the scale, where we looked for a shrill head voice or a tender musical cadence, we get that hoarse chest voice with which young and pretty girls sometimes startle us. In fact, it is one of the characteristics of the modern girl of a certain type; just as the habitual use of slang is characteristic of her, or that peculiar rounding of the elbows and turning out of the wrists which are gestures that, like the chest voice, instinctively belong to men only, and have to be learnt and practised by women.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes, and they can be lowered, and so far their expression hidden. In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be failing and tremulous. But not the strongest will, nor the largest amount of self-control, can keep it natural as well as steady. It is deadened, veiled, compressed, like a wild creature tightly bound and unnaturally still. One feels that it is done by an effort, and that if the strain were relaxed for a moment the wild creature would burst loose in rage or despair, and the voice would break out into the scream of passion or quiver away into the falter of pathos. And this very effort is as eloquent as if there had been no holding down at all, and the voice had been left to its own impulse unchecked.

Again, in fun and humor, is it not the voice that is expressive even more than the face? The twinkle of the eye, the hollow in the under lip, the dimples about the mouth, the play of the eyebrow, are all aids certainly; but the voice! The mellow tone that comes into the utterance of one man, the surprised accents of another, the fatuous simplicity of a third, the philosophical acquiescence of a fourth when relating the most outrageous impossibilities, — a voice and manner peculiarly transatlantic, and indeed one of the Yankee forms of fun, — do not we know all these varieties by heart? have we not veteran actors whose main point lies in one or other of these varieties? and what would be the drollest anecdote if told in a voice which had neither play nor significance? Pathos too, — who feels it, however beautifully expressed so far as words may go, if uttered in a dead and wooden voice without sympathy? But the poorest attempts at pathos will strike home to the heart if given tenderly and harmoniously. And just as certain popular airs of mean association can be made into church music by slow time and stately modulation, so can dead-level literature be lifted into passion or softened into sentiment by the voice alone.

We all know the effect, irritating or soothing, which certain voices have over us; and we have all experienced that strange impulse of attraction or repulsion which comes from the sound of the voice alone. And generally, if not absolutely always, the impulse is a true one, and any modification which increased knowledge may produce is never quite satisfactory.

Certain voices grate on our nerves and set our teeth on edge; and others are just as calming as these are irritating, quieting us like a composing draught, and setting vague images of beauty and pleasantness afloat in our brains. A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician; the "bedside voice," which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution. Not false, not made up, not sickly, but tender in itself, of a rather low pitch, well modulated, and distinctly harmonious in its notes, it is the very opposite of the orator's voice, which is artificial in its management and a made voice. Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art and becomes artificiality; as such it may be admirable, — telling in a crowd, impressive in an address, — but overwhelming and chilling at home, partly because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting. An orator's voice, with its careful intonation and accurate accent, would be as much out of place by a sick-bed as court trains and brocaded silk for the nurse. There are certain men who do a good deal by a hearty, jovial, fox-hunting kind of voice, — a voice a little thrown up for all that it is a chest voice, — a voice with a certain undefined rollick and devil-may-care sound in it, and eloquent of a large volume of vitality and physical health. That, too, is a good property for a medical man. It gives the sick a certain flip, and reminds them pleasantly of health and vigor; it may have a mesmeric kind of effect on them, — who knows? — and induce in them something of its own state, provided it is not overpowering. But a voice of this kind has a tendency to become insolent in its assertion of vigor, swaggering and boisterous; and then it is too much for invalided nerves, just as mountain winds or sea breezes would be too much, and the scent of flowers or a hayfield oppressive. The clerical voice, again, is a class voice; that neat, careful, precise voice, neither

wholly made nor yet quite natural; a voice which never strikes one as hearty or as having a really genuine utterance, but which yet is not unpleasant if one does not require too much spontaneity. The clerical voice, with its mixture of familiarity and oratory, as that of one used to talk to old women in private and to hold forth to a congregation in public, is as distinct in its own way as the mathematician's handwriting: and any one can pick out blindfold his man from a knot of talkers, without waiting to see the square-cut collar and close white tie. The legal voice is different again; but this is rather a variety of the orator's than a distinct species, — a variety standing midway between that and the clerical, and affording more scope than either.

The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know of or allow. One of the first symptoms of failing brain power is in the indistinct or confused utterance; no idiot has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial; and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate or to stutter. A thick, loose, fluffy voice, too, does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the best active work; and when we meet with a keen-witted man who draws, and lets his words drip instead of bringing them out in the sharp incisive way that would be natural to him, we may be sure there is a flaw somewhere, and that he is not what the Americans call "clear grit" and "whole-souled" all through. We all have our company voices, as we all have our company manners, and we get to know the company voices of our friends after a time and to understand them as we understand their best dresses and state service.

The person whose voice absolutely refuses to put itself into company tone startles us as much as if he came to a state dinner in a shooting-jacket. This is a different thing from the insincere and flattering voice, which is never laid aside while it has its object to gain, and which affects to be one thing when it means another. The company voice is only a little bit of finery, quite in its place if not carried into the home, where, however, silly men and women think they can impose on their house-mates by assumptions which cannot stand the test of domestic ease. The lover's voice is of course *sui generis*; but there is another kind of voice which one hears sometimes that is quite as enchanting, — the rich, full, melodious voice which irresistibly suggests sunshine and flowers, and heavy bunches of purple grapes, and a wealth of physical beauty at all four corners. Such a voice is Alboni's; such a voice we can conceive Anacreon's to have been; with less lusciousness and more stateliness, such a voice was Walter Savage Landor's. His was not an English voice; it was too rich and accurate; and yet it was clear and apparently thoroughly unstudied. *Ars celare artem*, perhaps; there was no greater treat of its kind than to hear Landor read Milton or Homer. Though one of the essentials of a good voice is its clearness, there are certain lisps and catches which are very pretty, though never dignified; but most of them are exceedingly painful to the ear. It is the same with accents. A dash of brogue, the faintest suspicion of the Scotch twang, even a very little American accent, — but very little, like red pepper to be sparingly used, as indeed we may say with the others, — gives a certain piquancy to the voice. So does a Continental accent generally, few of us being able to distinguish the French accent from

the German, the Polish from the Italian, or the Russian from the Spanish, but lumping them all together as a "foreign accent" broadly. Of all the European voices the French is perhaps the most unpleasant in its quality, and the Italian the most delightful. The Italian voice is a song in itself, not the sing-song voice of an English parish schoolboy, but an unnoted bit of harmony.

The French voice is thin, apt to become wiry and metallic; a head voice for the most part, and eminently unsympathetic; a nervous, irritable voice, that seems more fit for complaint than for love-making; and yet how laughing, how bewitching it can make itself! — never with the Italian roundness, but *câlinant* in its own half-pettish way, provoking, enticing, arousing. There are some voices that send you to sleep, and others that stir you up; and the French voice is of the latter kind when setting itself to do mischief and work its own will. Of all the differences lying between Calais and Dover, perhaps nothing strikes the traveller more than the difference in the national voice and manner of speech. The sharp, high-pitched, stridulous voice of the French, with its clear accent and neat intonation, is exchanged for the loose fluffy utterance of England, where clear enunciation is considered pedantic; where brave men cultivate a drawl, and pretty women a deep chest voice; where well-educated people think it no shame to run all their words into each other, and to let consonants and vowels drip out like so many drops of water, with not much more distinction between them; and where no one knows how to educate his organ artistically, without going into artificiality and affectation. And yet the cultivation of the voice is an art, and ought to be made as much a matter of education as a good carriage or a legible handwriting. We teach our children to sing, but we never teach them to speak, beyond correcting a glaring piece of mispronunciation or so; in consequence of which we have all sorts of odd voices among us, — short yelping voices like dogs, purring voices like cats, croakings, and lisplings, and quackings, and chatterings; a very menagerie, in fact, to be heard in a room ten feet square, where a little rational cultivation would have reduced the whole of that vocal chaos to order and harmony, and made what is now painful and distasteful beautiful and seductive.

UNDER THE FIRS.

"BETTER, decidedly," said our doctor. "You'll be all right in a day or two."

"Thank goodness!" said I.

"I want a rubber of whist," said our doctor, smiling. "so I shall put you to rights as soon as possible. — Down, *Hec.*! — I say, Scribe," he continued, patting the head of his great dog, "I ought to apologize; and I would, if I had brought him up; but he slipped in unseen."

"By the way," said I, "how did you get that animal?"

"Patient of mine — death-bed legacy — thereby hangs a tale. — But, my good sir, what are you scrabbling that note-book from under your pillow for?"

"To take notes, to be sure," I said; "tales are scarce in the market."

"Did n't I say that you were to stop all work for the present?" was the severe apostrophe.

I fell back with a groan.

"Stop a few days, and I'll tell you all about it —

that is, if you will condescend to get well first under my treatment."

"I'll do my best," I said; and I really did: so that, a week after, my friend the doctor was sitting with me, ready to relate the promised tale, while I was all attention.

"I had a patient down in Surrey some time since," he said, "with a complaint that regularly baffled me. He was a bailiff, or something of that sort, living entirely alone as to human society; but he had for companion that great white dog — now mine, you know. Well, I attended him for weeks; and then one day I said to him, 'Now, frankly, it's a regular robbery for me to keep on coming here when I can do you no good. The long and the short of it is, medicine won't touch you, — your mind's diseased. You have something upon it. Now, what is it?'

"The poor fellow was silent for a few minutes, and then rising upon his elbow, his pale, drawn face all wild and scared of aspect, he caught me by the arm, whispering, 'How did you find it out?'

"By your manner," I replied; 'and, depend upon it, you would be all the better if you relieved your brain of the stress.'

"Master," he said, with a wild look, 'it's that dog'; and he pointed to the great animal.

"That dog?"

"Yes, and something else. He knows it all, and I'm afraid of him; but, before I go, I'll tell you all about it."

"He seemed to be struggling for some moments with a great emotion, and then fixing his eyes on mine, he began, pointing as he spoke towards the dog, —

"I tried to kill him again and again, sir, but I could n't, and I'm sorry now that I ever tried, for he was always a good and a faithful beast. — Come here, *Hec.*!"; and the great dog came up to the bedside, and licked his master's thin white hand. 'I'd ask you to forgive me, *Hec.*, old fellow, but you are only a dog, and would not understand me; but though I'm a man, and you're but a dumb beast, I'd be glad to change places with you this moment. — You know, sir, when my wife went away, and she was supposed to have gone to her father and mother?'

"I nodded.

"Well, sir, it was not my poor wife, but her sister, who had been staying with us, whom I saw into the train that morning, at Hindley Station; and it was directly I reached home that a tiny spark, that had been pricking and tingling in my heart for months past, suddenly burst out into a fierce flame, — so fierce that I could not quench it, — and I did a deed that no one ever suspected. I need not go into all that now, but I had had little suspicions for long enough, — suspicions that I know now to have been false; while, when I returned that day, I fancied something more, and angrily accused her. I don't even know now myself how it happened, more than that she retorted fiercely, and ran up stairs, where I followed her; and then, more words passing, I struck her brutally with my fist, — a cruel, cowardly blow, — and with a loud cry, she pitched backwards from top to bottom of the stairs; and then, after the heavy, dull crash with which she fell, all was quite silent, for I stood still listening, till old *Hector* there burst into a low, whimpering howl.

"Then, all trembling, I went down slowly to find her lying in the little passage, quite motionless,

with the dog licking her face; while, when I drove him away and spoke to her, she did not answer. Then I went down upon one knee to alter her position, for she was lying, stunned as I thought, with one arm bent under her, and her head turned in a strange, awkward way. I trembled violently, for though I thought her only stunned, with possibly an arm broken, all the time there was a dull, horrible, black dread coming up like a cloud to cover my soul, though as yet I could not understand what it meant.

"I shuddered, though, as I moved her, for her head hung back horribly, while, when I fetched a chair-cushion to rest it upon, her neck seemed to give way too easily. But I saw the next moment that her arm was broken; and laying it in what I thought to be an easy position, I fetched water, and began to bathe her face and temples, stopping once to threaten the dog, who kept on howling in the kitchen.

"Being a bailiff, ours is a lonely place, and there was no one near, or I should have called in help; for, as time passed on, and she did not revive, the strange black feeling seemed to grow thicker and more dense, though I would not give way to it as yet. I tried salts, brandy, burned feathers, chafing her cold hands, every remedy that I could think of, persevering for quite an hour; when all at once the black cloud seemed to cover me, and I jumped up, trembling worse than ever, for I knew that she was dead, — that I had murdered her!

"I've suffered since, sir, every torment and pang that can come from a man's conscience, — such stings as I could hardly have thought a human being could bear, and not go mad; but they have all been as nothing, compared to the horrible feeling that came over me when I first knew the dreadful truth. First knew it! I had known it all along, from the moment after I struck the blow; but there was something within me that kept beating it off till now, when it came upon me like blasting lightning.

"At first, it was a frightful feeling of remorse and sorrow, and I would have given my own life to have brought her back, as I threw myself down by her side, calling her by name, begging her to forgive me, and kissing the face that was fast growing colder and colder. Then came a sense of fear, and I shrank back, scarcely daring to be near her, and glad at last to lay my handkerchief over her face; while that soon changed to a cowardly feeling of dread, — not of her, nor even of future punishment for my unthought-of deed, but for the present, and the time when it would be found out.

"For a few moments my head swam, and I nearly fell, while thoughts crowded into my head of the police, the handcuffs, the prison, the judge, and, last of all, of the gallows. What could I do? How could I hide the deed? Could I not say that she had fallen from top to bottom of the stairs, and would not that have been sufficient? Quite, I thought; and putting on my hat, I was about to run off to the town for a doctor, when I recollected that it was more than two hours since she had fallen, and that she was growing cold; while as soon as the medical man began to question me, I knew that I should betray myself.

"I dared not go; I dared not stir from the house; I dared not stay; and in my dread I got the dog close to me, and struck him when he looked in my face and howled. At least a dozen times I went and looked at the body lying there, so horribly

still, but, in its very silence, speaking to me in a tongue, ignorant man that I was, that I could readily comprehend. But now a profound feeling of selfishness had taken possession of me, and I was pondering as to how I should conceal the deed. I had been a great reader, living so much in a quiet retired part, and I tried to recall whether I had ever read of any man being in a similar position to my own, fixing at last upon Eugene Aram.

"Whenever the dread seemed greater than I could bear, I kept telling myself that I had never meant to do the deed; and having spirits in the house, I drank, — drank deeply, but without producing the effect I wished.

"Towards evening, first one and then another person came to the cottage, and as I heard their steps I trembled; for it seemed to me that some one was coming to ask me the question: Where is your wife? But no: I faced them one by one, — the baker, the woman who brought us yeast and milk, and a hawking gypsy.

"I saw you and your missus at the station this morning, sir," said the woman who left the yeast. "Is she goin' to stay away long?"

"Yes," I said; "for some time"; and my heart gave a great leap, as these words suggested to me that other people might have made the same mistake, and it would be generally supposed that she had left home on a visit.

"But about the body, — what should I do with it? I tried to think what I should do; but now there came a fresh struggle, — a new horror to contend with. Something was urging me; voices seemed whispering to me, guiding me to the place where I kept my guns, and then, trembling in every limb, I loaded one, — two barrels, — and sat down thinking for a while. It seemed the best thing I could do; but I rose to take one more look at her as she lay in the passage so cold and still. I laid down my gun, and crossed the room, but for a long time I could not remove my handkerchief from her face, while, when I did, it was but for a moment, and I dropped it again shuddering. Then I seemed to have heard voices outside, and I ran out, and looked up and down the lane, and round the house, but I was alone; and once more I entered, closed the door, and took up my gun.

"But I dared not: I was a coward, and I feared to meet the future. I wanted to live on and repent; to try and make amends, if it were possible; and thus I waited hour after hour, — hour after hour, always haunted by the dread of voices which seemed whispering round me. Twice I thought she called, and I started and answered trembling, going each time as far as the passage, to come back shaking like a leaf, after touching the hand, by this time cold as marble.

"I had put the gun back in its corner, merely keeping the ramrod in my hand, with which from time to time I struck the dog to keep him quiet, for the poor beast would go to the room-door and howl dismally, till I forced him to lie at my feet; while now he seemed afraid of me and I of him, for he kept looking in my face, and whining, and then looking towards the door; and had I not struck him, he would have kept by it, tearing to get it open.

"The dim light of evening came at last, with the dread growing more and more upon me as the darkness increased. I dared not light a candle, — I don't know why; but I felt a sort of fear that I should see more than was really in the house, and

besides, I should have had to go in the dark along the little passage to the kitchen, though I tried to persuade myself that it was on account of the dog, and a dread that he should get out of the room.

"And then came the night, windy and stormy, with the rain riding upon the gusts of wind, to be beaten against the window-panes. There was but little moon, and the clouds were heavy, and drove quickly along the sky; while, now, in the intervals of the gusts of wind, it seemed to me more and more that there was a voice calling me, as if from a great distance off, so that the sound came faintly upon my ear. I listened again and again, opening the door, and standing bareheaded in the rain; but I could hear nothing.

"Hours passed, and then I had made up my mind what to do. I locked the door of the room where I was sitting, went round to the back, so as not to pass through the passage, and locked the back-door. Then going back to the front-room, I found *Hector* whining, and tearing at the door to get to his mistress; and I called him away, but without effect; when, after a fierce battle, I dragged him out of the house to the shed, where I locked him in, after taking out a spade.

"The dog began to howl as soon as I had closed the door; but I knew that there was no one to hear him; so I went back to the house, closed and locked the door, and carried the spade to a spot I had determined on; after which I again returned to the house, hesitating at the door, however, half afraid to enter. *Hector* was quiet now, only scratching restlessly at the door of the shed.

"After waiting perhaps a quarter of an hour, passed in listening, I roused myself, and went in, drank furiously from the brandy I had in the closet; and then tearing open the inner door, I stooped, seized the body, which seemed like lead, and staggered with it out into the lane.

"I can't tell now how I got along, with the long low howl of the dog ringing in my ears, as he heard my heavy, staggering footsteps. I seemed, as I went on, to have the strength of ten men, and the fears of a hundred. The bramble tearing at my coat was some one staying me; the bole of a tree, some one watching over the hedge; every gust of wind bore cries of fancied pursuers; and, half-mad, I pressed on, reeling from side to side of the road, till I reached the gate which led to the path I had chosen; and after getting through, I was obliged to stay here and rest.

"Rest! What a word! Rest!—that which I was never to know again. I dared not place my dreadful burden upon the ground, but stood leaning on the gate for a few minutes, before I turned and pressed on along the narrow grass-grown path for a few yards, striking then into the great fir-wood, where the path was slippery with the fallen needles, and gave here and there, where there was a tuft of green moss, all bare. Trees everywhere, — tall straight fir-trees, like the pillars of a great temple, and close together, so that I had to thread my way carefully as I slowly climbed the rising ground, the darkness being at times so intense that I had to hold one hand stretched out in front, to prevent striking against some trunk.

"Up still, higher and higher, a long toilsome walk with so heavy a load, my feet slipping from under me as the ground sloped more, — the pine-needles making the path at times seem like glass; while once I tripped over a pine-stump, and fell heavily. But I was now close to where I had laid

my spade, for I knew the ground well; and leaving my burden where it had fallen, I hurried to the spot I had fixed upon, — an open space where a few trees had been thinned out, — and then, seizing my spade, I carefully scraped the needles into a heap, ready to spread over the ground again, and then began to dig.

"At times there was such a lull of the storm, and all was so still, that the strokes of the spade echoed back to me, and then directly after I would stop, shivering, as the wind seemed to shout and wail amongst the tree-tops, roaring and hissing, and making branches creak and groan as they ground together. It was horrible; for the one word Murder, Murder! seemed to ring in my ears as though ten thousand voices shouted it; but I toiled on, digging furiously, throwing out spadeful after spadeful of earth, till I stood knee-deep in the black earth, making the heap at my side higher and higher.

"How the wind thundered in those fir-tops, and what a strange, ghastly gloom there seemed around! Now it would grow pitchy black, and the rain would come hissing and pattering down; then there would be a pale light steal through the tall trunks of the trees, so that I could see for some little distance round. At one of these times I turned cold, the sweat stood in a chilly dew upon my forehead, my hair was wet, and I dropped the spade, for there, in the strange gloom, was something white staring horribly at me; and then I saw it apparently steal away, and melt into the darkness amongst the trees.

"As soon as I could sufficiently recover myself, I seized the spade again, and dug on to deepen the rough hole I was making, when again my blood seemed to freeze as I saw the same white figure indistinctly in the dim distance, before I made out that it was *Hector*, seated now, as I could tell, where I had left the body, and howling most dismally.

"Relieved of my fears, I hurled a piece of earth at the dog, when he disappeared once more; and after a few more strokes of the spade, while trying the blade too strongly against a pine-root, the handle snapped in two.

"There was nothing else for it; so, tearing off, I ran back to fetch another, and found, as I expected, that the dog had broken the shed window, and leaped out; while upon once more reaching the pine-wood, I stopped short, for there came a dreadful cry from its depths, — a horrible, long-drawn, echoing cry, which was repeated twice before I knew it to be *Hector*, whom I found sitting by the body.

"Could I have reached him, I should have killed him with the spade I carried; but my approach drove him away, for he knew me, and would not come near, though I tried hard to get him within reach, calling him again and again.

"It all seems like a dream, a horrible nightmare, that night: the strange whisperings amongst the trees, the voices, the shouts, wails, shrieks, and cries, the rushing noises, the echoing sound of my spade, and the occasional lulls, when all was as still as death. But I deepened the hole, dragged in the body, covered it level with the surrounding soil, beat it down frantically, to hide my crime from the sight of men, and then laboriously scattered about the spare earth, before I again spread the pine-needles over the spot.

"Day was faintly beginning to break before I

